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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MILTON'S HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.



"WHILE THE HEAV'N-BORN CHILD
ALL MEANLY WRAPT IN THE RUDE MANGER LIES."

It was the winter wild,
While the heav'n-born Child
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies.
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had dofft her gaudy trim,
  With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
  To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
  The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace.
  She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
  With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Nor war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
  The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
  The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;

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"WHEN SUCH MUSIC SWEET."

And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,



"AND LEPROUS SIN WILL MELT FROM EARTHLY MOULD."

And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need:
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row:
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep:

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook·
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefac'd night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
  But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
  And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel
    keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
  If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
  And let the base of heav'n's deep organ
    blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
  And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
    day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
  Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
  With radiant feet the tissued clouds down
    steering;
And heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace
    hall.

But wisest Fate says, no,
This must not yet be so,
  The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,



"THE OLD DRAGON UNDER-GROUND
IN STRAITER LIMITS BOUND."



"A VOICE OF WEEPING HEARD AND LOUD LAMENT."

That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
  So both Himself and us to glorify;
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
    through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
  While the red fire and smouldering clouds out
    brake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
  Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread
    His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
  But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under-ground
In straiter limits bound,
  Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.



"THE FLOCKING SHADOWS PALE."

The oracles are dumb:
No voice or hideous hum
  Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
  With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
  A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
  The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
  The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
  Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Pow'r foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
  With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's queen and mother both,
  Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
  His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
  In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
  Trampling the unshow'r'd grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest—
  Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worship'd ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
  The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn.
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide;
  Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling-bands control the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' infernal jail,
  Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
  Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heav'n's youngest teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
  Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.



"BUT SEE, THE VIRGIN BLEST
HATH LAID HER BABE TO REST."

"MANY LEAVES AND FEW GRAPES."

A Christmas Story.

I.—THE RIVER'S HARVEST OF LEAVES.

"A MAN in the river!"

Who had uttered these words? Surely the whisper was one of those poison seeds wafted by Rumor from night and darkness to chill the brightness of a glorious Christmas morning.

The hills had not yet freed their peaks from the early mists, although this haze had lessened to a transparent gauze tissue, silvery and delicate, with the distant outline of an occasional snow crest visible. The city of Florence, bathed in light, extended along the valley. The white marble façade of Santa Croce glistened like a mask of fresh youth on crumbling age. Giotto's Campanile, the towers of the Bargello, and the Palazzo Vecchio raised their slender shafts above adjacent walks, while the cathedral expanded its bulb of stately dome behind the Uffizi and many an ancient building crowned with open loggia. On the height, Michael Angelo's bronze David received the golden baptism of sunrise, standing on his pedestal in the centre of the piazza, with those stern sentinels Dawn and Twilight grouped about his feet. The gilded fresco of San Miniato gleamed above the solemn firs and cypress-trees which guard its sepulchres. Bellosguardo and the Monte Oliveto had awakened to life before the warm tide of light flowed on to the wide reach of open country, where the windows of many a villa sparkled like jewels; and beyond the mountain barrier lay Pisa, the ancient, wrapped ever in sleep. All hearts must needs respond to the charm of this unfolding morning, when the city rested in the embrace of her sheltering hills. Nature acquired the most tender hues: a pellucid clearness of sky almost crystalline in purity; the amethyst and sapphire tints of the horizon toward Vallombrosa merged to faint rose flush in the opposite direction; the soft gray slopes of olive orchards and the vivid green of other luxuriant shrubbery extended below. To live amidst such elements of matchless beauty was to be happy.

Florence smiled on all her living children, with her dead treasured carefully from sight in tomb and chapel. On these also she had smiled years and centuries ago in her dawns, glowing noons, fiery crimson sunsets, and calm nights when the moon softly illuminated the wide piazzas, converting Baptistery, church, and gate to edifices of silver and snow set in deep black shadows.

The river Arno caught this early brightness; its surface reflected the palest azure of the heavens, and still retained in more distant curves the gold and opal tints imparted by sunrise. The stream was swollen to its full limits by recent rains, although it had lost the first yellow tinge of the raging floods which swirl along from the country, bearing loose soil and trees on the tide. Twin destinies, these—city and river. Both smiled and sparkled in the Christmas sunbeams. The promise of the day was wafted on every breeze and foretold in the chime of every belfry. Christ was born! How the masters rejoiced to repeat the familiar story! Traced in the rich pageantry of the Riccardi Chapel by Benozzo Gozzoli; traced in many a shadowy chancel by Ghirlandajo, the industrious; traced by Fra Angelico in his cloister of St. Mark, his colors borrowed from angelic choirs. Christ was born! The Arno sparkling, the hills veiled in that fleeting silvery mist, the solemn heights of San Miniato and Oliveto, the growing radiance of a town awakening to the activity of an Italian fête-day—all found utterance in the church bells. A bird's song trilled forth from an open casement on the bank; a child's laughter floated from some hidden garden.

"A man in the river!"

Who had said it to chill the blood on such a joyous Christmas-day?

Something had fallen from the Ponte alle Grazie into the water, with a dull splash. A woman opening her casement had uttered a shrill scream at sight of it. At last the river had clutched its prey, and the cruel depths made sport of the wreck cast on its bosom, while the surface still wore the pale blue reflected from the sky. The Thing was sucked down out of sight for a moment, then re-appeared, buffeted by the current, which bore it along with incredible swiftness toward the second link in the chain of bridges, the Ponte Vecchio, with the quaint shops of the goldsmiths and the royal gallery of the Pitti Palace extending to the Uffizi, across stream. The tide whirled through the arches, bearing the Thing triumphantly onward to hurl it against the piers of the Trinità Bridge—graceful arch of masonry restored by Taddeo Gaddi. The Lung' Arno Acciajuoli was succeeded by the Lung' Arno Corsini and the Ponte alle Carraja; then the Thing emerged into the open space of stream, unfettered by bridges, save for the modern suspension structure in the distance, and the new quarter with its spacious houses extended to the Cascine gate.

Faces peered over parapets, helplessly if sympathetically: the Thing had passed beyond the reach of human help, and become the river's prey. Across the width of Arno a weir broke the force of the current, where the waters, curbed, gushed over the dam in a foaming wave. Inevitable as doom the Thing floated toward this gulf, and in pausing on the smooth lip of brink, revealed itself

fully for the first time. A dead man, with tangled hair, was held poised by the sparkling river for an instant, his face upturned to the blue sky and the sunshine; the next moment he was dashed into the hissing, boiling waters, out of sight. Was this the youth of noble family, whose equipage dashed through the line of carriages yesterday in the opposite Cascine, and who to-day sees fit to hurl himself out of the world. The cause? Ah! gambling overnight at the club —a woman's frown: who can tell? Since his



THE CHILD ARTIST.

end? No; the suicide re-appeared, and in gentler mood the river bore him down beneath the suspension-bridge, where men waited in a boat to drag the corpse ashore. A poor mortal driven to despair by lack of work, by need of bread? Not at all. A birth the river had lain in wait for him, biding its time in dwindling summer drought, in angry tumult of spring flood, marking the years imperceptibly, noiselessly, from the time the dimpled baby hands first stretched toward the waves from a moth-

er's arms, until the man's grasp held the bridge coping before self-destruction.

The bells still chimed gayly; the morning wore away. On the pebbly beach lay the dead, guarded by police, awaiting the formulas of the law—awaiting the Misericordia, that merciful brotherhood, already wending toward the spot in their sable robes with their bier. A crowd had gathered on the shore. Women pressed forward to gaze at the inanimate form, children stared with an impish curiosity. An officer in uniform of silver and blue, with jingling sword, came down the bank, paused, and then resumed his way, humming an opera *aria*.

A little man, dwarf and humpback, had inserted himself into the throng to search the cold dead face with eager and intense interest. To him alone that face was beautiful, with a glory inconceivable. In its marble repose a soft obliterating touch seemed to have passed over it, smoothing away the pain; the pinion of Death had brushed these lineaments. The sight dazzled the dwarf, and made him giddy. He crept away to seat himself on a door-step in a dark, narrow street. What had the Dottore often said? "Many leaves and few grapes." That was the proverb. The river was gathering its harvest of leaves.

II.—FRIENDLESS.

The dwarf still sat on the stone steps, his hands on his knees, and gazing into space with a dull expression. Nobody noticed him. The spot was dark, and he was very small. The face of the dead fascinated him with a terrible power. The Arno lured him with its swirling eddies to also seek oblivion. Perhaps the most fearful influence exercised by one mortal on the whole human family is suicide. It is a craze, a madness, but it is also the key which solves cruel enigmas. It spreads like a taint of contagion, an epidemic, through the ranks of a town or a nation from a single example. If a man springs from Giotto's Campanile, officials are obliged to force back those who would immediately follow. The lightning flash of intelligence from mind to mind and soul to soul is, Let us all jump from Giotto's Campanile! But the river! Ah, as surely as it fills to the brim with opaque, turbid waters, victims hasten to its embrace. Pinching want, sorrow, care, illness, are enough, and, with one leader, the temptation to cast aside the burden called life becomes irresistible.

The dwarf, or gobbo, sat on the stone step. His name was Alessandro Lungini; he did not possess a soldo in the world, was without friends, and although it was Christmas-day, had tasted no breakfast. He was old, and even decrepit, and had never worked. What labor is there in a strong and noisy world for a gobbo? Since the death of his mother, years ago, he had subsisted on charity, only with the disadvantage that he had outlived his benefactors. First certain convents had fed him at noon on cabbage soup, the dole to the poor of monks and nuns, until these institutions had been suppressed by the Sardinian government; then an eccentric German, known as Il Dottore, who lived alone, collecting books and manuscripts, had given the gobbo a daily portion. A month since the Dottore had died. How had his pensioner existed afterward? By selling matches on the bridge, and begging. Poverty was nothing. The Florentine poor suffer the sharpest need with resignation. Alessandro Lungini, humble and alone, had been a sinner besides. The strangest thing had befallen him.

On the previous Thursday night he had crept into the hole where he slept, as usual, and been suddenly transported to dreamland. He seemed to be still lying on his bed when a hand appeared, holding a chalk, and wrote numbers on the opposite wall. These numbers glowed with a pale fire, and just as he, with starting eyeballs, strove to read the magic figures, an angelic shape, with long fair hair, swept between, obliterating the work. Was the angel Conscience, and the stealthy hand behind that of the Evil One? The dwarf cried aloud in disappointment and wrath, when the mysterious hand, touched with phosphoric fire, again appeared and wrote. This time he read the three numbers; they were burned into his brain. In awful, startling vividness these cabalistic figures stood out on the black wall—69, 79, 42. What was their meaning? *Per Bacco!* a chance in the lottery, and nothing else. They were dream numbers sent to a lucky mortal.

The gobbo sat up, rubbed his eyes, and repeated the numbers. It was still midnight; but he went out, searched for a bit of paper, wrote the figures on it, standing under a gas-light, and wandered about the streets until morning in a fever of excitement. His painfully cramped little body knew no fatigue. His mind was clear, elated, wild. He clutched the paper and waited. For what? He had no money. Still, such a chance could not have been given him without hope. He was not a habitual gambler, but he was an Italian. In Italy the wounds on the body of a murdered man are eagerly counted, to make lucky combinations for the next drawing.

Alessandro Lungini, straw of destiny thus blown about by a gust of madness, entered the Church of Ognissanti in the afternoon. He thought vaguely of praying before an altar, where his mother used to take him as a child, for the good fortune to be able to try his dream numbers in the weekly drawing of the government lottery. While he knelt, somebody passed him slowly, and

a small object fell on the floor, striking his knee. Alessandro glanced down like one dazed. The small object was a purse. He clutched it, and looked furtively over his shoulder. A female form was disappearing through the door, restoring the handkerchief to a pocket from which the portemonnaie had been withdrawn. Alessandro rose to his feet and slowly followed. A blind beggar alone occupied the damp vestibule when he reached it. He paused and peeped into the purse. It contained fifteen francs. The dwarf gasped for breath, and leaned against the wall, muttering, mechanically, "Sixty-nine, seventy-nine, forty-two." Fasting and fatigue had placed him in the mental condition necessary to see visions or fall into trances.

He went out into the street. The owner of the purse was walking toward the Arno, across the Piazza Manin. She was young, and her face was averted, yet it troubled the gobbo strangely that her long flowing hair was like the angel's of his dream. She vanished around a corner, and he ran in an opposite direction. For the first time in his life Alessandro Lungini was a thief.

The Banco del Lotto was a narrow, dingy shop, with several clerks at a counter cutting strips of coarse blue paper from a ledger, which became tickets when filled out with requisite numbers.

It was Friday, and on Saturday the lottery was to be drawn in Turin, Rome, and Florence. A crowd had gathered about the place, chiefly of the very poor, and no time was to be lost. How much of the Florentine insanity is due to this source? The dwarf pushed his way in, and staked the fifteen francs on the miraculous numbers of his dream. He bought a "terno" comprising these three numbers.

On Saturday the placards announcing the prizes drawn were hungrily watched. A little man, haggard, restless, and consumed by a fire of nervous anticipation and anxiety, crept up to one of these placards, scarcely daring to look at the record. Lo! the *avviso* was a blank—not one prize had turned up in the wheels of Turin, Rome, or Florence. Marvelous coincidence, by which government is enriched!

The gobbo returned to his hole, and lay on his bed for twenty-four hours without speech or motion. In the crushing reaction from hope and fear, he no longer knew if he were still alive. He was a thief—had stolen in the church where his mother first taught him to pray. The rest of darkness and stillness brought only a swift rush of despair, after dull apathy. He had no heart, no courage, to again vend matches on the thoroughfares. He was troubled and afraid. Perhaps the dream was a snare of the devil, and the good angel had flown away. He feared death and to lose his own soul. Still, life had become insupportable. The week had dragged on, and hunger had finally driven him out to wearily vend his wares. Then a second electric flash had burst on his bewildered faculties, schooled again to endurance. The previous day he had sold nothing out of his poor little basket. Even those persons who make a nice distinction between pernicious alms-giving and buying a trifle had hastened past the gobbo. A penny selected from the abundance of the rich man sometimes weighs in the balance of a life equally precious in the sight of God. The crowd hurried on, and doom spoke to the dwarf in the suicide of the young noble who on this Christmas morning flung himself into the Arno. If a noble sickened at existence, might not a beggar?

Alessandro Lungini sat on the step, wrapped in his own misery. A large black cat came daintily across a gutter, and brushed against his leg with the assurance of a household pet. He stroked her fur absently. A little cobbler's assistant, in his professional apron, and dragging a shrunken limb, came hopping along gayly with the aid of a crutch. The boy swung a new boot in one hand, and played with a ball, which he propelled with the crutch end as he passed. The ball lodged near the gobbo. He stooped and rolled it onward, and the little cobbler hobbled away, whistling.

Later the dwarf rose slowly. He spent the hours of noon watching the river with an absorbed fascination, as the holiday throng went and came. When the night fell, a bell sounded on his ear, and he recognized it. The bell was swinging in the campanile of the Church of Ognissanti; some dull instinct of childish memories made him follow the summons. Yes, he would go to church and pray before darkness came—and the river.

III.—THE CHILD ARTIST.

The habitation of Edward Runyon was a sufficiently modest one. Any person desirous of seeking his home in the city of Florence must quit the Via Tornabuoni and bright Lung' Arno, and, following the crooked Borgo SS. Apostoli, trace a most obscure crack of a street, which separates the high gloomy houses like a mere fissure in the masonry.

Few strangers ever did seek Edward Runyon, on any pretext whatever; he had dropped out of the world, and was as nearly forgotten by it as a man can well be who still possesses the mental and physical qualities which are requisite to life. That crack between high walls, abounding in mouldy odors, and where the sun never penetrated, would have also proved distasteful to most travellers fresh from modern cities. A narrow door, usually open, admitted to a vestibule, with a porter's grated window on one

side, long since deserted by that official. A stone stairway wound up into darkness, the landings marked by two grim portals facing each other, and half landings, with tiny windows giving on other dark walls further obscured by the dust of years.

Arrived at the very top of all those stone steps, a yellow door detached itself from the universal gloom, bearing a tiny white card with the name of Mr. Edward Runyon printed on it in English. Even the card had a shy and reluctant aspect, substitute though it was for the usual brass plate, and was further defaced with marks of red chalk. Still it bore the name of Edward Runyon, always with that appearance of not being able to find an excuse for doing otherwise, and the yellow door had about it a sullen acquiescence to your pulling a bell attached, since you had pursued it to the upper story, when it had hoped to escape observation altogether. If the card bore the name of a man weary of the world, the door, as the barrier he had erected between himself and outer life, had a fashion of swinging noiselessly, then closing with a reverberating shock, as if it resented being left so much to itself. Verily men are but children of a larger growth. We are often piqued and disappointed when we have wrought ourselves into a fine temper over some real or fancied wrong, and are left to pursue our own course by a planet entirely indifferent to our grave displeasure.

Once beyond the threshold of the yellow door, the interest of the resident's existence became apparent at a glance. A large room, paved with brick and lighted from above, was the central point from which branched such small nooks for living and sleeping as a household required. This apartment, vast, cheerless, and cold, was a studio, and Edward Runyon an unsuccessful artist.

On Christmas-day a girl entered the place, smiled to find it untenanted, nodded her head significantly, and began to search amidst the *débris* of a dark corner for a box. The cloud of dust incident to the necessary dislodgment of sheets of pasteboard, yellow illustrated papers, a cotton umbrella, and a screen made the girl sneeze, without the disorder otherwise disturbing her. She drew forth a canvas, crossed the room rapidly, placed it against a table in a favorable light, and turned an easel holding another picture so that the two could be seen together.

"Now remember your promise to warn me if papa comes, Marietta mia," she said, in high, clear tones.

"Si, Si," returned a woman's voice in a neighboring kitchen, where the clatter of copper utensils betrayed the occupation of the invisible owner.

Thus re-assured, the young girl stepped back, folded her arms in a truly professional attitude, and scrutinized the two studies with a grave and somewhat puzzled expression. She even began to whistle in a subdued tone—a trick caught from her father. The light of the large window fell full on herself, as well as illuminating the picture. She was small and delicately featured, with that sharp and meagre outline so characteristic of the sparsely fed Florentine, and in age possibly twelve or fifteen, but, in contrast with the race among which she lived and had been born, she was fair as a Goth, with full, serious blue eyes, and hair of pale gold hanging down her back. This veil of abundant silky tresses constituted her chief beauty, and shrouded her pinched little form, her shabby raiment, in a glittering mantle which caught the radiance of every sunbeam, and imprisoned it in the rippling meshes. The child was in perfect harmony with her surroundings. Her boots were worn, her skirt of some curious plaided woolen stuff, and her jacket of frayed black velveteen embroidered with tarnished gilt. Behind her was a table covered with brushes, bottles of oil and varnish, and a palette still dabbed with patches of vivid paints. On a shelf above her head plaster busts were ranged. Trajan and Augustus gazed down upon her solemnly. Other shelves held bits of mineral, an occasional bronze or brass standard, and piles of wood-cuts. A lay figure, seated and draped in a faded cloak, occupied an angle of wall. Beyond on a bracket was a single vase of old Venetian glass, compared with which modern fabrications are clumsy. This vase, so fragile in stem, of such extreme tenuity that a rude breath might shatter it to atoms, exquisitely clouded with blue, opal, and gold, perched at a safe distance above surrounding confusion, was also curiously suggestive of the owner. It was out of place, yet had not broken.

The girl stood motionless before the pictures, absorbed in that profound contemplation which betrays the artistic reverie. Both studies delineated the same subject. That on the easel was a faithful reproduction of the seated lay figure in the faded cloak, and with something more, for the artist was clearly indebted to Ghirlandajo's St. Jerome for the pose of the subject. The saint had been removed from his niche to serve as an alchemist, and was calmly surveying the vial containing the long-sought elixir of life, which he held to the light. It was a carefully designed and executed canvas enough, safe to frame in banded gilt and hang on any wall. In the second, the alchemist had received entirely different treatment. A bold and powerful sketch revealed a turret chamber, such as that of Galileo's star tower, the walls hung with faded charts and manuscripts, the small window opening on a stretch of country and

evening sky, chair and table merely carelessly touched accessories: all the energy and skill of the artist had centred in the effort to infuse vitality into the occupant of this lonely and remote apartment. Seen in the light of a furnace fire, the experimentalist was an old man with bald head, a shaven cheek and chin, eyes bent also on the tiny flask held, but with such mingled wonder, rapture, and incredulity in his gaze that either powerful emotion brought a wave of unwonted color to his cheek, or the flicker of the fire caused the reflection.

The daylight came through the large window, and rested on the girl's fair hair and childish features, lingered over the two pictures, sparkled on the Venetian glass, where the delicate tints mingled like a dissolving rainbow. With a sudden impulse of dissatisfaction she pushed the canvas on the floor with her foot, so that it fell over on its face. Had she succeeded, after all? Elation, and ardent if secret labor, often have reactions of doubt and disappointment. A confidante was needed, and old Marietta in the kitchen was sole confidante of Edward Runyon's daughter Elena. Accordingly Marietta appeared, wiping her hands—a stout, middle-aged woman, with black hair rolled back from a shrewd, good-humored face, a yellow handkerchief knotted about the throat, and a brown petticoat of such brevity as admitted of more than a glimpse of stocking above low shoes. Che! che! What did the signorina wish, with the soup not ready, and the macaroni to prepare?

"Now, Marietta, close your eyes—so—and then tell me what you see when you again open them," cried Elena.

Thus entreated, Marietta thrust her hands beneath her apron, shut her eyes zealously, and opened them on the sketch recently overthrown on the floor.

"Mio Dio!" she exclaimed, with the quickness of her race; "it is the Padre Cecchi himself!"

Elena ran to this ready critic and embraced her.

"Of course it is," she replied, with sudden laughter. "I have watched him at the window so often, you know. Che! That is my secret. Do not tell papa. I was saving money from the market fund for a frame. I had fifteen francs, and I—lost them."

"Too much money for a child, signorina," admonished Marietta, gravely.

"I lost it in church."

"Ah, the devil also goes to church sometimes," said Marietta, dryly.

The click of a key in the outer door caused Elena to fly with her picture to the box in the corner, raise the lid, and slip it into this hiding-place before her father entered.

The aspect of the card and the yellow portal was like that of the master. Edward Runyon was a small, dry man, with hollow, weary eyes, a somewhat querulous smile, and grizzled hair. Shrewd and kindly Marietta of the kitchen, the neighbors of the narrow street, with their nimble Tuscan wits, had gauged him years ago, far better than he knew himself. The world had wounded Edward Runyon by its first harsh criticisms on his work, galled his nature, and left him to bear the burden of its subsequent neglect, for he, having broken his lance in the lists, retired in mortification. To the stroke of one man's pen he attributed the blight of mildew on his life. An art critic had singled out the early picture of a new painter for merciless sarcasm, for the display of his own wit, in willfully turning pathos and tragedy into absurdity, and the public had laughed. This critic, now dead or forgotten, had driven Edward Runyon across the Atlantic, to bury himself from sight at the top of a dark old house in Florence; and he could at any moment place his finger on the printed columns, pasted in a scrap-book, which had blown away his fame like the down of a dandelion globe, absorbing afresh the venom of their poison with a flashing light in his hollow eyes. The man could brood over his wrongs rather than fight for his own. Instead of seeking London, as Benjamin West, Leslie, and Washington Allston had done, he shrank out of sight in Italy. Even the fair young wife who had quitted her school desk to share his fortunes had passed beneath the cloud of his gloomy preoccupation without lessening it, and died, leaving the child Elena to share her father's sombre home, and learn early the stern economy necessary to subsist on their slender income.

"You should go out, my dear," said Edward Runyon, lighting his meerschaum with more animation than usual. "The weather is perfect, and it is Christmas-day."

Elena was an Italian in more than birth: she loved the streets. Marietta pulled her sleeve, and whispered,

"Return to the church, signorina, where you lost the money, and pray the Madonna for its recovery. Che! may an apoplexy seize the thief! Fifteen francs!"

The girl had already reached for a shabby little hat on a peg, given her mane of hair a careless toss, and assumed a long coat eminently characteristic of the household fortunes in the frayed buttons and seams.

"Who knows what I may find at the church?" she said, blithely.

Then she went out into the sunshine, unconscious of the part fate had assigned her to perform in a Christmas drama.

IV.—A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

The child Elena had scarcely departed when the nervous excitement of Edward Runyon's manner became very apparent.

He was relieved by the absence of his daughter, since he was thus free to enjoy expectation without lessening his own dignity, or arousing her precocious curiosity. Destiny had played him a very strange prank that morning, and if the result proved a disappointment, Elena should be left in ignorance.

He had paused at a shop window to look at the display of holiday books fresh from London; Edward Runyon loved books, and indulged in none. A group of travellers stood in the shop door, and a woman's voice inquired,

"Can you inform me if there are either English or American artists resident here at present?"

In response the shop-keeper had actually mentioned him. Edward Runyon, shabby little man in a rusty cloak, had colored nervously, and hastened on. The careless word of a tourist, the half-formed wish of a stranger merging into so many fresh channels during a day of sight-seeing, meant so much to him. Would she come? Would she forget in an hour? He was able to torment himself with sinking misgivings as to possible objections on the part of the stationer, who might have a favorite artist to advance.

Marietta was watching him with scarcely repressed disfavor as he gazed about his studio and made some feeble attempt to regulate its disorder, with no greater result attained than to blow the dust from the precious Venetian standard.

"Signore, the signorina should have a new toilet for the festa, and I am sure I hope that the Befana may bring her a gift at the Epiphany," she said, with the privileged familiarity of an Italian servant.

"My good Marietta, we shall see. I am not one of the rich," returned her master, with an impatient sigh.

"The child can be robbed of fifteen francs, and you be none the wiser," thought Marietta, with some contempt.

Her words pricked his conscience. He was an affectionate, if not an attentive, father. Elena's life was more like that of a boy than a girl: she went and came as she pleased. Only on faithful Marietta had devolved the duties of mistress of the wardrobe, and such raiment as the girl had worn hitherto had been adapted by a neighboring mantua-maker of eccentric taste from the dresses of her dead mother. Edward Runyon had forgotten all about Christmas, had given his daughter no gift, had not even kissed her in honor of the day. The memories of such festivals, kept by a large portion of the world, are peculiarly painful to those isolated like this neglected artist; still he might have walked with his daughter, instead of sending her out alone. He detested Christmas!

The door-bell rang sharply, with a harsh and lingering vibration, as if it were so seldom heard that it was disposed to make the most of the circumstance. Edward Runyon's whole frame quivered in response. Could the stranger have taken the trouble to find him? If so, would she prove that long-expected angel of deliverance—a customer? These thoughts confused his brain; he was so unaccustomed to visitors that even mere politeness seemed to desert him. A lady and a gentleman entered the studio, the former energetic, the latter passive. Edward Runyon returned their salutation helplessly; he actually proffered a chair to the lady already occupied by an open paint-box and palette—an error remedied adroitly by Marietta. Excessive shyness and embarrassment made the artist dumb, while the lady snapped an eyeglass on her nose, and the gentleman stroked his blonde beard, staring at the Venetian vase. Years had elapsed since a customer crossed this threshold. Edward Runyon did not know who these people were or whence they came, but their advent dazzled and agitated him. He ventured some confused remarks on the weather, his hands fluttering nervously about his watch chain; the lady regarded him coolly through her eyeglass, and assented. Neither of the visitors was especially considerate of the feelings of that sensitive plant, the artist, who shrank or expanded at the lightest touch of their careless fingers.

"Is that for sale?" inquired the gentleman, pointing with his cane to the Venetian vase.

"No," hesitatingly replied Edward Runyon.

The gentleman ceased to stare at the vase, and transferred his scrutiny to a copy of Titian's Venus.

"I detest copies," said the lady, severely.

Edward Runyon experienced a sensation akin to the application of a galvanic battery to his spine. Ah, how eloquent were those sketches on his walls! Heads of old men half finished, bits of architectural beauty, interiors of churches, clusters of flowers, and several pictures framed, of the type known as adapted to the popular taste—a boy fishing in a muddy stream, a neat little girl sewing, with the cat beside her, an overdressed mother watching the cradle of a pink baby.

Marietta had withdrawn to her kitchen after studying the backs of these visitors with a speculative interest. She was keenly aware that all these studies had hung on Edward Runyon's walls for years, when he needed to sell them, therefore they could possess no market value. Your Tuscan may respect the acquisition of money, in a way, but respects success more. The master had never plumbed the depths of Marietta's scorn for himself because of his failures. Besides, he did not gild the external mask

of appearance, even if hungry and cold at home—another Florentine necessity. The old servant would have liked to behold the artist attired like a dandy, with silk hat and yellow gloves and cane when he went abroad, or at least the signorina in rustling silk and feathers. She felt that a stricter adherence to polenta as a diet, and more water in the red wine, as an inevitable result, would be justifiable. Alas! Edward Runyon was still only a forestiere, although he had come to Italy to learn how to live—the calm belief of all Italians. He indulged in a fire on cold evenings, ate beefsteaks more frequently than the soup meat, or "lesso," had coffee after dinner; and the signorina wore old gowns as atonement for such luxuries.

Although she had withdrawn from the studio, not a movement there escaped Marietta. Why should not the signorina have a chance too? She could paint the portrait of the Padre Cecchi to the life, so that the holy man might behold his own face as in a mirror. Che! che! These old pictures! The fish might still slip through the net. The woman gazed out of her kitchen window a moment, smiled reflectively, and stole back to the studio. The two visitors were in a remote corner of the large apartment scrutinizing a copy of the familiar George of Denmark, by Sustermans; Edward Runyon's back was also turned. Marietta stepped noiselessly across the room, slipped the canvas Elena had shown her out of the box, placed it against the wall, and vanished into her kitchen again.

Life is full of such chances. A moment later Edward Runyon was startled by the lady's pausing in that dark corner, stooping, and taking up a picture for closer inspection.

"Look at this!" she exclaimed, with sudden animation, and placed it on the easel.

As it is possible for one person, man or woman, to gather all the elements of a vast assemblage into concentration on his or her own distinct individuality, so this study drew all light from those lifeless creations on the walls by its abounding vitality. It was merely a sketch, faulty in color, perhaps, and with crude defects on the very surface, yet the fine, keen head of the old alchemist started out of the shadowy chamber, where he had so long kept his feverish, steadfast vigil, and claimed the sympathy of beholders by his own earnestness and intense absorption.

"Permit me to say that here you have excelled yourself," said the lady, gravely, and evidently esteeming herself a connoisseur. "You have left the mannerisms of those studies, with a marked increase of power and ease of treatment."

"I beg your pardon," said Edward Runyon, stiffly, and gazing at the canvas with dilating eyes.

The lady smiled good-humoredly.

"You do not agree with me, then?"

"Where did you obtain the picture, madame?" he asked, still more stiffly. "I am not acquainted with the artist."

The lady glanced at her husband; she was beginning to think Edward Runyon a trifle cracked.

"The signorina painted it," interposed the voice of Marietta.

"The signorina is my daughter," explained the artist, in confusion. "She is out. I think there may be some mistake."

The lady was as sharp and incisive in manner as he was vague and bewildered.

"I will buy this sketch for my gallery if your daughter wishes to sell it," she said, promptly.

"It is her own property, madame," responded Edward Runyon, with thickly beating heart.

She scanned him with cold severity.

"Evidently your daughter possesses genius, extraordinary power, and originality. She may become a great artist if properly *encouraged*. Next year I will return, and judge of her progress. I suppose she must be young. If she will take two hundred and fifty francs, send the picture to our hotel to-morrow morning."

The yellow door clanged once more, a card lay on the table, and Edward Runyon sank into a chair opposite the easel, gazing, as if in a dream, at the face of the Padre Cecchi. Despite this outward apathy, a storm of conflicting emotions was raging within his breast. What! Elena a genius! to become a famous artist, a rival! This silly woman, believing herself to be a critic, had spoken such words. Had a flower sprung up at his side, and he remained ignorant of its beauty and fragrance? Stay! he should have recognized the promise of his daughter's sketch at a glance. Why had she not shown it to him? Ah, why, indeed! All the slumbering pain, the benumbed misery, of his own nature was awakened, roused to action once more. In the suffering he wrought, the alchemist, with his hollow cheek, sharp nose, and strange eye, might be weighing Edward Runyon's palpitating heart between his finger and thumb instead of the vial. The longing for an ideal perfection in the man's nature, of which the studies on the wall were the feeble gropings toward truth never attained—wholly unattainable, indeed—mocked at him, while he yearned toward his child's picture. Why should she not be an artist? Had he ever destined her for any thing else? Her first plaything had been a bit of red chalk, her only school the galleries, where she had frequently worked by his side faithfully and well. What heed had he given to her efforts? He had thought, half bitterly, that some time she might become a



"WAS SHE THE ANGEL OF HIS DREAM?"

teacher of drawing, as she was only a woman. Doubtless this lady who had stepped into his path with strange results had departed inspired with that subtle self-esteem which is permitted the rich and great as patrons.

The church bells, those many-toned voices of Florence, chiming from every campanile, reached his ear; the sky was blue, and a wandering sunbeam fell through the high window on the picture. Was there a sweeter harmony in these bells for Christmas-day? They brought to Edward Runyon deep sadness, and also a soothing resignation. Years ago—oh, how many!—his young wife had first stood at his side on Christmas-day, and now it seemed as if a cool soft hand was gently laid on his throbbing forehead, closing his tired eyelids. Marietta, glancing through the door, thought him asleep.

V.—THE GOLDEN FRUIT.

The Church of Ognissanti is old, mouldy, and infested by a throng of wailing mendicants. Above the door is still a beautiful Luca della Robbia, with its Madonna in re-

lief against a background of porcelain blue, and the slender tower still rises behind, but the sacred edifice is shorn of the adjacent monastery, where once dwelt the brethren of the Umiliate, who built the Carraja Bridge.

The young girl Elena, ignorant of the changes wrought at home, found herself at this portal, led hither solely by interest in the two frescoes, one of which had served a purpose in her father's picture. The interior of the church was clouded with incense; lamps burned before favorite shrines, where a few worshipers knelt. A monk in brown robe passed before the chancel; a lay brother was screening a sacred crucifix. Midway between door and chancel, Botticelli's San Ambrogio, in prayerful attitude, pen in hand, is seated before a lectern holding the open book, his bishop's mitre at his elbow. Opposite, Ghirlandajo's San Girolamo rests his thoughtful brow on his hand as he writes, surrounded by books, rosary, hour-glass; and on the shelf behind, quaint vessels with reed-pointed handles, such as were emblematic of the medical profession in the days when the Medici were doctors.

Elena knew every line and curve of these old frescoes by heart. She could scarcely remember when she first saw them. Now her developing perceptions caused her to study living forms—the smile of a baby, the action of a horse, the wrinkles of a toothless beggar. A kneeling object arrested her attention as an atom of humanity. This was a dwarf, abject despair depicted on his upturned face, as he crouched on the pavement in a little heap. The earnestness of his prayer was intense. Groans and occasional words escaped his lips. The child-artist stood behind him, and unconsciously put her head on one side in meditation. What a study he would make!—the distorted body and pathetic, meagre face! Was he praying aloud? Listen.

"O holy mother of God, and all the saints, forgive my sin!" moaned the little man.

The words fell unheeded on the girl's ear. What if she sketched this manikin before a street shrine!

"*He went to the river.*"

Who uttered these words? Elena started and glanced around. No person was near, and her gaze reverted to the dwarf. At a glance she comprehended the crisis, because it was a sadly familiar one. The dwarf was praying here before committing suicide. Did not such catastrophes occur every year? Had not Elena been told the circumstance repeatedly by sympathetic Marietta? She went up to the dwarf and touched him on the shoulder. "You must come with me," she said, quietly. Her heart beat violently with fear and sudden trepidation. She was alone, and somebody must act.

Alessandro Lungini turned toward her, sudden awe freezing his features. Was she the angel of his dream who had obliterated the lucky numbers on the wall? Was she, in still more tangible shape, the owner of the purse, with flying golden hair? He did not question her right to command him, and followed her out into the square. Here she paused a moment to choose her course.

The Lung' Arno basked in a glow of afternoon sunshine, and was thronged with crowds of pedestrians in their holiday attire, and the brilliant equipages for which the city is famous. Back of this thoroughfare the Borg' Ognissanti rested in shadow. Elena moved down the latter street, and the gobbo followed mechanically. His faculties were benumbed, but vengeance seemed to have overtaken him in the fair shape of a child. Vengeance? He dared not disobey her. Was he glad to cast the oppressive burden of responsibility on another? A straw could break his purpose even now. Arriving at home, she said, "Follow me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," assented Alessandro, and began to climb the stairs.

The yellow door opened to receive them, and the next moment Elena stood in the studio, holding the dwarf's sleeve, for fear he should attempt to run away.

The pent-up excitement of Edward Runyon and Marietta greeted her in overwhelming explanations. She was an artist, to be great some time, and a gracious stranger had bought her sketch for two hundred and fifty francs. Two hundred and fifty francs—and Christmas-day! Elena's cheek changed from rose-pink to crimson, her eyes sparkled, her little form dilated with emotion. She kissed her father, embraced Marietta, then danced about the room, clapping her hands, laughing, and singing like one delirious. Happiness does not kill.

The dwarf stood on the spot where she had left him. Presently Elena danced back to him, patted his shoulder re-assuringly, and said, with a smile, "We are rich now, and I shall paint your portrait; so you must live here, and be my model and servant."

"Yes," he replied, like one in a dream.

The first ray of returning hope trembled in the darkness of his thought. He was not to seek the river that night. Once he found his tongue before relapsing into stillness. "I took her money in the church for a 'terno' in the lottery," he confessed to Marietta, in the kitchen, later. "I can never tell her, though—never. I might go to the priest."

"We must see about it all another day," returned Marietta, pityingly.

The poor little gobbo's tragedy had been made known to the household in few words. The girl Elena was whimsical about him. He was her toy, her Christmas gift. He must be given a glass of good wine, and sit

in one corner of the great room. Later there would be a Christmas supper, and she was to pay for the feast.

Edward Runyon sat in his arm-chair, watching his daughter with a certain deprecating humility. She was not the child of the morning. Change had touched her chrysalis. Opposite sat the dwarf, also following her flitting movements dreamily. She was not a vision, a spirit. The Madonna had sent her instead of—the river. At length she took a bit of chalk and began to trace a figure on the wall—the thoughtful head resting on one hand, the long beard, the flowing robes, the desk of San Girolamo. Sudden impulse led her to that pathetic little shape huddled in the corner.

"That is the saint of the church, you know," she explained, as if speaking to a very young child. "To-day will never come back again."

Edward Runyon's eyes clouded with sudden tears.

Perhaps it was because the bells still chimed and tinkled from every quarter that the darkening room seemed filled with shapes of other years, amidst which moved the girl Elena, who, with simplest unconsciousness of noble action, had on this Christmas-day saved a life, a soul.

ELIZABETHAN AND LATER ENGLISH FURNITURE.

THE form which the Renaissance took in England, in architecture and furniture and general ornament, is known as the Elizabethan, and in furniture it is as distinctive a form as its French and Italian differentiations.

For many years the Gothic had been forgetting its lofty flight and stooping toward the low lines of the Tudor, somewhat impelled, probably, by the existence of the trecento in Italy, which every where produced its effect. Yet the insularity of England, both physical and mental, made absolute change a very slow process, and it was not entirely achieved even in the Elizabethan.



STAIRCASE, CREWE HALL.

Thus, instead of the exquisite lightness of the pointed and ogee arches, we find one, even in the time of the last two Henrys, that barely lifts itself above the level of a straight lintel, under square spandrels, and we read of the introduction of "Romayne work" then, the ornamentation adopted from the antique, and perfected subsequently by Raphael and others, having given a new character to all artistic work, its impulse being felt beyond the sea in church and palace, dwelling and furniture, either by the rumor of travellers' tales or by direct importation, and somewhat, perhaps, at a later date, by those minor publications with marginal illustrations which

were published during the empire of the cinquecento for the use of designers and others. As early as the thirteenth century, indeed, England had begun to swarm with Italian placemen, who brought their habits with them, and had more or less influence on new construction. Torrigiano, Mabuse, and a few other French and Italian artists were employed by Henry VII.; Holbein brought the German rendition of the great change that had come over the spirit of things; and long after that Shakspeare finds occasion to speak of

> "fashions of proud Italy,
> Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
> Limps after in base imitation."

And if the movement was tardy even then, it was still slower in the previous Tudor era—that three-quarters of a century just preceding the precise Elizabethan; so that, in spite of a few articles of Renaissance furniture procured abroad for the royal family or some of the high nobility, a barbarous mixture of the old and new yet prevailed generally in England at the period when France enjoyed the accomplished style of the Henri Deux, and when Italy reveled in the perfect fantasies of the cinquecento.

The term Elizabethan has been used distinctively in relation to the Renaissance, rather than exactly in relation to the English styles; for it is generally applied to that which really began some years before Elizabeth was born, and extended over some years after she died, only then receiving its full development, King Hal himself having had a taste for novelty and splendor that leaned kindly to foreign fashions, and the pedantry of the era of King James, that "wisest fool in Europe," not having wrought immediate effect with the quips and conceits through which by-and-by the Elizabethan degenerated into the Jacobean. It is not, indeed, quite possible to fix the exact limits of the different variations of any main style, one shade overlapping and blending with another; thus there are chairs, for instance, those with the exceedingly high and narrow backs and small square seats, which are called Elizabethan, but which were in use, with much the same ornament, for an indefinite previous period, and there are palaces and country-seats built in Elizabeth's last days, but decorated with the additional characteristics more particularly belonging to the Jacobean—a universal thing, in fact; and you may see in the Louvre to-day an old armory whose upper portion is pierced in all the Gothic foliations of the Flamboyant, and whose lower portion is decorated with panels carved in all the richest caprices of the cinquecento.

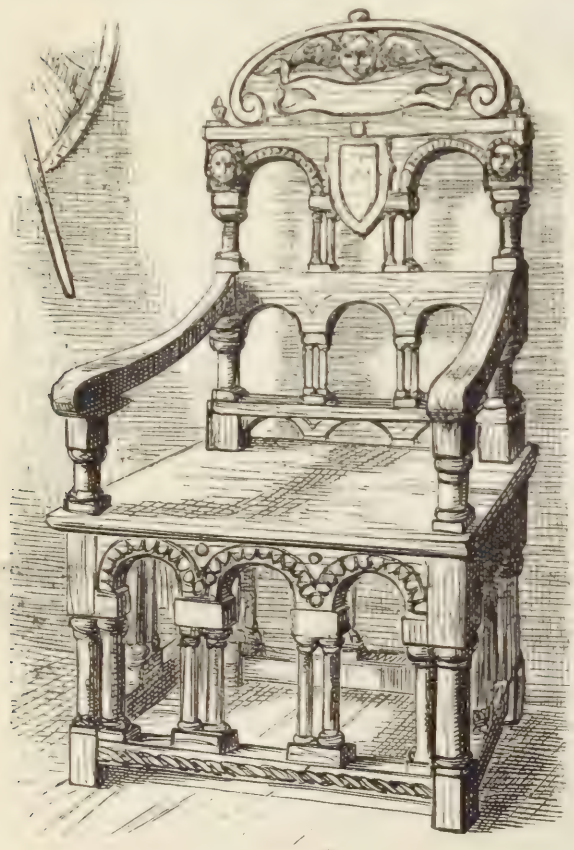
A rude and ill-informed attempt at classicism is, of course, every where to be seen in the Elizabethan. Once in a while in some chimney-piece, with channeled columns, architrave, and frieze, the attempt is almost a success, and the result exceedingly stately and beautiful. But, as a rule, a few pillars and pilasters with misunderstood details, a strap, moreover, usually clasped and buckled about them, some clumsy scrolls and rosettes, with masks and busts of the ancients, with here and there the human figure ill drawn, and here and there huge terms, heads rising from flat vases, or pedestals narrowing at the base, will complete the classic store, and in the mean time the strap and buckle predominate over every thing else.

Strap-work, indeed, together with shield-work, was very prominent in the Henri Deux. It was a method of ornament particularly applicable to jewelry and work in gold. Cellini used it entirely. "I therefore made four small figures of boys," says he, "with four little grotesques, which completed the ring; and I added to it a few fruits and *ligatures* in enamel, so that the jewel and the ring appeared admirably suited to each other." Both in the French and the Italian work the method was mingled with better classic detail, and with finer natural imitation, but hardly in the Saracenic itself was the tracery so prominent as in the Elizabethan. If the type was meagre, its play of line was infinite: curve led to curve, intricacy to intricacy, and over all ornamented surfaces, the scrolls that supported other forms—panels or scutcheons or masks—the figures, the faceted jewel forms, opened into successions and sequences of interlacing and escaping straps and ribbons, and transformed into pure satisfaction of complete line falling fitly the representation of all the gay buckling and harnessing of chivalry. These ribbons and straps and buckles were always flat in surface, however curved in shape and situation, and they rose from their background at right angles as actual straps would if laid on flatly, seeking hardly any of the contrasts of light and shade, but only the luxury of line chasing line. When the use of the cartouch became more general, one form of light and shade came to the assistance of this sort of ornament, for the supports of the shield were frequently pierced with countless openings, crescent-shaped, lozenged, circular, rectangular, apparently in a mere hap-hazard open-work, but in reality, as a view of the whole together showed, repeating the straps and ribbons again merely by the contours of their perforation. While this pierced shield-work, with its innumerable flat and curved planes, came afterward to assume more importance in the Jacobean, there was nothing of the Elizabethan that was not ornamented with the strap-work in some form or other. If sometimes the wainscots were set in the little square panels, or in the parchment panels of the preceding reigns, or in the round-arched



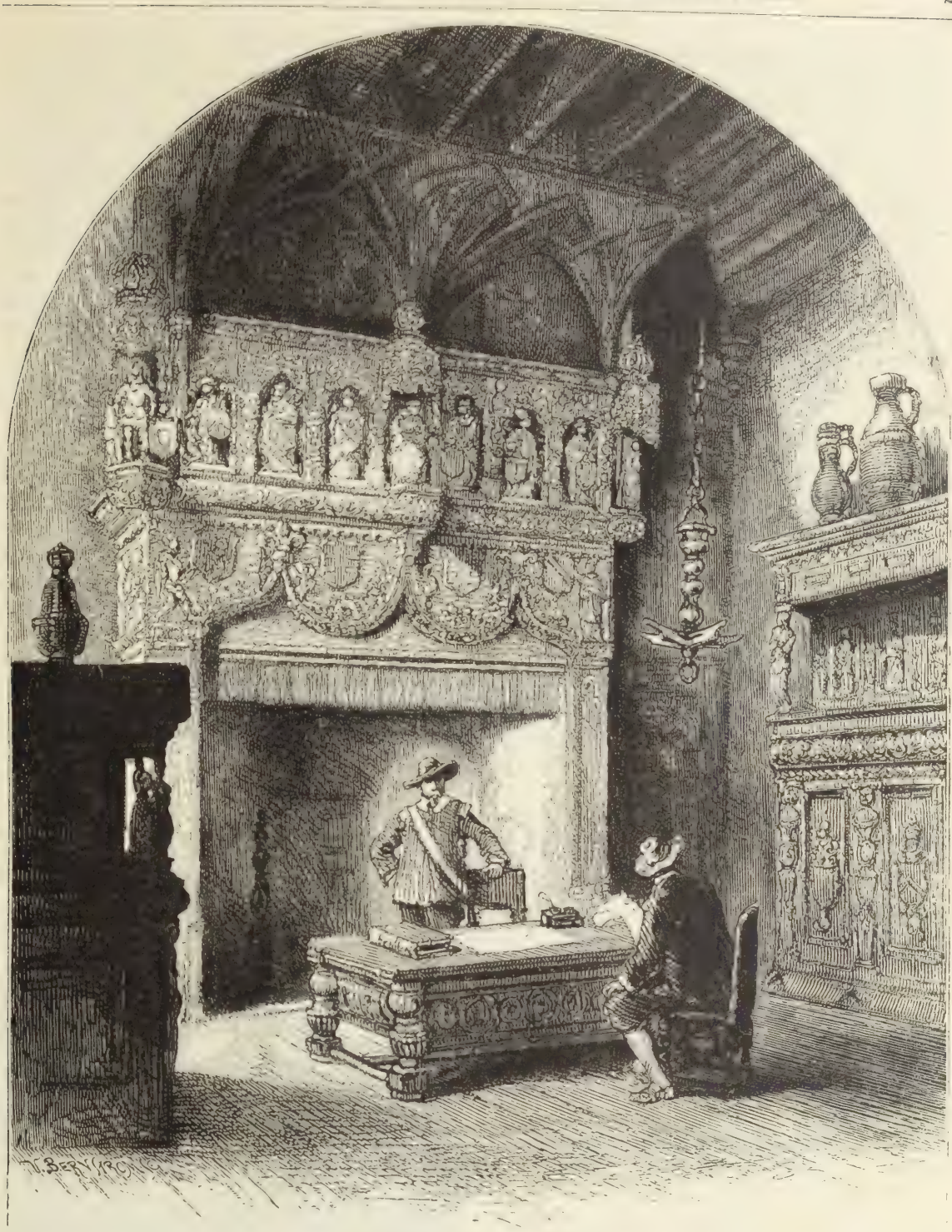
DINING-ROOM, CREWE HALL.

panels peculiar to the Elizabethan itself—miniature and open representations of which are to be seen on the back of the chair made from the wood of Sir Francis Drake's ship—yet the vast screens between the sides of rooms, like walls themselves, were an entanglement of the flourishes of this carven tracery, as the reader will observe in the picture of Crewe Hall; and to its general idea the structure and ornament even of the ceilings conformed. We believe it is admitted that there are few, if any, grander effects in interior decoration than the intersecting curves and angles of a lofty old Elizabethan ceiling. Of course, in the use of the strap and shield, heraldry and its escutcheons and crests entered largely into the ornament of the Elizabethan; the ensigns armorial, set in all shapes and surrounded by all the curious mantling to be devised, appeared every where in conjunction with the family motto and with the intertwined initials of husband and wife, over gateways, over doorways, on dead-wall, over the fireplace; and stairways were decorated with carved monsters sitting on the baluster-tops and holding before them the family arms, frequently looking as if they had just escaped from one of the quarterings.



CHAIR MADE FROM WOOD OF SHIP OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

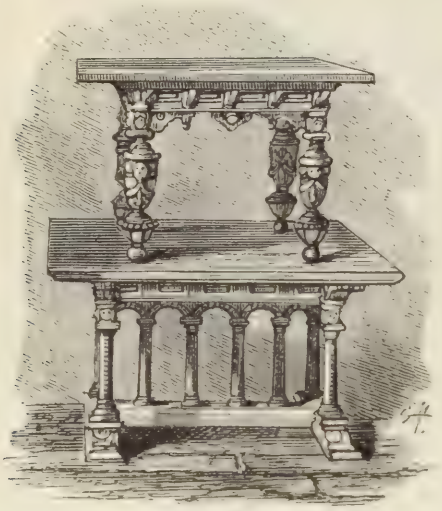
Nevertheless, in the Elizabethan the Gothic is never quite forgotten. Its vertical lines are always breaking through the horizontal of the invading classic; its reverend monsters look with especial unkindness on the fantasticism of the new monsters that Cellini described as the promiscuous breed of animals and flowers; its ornaments insist upon their right before the Grecian; in architecture its gables still rise, although with a sky-line gnawed out by the scrolls as worms gnaw out the sides of a leaf; and in furniture its cove surmounts the tops of those cabinets whose fronts are the façades of temples. The steadfast English mind clung to the old order of things, and relin-



COUNCIL HALL AT COURTRAY.

quished with reluctance the last relics of a style that had been for centuries a part of its life. If it must have the egg and dart, it would keep the Tudor flower too. Thus all the Renaissance that came into England, after the bloody wars of the Roses made it possible to think of art and luxury, paid toll to the Gothic on the way, and the result was a singular miscellany, for its Gothic had now forgotten, and its Renaissance had never known, why it had existed; and it is rather the talent with which the medley of material was handled, the broad masses, yet curious elaboration, and the scale of magnificence, that give the style the charm it certainly possesses, than any thing in its original and bastard composition. Something of this same charm is to be found, by-the-way, in most of the literature of the era, in accordance with that subtle relationship existing between the literature and the art of any period. It is in the lawless mixture of Gothic and Grecian characterizing the Elizabethan that Shakspeare peoples his *Midsummer-Night's Dream* with Gothic fairies reveling in the Athenian forest, and Spenser fills his pages with a pageantry of mediæval monsters and classic masks. Shakspeare, indeed, is the peculiar product of the Renaissance. The machinery of *The Tempest* and the setting of the *Merchant of Venice* are direct results of its spirit.

The Renaissance of the Elizabethan came into England by way of the Low Countries; and it would need hardly more than a glance at the cut representing the Council Hall at Courtray, with the burly and plethoric shapes of its furniture, to become aware of this fact. The importation of furniture into England from Flanders and Holland had been long carried to such an extent that even a hundred years earlier a law was enacted forbidding the practice—a law that may have become inoperative, as it is well known that carved wood-work was one of the important articles of commerce with the Low Countries, and the country houses of England of this period were filled with articles of Dutch and Flemish workmanship. Possibly the residence in England of numbers of exiles fleeing from Spanish oppression in the Netherlands may have influenced the public taste; possibly the occupancy of the Netherlands by English forces at a later day may have strengthened the fancy for forms already familiar; possibly the English sympathy with the struggle there affected the fashion. At any rate, whether from any of these causes or from purely commercial ones, it was the top-heavy and overloaded Dutch cabinet and the table with big columnar legs capable of upholding mighty chines, and both covered with Flemish ornament, that became part of the Elizabethan furniture. Things of the sort are still to be had in Holland, although very few of them genuine in point of age. The price paid for them rewards the forgery, and they are made of stained wood, the profiles of the exuberant carving abraded by sandpaper till they have a metallic glisten, and seem to have felt the hand of the house-maid of three hundred years, dressed out furthermore with placques of fine old porcelain or its very skillful imitation.



FLEMISH TABLE.

It is this importation and custom that accounts for something of the character of the Elizabethan articles; for the Flemings, although fond of magnificence, and accustomed to all the splendor of the Burgundian court, never became absolute masters of the fully developed Italian style. Nor was the Fleming so thoroughly the master of his materials that his execution quite answered his ideas. Both German and Spanish workmanship came much nearer to the complete spirit of the Renaissance, the latter leaving little to be desired. The Flemish is, however, generally held to be the most dramatic carving of the North; and although the French handled the figure lightly and fancifully, their drawing was apt to be incorrect, giving, for instance, too much weight and size to the head. Yet after some years the Flemish work became less dignified and desirable. It was lumbered with turned-work sawed in halves and glued on, with panels overlaying and intersecting each other at odd angles, and with cumbrous pendants under the corners, all of which work was injurious, and much of which was ugly. In the later period of the Elizabethan, the Italians themselves may have supplied artists and workmen for the furniture, but they must have worked hampered by the tastes and prejudices existing around them. A certain rudeness of carving prevails throughout the earlier part of the style, and is considered to give breadth of effect. The old carvers hid none of the means by which they gained their ends, and left even the tool marks in full sight.

After strap-work, the characteristic that first catches the eye in Elizabethan furniture is its curious translation of classic shapes. Grecian columns of singular disproportion form the main structure of bedsteads, tables, and cabinets. These columns are noted for their clumsy thickness, and they rise, in one of the first misapprehensions of the classic that mark the style, from huge spherical clusters of foliage, usually



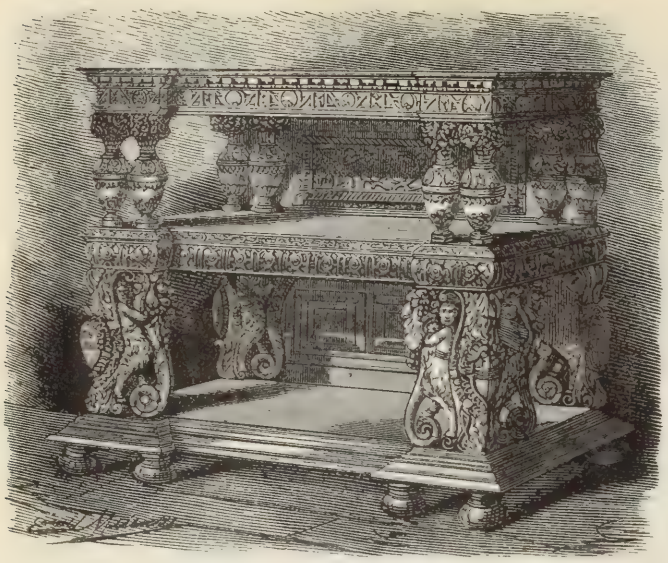
GREAT BED OF WARE.



GILT CHAMBER, HOLLAND HOUSE.

the acanthus, or what answers for that. Frequently, at about half their length, these columns are broken by another huge spherical cluster; on this sometimes half the foliage growing downward, half growing upward, and divided in the middle by a careful strap and buckle; occasionally the upper half of this globe is absent. The lower part of the columns is often covered with arabesques, and the upper half merely fluted, or else covered with a fine imbricated carving. The tables thus upheld were mighty constructions, once in a while so made as to be pulled apart in an extension, but oftener bound by firm cross-bars, and almost immovable through their weight. In some of the tables, instead of columns, a sort of caryatid—female half-figure, neither exactly sphinx nor monster, dressed out in straps and ending in rude scrolls—formed the support at each of the four corners. In the cabinets the lower part was usually a closed cupboard, paneled and ornamented, with terms between the different divisions, the figure issuing from the vase being now a head only, and now two-thirds of the whole; the top projected, and was upheld by the big columns; and all the surfaces were enriched with sculptures after the approved fashion. Of the bedsteads, with their heavy testers and cornices, the Great Bed of Ware—which is to be seen in our cut, together with a wardrobe of the time of Charles I., and a chair of the time of George II.—does not give a false idea, although it is, of course, a caricature in size. Sir Toby Belch speaks of this piece of furniture when he advises Sir Andrew Aguecheek: "And as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it." This bedstead is yet to be seen, it is said, in the room of an inn, sign of the Saracen's Head, in the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire. Still, it is to be remembered that it was not at all unusual, in the great distinction accorded to the bedstead and its dressing by the Renaissance, to find beds on the Continent which were all of twelve feet square, the size of this.

In that portion of the Elizabethan which we more frequently speak of as the Jacobean, although it was but the completer development of the former, the globular excrescences of the columns elongated themselves into equally vast and far uglier acorn-shaped supports. A good deal of inlaid-work was then used, and the carving did its best to reach and render the ideas of the cinquecento. It is, indeed, styled the cinquecento period of English art, every surface being rough with arabesques of griffins, vases, rosettes, dolphins, scrolls, foliages, Cupids, and mermaids with double tails curling round them on either side. Meantime the cartouch and its straps—ligatures they were called in Italy, as we have seen, *cuirs* in France and Flanders—were still held in honor, and scallop shells received a particular share of favor, a peculiar shell having then lately been brought

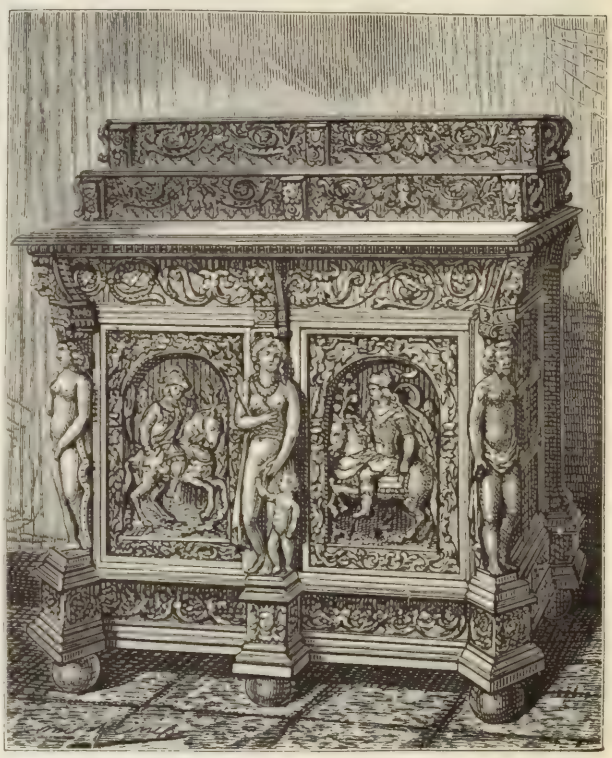


JACOBEAN COURT-CUPBOARD.

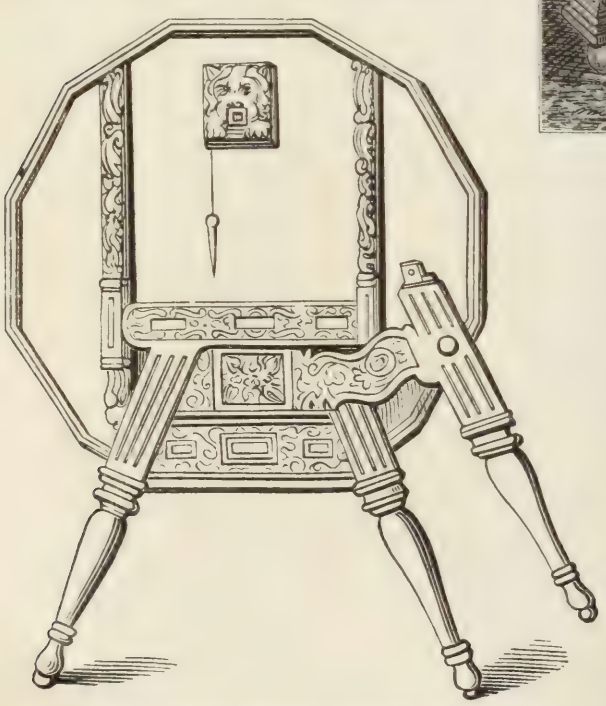
this time whose backs consisted of several just such immense scallops as those of these Gilt Chamber chairs, ranged in a row; and to-day the same idea of decoration peeps out in fan-like frills at every spare corner of the modern revival of the style—the Neo-Jacobean. These shell forms of furniture might befit the home of Abdallah of the Sea, but they must have been singularly out of place on dry land and among the huge and heavy articles that surrounded them in the Jacobean mansions.

There was something, on the whole, in the early Elizabethan replete with dignity, a massy magnificence that agreed with that of

home from foreign seas, and, although the shell was no new decoration, having been immediately seized by the designers in need of other shapes. The Flemings made seats that inclosed the sitter in the valves of this scallop, carved just rudely enough to excuse their eccentricity, and in somewhat better taste than the pincushiony chairs in our picture of the Gilt Chamber at Holland House. In this room the figures over the fire-place were painted in flesh-color wherever bare; the rest was in shaded gold. The lower marbles of the fire-place were black, and the upper ones were Sienna; the capitals and bases of the columns and pilasters were gilt, and the groundwork from which all the glittering decoration rose was white. Settees were made at

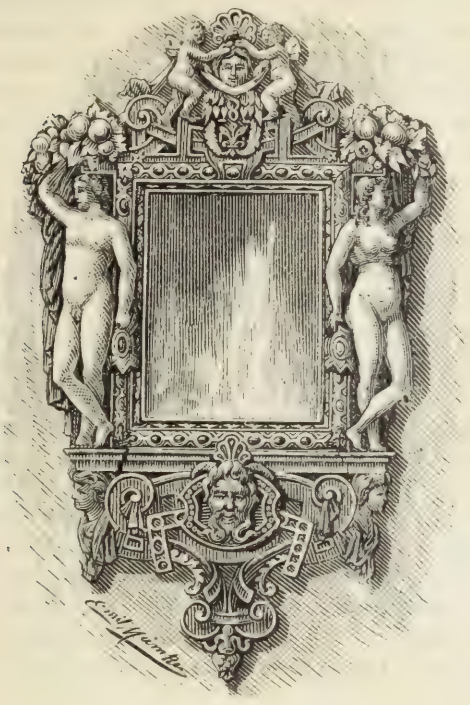


JACOBEAN BUFFET: JAMES I.



ELIZABETHAN CHAIR FROM FLAXTON HALL, SUFFOLK.

the era and the monarch, that went well, too, with the mighty farthingales and ruffs of the ladies, the trunk-hose and puffed and banded doublets of the gallants, while the people who used it are too near us—Shakspeare, Sidney, Raleigh, Jonson, Bacon—for it not to have a peculiar interest. Well as it suited doughty old Queen Bess herself, the forms which it took under her successor, with their assumption of foreign conceits and their display of profuse gilding, accorded no less characteristically with the arrogant, pedantic, and petty James. All of this furniture, however, is exceedingly attractive, and there are few of us who would not rejoice over the possession of any article



ELIZABETHAN MIRROR.

of it not too unwieldy for contracted modern quarters. The sideboard and dresser which we give are superb specimens, and afford a good idea of the medley of design, with their not too well drawn fauns and satyrs, fruits and flowers, Cupids, birds, scrolls, shields and straps, cornucopias, mermaids, monsters, and foliages. They belong to the beginning of the later period. And one can imagine, in looking at them, that it was no such light matter to clear the floor for the dance of the Capulets when the servant cried, "Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate!" Shakspeare, by-the-way, not scrupling to furnish Italian palaces with English articles.

The style, as it had become at the close of the Jacobean era, held its own, with slight variation and innovation, for some reigns. The execution of the carving was coarse and careless during the time of the first Stuarts, but afterward rose to be classed with the finest known; inlaid-work, also, was more freely used, and attained much excellence. There was, of course, an increasing prevalent luxury in every thing. Fine pottery, for instance, became more frequent; for although glass had been made in London under Elizabeth's patronage, "porselyn" was rare, and even earthenware was not then very general, gold and silver plate making the vessels of the rich, and pewter mugs and platters and wooden trenchers being still those of the poor, while mention is made of "five dishes of earth painted, such as are brought from Venice," which were presented to the queen as something unusual; and it was thought a gift not unworthy of royalty when Lord Burleigh offered her a "porringer of white porselyn garnished with gold."

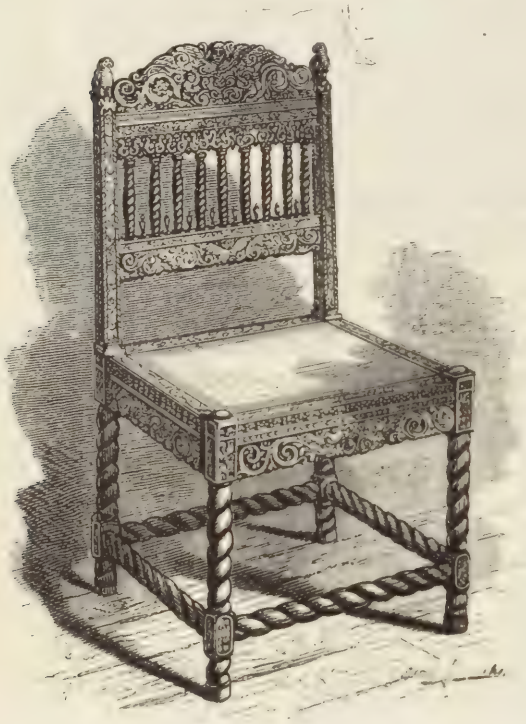
The first use of the famous Dutch tiles is thought to belong to the reign of Charles I. Looking-glasses, also, which were very rare in Elizabeth's time, became more common in that of the Charleses, the Duke of Buckingham, during the reign of the second Charles, bringing a colony of Venetian glass-makers to Lambeth. The Elizabethan mirror which we give is some three and a half by four and a half feet in size—five feet was the largest made till the latter part of the eighteenth century—the frame is carved in oak and partially gilt, and the glass is set flatly. In the mirror of the time of Charles II. the glass is beveled, and in the glasses of the Merry Monarch's predecessor the frames were so made as to throw the glass forward and give it projection. Some of the frames were of amber, wonderfully carved in relief, a notable one being that presented to Queen Mary by the Duke of Brandenburg. Quicksilvered glass itself, unset, was seized upon as a novelty, and used as all novelties are, so that sometimes whole rooms, and even the ceilings, were lined with it. The mirrors made by the duke's colony were of superior excellence; they had an inch-wide bevel all along their outer extremity, whether they were rectangular or curved. "This," says Mr. Pollen, "gives preciousness and prismatic light to the whole glass. It is of great difficulty in execution, the plate being held by the workman over his head, and the edge cut by grinding. The feats of skill in this kind, in the form of interrupted curves and short



MIRROR: CHARLES II.

lines and angles, are rarely accomplished by modern workmen, and the angle of the bevel itself is generally too acute, whereby the prismatic light produced by this portion of the mirror is in violent and too showy contrast to the remainder."

Wall-hangings had now, of course, been long in more or less use—the leather, the damask, velvet, and arras or tapestry. The



EBONY CHAIR OF TIME OF CHARLES II.; OWNED LATER BY HORACE WALPOLE.

Flemish tapestries, from the time of their first manufacture, were in great favor. Elizabeth had a set wrought signalizing the dispersion and destruction of the Armada. So fine had they become that they were often preferred to other decoration, and in the Stuart time were stretched across the noble old carved panel-work itself. "Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry," wrote Evelyn, in the last years of Charles II., concerning the Gobelins tapestry, established under the royal patronage in France: "for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond any thing I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germains, and other palaces of the French king, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done." Yet works in tapestry had been, long before this, under royal protection in England also, the Raphael cartoons having been purchased by Charles I. for the use of the establishment at Mortlake, which, however, did not outlast that sovereign more than half a century; and the employment of draperies had become so profuse that they now largely took the place of the heavy paneled wooden tops which had so long encumbered the bedsteads.

A good deal of furniture was imported into England during the reign of the second Charles from Venice and Spain; chairs covered in black ox-hide embossed and trimmed with brass nails, and others, very quaint and beautiful, with spiral carving that made the legs and the supports of the backs look like twisted colonnettes, and gave great light and shadow and lustre to the wood. These spirally carved chairs had a low back in the early part of this king's reign. The spiral was probably borrowed from the Louis Treize style across the water; for although Louis Treize was dead and laid with his ancestors before Charles came to the throne, England usually kept behind the French fashions all of the time of an ordinary reign, and the Louis Treize style, by means of the unhappy religious wars that diverted thought from the fine arts, had become merely a saddening of the gayety of the Renaissance; and although much fine work, of course, still continued to be done, the simple spiral carv-



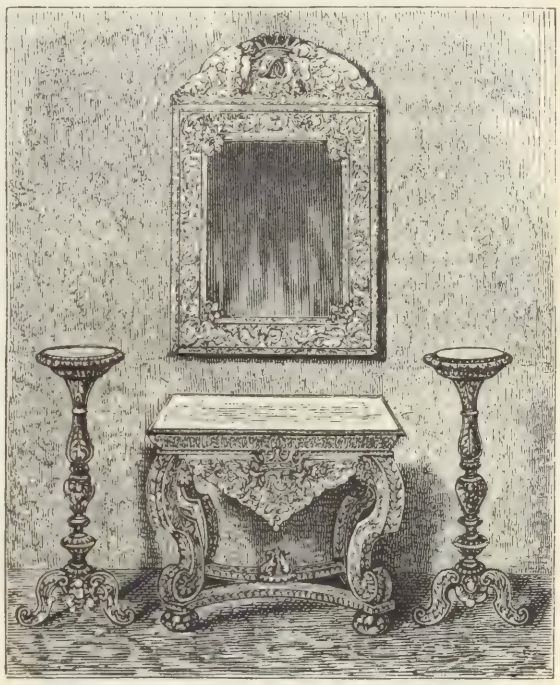
CHAIR IN PEPYS'S LIBRARY.

ing had taken the place to great extent of all the charming fooleries that had gone before. The ebony chair given in our illustration, once owned by Horace Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, was without doubt a genuine specimen of this fashion, picked up somewhere by that collector; and the chair from the library that little Pepys took such pride and pleasure in decking out is a common chair of the period.

The poor young queen of Charles II. brought with her from Portugal "such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen," which were probably the beginning of our better knowledge of purely Oriental articles, with the exception of rugs, although some Japanese cabinets and screens had come into the country, perhaps by way of the Dutch commerce with the East. French furniture, also, was imported by the court at this time, although the magnificent boule-work, and the meretricious French glitter in general, were more than half a century in finding their way freely across the Channel; but with the exception of the great

looking-glass and toilet of beaten and massive gold given by the queen-mother to this same young Portuguese princess on her marriage, the most splendid furniture of the court was of solid silver, or of silver plates of very fine *repoussé* work, that is, where the metal plate, imbedded in cement, has had its pattern beaten out with hammers, the cement yielding just sufficiently to give the desired ornament, which is afterward heightened and relieved by the chasing of the graver. Much of the furniture of the Duchess of Portsmouth was of this precious metal; Mary d'Este, the queen of James II., had a cabinet of silver filigree; there is still some of the sort at Windsor; and we give a cut of a portion of the silver furniture in the King's Room, so called, at Knole Park. The legs of the table in this picture mark the period of Charles II. and his brother James, and were not infrequent under William III.

The most important feature of this era in furniture and decoration was the appearance of the carved work of Grinling Gibbons and his pupils, chiefly executed on the frames of mirrors, on panels and chimney-pieces, in lime and the softer woods. There had been nothing exactly like it before, and there has been nothing comparable to it since. After its worth was recognized, it was used wherever it could be had, in church, palace, and cathedral. It was carving of the naturalistic order, but with a symmetrical arrangement of objects and a faultless finish. "The flowers and foliages of his groups or garlands sweep round in bold and harmonious curves, making an agreeable whole, though for architectural decorative carving no work was ever so free from conventional arrangements. His animals or his flowers appear to be so many separate creations from nature, laid or tied together separately, though in reality formed out of a block, and remaining still portions of a group cut in the solid wood." Of course no one will claim that this realistic representation is in accordance with the highest and noblest schemes of ornament. On the contrary, it belongs among the lowest, if, indeed, it has a right at all to the term ornament, which is really the elaboration of the idea of beauty in the object represented into a harmonic succession of forms, and is not constituted by individual delineation and actual representation. The realistic is at best but copying; conventionalized forms take precedence of it, idealized suggestions of nature exceed those, and the purely ideal ranks beyond the whole, inasmuch, perhaps, as the soul of man is a higher thing than any form of matter, and the beauty that is born of the vitalizing processes of the human brain has that superiority which in the natural world organic substance has over inorganic. Yet this copying is, nevertheless, one form of art, and, executed with the marvelous *technique* of Gibbons—his grace, his dexterity, and his matchless truthfulness—has a value of its own entirely independent of its relation to other forms of art. "This day," writes Evelyn in his diary on the 18th of January, 1671, "I first acquainted his Majesty with that incomparable young man Gibbons, whom I had lately met with in an obscure

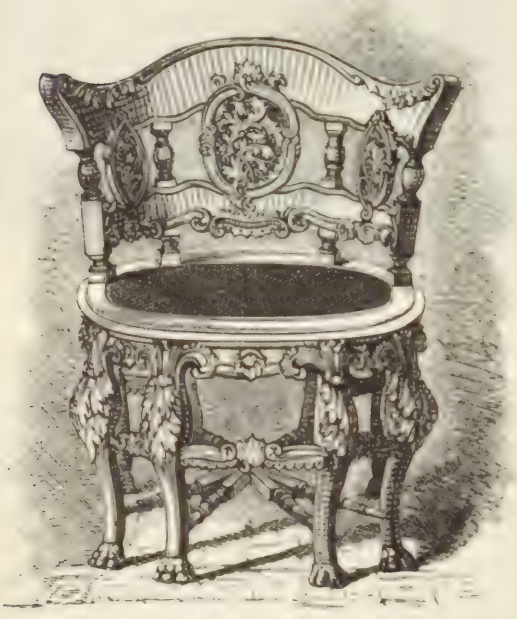


SILVER FURNITURE: JAMES II.

place by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house in a field in our parish near Sayles Court. I found him shut in, but looking in at the window I perceived him copying that large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoretto, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter; he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as, from the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness, I had never before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit. He answered he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece. On demanding the price, he said one hundred pounds. In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong. In the piece was more than one hundred pieces of men." The carving of Gibbons that was

first carried to the queen in order to secure her favor did not chance to please a certain old woman who had the royal ear, and it was not at once that the artist obtained the consideration which was his due; he has, however, enjoyed it ever since, and his work is still held among the treasures of English art. Some of the best and most interesting of it is at Hampton Court Palace and at Chatsworth; and the school of carvers that followed him decorated all London with such masterly work that it is plain that if there had been any artist capable of designing, as there were carvers capable of executing, it would have been a mighty period of decorative art.

But, as it may be imagined, the decorative art of England had now become a mongrel affair, and it became still more so with the accession of William and Mary. These sovereigns brought with them certain Dutch fashions and predilections for bandy-legged chairs, articles of Japanese lacquer, and of

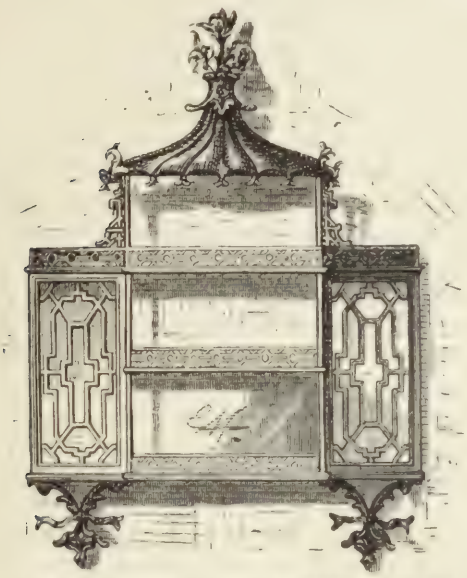


CHAIR: WILLIAM III.

carved ebony—the Dutch settlement of Ceylon having made ebony much more attainable—all of which, together with a pictorial marquetry, added new elements to the confusion. This marquetry, although but a prelude to the wonderful boule-work that had not yet crossed from France, was much more elaborate than the old inlay. It was executed either in the natural woods or in ivory, ebony, or mother-of-pearl, and was to be found in some degree on almost every thing. The use of it demanded an unprecedented extent of flat surface, and it thus wrought a vital change in the appearance of the larger objects, bringing into view broad smooth doors to upright pieces, tall clocks and wardrobes, curiously curved planes for the display of the marquetry, and doing away necessarily with a great deal of the carving and much of the architectural character of the construction, so that articles ceased to be miniature temples, became box-like in comparison, and were covered with this flat and pictured decoration of tulips, birds, figures, and landscapes. Some of the old ornament, however, yet remained, and a certain sculpture of foliage after the idea of the scallop shell, or "when in length not unlike the frill of a shirt," may be observed on many of the chairs of the reign of William III., that were followed by the white and gilt chairs, with silken backs and cushions, peculiar to the time of Queen Anne. But this use of shapes adapted to the display of marquetry probably brought about a departure from the Jacobean of a nobler sort, which made use of the same simplicity of form, the vertical lines of which in upright articles were perfectly straight till at the top curving over frequently in the old cove, and the surfaces decorated again with carvings chiefly of ancient figures and conventionalized floriage in low relief—a variation which, begun under William and Mary, perfected itself under Anne, and was subsequently deteriorated by the influence of the Quatorze. It was immediately succeeded by the work of Chippendale, who chose what he fancied in the existing style, and added to it what he fancied in the French.

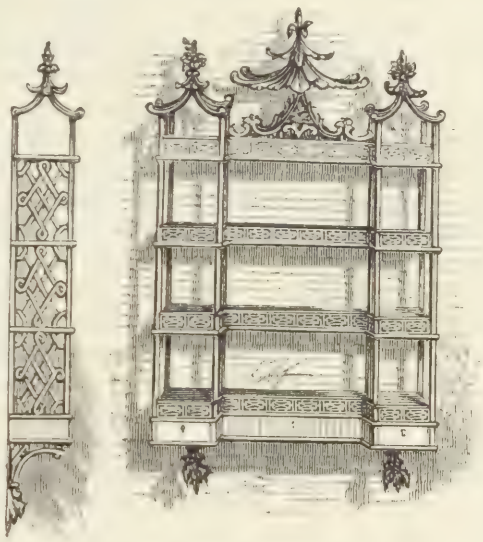
It was in the reign of William and Mary that that old china came to the throne which has held sway ever since by the divine right of its own charm. The pleasant Queen Mary was a Stuart, in spite of her virtues, and loved to see pleasant things about her, and the fantastic forms and rich colors of the Oriental porcelain had touched her fancy. She had solaced the term of her absence from England with its accumulation, and she brought great quantity of it with her from the Hague, where the taste for it was already formed, as every one knows that is familiar with the Dutch articles of the day, whose fronts are often mere plastrons of porcelain, the access of the Dutch to the ports of the Orient having filled Holland with strange wares and strange fashions. Holland not only imported, but in her Delft imitated, the Chinese wares, sometimes carrying out the imitation exactly to all the curiosity of its quaint design, and sometimes decorating the objects with the pencils of her best artists. The queen procured other china also, wherever it was to be had, so that, as we are told, her collection was "wonderfully rich and plentiful." Persian and Damascus cups, and fine glasses, such as the storied "Luck of Eden Hall," were not unfamiliar by that time in England, and there were several potteries producing fine results in France; but the beautiful Sèvres, with all its exquisite colors—its bleu du roi, rose du Barri, vert pré, and jonquille; its imbedded jewels, and Watteau

paintings—single plates of whose earlier and best manufacture now bring at auction sometimes as much as a thousand dollars, and a set of three jardinières recently selling for fifty thousand dollars—was not yet in existence; and neither was the Dresden,



HANGING CABINET: CHIPPENDALE'S DESIGN.

nor the Chelsea with its rich clarets, nor the Capo di Monte with its shells and corals and figures in such high relief as to cast distinct shadows, nor many other fine chinas. Nevertheless, the Henri Deux faience, decorated with masks and scutcheons and fine damascene-work, with its rosy reliefs and dark yellow backgrounds, was all that could be wished; the Palissy-ware had reached perfection in cups, platters, incense-burners, and possibly statuettes, having unrivaled brilliancy of enamel colors, purity of tint and outline, in all its reptiles, shells, fruits, and foliages; and there was almost unlimited choice among Italian wares, the gorgeous Luca della Robbia, the Castel Durante, the Fontana, the delightfully decorated Venetian majolicas, and countless others on which Raphael and his contemporaries had not disdained to lavish their designs. All this, skillfully used, constituted no mean or frivolous ornament, the critics of the day to the contrary notwithstanding. Whether or not, the queen filled her palace with china, jars, vases, idols, statuettes, pilgrim bottles, cups and plates and monsters, giving preference always to the Japanese and Chinese products—the egg-shell, the sea-green, the imperial ruby, the blue and white Nankin, the crackle—perhaps by reason of the remoteness which gives factitious value, perhaps through the fascination of the hideousness of its gods and demons. "In a few years almost every great house in the kingdom," says the historian, who did not appreciate this sort of beauty, "contained a museum of these grotesque baubles; even statesmen and generals were not ashamed to be renowned as judges of tea-pots and dragons; and satirists long continued to repeat that a fine lady valued her mottled green pottery quite as much as she valued her monkey, and much more than she valued her husband." In the next reign the passion for this decoration had become a rage; there were piles and pyramids of plates and platters in every fashionable drawing-room —"a chaos of Japan;" and the *feuilletons* of the time, if those dignified issues may be so disrespectfully named, overflowed with sarcastic notice of it. "An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian mandarin," says Addison, "as her great-granddaughter is in dressing her baby;" and a correspondent complains that if you en-



HANGING SHELVES.

tered his parlor, you would fancy yourself in an India warehouse. The sarcasm, however, did not in the least affect the fashion, and a dozen years after the easy Anne went to her rest, we find Lord Chesterfield writing to Lady Suffolk from the Hague: "I have bought some china here (which was brought by the last East India ships that came in) of a very particular sort; its greatest merit is being entirely new, which in my mind may be almost as well as being undoubtedly old; and I have got all there was of it, which amounts to no more than a service for tea and chocolate, with a basin and ewer. They are of metal, enameled inside and out with china of all colors. As I know the queen loves china, I fancy she would like these, but it would not become me to take the liberty of offering them to her Majesty; but if you think she would like them, I must beg you will be so good as to take the whole affair upon yourself, and manage it so that I may not seem impertinent. Were they not mere baubles," says the consummate courtier, "I could not presume to offer them to her Majesty at all, and as they are such, I am ashamed of doing it."

Of course this fashion of the use of china,

carried to such lengths, required conveniences for its care and display even beyond the old cabinets, buffets, and court-cupboards, or the simple shelf of the village inn, where

"Broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row;"

and thus with William and Mary had come in all sorts of odd little racks and sets of shelves, hanging cabinets, and chimney-piece contrivances in wood-work, which produced almost a revolution in furnishing, and, decked out with their precious burden, gave an amazingly different character to the walls that had been wont to the dark rich unrelieved paneling and the heavy tapestry, and on which now, for the first time, paper-hangings, imported from the East through Holland, occasionally found place. The reign of these monarchs was, however, a very short one, and the fashions that they set were hardly well developed until the reign of Queen Anne, but the general shape of the furniture was more or less Dutch in character, with an aspiration after the severe but not yet perfectly understood classic, combined with strange leanings to the fascination of the Oriental. The Elizabethan peculiarities had largely disappeared, although some of the beauties were preserved; and the Renaissance that remained was still rather that of the Louis Treize period of France than any other. France was becoming that fountain-head of elegance and taste in the public appreciation that Holland had been. The Quatorze was unfortunately creeping over, but in no great quantity, save where new houses were built and furnished, as the great mansions were not too often emptied and refilled, and when it came at last it was already frequently debased by the Rococo; Japanese work of every sort was in high favor, both the imported and that imitated at home by figures embossed in gold-dust upon black lacquer and enriched with metal mounts, and whole suites were furnished in it: wall-papers were covered with *indiennes* and *chinoiseries*, and, as the reader may see in the cuts we give of hanging shelves and a clock — not greatly differing from the Queen Anne, although from the designs of Chippendale, who worked forty or fifty years later—the Eastern ornament was in demand. Sir William Chambers published an interesting book of Chinese interiors and designs; and Thomas Chippendale, who produced many simple and elegant



CHIPPENDALE CLOCK.

forms, and adapted, also, some of the surprising *tours de force* among the rolling lines and absurd caprices of the Rococo, printed a series of plates for furniture, in the introduction to which he says that he has been encouraged by persons of distinction, who signify regret that the art of *ébénisterie* is executed with so little propriety and excellence, remarks upon the novelty of his publication, and declares that his pencil has but faintly copied his fancy. There are, he says, "nine chairs in the present Chinese manner, which, I hope, will improve that taste or manner of work, it having yet never arrived to any perfection; doubtless it might be lost without seeing its beauty." Innumerable carved wooden tea-trays, tea-tables with raised open-work rims for the security of the cups and saucers, somewhat like the old Roman abaci, and decorated tea-caddies, did honor in their almost invariable Chinese ornament to the origin of the now general fashion of tea-drinking. Many of the articles of this school, with its quaint blending of Dutch, Renaissance, and Japanese, are to be seen to-day in the possession of our old colonial families, or are to be found in the second-hand furniture shops to which they have been ignorantly banished, and are known among us simply as "old-fashioned." They are sometimes made in birch and in cherry wood, as well as oak, and the later ones in mahogany, with a delicate satin-wood inlay, and fitted with fine brasses.

It has been the custom to refer to nearly every thing in the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century under the general title of Queen Anne, particularly in a late revival and modification of the furniture of that period; for the main characteristics of furniture and decoration in the reign of Anne extended over the time of the first two Georges, although steadily debased by the gradual infiltration of the spirit of the Quatorze, not only in shapes and outlines, but in manufacture and the shams of veneering.

In spite of much effort, it was not till after the publication of Stuart's *Athens*, in 1762, and of Adam's *Spalatro*—a statistical description, with many plates, of the palace of Diocletian—in 1757, that the reign of pure and severe classicism began in England, although Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, and Sir John Vanbrugh had all done their best. Even then the classic struggled with the Chinese, Sir William Chambers's book of Chinese interiors having been published in the same year with *Spalatro*, while the best workers condescended to design and gild and carve, when required, in all the *mesquinages* of the Rococo. Excellent things were nevertheless produced not only by the Chippendales, but by Heppelwhite, among others, Copeland and Lock, by Thom-

as Sheraton, and particularly by the brothers Adam, who designed exterior and interior fittings and furnishings, who introduced polished steel grates, and who took the pains to visit Italy and procure at the source instructions for their columns and capitals and mouldings and festoons. The Adams were the authors of numerous fine designs, none finer than their mantels and their looking-glass frames, which latter, exquisitely carved in airy grace and delicacy of broken garlands of fine blossoms falling about the great beveled sheet of glass, whether ebony or white or gilt, are of unrivaled beauty.

There was much mechanical arrangement at this time about the furniture, which, although to be regretted for its tendency toward instability, had some reason for its being, in the use of bedrooms for sitting-rooms, writing-rooms, and for the reception of favored guests; tables that opened if a portion were lifted; desks that transformed themselves; chairs, sofas, and wardrobes that answered two purposes. Lions' heads and feet and eagles' talons, although an old ornament, were now every where to be found again. There were claw-footed loo-tables, and bedsteads and chairs resting on feet where the claws clutched a ball; certain tall *secrétaires*, whose glass doors were sashed and latticed, were a nearly universal article; and there were charming light chairs of satin-wood and marquetry—for satin-wood had come in with the last as mahogany had with the first quarter of the century, and it would be difficult to imagine woods capable of producing more beauty than the creamy richness of the one or the wine-dark depths of the other, especially when ornamented, as frequently was the case, with medallions painted by Angelica Kauffman and by Giovanni Cipriani.

With the more finished acquaintance with classic subjects that the latter portion of the century acquired, of course the confused and mongrel shapes and decorations in furniture grew more and more distasteful, and the efforts to reach the purity of the classic were correspondingly increased. Something of this was due to the way in which the buried beauty of Pompeii had been slowly rising from its ashes, and something to the splendor of the Louis Seize revival of that beauty—an effort rather helped than hindered, too, by the classical assumptions of the First Empire. The British fancy was carried captive; journeys were taken, explorations were set on foot, measurements were made, and at last the Elgin marbles came home. Just before this event, Mr. Hope, the brilliant author of *Anastatius*, a man of vast wealth and learning, and a discriminating collector, had published his folio volume of plates and text upon the subject of *Furniture and Internal Decoration*, which did a great deal to stimulate the popular taste. The reader may judge of the character of the results of this classicism directed by the best taste and the largest means, whether according with modern choice or not, by Mr. Hope's description of one of his own many and magnificent rooms, designed entirely with reference to the statuary which was its chief ornament. "The central object in this room is a fine marble group, executed by Mr. Flaxman, and representing Aurora visiting Cephalus on Mount Ida. The whole surrounding decoration has been rendered in some degree analogous to these personages, and to the face of nature at the moment when the first of the two, the goddess of the morn, is supposed to announce approaching day. Round the bottom of the room still reign the emblems of night. In the rail of a black marble table are introduced medallions of the god of sleep and of the goddess of night. The bird consecrated to the latter deity perches on the pillars of a black marble chimney-piece, whose broad frieze is studded with golden stars. The sides of the room display, in satin curtains draped in ample folds over panels of looking-glass and edged with black velvet, the fiery hue which fringes the clouds just before sunrise; and in a ceiling of cooler sky-blue are sown, amidst a few unextinguished luminaries of the night, the roses which the harbinger of day in her course spreads on every side around her. The pedestal of the group offers the torches, the garlands, the wreaths, and the other insignia belonging to the mistress of Cephalus, disposed around the fatal dart of which she made her lover a present. The broad band which girds the top of the room contains medallions of the ruddy goddess and of the Phrygian youth intermixed with the instruments and the emblems of the chase, his favorite amusement. Figures of the youthful Hours, adorned with wreaths of foliage, adorn part of the furniture, which is chiefly gilt in order to give more relief to the azure, the black, and the orange compartments of the hangings."

It was not often that the style could be treated on such a scale of splendor as this; yet it needed the most lavish expenditure and critical care in order to be seen at its best, and with any poverty of treatment it became hard and formal and almost unlovely. It maintained its supremacy but for a little while; other fashions came to the top in France. Horace Walpole had feebly initiated a return to the Gothic at home, and Pugin and Wyatt also had evoked its wondrous apparition again. Some furnishers favored the one, and some the other. From the first decade of the century to the present the largest liberty of choice has been allowed, and, influenced only by the whim of the upholsterer, a complete eclecticism has reigned over bald Classic, impoverished Re-

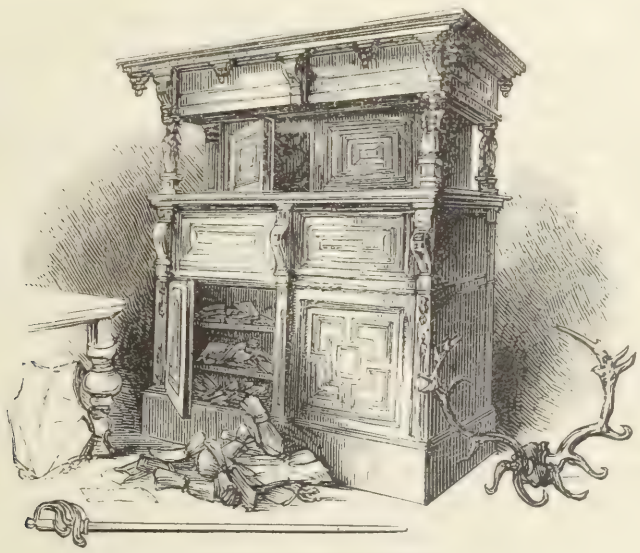
naissance, vulgarized Louis Quatorze, modernized Mediæval, and imperfect Pompeian, used generally with ignorance of the origin, possibilities, and congruities of either; so that, for example, the very word Rococo has come to signify any thing especially quaint, even if it were an Indian or Aztec curiosity, and has lost entirely in the popular knowledge its descriptive application to the rock and shell forms of the peculiar French style to which it belonged. In the revival of Gothic architecture, indeed, Gothic furniture has been carried with extreme nicety to its last results; but, except for that, thoughtful selection has ceased to be made, delicate and exact work to be demanded, one style has been decorated with the ornaments of another, and, until very recently, the Victorian era characterized itself in furniture only by its ugliness, its slovenliness, and its stupidity.

But in the last few years some English artists and men of taste, not quite satisfied with the modern Gothic, which alone is faithful to the law of its being, have taken to heart the matter of our poverty in furniture adapted to our requirements, and have endeavored to bring something like a new creation out of chaos. Among others, Mr. Eastlake has directed his attention to the subject, and has issued a valuable and timely volume that has exerted a wide influence. Although the archæology of Mr. Eastlake's volume is not always careful, most of the principles that he enunciates in it are beyond question, and can be generally stated in a few words. He would have no carving or moulding or other ornament glued on—such work must be done in the solid; he would have no mitred joints, but joints made at the right angle, and secured by mortise, tenon, and pin; he would have woods in their native color, and unvarnished, or else painted in flat color, with a contrasting line and a stenciled ornament at the angles; he would have unconcealed construction every where, and purposes plainly proclaimed; and he would have veneering, round corners, and all curves weakening the grain of the wood, absolutely forbidden. The furniture that he thus proposes has straight, strong, squarely cut members equal to their intention. Its ornament is painted panels, porcelain placques and tiles, metal trimmings, and conventionalized carvings in sunk relief, a part of the construction entering into the ornament, also in the shape of narrow striated strips of wood radiating in opposite lines, after a fashion not altogether unknown in the time of Henry III. It has the honesty and solidity, but not the attraction, of the Mediæval; and if it is stiff and somewhat heavy, and fails entirely to please, it has yet a wholesome and healthy air.

In addition to this, and dividing favor in England, there lately came into vogue also a revival of some old forms under the title of the Neo-Jacobean. This is the original Jacobean reduced to prosaic tameness. Its luxurious ornament has given place in great degree to turned-work; the huge globes and acorns of its supports have been stretched into slim vase-like members; its round-arched panels have been every where retained, and are introduced, with its shells—fluted segments of a circle—filling every angle, its little monsters set on every corner, and a tiny balustrade finishing every upper and lower line, the tops of mirrors, the bottoms of chairs, and all the waste places. But in spite of its cupboards lifted over empty spaces beneath; of its well-built cabinets, with their arching coves atop, lined with color, and their little wrought curtains over the open alcoves; of its long and narrow sofas, with their fanciful Persian upholstery; of its twisted stems, its arrow-head ornament, its laboriously decorated chimney-pieces and tiny fire-places, its high-handled doors of unnumbered panels, its curious combination of big and little elements—the style strikes one only by its poverty.

It is still in the dissatisfied search for beauty that does not outrage taste, convenience, and common-sense that attention is now turning toward another revival of old forms in furniture under the name of the Queen Anne, although frequently spoken of by dealers, with absurd anachronism, as the Early English. While the articles made according to Mr. Eastlake's instructions may be considered a reform, and the Neo-Jacobean a fashion, the revival of the Queen Anne in this day of negations seems to have sufficiently positive features to be regarded as a style. This revival is said to be the work of that knot of poets and artists and connoisseurs of *bric-à-brac* at whose head stand Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Morris, and the traces of Italian fancy and English quaintness combined in it declare that it might have been their work if it is not. Its introduction was associated with a revival of Queen Anne forms in architecture, that is, of the somewhat Dutch character of country house with red brick trimmings and curved gables, to be found in the latter years of William and Mary, qualified by new invention and modern taste. Of course it met with opposition and criticism; for it appears to have sprung into notice full-grown, not like a growth answering a need, but like a surprise. Animated discussions concerning its merits and demerits, displaying equal acrimony and ignorance, took place in the meetings of the architects and others interested in such things, various voices declaring that nobody would credit Queen Anne's epoch with any style at all, and that if the epoch had a style, it was not

this; that this was a mongrel, violating classic rules while pretending to be a form of classic, and yet really not unsuited to Gothic surroundings; and that, being an attempt to unite the truthfulness, variety, and picturesqueness of the Gothic with the common-sense of the Italian, it should be called the Free Classic, for it was in reality only a Renaissance, less strict and refined than the old Renaissance. A writer in *The Builder* said: "We are now offered in some quarters the revival of the furniture of the Queen Anne and Georgian period, of which Chippendale and Sheraton were the leading makers. This type of furniture revels in curved lines and surfaces really unsuitable, as we have before said, to wood construction, and which, in fact, seem designed to create difficulties of execution in order to overcome them." But it is not at all this *bombé* furniture referred to, with its curved lines and surfaces, that was chosen for the archetype of the new Queen Anne. It is true that Chippendale and Sheraton produced such designs, but they also, as we have seen, produced others more characteristic of themselves and of the period. The first portion of Chippendale's One Hundred and Sixty Plates has examples of the rolling abominations of the Rococo, but the rest is a collection of simple and rather elegant shapes; and what resemblance there is between the Chippendale furniture and the Queen Anne is confined to the latter portion of his plates and the articles manufactured from those designs. The Queen Anne, so called, of to-day, and that which was purely home-bred and national of the original style, revels in no curves whatever, but is severely square and straight. Its lines are a rebound from the curves of two centuries. All of its articles stand well off the floor, upon strong supports, the construction perfectly apparent, the corners sharp, the panels many and small; it carries much plate-glass, cut always with a deep bevel, and it has a great deal of carving in the face, that is, in sunk relief, of the conventional forms of fruit, flowers, foliage, birds, and animals, and their idealized suggestions; it uses but little metal on its heavy articles, but illuminates itself with numberless small and precious mirrors, with brass sconces and candelabra, and with rare china, and its chimney-pieces overflow with sculptured beauty of column and capital and frieze. Some of the choicer traits of the Elizabethan are to be seen occasionally in the carving of the cabinets; there is even a hint of the Louis Quinze in the long reedy legs that now and then uphold some light square object; it is thoroughly eclectic; and if there is the least reminiscence of the Gothic in the tops of sideboards, buffets, and cabinets, there is a general character of the Louis Treize throughout the whole. Such as it is, the style has struck the beauty-loving eye wherever it has been seen. Its dealers keep travellers ransacking the three kingdoms to procure original articles to accord with it or to be copied for it. In the march of improvement, ancient dwellings in the city constantly giving way to new ones with modern conveniences, there has arisen a trade whose members are termed "house-breakers," who carefully take to pieces the buildings of one hundred and one hundred and fifty years ago, preserving the wood-work with which the first followers of Grinling Gibbons and his school made old London fine, the window-frames, cornices, paneling, balusters, doors, and *dessus portes*, which are so valued that a mantel-piece of the undoubted period is reported to bring pounds where it once cost pence, and even its duplicates command fabulous sums. The Queen Anne, with which all this is used, is perhaps the most satisfactory domestic furniture that we have, being reasonable and sufficiently beautiful. It is quaint and picturesque, and has the simplicity and quietness of old work, without architectural pretension.



QUEEN ANNE CABINET.

BACK TO BACK.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

PART II.

CHAPTER VIII.

YES, there is as much romance in a poor broken-down woolen mill, just gasping and trying to live a little, as there is in a heroine recovering from a swoon, or as there is in a palace when the princes and princesses are fleeing from a mob, or as there is in an army when an active enemy has outflanked it. But this story must not go into the details of Lucy Myrick's loves and hopes and fears, of Bridget O'Shaughnessy's sick children, of the fortunes of poor Will Brod, who only filled the lamps and made the fires. This second part of "Back to Back" must just tell the hopes and the fears of those who set the great wheels running once more, as the five fatal years sped by. And if you want the pathos of human tears and smiles, why, you must take the train for yourself, and stop at Kingston, and ask Taber to send you on to Pigottsville, and board at old Madam Mitchell's for a fortnight—and then, as Nasir-ed-Din says, you will know.

John Myrick was no bad judge of men, as it proved. And as a large proportion of the "help" were English, Scotch and Irish, the fact that John Myrick was not two years in America made the less difference in his selection. He had, Heaven knows, no lack of applicants to choose from; thousands of good fellows were eating their own hearts out, and looking blackly from day to day, as their savings grew less and less, and they still had nothing to do. Of these applicants many went away in a rage when Myrick explained that they were to have only three-fourths of their wages paid down. But there were left many, and among the best workmen too, who had been used to laying up as much as a fourth of their wages, and who saw that this was a good way to lay it up—not sorry, indeed, to be forced to do it. These men could or could not put their wisdom in words, but they had it; for they knew that the worst folly is that in which you distrust your fellow-men. As it happened at Pigottsville, every man could have a half acre behind his house, in which to raise his own potatoes, and, if he pleased, to keep his own pig. This luxury tempted some. And the women and children, already on the ground, were willing enough to enlist—poor worn-out creatures—for the best they could get.

And so the mills started. Poor enough was some of the first flannel they turned out—each overseer knew that—and Myrick and Ringgold and Rising knew it bitterly well. Some of it was so bad that Ringgold would not put the mark of the mill upon it. He cut it up into short lengths, and sold it in auction-rooms in twenty different cities as "remnants." And he always said the price per yard of his "remnants" was more than he got for the best flannel that ever went off the looms. But he never said what were his charges for commissions on the "remnants." This sort of thing did not last. Every body was on the alert, down to the boys who trimmed the lamps. And in the third week Max put up a bulletin-board at the foot of the great stairway.

On this he posted, with a good deal of parade, with brass-headed tacks and a bit of red ribbon to hold the paper,

"BULLETIN No. 1.

"The overseers of the cards and looms report that one per cent. of wool has been saved in the last week, when compared with our first week.

"Mr. Myrick reports that there has been less waste each week than the week before."

Not long after he had

"BULLETIN No. 3.

"The three boys in the oil-room have used, of all grades of oil, twenty gallons less than they used three weeks ago, although we light up earlier. Good for the boys!"

But Max's great triumph was

"BULLETIN No. 4.

"Every hand has a right to see a telegram, just received, from Walters, Dickins, and Trump." (These were the commission-merchants who sold the goods for Back to Back).

"'Sold all Number Two at five-eighths advance. Order for twice as much more at once.'"

But Max would not train the men to think that they were to advise him about the business, and he would put bad news on his bulletin-board as well as good. He would cut out long gloomy articles on the woolen trade, and paste them up. And when Walters, Dickins, and Trump did not sell goods, he would give a hint of that too. None the less were his bulletins always read and digested. And Myrick assured him, of what he was not slow to believe, that the *morale* and tone of the men and women were improved by the constant sense that it was "our" work, that it was "we" who had succeeded, or "we" who had failed.

He was most proud—and he tried to make the men feel so—when, as he paid them off one Monday evening, he was able to post over the little grate in front of his desk:

"Every dollar of this week's pay-roll has been earned by the sale of our own goods, and we have deposited a handsome balance. We can make sure, if we will, that Back to Back never borrows money again."

But Back to Back did borrow money, alas! and more than once. Only just then things seemed cheerful, and Max had hopes that way.

But just these little glimpses will show that almost all the crew went to work with a will. There were landsmen who were seasick as the voyage began, and very downhearted. There were some old sea-lawyers in the crew who talked more than they worked. But, on the whole, from month to month things went better and better.

Max's housekeeping in three rooms of Dan Pigott's house was not so cheerful. Here is part of an entreating letter he wrote to Ruth, his sister, begging her to keep house for him:

MAX RISING TO RUTH RISING.

"Oh, my dear Ruth, if you would only come! You do not know how much you are needed. This woman we have this week does not know a gridiron when she sees it. She always has fried beefsteak, and, unless you come, she always will."

Such is a sample of his entreaties. But Mrs. Rising, his mother, would not hear to any such project. Little did she remember that, long before she was of Ruth's age, she had gone out on a wild world to seek her fortune, or, if she did remember it, all the more determined was she that Ruth should profit by her mother's experience. So Master Max was e'en left to make his own bed, concoct his own "fancy roasts" when he had them, broil his own steak if his steak was broiled at all, and, in a word, camp out for that winter in the pretty house which, in Dan Pigott's day, had been so comfortable.

But the young fellow had all the "joy of eventful living," all the same, through the long winter and short spring, and did not suffer from dyspepsia. The factory bells, whose sound he hated as much as any poor spinning girl ever did, or as much as George ever hated the prayer bell at college, started him as it started the spinners and weavers. Mrs. Mulligan's coffee was poor, but it was hot, and it was ready. The counting-room was lighted up as surely as the rest of the mill was, and Max and Ringgold showed from the beginning that they meant to share and share with the men who worked hardest. The times of trains in out-of-the-way places are not made to suit people's convenience; on the other hand, people's convenience is made to suit the times of trains. Dark or light, snow or rain, Robert Ringgold was dashing hither, dashing thither, where there was wool to buy, or flannel to sell, or angry customers to soften. Many a time Max would be left alone for a week or more, as Ringgold staid at Boston or New York. The winter did not seem long to any body among those most interested. Even John Myrick began to look hopeful. Lucy Myrick's love matters must have gone better. Her face began to get an English color and plumpness again. And in place of the rich long hair which Max well remembered on the steamer, which the doctors at Sing Sing had cut off when she had that horrible fever, was growing a school-girl's great mass of irrepressible curls, which made her look prettier than ever. She did not work in the mill, nor did her mother. John Myrick was as much interested as Max in getting the district school to work well, and in keeping the boys in it till they were fifteen, and the girls till they were older. "Another year, Myrick, and Lucy shall keep the school," said Robert Ringgold.

And when they came to the 17th of May the balance-sheet for six months appeared in this form. It was printed, and each man, woman, and child had a copy:

BACK TO BACK MILLS BALANCE-SHEET.

Cr.		
By sales of manufactured goods, after deducting commissions and expenses.....		$108,737 69
Dr.		
To amount paid for wool and supplies.....	$74,108 73	
To amount paid for labor of operatives	9,923 08	
To amount paid salaries R. and R.....	600 00	
To amount paid for repairs of mill and machinery	4,563 24	
To amount paid for interest and expenses	4,300 16	
To 2½ per cent. interest paid to K. B., there being a profit.....	506 25	
To balance of profit to be divided.....	14,736 23	
		$108,737 69

CHAPTER IX.

Max and Ringgold were disappointed that the show was no better. Myrick was agreeably disappointed that it was no worse. Whatever the hands had thought, they all said it was just what they expected. Kaufmann Baum was, perhaps, the only party in this mixed-up enterprise who was well pleased.

Lucky that for once he was well pleased. For now for twelve months Kaufmann Baum's hard time had come.

If there had been a little breaking away of the thick clouds of the panic as the winter went by, it was but a false omen, and every thing blackened deeper than ever as the spring came on. Flannel! it seemed as if

men would not take flannel for a gift. Lower and lower ranged the prices, and yet there were no buyers. People owned to Ringgold that his flannel was good at the price, if there were such a thing as a price; but who should name a "price" when the market was flooded with bankrupt stocks, and any body who wanted flannel had only to go to an auction and take all he wanted for whatever he chose to give? Rising and Ringgold tried the hazardous experiment of making some fancy flannels, even at the expense of unusual stock and new processes. But this experiment, though the product was really good, failed as a bit of finance. No gay opera cloaks that winter, times were so hard—or, at least, none made from Pigottsville flannels. Ringgold fancied that his agents in New York and Boston were sick of the sight of him. This was sure, that they ordered nothing. Never by good luck a demand that goods might be duplicated.

"I would turn off some hands," said Myrick, "but that is just what we can not do."

"Mr. Rising, I shall have to write to your uncle," said Ringgold, "that we must renew the notes at the Equitable and the Hand-in-Hand. And I should rather write to him to tell him that I had crushed my hand between these rollers. When he gave me the notes, I told him I was sure we should take them up, and I was sure."

"Well," said Max, gruffly, "all I can say is that he knew his chances when he came in with us.

> Did I but purpose to embark with thee
> On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
> But to forsake the ship and ocean's swell
> Because the market broke and flannels fell?

Write with as little apology as may be; or, Robert, if you wish, I will write."

"No," said Ringgold, ruefully; and he wrote the hated letter, asking for the new indorsements. Kaufmann Baum sent them, with a note that was even kind.

But Ringgold was not done with his difficulties. Only the week before the notes were to be renewed, as he was on his way to Providence to arrange for one of them, and to Boston with the other, he opened his *Herald* in the train, to read of the bankruptcy—yes, and the bad bankruptcy—of Cotswold, Cotton, and Fleece, whom the *Herald* chose to call, what they were not, "the largest woolen manufacturers incorporated as a private firm in America." The *Herald* even had a leader on the failure, explaining that it had long been expected, that it had been predicted daily in that journal, that the failure of all the woolen manufacturers in the country would probably follow, and, indeed, that the only wonder was, considering how absurd the tariff, that any man or men ever spun a pound of yarn in America.

Ringgold remembered sadly that only a week ago, in the same car, he had bought of the same boy a *Herald*, which in a leading article had said that the woolen manufactures of America took lead of any in the world; that it was a mere question of time when the mills of England, France, and Germany should yield to American competition, so entirely secure was our system. But his mind turned forward rather than back. He saw on the instant how desperate his errand was. With this chill about the woolen business, he saw in advance how he should be bowed out of the bank parlors when he offered the new notes of the Back to Back Mills. He might as well stop before he started, but that they must have the money, and he must do something.

And it was just as he anticipated. Discount! They would not touch his notes with a poker. Poor Ringgold came back to their own county town, to the Farmers' Bank, where he had kept and nursed their little deposits. The cashier was civil, but, very unfortunately, the bank had exceeded its discount line. Ringgold knew this was not true. He knew that in that lull of business no bank in the country had exceeded its discount line. But no good of telling the man that he lied. Poor Ringgold! He had to take the express train, and face Kaufmann Baum. Unless some New York bank would discount the new notes, Kaufmann must protect the old ones. That means, my dear lady readers, he must pay them.

Kaufmann Baum met the exigency like a man. He went with Ringgold to his own bank and introduced him, and made the people there discount one of the notes. For the other, he telegraphed to his own agent in Boston to call and pay it. No; he would not let Ringgold apologize. There must be black in life as well as white, he said. "Only you must give me longer notice how you stand. In these times we can not make money by striking sticks on the ground."

And this was only the beginning of troubles. The firm's credit was saved, but it was Kaufmann Baum who saved it. Flannel was piling up, but not a rag could they sell at the profit of the hundredth of a mill on a yard. Week by week the men had to be paid, and week by week it was Kaufmann Baum who paid them. Other notes fell in. Sometimes there was a new discount, once or twice at horrible rates of usury. Sometimes there was none. Then Kaufmann Baum paid the money. And Kaufmann Baum was not made of money. Here is a specimen letter:

KAUFMANN BAUM TO MAX RISING.

"My dear Max,—My own business here shows a dead loss on the quarter of more than $17,000, for which I have had to provide by selling Western stocks at horrible

loss. On 5000 governments which I hold (they are Bertha's) I have received $166. All my other stocks have passed the dividend day, and have given me not one cent. For every cent I have sent to you, I have sold at less than fifty dollars stocks for which I gave $123 within two years. As you know, 'Back to Back' paid me nothing in November. For all this I do not complain. I only write it to show you why I do no more than I promised. What I promised I will do."

This letter came at Christmas. Max put it on the bulletin-board.

By the same mail he received from his aunt this note:

"DEAR BOY,—Do not lose courage. What we can do, we will; for, you know, Kaufmann and I are one. He asked my consent to put a mortgage on this house that he might help you; and I never gave consent so gladly.

"I send you a gold cross my mother gave me. Give it at Christmas, with my love, to the woman who has best served in the Back to Back Mills."

The story of the cross was soon known through the mills. On New-Year's Day one of the sulkiest of the men came into the office and asked Max for one of the engraved labels which were pasted on the outside of the bales. Max gave it to him. But the man did not go away.

"Mr. Rising, you know the boys say this fatty here is the old man yonder in New York."

"I know they do," said Max.

"You tell the old man we know what he's standing for us. Tell him the rotten eggs are in his face to-day; but tell him, when our time comes, he'll see we know how to stand by him."

Max gave his hand to the sulky fellow and thanked him, and went home with some feeling that there was still a chance for a happy New-Year.

CHAPTER X.

ANY other mill so placed would have shut off the water and dismissed the hands. But that was just what Back to Back must not do, and could not do. Of course, if the law of supply and demand were true, the amount of flannel made would be just right, and the price would be just right. But it was not true, and on the practical scales, which give us our breakfasts and dinners, never will be true. The "help" were well pleased that they got three-quarters even of the "ruling rate of wages," lower and lower though this became. It was better than nothing, and all prices were falling all the time. As Baum had said in his letter, the November accounts showed that the mill had lost money. It had plenty of goods. "But the more we make, the poorer we are." This every man and woman of them knew.

Bulletin No. 63, however, simply said: "We are learning to make flannel. Shears and Co. pronounce our No. 1 of last month the best flannel which has gone to market in the last twelve months."

Bulletin No. 64 said: "Hurrah! Telegram from Mr. Ringgold. 'Have sold thirty-seven bales at our agreed price. Put on the upper looms. One hundred and twenty-seven pieces best style No. 2. Thirteen fancy scarlets.'"

As the men read this, running out of the mills at night, they rallied in the yard and gave three cheers for Mr. Ringgold.

How many of them remembered those cheers the next May?

For with next May had come, with one of those periods of what people call prosperity, what was a harder test to Ringgold and to Max than even the grim twelve months which they had been grinding through. Prices did rally, goods did sell. Every body drew that long breath which implies that all danger is over, and that there never will be any danger again. And so there came for Master Robert and Master Max the times when no man speaks well of them. This experience belongs to the days of seeming prosperity quite as much as to those of evident adversity.

The half-yearly account came. Every man had had his three-quarters of his wages, and had bought more with it than so little money ever bought before. But when the men learned what had been passed to each man's account as invested capital, there began an under-tone of grumbling. Max felt it first, did not hear it much at all. As soon as Ringgold came home Max spoke to him of it, and before the day was gone, Ringgold felt it too. The men were cross. Some of the very best men in the mill were cross. Before the week was over, Myrick found an impudent bit of ribald abuse of the firm pinned up on the bulletin-board. He then spoke of the disaffection to Max, though, to give him his due, he had held his peace before. Nor did he offer any advice now.

The "sea-lawyers," as we called them before, had come to the front as prosperity began. They had made some figures and some guesses; they had cut out scraps from price-currents, and pieced them together; and now pretended that if the affairs of the concern had been better managed, there would have been a larger profit. Why had not old Ringgold sold off all the Number Twos in April, when every fool could have sold at a higher price than he got?" "Why did old Rising keep the mill running on goods

he could not sell, while their own accounts showed that he could have sold fancy flannels any day, and made three times the profit on them which he did?" Why this, why that, and why t'other? Who has not heard the criticism which the most ignorant whist-player makes of his wiser companion's play —when he has any body who is fool enough to listen to him?

Myrick said that there were two or three of these possible balance-sheets, or balance-sheets which might have been; and, if Mr. Rising wished, he could bring him a copy of one of them.

No: Max said he should not look at one of them. The contract between him and the men was that they should do their work and he should do his. He would no more tolerate any man's advising him as to the conduct of the business than the captain of a Cunard steamer would tolerate the interference of a deck hand when he was taking the altitude of the sun. He would stick to his last, and he expected the men to stick to theirs. But though Max kept thus a stiff upper lip with Myrick, none the less was he unhappy. He liked to be popular, and he was wretched to find that he had failed so soon.

He confessed to George Wilkinson, who came over to see him, that he had probably made a mistake in putting up the bulletins. "But we wanted a common feeling," he said —"*esprit du corps*—and I was bound to get it if I could. But if I am only giving to these talkee-talkees the right to bully me, why, I will take my bulletin-board down."

"And show the white feather at the first reverse," said George, laughing. "That will never do."

So the bulletin-board remained. But Max was much more judicious than he had been —so he thought—in refraining from putting up much detail of the business. The men noticed this at once, and ascribed the reticence to cowardice, which was, perhaps, not unfair. So the rasped feeling grew stronger and stronger.

"Why should these two young fellows take for themselves as large a share of profits as the whole company of hands take?" At the bottom this was the text of the growling of the sea-lawyers. Some men of sense were glad to remember that but for the "two young fellows" there would have been no Back to Back at all, and sometimes in these long yarning matches said as much. Some of them asked who there was of the whole company who could have done Robert Ringgold's work through the starvation spell, or which of them could have persuaded Kaufmann Baum to take the burden he carried so long on his shoulders. But it was unpopular to ask these questions, and they were asked more and more seldom. The cloud became really oppressive. Max hated to make his daily tour through the work-rooms and see every body look so sour.

"I had rather," he said to Ringgold, "live in a log-cabin on the prairie and hoe potatoes than be the slave of these scowling blackguards. If I could make somebody I know go with me, the Back to Back Mills might whistle, and we would be off to-morrow."

"Somebody I know" was Prudence Wilkinson, whom Max Rising loved with the eagerness of young life in its prime. And Ringgold knew that Max meant Prudence, and Max knew that Ringgold knew that he meant it. But Ringgold pretended not to know, and said, "I shall not go with you, if you mean me, and you would not start to-morrow if I would. On the other hand, you would point the finger of scorn at a turn-coat:

> Did you but purpose to embark with me
> On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
> But to forsake the ship, to whine and howl,
> When the help quarrels and the weavers scowl?

I, for one, booked for no such short voyage," said Ringgold. "I enlisted for five years."

Max looked as rueful as ever, but he said it was even as Ringgold said, he supposed; and, come what might, he would not run away.

The next day, as he sat at his writing just as the mill closed for dinner, two eggs, horribly old, broke, one on his head and the other on the lamp above him. They had been thrown in at the window. Max never stirred. He struck his own bell for the boy who carried his mail, and sent the little fellow for Mr. Hillman.

"Hillman, some one has been throwing eggs in at the window. Find who it is, and drum him out of the village with any disgrace you can invent for him."

It was easy enough to find who the boys were—two overgrown cubs who were not even members of the company, but had been hired for a few weeks because work pressed.

Hillman collared one himself, brought him up to the office, and paid him the trifle due since Monday. "Did not I lend you that coat, you blackguard?—take it off!"

The boy did so, amid the grins of the loafers around.

"Now would you take a quarter extra," said Hillman, "and give me the privilege of kicking you out of the mill?"

The boy's hand closed unconsciously on the money as it was offered, perhaps because he did not fully understand the proposal. But in an instant Hillman was as good as his word, and the little pirate found himself literally kicked out of the place whose hospitality he had abused.

"Now send me Shepard," screamed Hillman, "and I will settle with him." But Shepard never came.

Hillman put on the bulletin-board that night these words:

"Good manners required as a part of my contracts for help. AMOS HILLMAN."

This little transaction was the beginning, middle, and end of overt violence. But still Max was not happy, because he saw that his men were soured. He would leave the mill early and late, so that he need not see his own workmen off duty. It proved that Mrs. Mulligan was the mother of the boy whom Hillman kicked out of the office. She turned and left the housekeeping of Mr. Rising in a rage. His domestic affairs looked blacker and blacker, therefore, with such sorry "help" as he was able to improvise in the crisis.

Still Max was proud. He never confessed his failure to any one—not even to his sister Ruth, to whom he wrote most confidentially, not to his father, not to his mother; and they never guessed his troubles till he wrote a letter describing a rainbow after the cloud.

Late in September, Ringgold had been away for nearly ten days, worried to death about some important contracts. He was not due by the train till nine in the evening, and Max had told Ellen, the girl-of-all-work for the day, that he should stay at the office till nine. She might make tea for both after Mr. Ringgold came.

Ringgold, in fact, stopped at the office. His accounts were encouraging enough, but Max was very dull. Ringgold could not cheer him up as they walked to Max's quarters together. But when they came to the Pigott house, it was already lighted. To Max's surprise, and to Ringgold's still more, it was evident that a large staff was in attendance. A brilliant fire was on the andirons in the parlor, and as Max pushed back into the dining-room, an elegant *petit souper*, only too abundant, was already served. Mrs. Bell, the mother of two nice girls in the mill, herself as pretty as Hebe, and as young, with a white cap and apron on, was in attendance.

"Please, Mr. Rising, the women-folk wanted to make you a little surprise—you and Mr. Ringgold, if you please. And, please, they has sent me and Mary and Nora to 'tend the table, if you please. We could not get no partridges, but they's quails, Sir, and Mrs. Murphy has ducks in the kitchen, Sir, and some other birds, if you don't relish the quails."

The truth was that the table was spread with an exuberance which would have answered for ten guests rather than two. The gentlemen did justice to the improvised feast, and expressed all the amazement that could be expected or desired as the successive courses appeared.

When at last Mrs. Bell brought on a very miscellaneous dessert of nuts, raisins, peaches, melons, and doughnuts, Max attempted once more to express their satisfaction. Poor Mrs. Bell then screwed up to make the set speech of the occasion:

"Please, Sir, the women knows a good deal better nor the men all that you gentlemen has done for us here. These men is of no account, most of them. They did not know what it was to have the mills shut, and the store shut, and the childer hungry, and every thing as dead as a door-nail. But the women knows, and they's very thankful to you as started things a-going. And they wanted me to say to you never to mind a word of what them men over there says to you, for the women and the childer will stick to you through thick and thin. So good-night, if you please, Sir. Nora and I will come over and fix up in the morning."

CHAPTER XI.

WELL, that worry wore by.

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

The next six months' balance was the most brilliant the mills had made, the dividends were the largest, and there was not one cent paid on that hated "interest account," which had gobbled up so much good money before. As it happened, also, the success was palpably due to Max's obstinacy in continuing in the line of manufacture which the sea-lawyers had specially condemned, and this was so clear that the workmen themselves were the first to point it out to those gentry. John Myrick put an end to all that swagger one night at the club-room, when he offered to all the three of the worst talkers to take their stock in Back to Back off their hands, and to pay cash down for it, if only they would leave Pigottsville for twenty years. The laugh turned against them. They had not the least idea of giving up the stock which they were constantly traducing. Now, in an American village, when the laugh turns against a man, that is the end.

Capital had been put under the harrow, and the middle-men had had to walk through the fire. Before the next autumn was over, the workmen had their turn. The whole system kept the people together much more than is the habit of factory towns. They could not easily sell out; and as they gained more and more faith in the system of three linked in one, they were more and more desirous of standing by the trial till the five years were over. Boys and girls grew up together in the schools, young men and maidens fell in love with each other, neighbors came to rest on neighbors, and the place had a much more united habit than Pigottsville had ever known before. None the less

was all that they did watched from the outside, and jealously watched—nay, angrily watched sometimes.

So it happened that at a regular meeting of the club one Saturday evening a letter was read from William Fordyce, who said he was corresponding secretary of some sort of Mutual Protection Society, to say that he and a special committee of this society would come over at any time the club found convenient to discuss with them the rate of wages paid at Pigottsville. Though this was all the letter had to say, Mr. Fordyce took the occasion, in six additional pages, to censure the Back to Back hands very bitterly because they cut under the established rate of wages, and ruined the market for labor, which was the poor man's only commodity. He grew hot as he wrote, and said that they were the worst enemies the working-man had in America, that they were playing into the hands of their tyrants, and a good deal more.

John Myrick read the letter aloud, and said, "I move the letter be put in the fire. I know William Fordyce. I went through a long strike with him in '55. If there ever was a rat and a turn-coat, he's the man. I move he be told to mind his own business."

The fellows all laughed, and this was substantially the order arrived at. But none the less did Mr. Fordyce and the committee of five appear the next Saturday night; and with smiles and hand-shaking and good manners all round, introduced themselves into the club meeting. In fact, every body had known that they would come, that they had friends among the workmen who were glad to see and hear them. Fordyce was far too eloquent a speaker not to be well known by repute; and as he had spoken on "the wages question" every where else, it seemed almost a disgrace that he should not speak at Pigottsville.

So a motion was soon made that he should be asked to address them. And he took off his great-coat and addressed them. At first he spoke with great caution, and felt his way. But nothing is so dangerous as the temptation of public speaking, and before he knew it, Fordyce was on one or two of his regular addresses mixed together, explaining how the system of the proletariat made the rich richer and the poor poorer, and how things were never going to be mended till the pyramid was turned over, and labor, which created all wealth, was at the top, and capital, which was at best only a fiction, was at the bottom. He spoke extremely well; he illustrated with humor, and even with pathos, what he had to say. Nine-tenths of it had not the least reference to the condition of things in Back to Back, but it warmed up a great many old prejudices, it confirmed all the hypotheses of the "sea-lawyers," and it suggested the existence of untold secret frauds in the copartnership in which these men were working.

John Myrick hated Fordyce with the hatred of an old Yorkshire quarrel. He hated his very gift of speech, which had upset John more than once before. To have this old devil turn up in this new place was too much for John, and in all the enthusiasm and applause in which Fordyce sat down, he rose to reply. He was not in the least prepared to reply; he never spoke well in public; he botched the whole business, became heated, confused, and unhappy; and after half an hour's bungling, he sat down, leaving things a great deal worse than they were at the beginning. Fordyce and the deputation retired civilly, but the seed was planted, and their work had begun.

This was only the beginning of sorrows, but the end was not yet. Week by week the club meetings were given over to deputations larger and larger. The various unions and mutual societies of every name seemed to have no motive but to break up Back to Back. Inflammatory posters began to appear on trees and stones, and at last on the bulletin-board. Ridiculous nicknames were attached to Hillman and Myrick and Ringgold and Rising, and to every body else who was prominent in carrying forward the plan of the corporation. Finally, the Monday evening when the wages were paid was called "Bloody Monday," and the wages were called "blood-money." Every body took them, but every body was told that in taking them he was starving every body in every woolen mill in the world. And when, through the whole of the confederacy in which the mutual protectionists were allied, it was determined that every weaver and spinner should strike on an appointed Monday, the Pigottsville people were threatened with the hatred and scorn of all their class, often of their own brothers, sisters, fathers, and mothers, if they did not strike as well. On the other hand, if they did strike, every honor conceivable to the editors of the *Judgment Day* and of the *Iconoclast* would be their due, and they might draw at sight for these laurels.

Monday morning was, therefore, an anxious day to Myrick, Hillman, and the other overseers of rooms. "I hope you know how hard this is on the hands, Mr. Rising?"

"Know it?" said Max. "I guess I do; I think it is the hardest strain any man ever goes through. 'A man's foes shall be those of his own household.'"

"You may say that, indeed, Mr. Rising. If young Pott yonder comes into this mill this day, his father will not speak to him for years, nor his sisters, nor his brother. He cuts himself off as if he had turned a Turk —and waur," said Hillman, grimly, "for I doubt if the old man would care much if Pott took five wives."

All the same, the bell rang when six o'clock came. Chindrick, the bell boy, meant to stick by the institution. All the same, the lamps were lighted, for it was now the dead of winter. Coggles and Nipps and Throgmorton, the lamp boys, and Jane Leiders and Mary M'Shane, who trimmed the lamps, meant to stick by the institution. But these were neither spinners nor weavers. The bell rang its first time, and the bell rang its second time, and the gate was hoisted, and the main shaft turned, and there was not a man nor woman in the mill.

Every workman and every work-woman on the roll was in the street in front of the mill. The women shivered in their shawls; the men took comfort in their pipes. But every one waited to see what the rest would do. They waited three, four, five minutes. Then, on a water-butt which stood by the door to catch the waste water from the roof, climbed that surly dog, usually so speechless, Michael Gorry, generally known as Tipsy Mike — though no man there ever knew him to touch liquor. Every body laughed to see Mike there. The boys cried out, "A speech! a speech!—a speech from Tipsy Mike!"

Mike smiled for once, and waved his hand. Every body crowded round the water-butt, and there was a round of hand applause. Gorry waved his hand again in a grotesque imitation, which every one recognized, of Mr. Fordyce's most elegant gesture.

"Boys," said he, "my speech is this. When the rotten eggs flew fastest in old Fatty's face, I swore that we would stand by him when our turn came. And now I swear I will."

The speech was more profane than here reported, but it avowed a great purpose and a great heroism. And when Tipsy Mike swung himself off the butt upon the stone step and ascended the stairs, the crowd cheered and followed him.

A good many houses were smeared with blacking, a good many windows were broken, terrible things were threatened in the *Iconoclast* and the *Day of Judgment*, but the strike never made head again.

CHAPTER XII.

So forged along the Back to Back Mills, from good to bad, from bad to good, as a great steam-ship driven forward by swarthy stokers, cunning engineers, good-natured seamen, drives on by day and by night, with her head kept obstinately to one point by her steersmen, who pretend not to care whether she makes thirty knots a day in the teeth of a gale, or three hundred as she runs before one. Always, under all circumstances, the help, the middle-men — nay, Kaufmann Baum, the capitalist—thought that particular mouth the most interesting and critical of all in the fortune of the enterprise. This is the condition of healthy life —that the present is always its peculiar golden time.

Sometimes "old Fatty" felt the cabbages and rotten eggs hitting him in the face; sometimes it was Rising and Ringgold; sometimes it was Myrick and Hillman, and Tipsy Mike, the gallant teetotaler, who did not receive the praise of men for his teetotalism. But all the same, the work for which the mills were built and were refitted was done, and well done. The reputation of the mills for thorough work was established, and each party of the three found out more and more that he had the confidence, not to say the regard, of the others, in proportion as he had a share of extra hard work to do or abuse to stand.

Meanwhile every thing in the mills was watched over and guarded from wear and tear, as men and women care for their own and for nothing else.

"Not so much as a rope-yarn was launched in the deep."

This did not seem to tell much at first, but in the long-run it did tell. It told in the charges for repairs. It told in the supplies of coal and oil. It told even in the purchases of dyes and wool and other material. There was of course a friendly spirit, which grew up among hands who by the nature of their contract had to live in the same place so long, and there was a steadiness not often found, because, for once, they did not think of moving from town to town. They had their lyceum and library. Insurance against sickness was provided by the workmen's fund, which piled itself up, little by little—from the forfeits of deserters.

Myrick's figures and Max's showed at the end of five years that the product of the mills was fairly ten per cent. a year more than the mills ever earned under the old system. This was clear profit, excepting what the material cost; and it added one-third of the net value of this product to the final dividend. The saving of materials, in consequence of more assiduity, better economy, more perfect work, and mutual watchfulness, was full two per cent. on the amount consumed. Here was twelve per cent. gained. And therefore, year by year, each workman, besides his weekly payment of seventy-five per cent. of his wages, was credited not simply with the reserved quarter, but with twelve per cent. more, the pure result of the Back to Back principle.

To be sure, every man and every woman had been squeezed by the enforcement of the rule which paid only three-fourths of the wages in cash. But it was in cash—that was one thing. There was no "store pay," and no sort of encouragement for credit. They did not like it that Hillman and My-

rick would not take in so many children as they offered to them. But the children throve the better, and the fathers and mothers really made up the difference in the pigs and eggs and chickens and cabbages and potatoes which the boys and girls took care of.

At the end of the first year it appeared that the accumulation of profit had been $23,462 27. In that horrible second year, when every thing was so blue, things were very different. In the first half year the wages paid had been $8127 11, and there had been a poor ghastly little balance of profit—$19 87. In the second half year the wages were only $7364—so much did they reduce every thing. But they made more profit with less work, and for the half year this was $14,247 24. The workmen's share brought their wages to the full rate of wages elsewhere. All parties saw, however, that the curse of this year was the horrible interest account of money paid for loans. And now, therefore, all parties looked, not with jealousy, but pleasure, on the gradual piling up of the reserve or working capital, which, for the after-years, made this interest account unnecessary. Indeed, there was soon an interest account the other way, and the Farmers' Bank was very obsequious about Rising and Ringgold's deposits now, and, for that matter, about changing a bill for Tipsy Mike, or opening an account with Amos Hillman. For the mills had won a reputation in all the neighborhood.

In the third year, when the mills were driven to the very edge of their capacity, and the market chose to smile every where, the profit was $39,200 84. In the fourth year, of course, all manufacturers were trying to do the same thing again, and became their own rivals. To speak more simply, they cut their own throats. The markets were overstocked, and prices fell. But Back to Back had no interest to pay, had large sums, indeed, drawing interest, and earned $33,756 22. The fifth year things rallied, and the profit was $34,123 94. The sickness fund was $1879 23, besides $763 which had been paid out to the needy sick.

Here was $144,810 38 to be divided in equal parts among the three guardsmen—Capital, Engine-man, and Laborer—or $48,270 13 to each set of partners. The sickness fund belonged to Labor only.

"For us," said Myrick, as he paid to Gorry a check for his share, "we have had to save a quarter of our wages, and we have two-thirds as much more added to it."

"Mr. Myrick," said Michael Gorry, "I am going into old Fatty's place. A few of us are talking of buying the mill."

In fact, this was what they did. They were too confident by this time of the principle to want to change the plan of account-keeping. But after they had paid off Kaufmann Baum, ten of them made a company, under the general act, and bought the mill and machinery of him. Baum himself subscribed for a tenth, Max, Hillman, Myrick, Gorry, and Mrs. Bell, for herself and daughters, each took a tenth, and the other four shares were broken up among smaller holders. But all parties were so well satisfied that every body went on on the old terms, though some of the overseers were at work in rooms of which they were part owners.

"Yes, Lily, yes, Hannah, yes, Grace, yes, my impatient William—always eager for the love-making and the rest of the story—all the rest turned out well." Before this last dividend Max Rising had hired the Pigott house and brought home to it Prudence Wilkinson to set his housekeeping in order. It proved that Mike Gorry and Nora Bell understood each other better than any body had guessed. I am glad to say Gorry had been "converted" that winter, and had renounced his profanity, which was, indeed, of the outside kind, easily got rid of. Then a stout, bull-necked Englishman came from Sing Sing, and said that pretty Lucy Myrick, the school-mistress, had promised to marry him, and it proved he was not mistaken. Some people in Texas who were going to establish some flannel mills at San Marcos tempted Robert Ringgold and his wife to go there and start them on the back to back principle. But with that one gap in their little circle, they closed up tighter than ever, and began on five more years of bearing each other's burdens and helping in each other's trials, back to back.

THE END.

A MEMORY.

THREE scenes comprise the sacred whole
Of that deep bliss which in me lies,
Dashed with a sweet, divine surprise,
And surging from my inmost soul.

The first unfolds a fairy place,
Alive with music, lights, and flowers,
While, through the silver-clashing hours,
I but behold one beaming face—

Celestial eyes serenely blue,
Beneath a brow of bland repose—
Until my spirit overflows,
And softens to their tender hue.

The next, a beach and weedy hill,
With ships bent seaward evermore—
Where breeze and surf and chafing shore
Are lost in something wilder still.

And last, a drive by walls of stone,
In starlight, to a wooded track,
When, heart to heart pulsating back,
Her lamp of life became my own.

THE METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER.

"They were passing through the Strand as they talked, and by a newspaper office, which was all lighted up and bright. Reporters were coming out of the place, or rushing up to it in cabs; there were lamps burning in the editors' rooms, and above, where the compositors were at work; the windows of the building were in a blaze of gas. 'Look at that, Pen,' Warrington said. 'There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this minute giving bribes at Madrid, and another inspecting the price of potatoes in Covent Garden. Look! here comes the Foreign Express galloping in. They will be able to give the news to Downing Street to-morrow; funds will rise or fall, fortunes be made or lost. Lord B—— will get up, and holding the paper in his hand, and seeing the noble marquis in his place, will make a great speech; and—and Mr. Doolan will be called away from his supper at the Back Kitchen, for he is foreign sub-editor, and sees the mail on the newspaper sheet before he goes to his own.' And so talking, the friends turned into their chambers, as the dawn was beginning to peep."—*Pendennis.*

AFTER a midnight walk down Broadway, a few months ago, two gentlemen crossed the breezy interspace of City Hall Park as the yellow disk of the illuminated clock in the tower marked one. A few outcasts were asleep on the benches; the foliage swayed, and broke the rays of the lamps into an irregular flicker; the high dark buildings on the Broadway side rose massively, like the embattlements of a fortress, but on the other side several of the larger buildings were luminous in the upper stories, which seemed like rows of lamps hanging in the air.

These were the offices of the great morning newspapers, which are concentrated within an eighth of a mile, and the animation glowing in them brought Warrington's apostrophe to the mind of one of the gentlemen, who repeated it to his companion.



UP-TOWN DELIVERY.

Clustered among scores of other publish-

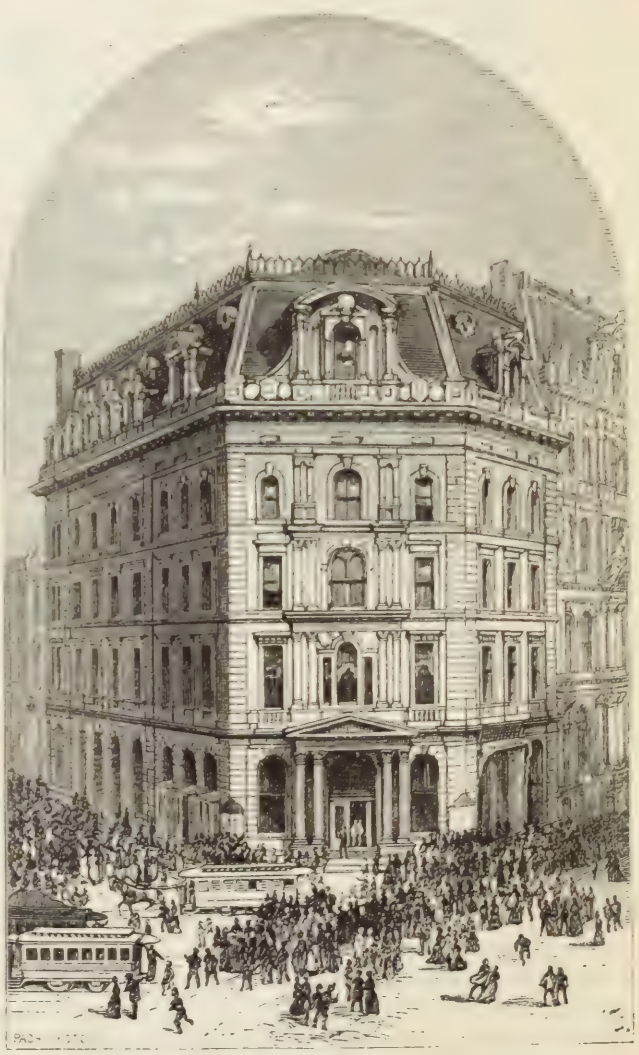


JAMES GORDON BENNETT: NEW YORK HERALD.

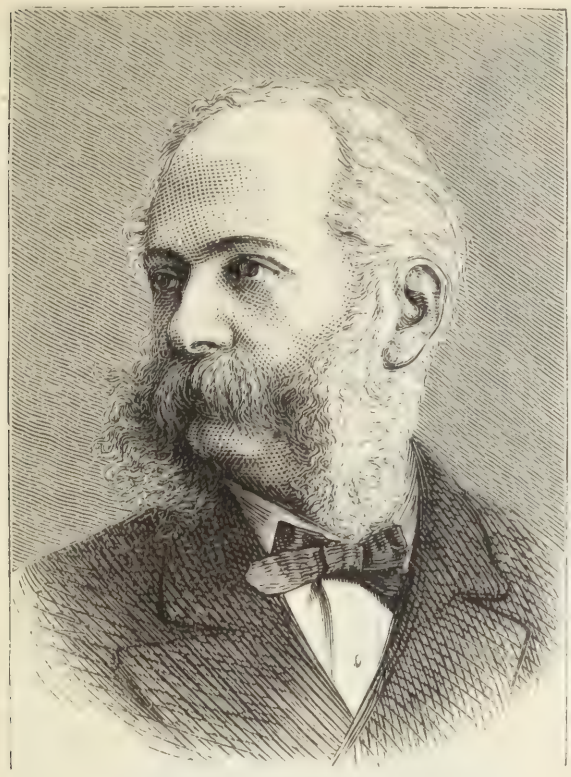
ing offices, loomed the buildings of the *Tribune*, the *Herald*, the *Sun*, the *World*, and the *Times*, white wreaths of steam rolling up from their roofs and from the gratings over the press-rooms. The press-rooms extended beyond the buildings under the sidewalk, and the pavement vibrated with the beat of the machines, which were already tossing off parts of the papers, the insides or the outsides, leaving a reserve of space for the news that might arrive afterward. Where the heat had penetrated the hard flags, some newsboys had curled themselves in innocence and dirt. Others lay asleep on the steps, where the most important and most hurried of the larger contributors to journalism kindly forbore from disturbing them. Occasionally a telegraph messenger dived into the entrance of a building, then an errand-boy from the post-office with a pile of newspapers and letters, and then a reporter from some late meeting up town. As a matter of appearance more than any thing else—as the last "form" admitting advertisements had long since closed—a clerk sat in the advertising office, on the ground-floor, and drowsed, with the lights half down.

The two gentlemen entered one of the offices, and began to ascend that long stairway by which all editorial rooms are attained, custom and economy invariably putting editors in a garret, whence they may look down, physically and mentally, on the world they write about. More telegraph boys, compositors, proof-readers, and reporters passed the visitors on the stairs, who, when they had explained their business to an inky office-boy, were admitted into the *sanctum sanctorum* of a celebrated morning paper.

A close, low-roofed, smoky room, lighted by innumerable Argand burners, and filled with little desks, at which sat, stooping, busy men, puffing cigars or pipes, and scribbling with pens or pencils at lightning speed—that was the next scene opened to them. On some of the desks there were piles upon piles of newspapers from points as far apart and as varied as the capitals of Europe and plaintive outposts on the far Western plains. A little tin box shot up and down a wooden shaft in the middle of the room, into which rolls of manuscript were put by an office-boy, who rushed from desk to desk and gathered the sheets as they came from the writers' hands. From time to time a nervous, sharp-voiced, imperative gentleman, in a very much soiled linen duster, called to one or the other of the workers, and gave orders which would have been quite unintelligible to a layman, who might have mistaken the establishment for a slaughter-house when he heard a pale-faced



HERALD BUILDING.



W. H. HURLBERT: NEW YORK WORLD.

little gentleman requested to "make a paragraph of the Pope," "cut down Anna Dickinson," "double-lead General Grant," "put a minion cap head on Peter Cooper," and "boil down the Evangelical Alliance." But making a paragraph of the Pope simply applied to the compression of some news concerning him into that space; "the minion cap head" intended for the venerable philanthropist meant the kind of type to be used in the title of a speech or lecture of his; and "boiling down" and "cutting down" were two technicalities expressing condensation. The gentleman in the linen duster was the night editor in charge, the despot of the hour, and the intermediary between the writers and printers, the latter being on the floor above, and the little tin box in the shaft communicating with them.

By three o'clock the last line of "copy" must be in the printers' hands, and from midnight until that time a newspaper office in the editorial department is in a state of nervous intensity and activity for which I can imagine no parallel.

The smoke from the cigars and pipes rolled up to the ceiling, and the pens sped over the pages of manuscript paper. The writers bent to their work with tremendous earnestness and concentration; there was not one of them who had written less than a column of matter that night, and some were closing two and three column articles, which contained nearly as many words as five pages of *Harper's Magazine*. They were pale and care-worn. One of them was heading and sub-heading cable dispatches from the seat of war, another was writing editorial paragraphs on the important telegraphic news that came in, another was damning a new play in virulent prose, another was revising a thrilling account of a murder, another was transcribing his stenographic notes of a speech on the inflation of the currency, another was putting the finishing touches upon a well-considered article criticising a debate in the French Assembly, and another was absorbed in the description of a yacht race. The little tin box in the shaft bounced up and down more frequently, and the night editor became more nervous and imperative than ever, as the fingers of the big clock on the wall went beyond two. The pages of manuscript were sent up one by one, and long moist proof-sheets came down from the composing-room. Then the "cut-



THE WORLD AND THE EVENING MAIL.

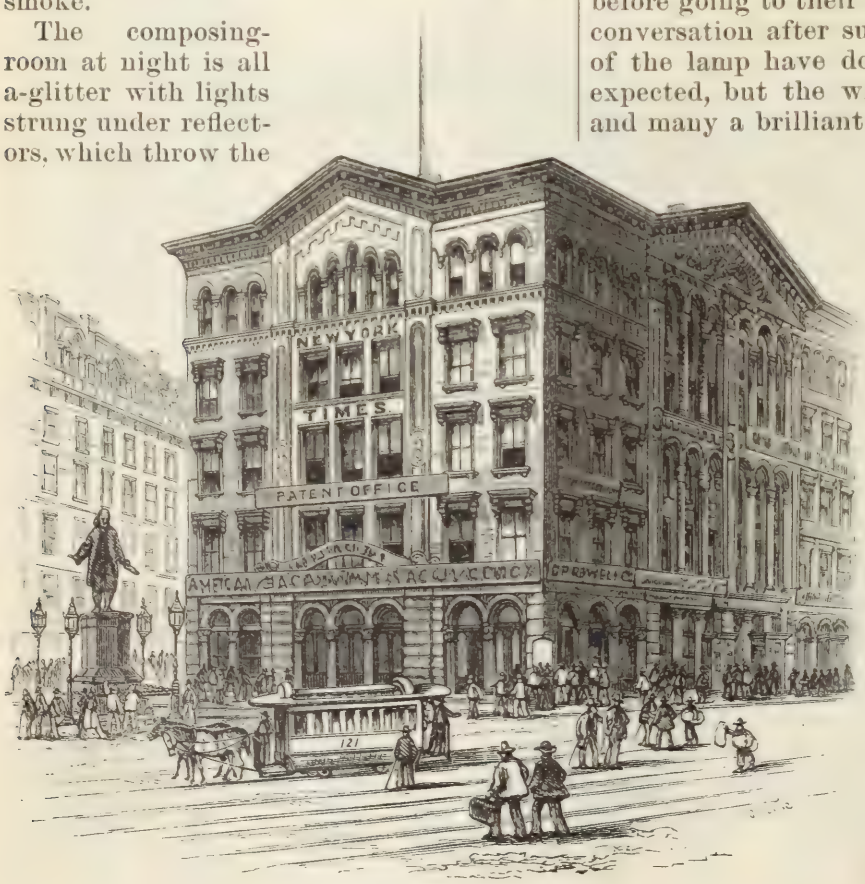
ting down" began, and some of the writers saw articles that had cost them hours of research annihilated by the stroke of a pen, or reduced from columns to paragraphs —not on account of unimportance, but simply because there is always a superfluity of matter, contrary to the erroneous notion that the editor's great difficulty is to fill his space—and in some instances even the paragraphs were finally omitted to make room for unexpected news that arrived later. Telegrams were still coming in at half past two, but soon after that hour one dispatch brought the words "good-night," and that meant the closing. The night editor and his assistant now disappeared into the composing-rooms, where they remained to superintend the making-up of the forms, and the men at the desks prepared to leave, or threw themselves back in their chairs for a chat and some more smoke.



GEORGE JONES: NEW YORK TIMES.

The composing-room at night is all a-glitter with lights strung under reflectors, which throw the strong beams down on the type-setters, who are actively fingering the little metallic letters. The paper columns of manuscript are transformed to leaden ones, and the leaden ones are framed into pages of six, seven, or eight columns each. Then the pages are stereotyped, by which process duplicate or triplicate impressions are taken of them, and they are finally put on the press, which finishes the business of making the paper.

In the neighborhood of the newspaper offices in Printing-house Square and on Park Row there are several queer basement restaurants, where coffee and cakes or other simple refreshments are sold for ten or fifteen cents. During the day their patronage comes from newsboys and shoe-blacks, but after dark they are popular with the journalists, who gather around one of the common little tables to eat a modest supper before going to their homes. Liveliness of conversation after such work as the slaves of the lamp have done would scarcely be expected, but the writer has heard many and many a brilliant story in these symposia, and has seen men with world-wide reputations sharing the hot buttered cakes and somewhat suspicious coffee. Later they go to their homes, and before they are in their beds their paper is issued. Thousands buy it and read it and grumble at it, and only a few of the more reasonable and reflective ever think what a prodigious embodiment of thought and action it is, and how dull and much worse the world would be without it.



THE TIMES BUILDING.

To begin at the

beginning in the description of a metropolitan newspaper is not an easy thing, for where the beginning is, after the issue of the first number, can not be said with certainty. Before one issue is complete, preparations are making for the next, and at the moment the night editor saw the last "form" put on the press that morning when the two visitors were in his office, special correspondents were already working in the interests of the paper at London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg; they were travelling on horseback and on camel-back, in steamers and railway cars, and by many conveyances much less common; they were attached to every exploring expedition, and were listening to debates in the great Parliament Houses; they were unearthing antiquities in ruined cities, and interviewing



DAVID M. STONE: JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

Prime Ministers; in brief, they were every where, and it can be said of them, as something similar was said of the British flag, that the sun never sets upon them, and that they never sleep.

But the local work of the day begins in the City Department, which includes the city editors and reporters, and which exemplifies the thoroughness of the system by which a metropolitan newspaper is made. In the number and ability of the staff, and in the completeness of organization, we believe that the journals of no other city compare with those of New York. In London, Manchester, and other English towns, local news is gathered in a hap-hazard fashion; but in New York every point to which news may possibly come is occupied with fidelity and diligence by experienced men.

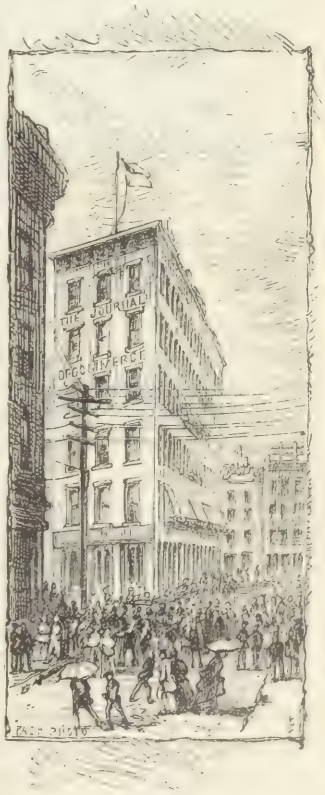
The city editor is usually a well-paid and



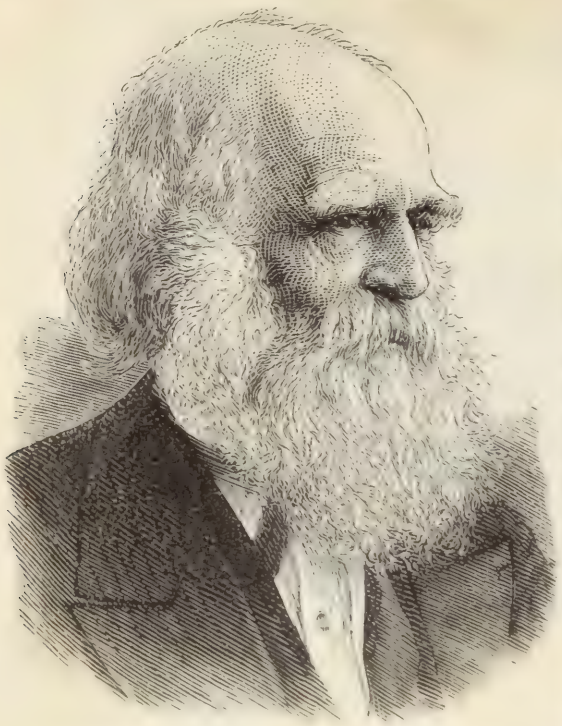
J. M. BUNDY: NEW YORK EVENING MAIL.

able writer, with resources at his command that especially qualify him for his position, and his coadjutors are mostly young men of ambition, who have done wisely and well in beginning their career at the bottom of the ladder.

Some years ago, when the writer held the place of second assistant to a noted city editor, his superior was approached by a fashionably dressed and pleasant-faced youth, who prefaced a request for employment with the statement that he had recently graduated from Princeton, and presented several excellent letters of introduction. The editor politely said that he would be glad to have him try his hand among the reporters, at which the applicant shrugged his shoulders, and replied, with unconscious impudence, that he expected a chance as "special correspondent, editorial writer, or something of that sort." Poor boy! his ambition overleaped itself,



JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.



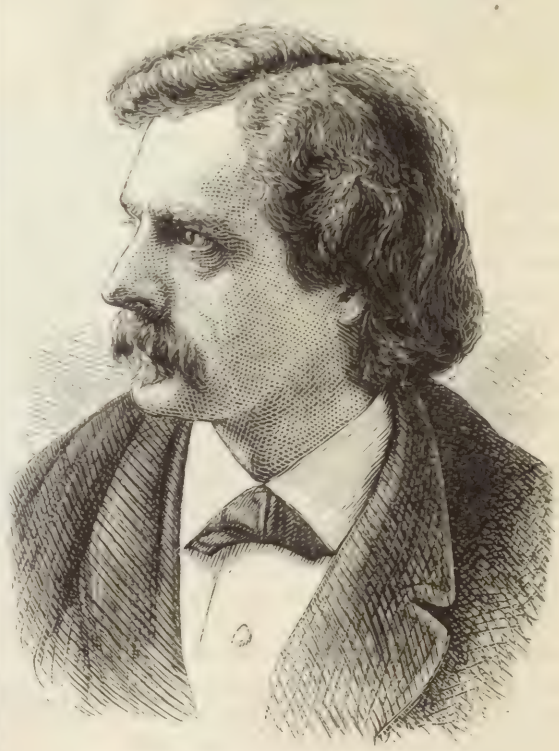
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT: EVENING POST.

and fell upon the other side. The City Department was full at that time of clever graduates, who, besides having distinguished themselves at Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Williams, or Brown, had that natural aptitude for journalism which never so surely manifests itself as in the willingness to subordinate ambition to practicable opportunities. We had with us the poet of the (then) last year's class at Yale, who was doing all sorts of literary drudgery, and who had since advanced to an enviable position in his profession; and the staff included any number of other really able descriptive writers and news-gatherers, who never for a moment considered a reporter's place beneath them.

The old Bohemian element that once sullied metropolitan reporters has been almost entirely cast out. Some of the beery, illiterate, vulgar representatives remain, but the characteristic *attaché* of the city staff is a polite, shrewd, and intelligent gentleman. The outcry against the "interviewer" is occasionally justifiable, but the phase of journalism which he represents is a concession to public appetite and demand that is not always voluntary on the part of the journalist. The politician or financier who is followed from club to club or aroused in his house at midnight by a pertinacious reporter is not to be blamed for considering the reporter a nuisance; but, ten to one, the latter is more mortified by the indignity of his mission than the former is troubled by the intrusion. The desire of an influential newspaper to obtain one's opinion on any subject is a compliment to which few men are insensitive, and it often happens that the person interviewed is more disposed to talk than the interviewer is to inquire. The poise of the man's head will be prouder as he reads the paper on the next day, and he will unblushingly complain before his family of the interviewer's impertinence!

The expense incurred by a prosperous newspaper in gathering local news is heavy. The city editor is paid from fifty to one hundred dollars a week, and his assistants are paid from thirty to forty dollars; the reporters receive from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a week, and as many as thirty are employed on salary by one paper, in addition to a large number of others who are paid by space, that is, according to the quantity of work they do. The price paid to outsiders, or "specials," as the unsalaried men are called, is about eight dollars per column—a column containing between sixteen hundred and two thousand words—and a writer who combines ingenuity and good descriptive powers with experience and industrious habits can earn more by special work than the best salary.

The city editor arrives at the office about ten in the morning, and his staff is waiting for him, excepting those members who were assigned to duty on the night previous, and who are already at their posts. His own and all the other morning papers are on his desk, and from them he derives many suggestions for the day's work. A line in an obscure paragraph of one contemporary may give him the idea of a long article; an announcement in another may remind him of something that would have otherwise escaped his attention; and a "beat" in a third —*i. e.*, some news which his own paper does not contain—may remind him of the ardu-



WHITELAW REID: NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

ousness of his position. His knowledge of city affairs and people is almost limitless. Should any one ask him the way to the obscurest alley, he could tell it in an instant. He knows every man in office and out of office, his hours and his haunts. A letter of introduction from him would secure admittance to the murderer in his cell, the prominent divine, the railway magnate, or the popular lecturer. He knows not only the streets and numbers of the residences of men who may have facts to give on any topic, but has directions to their clubs, churches, billiard-rooms, saloons, and places of business at his tongue's end. He is a walking directory, with much information never before introduced.

After an hour's hard work with scissors, paste pot, and a scrap-book containing all



DISTRIBUTING PAPERS—EARLY MORNING.

notices received at the office of events to occur on this day, he assigns his staff to duty, and many who were not relieved until 1 or 2 o'clock A.M. are again at work before 11 A.M., such being the hardness of a reporter's life. The assignment book is brought out, and entries are made in this manner, the names on the right representing those of the reporters:

Oyer and Terminer Court	Jones.
Wall Street	Cleveland.
Interview General Butler (*must*)	Allen.
Council of Political Reform	Merlin.
Yacht Regatta	Chambers.
Special on Liquor Frauds	Gillham.
Funeral at Christ Church	Smith.
Special on Election (*see note*)	Sullivan.
Auction at Leavitt's	O'Brien.
Autumn Weather (*a neat* ¶)	Aldrich.
Dinner at Delmonico's (*half column*)	Taber.

When the book is fully made out, the variety of assignments proves how wide a scope a reporter's experience may have, and how constantly he drifts from "grave to gay, from lively to severe"—standing by a death-bed at one hour, and the next sharing the festivities of a dinner at Delmonico's, or watching a horse or yacht race. In making the assignments the special abilities of the men are remembered. Jones, Merlin, and Taber are stenographers, and are sent to assemblies which require long reports. The proportion of stenographers in the staff is small, however, as *verbatim* work is not often required. Mr. Cleveland has had a large experience in financial circles; Mr. Allen is an irresistible "interviewer," and the "must" added to his assignment means that General Butler is to be interviewed whether he likes it or not; Aldrich, who is ordered to write a neat paragraph on autumn weather, excels in description; Sullivan is thoroughly posted in politics; and Chambers is famous as a yachtsman. Special articles are those in the preparation of which special sources of information are used, or those describing matters that are not of mere transient interest, such as markets, ferries, or street cars. The most trustworthy and capable men are employed in this service. "See note" means that a letter has been written containing full instructions, which will be found in the reporter's box; but with the ordinary assignments no other orders are given than the brief line in the book, and the man must decide the length and the treatment of the article for himself. One who fails to accurately gauge the value of his assignment, who overestimates or underestimates it, can not expect



HUGH HASTINGS: NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

advancement; in fact, the successful reporter must not only have a quick apprehension for what is news, but he must also be able to find subjects for treatment without any suggestions or assistance of any kind from the editors.

The perfection of discipline maintained in the City Department would greatly surprise the people who imagine that a great newspaper puts itself together, and that the editor's most onerous duty is the filling of space. The precision with which nearly every thing is done would be creditable to the cadets at West Point. Each man as he receives his assignment draws a line under his name to indicate the fact; failures to obtain news which other papers contain is punished by suspension from duty or dismissal; faulty English or delay in supplying "copy" elicits a savage reprimand from the city editor, and unless a man is heroically attentive to duty the various penalties will break him.

While the assistant city editor is required to keep track of all details, the city editor himself is wide-awake on all points. But his remarkable ability is best seen when occasion arises for a "spread." Thirty or forty men are then dispatched to various points, selected with an immediate perception of their value and strength. The affair is as momentous as a battle, and woe betide the man who is found wanting! An ocean passenger steamer is wrecked on the Jersey coast, and the earliest intelligence reaches the city at about noon—we imagine this for the sake of the example. The first thing to be done is to get several men to the scene of the disaster, and if no regular line of travel is open, special conveyances are chartered regardless of cost. The passengers saved, the captain, the pilot, the men of the life-saving station from which the wreck was discovered, the agent of the steamer, the officers of other vessels in port, and every one who can throw some light on the disaster must be seen and interviewed. Most of these people are so fraught with their own troubles that they will not readily yield answers to the reporters' interrogations, and the latter only succeed in extorting statements from them by a degree of quiet persistence that would be deemed highly creditable in any other cause.

We have imagined that a brief telegram announces the wreck in the city about noon. Two hours later the scribes are on the spot, having reached it by a private steamer or a special train. The day is raw, misty, and miserable, and the great vessel looms through the ghostly atmosphere—a blot of darkness—with the surf beating over her and breaking on the low, sandy beach. There is plenty of activity and excitement; the life-saving station and the neighboring cottages of fishermen are filled with women passengers, who have been brought through the surf; the life-saving car is passing from the vessel to the shore with living freight, and the reporters elicit what information they can as they assist the surfmen and wreckers in the work of succor. Rain, mist, and spray are of no consequence to the news-gatherers; the day may be bitterly cold and wet, and they may have come from the city in light and insufficient clothing; their fingers may be almost frozen; but the note-book and pencil are in constant use, and the moisture drops over their writing in troublesome pools as they beseech and besiege the surfmen in dripping tarpaulins, who have landed from the wreck. Then



COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

the hour comes when, having drained every source of information, they must make for the nearest telegraph office, which is probably at Long Branch, and a race takes place among the representatives of different papers for precedence in the use of the wire. The competition involves strategy, but they all reach the office within a few minutes of each other, and settle down to the writing up of their accounts, handing the operator page by page as it is completed. An essential quality in all journalists, and especially in correspondents or reporters, is facility of perception, decision, and expression, and if they are without it in the beginning of their careers, the recurrence of the necessity for it develops it. A critic may find many grammatical lapses and inelegancies of language in the printed descriptions of those tired-out men who are scribbling, with empty stomachs, in all sorts of uncomfortable positions, to the nervous tick-ticking of the busy Morse instrument which is putting electricity into their words under the dark waters of the New York Bay. It is a very easy thing to find fault with them, and it may be very true that their style is artificial and their diction either impoverished or redundant; but it is outrageously unfair to take no account of the pressure under which they work out their fluent productions, to say nothing further of the unfavorableness of their condition to literary composition. Their note-books have been reduced to a pulp in the rain and spray, and the pencil marks are all blurred; the notes themselves are disconnected and meagre, having been gathered hurriedly from hurried people; but out of the chaos, without having time for revision, the Froissart of his day, as some one calls the reporter, weaves a continuous, lucid, graphic narrative of the wreck, and not of the wreck alone, but also of the voyage preceding it, incorporating a full abstract of the log, and conversations with the captain, pilot, officers, crew, and passengers, and furbishing the mosaic of detail with a strong picturesqueness of epithet that would not be unworthy of a much greater literary artist. Each man has written between two and three columns before midnight, and lest the intellectual reader fails to understand how great an achievement this is, we advise him to test the matter by putting himself under a cold shower-bath, and then trying to compose, in his wet clothes, an acceptable three-page article for this Magazine within four hours.

The telegraphic dispatches are supplemented by a mass of other facts which have been gathered in the city, such as a history and description of the steamer, the value of her cargo, the amount of the insurance; and when the paper appears in the morning the account of the disaster covers nearly a whole page, and is a marvel of completeness.

In reporting large meetings the number of stenographers on the staff is increased. Let us suppose, for example, that a political

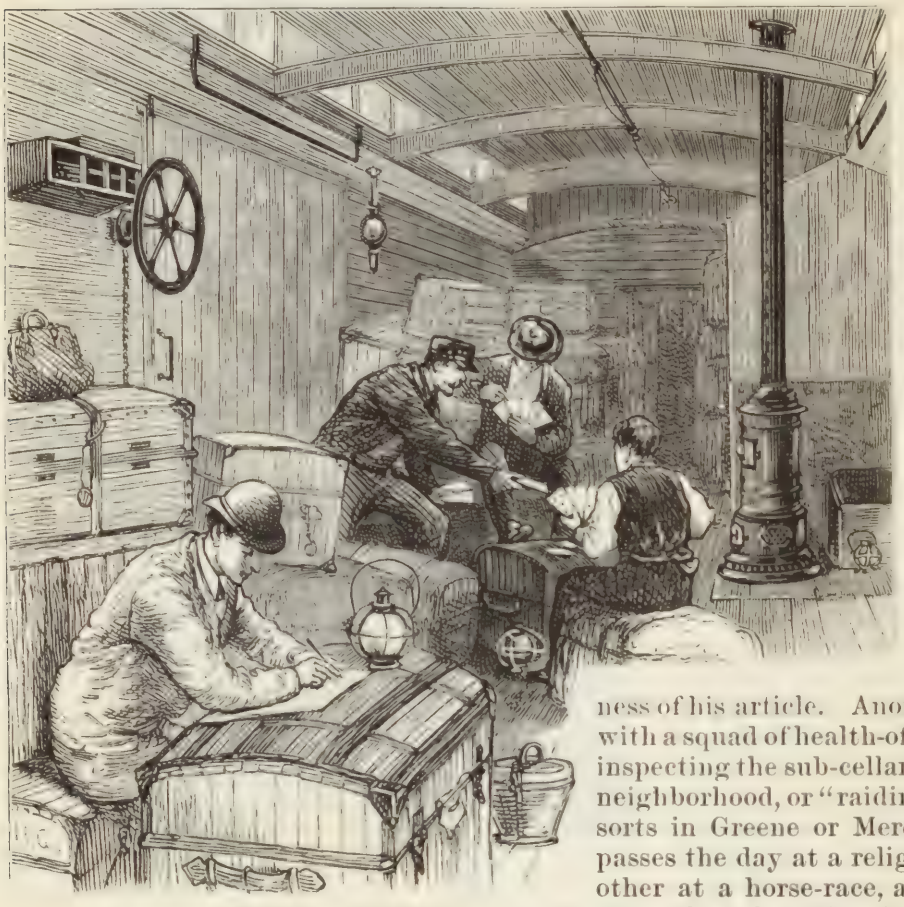


EVENING POST BUILDING.

demonstration is to be made at the Cooper Union, and that the *Tribune* is arranging to report it. Many of the speeches are to be published in full, and altogether the proceedings will fill from twenty-five to thirty columns of the next day's paper. Four or five members of the permanent staff can report *verbatim*, and all the rest can make good synopses, which in most instances are sufficient. Some of the principal speakers have written their orations, and greatly help the city editors by lending their manuscripts in advance, which are put into type, but others have made no preparation, and the usual corps of short-hand men is augmented by recruits drafted for the occasion from the law-reporting firms of the city. In reality five or six meetings are to be held,

one in the hall and the others outside, and the city editor-in-chief divides his staff into five or six squads, which are each assigned to a particular stand, under the direction of one of their own number. The men are next assigned to a "take," that is to say, each man takes notes for fifteen minutes, more or less, in turn, and then rushes to the office, where he writes his matter up. Thus the first "take" has been edited and put into type hours before the man assigned to the last "take" has left the hall.

This brings me to the night editors of the City Department, by whom all the matter



REPORTER IN THE BAGGAGE-CAR.

of the reporters is read and revised. They are two in number, and their positions are of great responsibility. Beginning duty at five or six o'clock in the afternoon, they are occupied until two in the morning improving bad English, condensing diffuse articles, toning down broad or libelous statements, and preventing all waste of space.

The City Department includes several smaller departments, to which regular men are permanently assigned. The police department is one, and an able reporter is constantly stationed at head-quarters to gather the news that arrives there of crimes, fires, and other disasters. The mayor's office, the coroners' offices, the surrogate's office, the courts, the head-quarters of the Fire Department, and every point at which an item may be gleaned, are also occupied, and a small vessel cruises about the harbor night and day in search of the in-coming ships and steamers which bring foreign papers and letters.

Should we follow the reporters from the time they leave the office in the morning until they are relieved at night, we would be led to stranger scenes than the Jersey coast, and among stranger people than the surfmen at the wreck. One man becomes a detective in the unravelment of some municipal fraud, and is closeted at one hour with a justice of the Supreme Court, the next hour with a notorious gambler in his saloon, the next with a prominent politician in the sumptuous parlor of a fashionable club, and the next with a poverty-stricken ex-office-holder in a garret. Every grade of society and every neighborhood are visited by him in his investigations. No rebuff discourages him, no accumulation of disappointments exhausts his patience, and nothing satisfies him except the information necessary to the completeness of his article. Another would be found with a squad of health-officers and policemen inspecting the sub-cellar tenements of a poor neighborhood, or "raiding" the infamous resorts in Greene or Mercer Street; another passes the day at a religious conference, another at a horse-race, another in the anteroom of a sick millionaire's chamber, another amid the strife of Wall Street, and another at a meeting of coopers, or boiler-makers, or physicians, or actors, or seamen. The scenes change without intermissions. Now the music is slow, now it is lively; now mirrors and crystal pendants to the candelabra multiply the lights, and then the darkness is made darker by the pale and sickly flicker of a taper. All the woe and gayety, the penury and the splendor, the crying want and the spendthrift luxury, of the great metropolis are known to the reporter as no other man knows them. That facile pencil of his punctures every vein of life, and no place is too inconvenient for its use. In the street car as he rides down town to his office, in the dépôt while he waits for a train, or in the train amid the distracting noise of the locomotive, he plies it with superlative energy and industry.



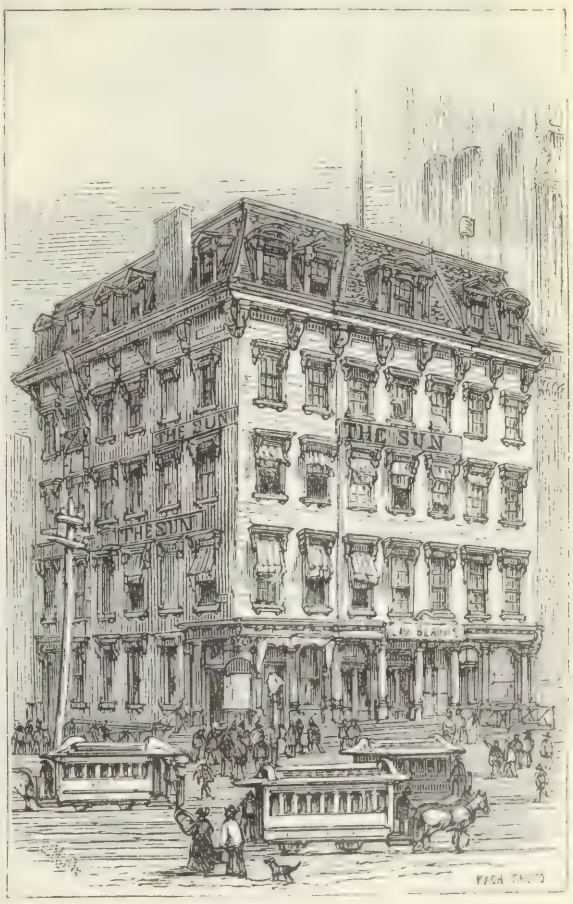
CHARLES A. DANA: NEW YORK SUN.

Some time ago an *attaché* of a morning paper was sent by an afternoon train to Norwalk, Connecticut, for the purpose of investigating a hunted Ring thief's transfer of property. He reached South Norwalk after four o'clock, and then rode to Norwalk in a slow street car. The only train by which he could return to the city was the Boston express, due shortly after nine, and in the four hours intervening he had to interview several people and make long abstracts from the county clerk's records. He had not begun to write out his material when the train started; but sitting on one trunk in the baggage-car, with another trunk for a desk, he wrote an article a column and a half long during the two hours' journey to the city—an article of the greatest importance, which needed no correction of the editor's, though the baggage-men had been playing an uproarious game of euchre, and the locomotive had been whistling furiously at every one of the numerous crossings, during its composition. Such activity as this is common among reporters, who develop above all other things, as I have said, the indispensable ability to work under pressure.

By one of those broad generalizations with which the world is apt to content itself, many people, in thinking of a great newspaper, place at its head a miscellaneous sort of person who does every thing in connection with it, writing every thing, reading every thing, and listening to every body. When they can fix upon his name, they address all communications to him personally, and the writer has seen envelopes at the *Tribune* office containing notices of births, marriages, deaths, and other such trifles—trifles as matters of news—carefully and secretly inscribed to Mr. Greeley.

But the metropolitan newspaper is a machine with too many ramifications for the control of one man, and the vast mass of details involved in its production is classified and distributed among the several members of a large staff of sub-editors, the editor-in-chief holding his subordinates responsible.

The one who resembles the fanciful creation of the public mind most is the day editor in charge. He receives and opens the mail, distributing the various matters which it brings among the several departments, putting foreign correspondence in the hands of a foreign editor, news relating to art in the hands of the art editor, local news in the hands of the city editor, political news in the hands of the political editor, scientific news in the hands of a scientific editor, and agricultural news in the hands of an agricultural editor. Each of these editors has a special branch of the paper to look after; and in addition to them there is a dramatic editor, who attends exclusively to theatrical matters; a financial editor, who reviews the money market; an "exchange" editor, whose duty it is to read the hundreds of papers sent in from outside towns; and a literary editor, who is devoted to book reviewing and literary news. Master of all is the editor-in-chief, who directs the policy of the paper, writes occasional leading ar-



THE SUN BUILDING.

ticles on momentous questions, and supervises the whole intellectual establishment.

The office hours of the editor-in-chief are light, but his position is the hardest on the staff, for the responsibility of all the utterances of the paper falls upon him, and the care follows him from the office to his club, and from his club to his bedroom. He is never off duty. A private telegraph wire connects the office with his house, and questions and answers are flashing over it at all hours. If he seeks repose at his club, he has scarcely lighted his cigar and curled himself up in an easy-chair when a "printer's devil" appears before him with proofs; if he goes to the opera, he is summoned from his box in the middle of the performance by a messenger with a note from the managing editor; he is called from the ball-room and the most fascinating of partners into an anteroom, where another "devil" is in waiting with more proofs; and when he draws the curtains around his bed and is falling asleep, the little telegraph instrument on his study table awakens him by its sharp tinklings, which impatiently demand advice from him in regard to the treatment of some momentous news which has come in since he left the office—it may be the resignation of a ministry, a declaration of war, a speech by President Hayes, the death of a king, or a Russian victory on the Danube.

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon he again reaches the office, where a crowd of callers are anxiously waiting for an audience with him, among them being office-seeking politicians who want recommendations—which they will not get; philanthropists who want to enlist the influence of the paper in some scheme of Utopian form; authors who want puffs; unemployed journalists who want positions; and many others who want to make suggestions in regard to the policy of the paper, the general burden of all their business being in some "want." The editor closets himself immediately after running the gauntlet of these importunates, and opens his private mail, indorsing some letters, which are handed to his private secretary, and destroying many others. An usher then serves the cards of the callers upon him, some of whom are referred to the sub-editors, or to the managing editor, who stands in relation to the editor-in-chief as the captain of a flag-ship stands to an admiral, the executive officer being the day editor in charge; others are dismissed; and a few—a very few—are admitted. It is almost as easy to slide up hill as to obtain an audience with the chief editor of a metropolitan newspaper, whose *sanctum* is hedged in by a divinity which is not apparent in the proportions or the furniture of the modest apartment.



WAITING FOR AN AUDIENCE WITH THE EDITOR.

In personal interviews or in letters dictated to his secretary he communicates with all his principal assistants, giving them top-

ics for articles, and hints as to the tone which the articles are to have, or correcting errors in their work of the previous day. His correspondence is voluminous, and occupies him, with the secretary, who writes in short-hand, until six or seven o'clock, when he disappears, to re-appear later in the evening. He is courted every where. Cabinet officers, leaders in the world of art, literature, and science, judges, and millionaires —all are desirous of standing well with him, and do not stint their efforts to win his favor.

When the time comes for going to press, the night editor has sixty or seventy columns of matter in type, and the capacity of the paper is about forty-eight columns. All the news and the articles are desirable, but something must be omitted, and the chief at his house is called upon by his telegraphic instrument to decide. Then, perhaps, some accident happens to one of the "forms" as it is being stereotyped, or a second edition becomes necessary, to admit some news that arrives after three o'clock, and he is again aroused. It is sunrise before the little instrument is quiet, and the paper is issued before its chief is thoroughly asleep.

Large as the salaried staff of editorial writers is, contributions are often purchased from outsiders for the editorial page and the news columns, and the authors, whose names do not often appear, are frequently eminent specialists in literature, science, and art. A contrast thrusts itself upon us here between the editorial pages, so called, of the New York and London papers. Those of the latter are absorbed in most instances by political subjects or abstruse matters of social science; but the reader of our metropolitan journals finds on the editorial pages, in addition to the political "leaders," agreeable essays on nearly every variety of topic.

Besides having its own staff of reporters and correspondents, the metropolitan newspaper also shares the facilities of the Associated Press, which, both in its history and its methods, is exceedingly interesting. I write of it *ex cathedrâ*, as my facts were supplied by the general superintendent, Mr. J. W. Simonton.

Exactly what the association is, very few understand. Some suppose that it is a newspaper, and it receives requests from country journals to "exchange;" others mistake it for an advertising agency; and even among some newspaper men many curious misconceptions of its objects prevail. It was started, long before the telegraph was a practical success, by four New York papers, and its sole aim was co-operation in the collection of marine news; but with the development of the telegraph it expanded, and it was reorganized in its present form twenty-six years ago by the proprietors of the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Courier and Enquirer*, the *Express*, the *Tribune*, the *Sun*, and the *Herald*. The *Courier and Enquirer* being merged into the *World*, the latter paper secured the franchise of the former, and the *Times* was admitted to the partnership in 1851. The association is composed of the several papers, not of the individuals who own or control them, and so the proprietorship or policy of a paper may change without affecting the position of that paper in the partnership.

It collects news primarily for its own seven members, taking for the use of all a common dispatch, narrating Congressional proceedings or any event of general interest, and reducing the cost to each by dividing between all the expenses of reporting and telegraphing. But its scope was enlarged soon after its organization, and it now sells news at stipulated rates to over five hundred other papers published in every part of the



THE TRIBUNE BUILDING.

continent. Its agents are scattered over the whole world. Its London offices are never closed, and the news arriving there is forwarded under nearly three thousand miles of ocean at all hours as rapidly as it is received. Confining itself to no arbitrary limit, its daily cable tolls are seldom less than three hundred dollars, and sometimes they are four times that amount. North and Central America are covered by its own agents; and by arrangements with the great news agencies abroad, including Reuter's, it receives the news collections of the latter from every part of Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America. In well-populated regions of the United States sub-associations are formed, which give the local papers fuller details of local affairs than more distant papers would require; and in sparsely settled districts, where news items are not frequent enough to warrant the appointment of regular agents, the telegraph operators are authorized to employ men of ability in the interest of the association whenever any calamity, disturbance, or excitement occurs.

As the dispatches reach the general agency they are handed to the manager of the manifolding-room, under whose direction copies are multiplied for distribution, the manifolding process enabling one writer to make from twelve to twenty-six copies at a time, by means of a very tough oiled tissue-paper alternated with carbonized paper, and an agate or carnelian point substituted for a pen or pencil.



OSWALD OTTENDORFER: STAATS-ZEITUNG.

When a page of manifold is written, the office assistants separate and envelop the copies, which are sent to the city newspapers by messengers. Other copies are handed to agents representing sections of the papers in the North, South, East, and West, who edit them, each agent eliminating whatever will not interest his particular constituency, and adding any thing of value that he can obtain from other sources.



ASSOCIATED PRESS ROOMS.

The distribution is effected by telegraphic delivery at many different points along a continuous line of wire at the same instant of time. The system involves combination reports, which are forwarded to all who share them at or within certain fixed hours, arranged by contract with the telegraph company. Though the reports to Boston are sent direct at all hours, the same report is repeated to all other places in New England on a combined circuit; that is to say, New York is put into telegraphic connection by a single wire si-

multaneously with New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, and other points East where there are papers entitled to the news. In each town or village an operator takes position at his instrument when report hour is called, and is ready to write the report in manifold as it comes over the wire. Another operator writes the message by the transmitting instrument in New York, and that one writing sends it to all points on the circuit. The receivers are highly skilled in the business, and read by sound without the aid of the recorded Morse characters.

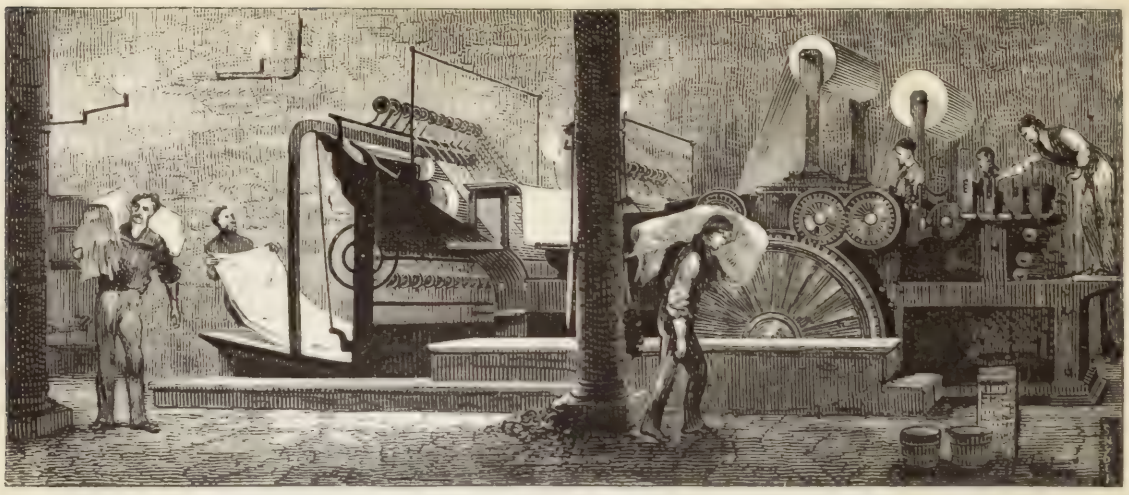
The telegrams to the Western press are sent in the same manner, being delivered simultaneously at Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and other principal points. At Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Memphis condensed abstracts, known as "pony" reports, are made and forwarded to smaller towns, whose papers can not afford the cost of the longer dispatch. Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore are also served in combination, and reports to all points south of the Potomac are made up by an agent placed at Washington for that purpose. Washington receives a full *résumé* of the general news of the world, forwarded from New York, and also dispatches from New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Richmond, and other points. Each of these Southern cities is interested in the news of the others, and to supply them with it a summary of all that has been received at Washington is included in the combination report, which, being delivered at all points, gives back to each city some of its own news. This drawback is inseparable from a combination system, and though it involves some waste of telegraphed words, the saving to the papers is very large.



GETTING NEWS FROM STEAMER IN NEW YORK BAY.

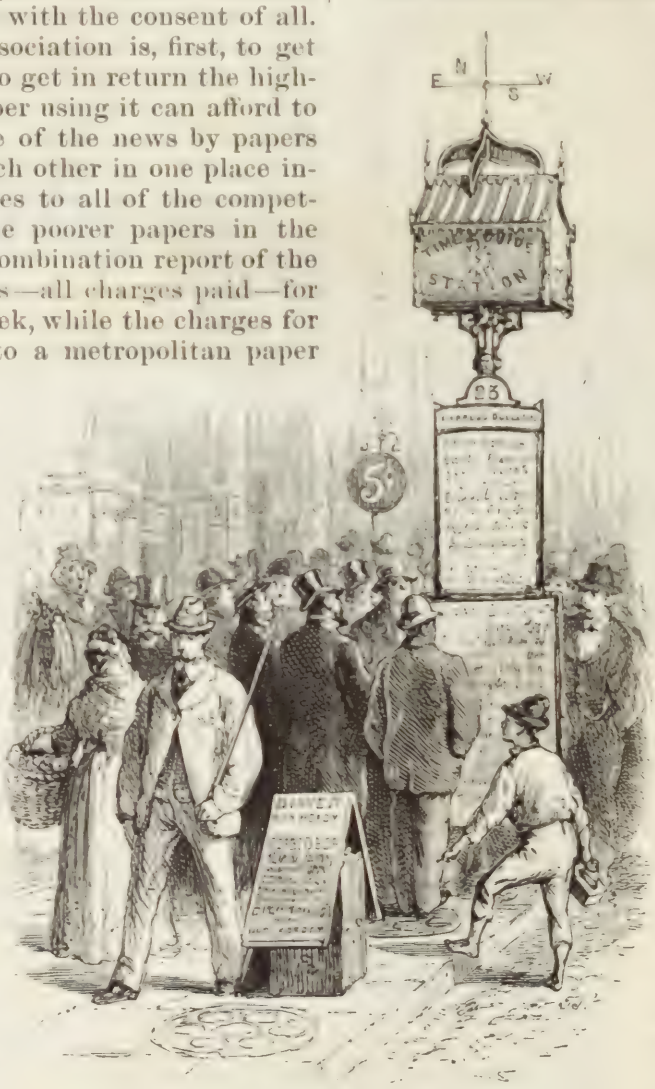
The Canadians take the Associated Press news from Buffalo to Toronto, whence it is distributed throughout the Dominion. The Pacific coast is served partly from Chicago and partly from New York, the agent of the California press in Chicago being furnished with "drop copies" of what is sent from New York, so that he may avoid duplication. Other "drop copies" of the reports going to California are also taken off the wire at Salt Lake City, Denver, and Cheyenne for the use of local papers.

The charges to outside papers are adjust-



IN THE PRESS-ROOM.

ed on a liberal basis. Thus, while a poor country paper may receive the same combination report that a strong and influential paper in a great city receives, it is not charged more than ten per cent. of the amount assessed upon the latter—assessed not arbitrarily, but with the consent of all. The aim of the association is, first, to get news, and second, to get in return the highest amount the paper using it can afford to pay; but equal use of the news by papers competing with each other in one place involves equal charges to all of the competitors. Some of the poorer papers in the South receive the combination report of the whole world's news—all charges paid—for fifteen dollars a week, while the charges for the same matter to a metropolitan paper often amount to over five hundred dollars a week, and occasionally fifteen hundred dollars a week. The Western, New England, and New York State associations pay the parent institution fixed sums per month for the use of news delivered to their reporters at desks in the New York office, and make their own contracts with the telegraph companies. All others have direct accounts with the New York office or its local agents. At the end of each week the cashier makes a statement of all disbursements and receipts of that week. The deduction of the receipts from the expenditures invariably shows a large deficit, which, divided by seven, gives the amount or share to be paid by each of the seven New York papers forming the association.



THE EXPRESS BULLETIN.

The American Press Association is an organization similar to the Associated Press, and supplies news to a large number of papers, including the New York *Evening Mail;* but it is not as extensive in its resources or its business as the older concern, the success of which is owing principally to the remarkable executive ability of its superintendent, Mr. Simonton.

We know from experience what drudgery and exhausting labor befall the man who is bound down to the desk of a metropolitan newspaper—the exacting discipline, the unremitted application, and the unsatisfactory results, which break the hearts and rack the brains of many promising writers. But beyond the compensation, which exists for all who are ambitious, in sharing the anonymous power of the press—a power which all

people appreciate, consciously or unconsciously, despite their disavowment—is the exhilaration of the profession, the sharp competition, the swift action, and the inner view of men and manners which the journalist obtains. It is this exhilaration that keeps and sustains many who would otherwise endeavor to escape a business which is both arduous and underpaid.

To-morrow morning the reader will find his paper on the breakfast table—price two, three, or four cents—and, unless our article has impressed him, he will read it and cast it aside without thinking of its suggestiveness as an epitome of civilization, or of the enormous mental and mechanical labor it has cost. But cavil as he may, that moist sheet, fresh from the marvelous machines of Hoe, Walter, or Bullock—served at the door by the same urchins that the two visitors saw asleep over the warm gratings of the press-rooms—is the very essence of our times, embodying the highest results of discovery in all times.



NEWSBOYS WAITING FOR THE PAPER.

MONMOUTH.

Reach a hand out to Monmouth, and not pass him by
With a stare of contempt and a pitiless eye.
He is poor, he is sad, and a drunkard, I fear—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth, give Monmouth a tear!

Ah, God! what a ravage of sin and decay!
What a wreck of the youth once so genial and gay!
So witty at college, so full of brave cheer!—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth, give Monmouth a tear!

How proudly we marshaled ourselves in his name
When the country demanded his gifts for her fame!
How his voice in the Senate rang lofty and clear!—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth, give Monmouth a tear!

A vassal to Pleasure, of Error the slave,
O'ermastered by passions that drag to the grave,
We have watched him sink deeper and faster each year—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth, give Monmouth a tear!

Too late to restore him!—'tis *never* too late
To strive for a soul drifting down to its fate.
His heart is not dead: bring him back from the rear—
Reach a hand out to Monmouth, give Monmouth a tear!

Let us rally around him, and never despise
A brother in ruins, but help him to rise.
If we *win*, what a rapture will be our reward!
For Monmouth again of himself will be lord.

MASTER ROBBY'S ROMANCE.

I SUPPOSE other people would think they could tell this story better than I can. There's Ethel, now; but she couldn't make any kind of a hand at it, because, you see, she was in it all along, and what could she know of how it looked to other people? Nelly's a baby, but she was all mixed up in it too. As for the rest, they didn't know any thing about it till it was all over, so what could you expect of them? Besides, if grown people write stories for children, I don't see why children shouldn't write stories for grown people too, once in a while.

Who am I? Well, I'm Master Robby Lawrence, ten years old on my last birthday, and standing four feet one in my stocking feet. Ethel she's my big sister, and Nelly is my little one—a nice little thing enough, but only a girl, after all, and always making blunders. Boys don't. But then everybody knows that boys are born with more brains than girls ever get in all their lives.

You see, there was just us three, and we hadn't any mother—never had had any as long as Nelly or I could remember. We had a father, to be sure; but what's the good of a father when he's off down town all day, and only comes back in time to kiss you good-night and ask whether you've been a good boy 'fore you go to bed? Ethel is all the mother we ever knew, and she is a pretty good sort of girl, as girls go, only she always wants to boss us too much. It's all very well for girls to be bossed, like Nelly, you know, but it doesn't do for boys. Boys are meant to take care of themselves.

Of course you'll want to know whether Ethel is pretty, and that's just one of the things that always did bother me. People call her pretty, I know, for I've heard them, but I don't exactly see how she can be. All the beauties that ever I read about had deep, dark eyes, and straight noses, and hair that came down to their feet—"purple hair," they say sometimes. Must look kind of funny, I should think; but I suppose it's all right if it's in print. Sometimes they have clear blue eyes and golden hair, but those are the silly ones what's always a-crying. Ethel ain't that kind at all; so she ought to have raven hair and every thing to match. But then, you see, she hasn't. When I was a youngster I used to think she was awful tall; but somehow she doesn't look near as big to me now, and some time, maybe, she'll seem quite short. "Little woman," papa calls her sometimes. Her eyes aren't black nor blue, but a sort of shiny gray. Sometimes they look almost black, though. I know they did the day she caught me stoning a kitten, so I reckon it's when she's mad. Her hair's a kind of yellow-brown, all soft and crinkly; but it doesn't come down but just a little way below her waist, and I don't call that very long; do you? Then her nose isn't straight one bit, and her cheeks have funny little dents in them when she laughs, like she had put her finger in when she was a baby and left a mark. She's got pink cheeks and red lips and little white teeth; but so have I, and nobody ever called me pretty for that. I'd knock 'em down if they did, I know, but Ethel doesn't seem to mind it one bit. Girls *are* such queer things! I asked Ethel once whether she was pretty or not, but she wouldn't tell me. She just turned all sort of pink, and didn't say either yes or no. Frank Gresham was there, and he laughed, but he didn't say any thing, and Ethel hustled me out of the room so quick I didn't have time to ask him. That's just the fault I had to find with Ethel, you see—always bossing.

There was one thing I suppose I ought to tell you, for it really does come into my story, though you mightn't think so at first. Nelly and I went to school in the mornings; but we got home at one o'clock, and had the afternoons all to ourselves. Our nursery—play-room we call it, but the rest *will* call it nursery, all we can do—is up in the fourth story, and we used to spend most of our time there. Ethel came there 'most every day, and she used to play with us like she wasn't any bigger than we were—croquet, you know, and battledoor and shuttlecock, and ball. Ethel was a bully catcher, I tell you. Then, when we were tired, she'd tell us stories—fairy tales sometimes, and sometimes stories about men and women that were so brave, why, it made your hair stick up straight to hear what they did. That was the kind of story I liked best; but Nelly she liked the fairy tales, and always used to beg for them. Well, you see, Cynthy Brown—that was our nurse—she heard Ethel telling us these stories, and she knew we liked 'em; so one day she brought us a lot of books and picture-papers, and told us we might read them if we wouldn't let Ethel know. We didn't want to promise, first off; but the stories were just bully, and Cynthy said Ethel would take them all away if she knew of it, and maybe turn her off besides; so Nelly and me thought it would be mean to tell, and we didn't. Oh, I tell you, those books were just prime. There was *The Pirate of the Peloponnesus*, and *The Bravo of Bagdad*, and *The Lady's Revenge*, and *Nora Creina's Curse*, and ever so many others, just chock-full of love and murder and fighting. They used to scare Nelly so she didn't care much about them; but they didn't scare me a bit, and I liked them first-rate. Well, of course it all had to come out. Cynthy she'd just brought us a new lot, and don't you believe Ethel found them before we had looked at one of them! Oh, wasn't she mad, though! She just took up those books and papers and put every one of them straight into the fire,

I told her they were Cynthy's, and she had no right; but she said she'd settle with Cynthy, and walked straight out of the room. We never saw Cynthy again, and I reckon Ethel sent her away, for when we asked about her, they just said she'd gone. One good thing about it, though, was that we never had another nurse, and we saw more of Ethel than ever.

Well, you see those books had set me thinking—that's the good of books, people say—and pretty soon I made up my mind that Ethel ought to be in love with somebody or other, but it took me ever so long to find out who it was. There were Frank Gresham and Roger Grey, they came to see her oftenest of any body, and I thought it must be one of them, but do what I would I couldn't find out which of them she liked best. They were both good-looking, and one of them—that is, Frank Gresham—was rich. He was Mrs. Lorraine's brother, too, and Mrs. Lorraine and Ethel were such great friends that I thought that might have something to do with it. Roger Grey was a young lawyer, and he hadn't lived in New York very long, but his father and our father had been friends, and so when he came here to live he came to see us. Then my father took a great shine to him, so he kept on coming, only after a while it was always Ethel he asked for. I thought it was a shame, but when I told papa so, he only laughed, and said he didn't mind, for that Roger was a fine fellow. I didn't see what that had to do with it, for I was only a youngster then, and green, you know.

I asked Ethel, one day, which of them she was in love with, but she wouldn't tell me. She only looked awful mad for a minute, and then all of a sudden she burst out laughing, and called me an absurd baby, and told me I was too young to think about such things, and never to talk like that again. An absurd baby, indeed! Well, I was bound to find out all about it then, you know; but do what I would, I couldn't make out much: women *are* so sly!

I remember just as well the night I found out at last. Ethel was going to the opera with Mrs. Lorraine, Frank Gresham's sister, you know. She didn't begin to dress till late, because she had been telling Nelly and me stories after dinner, and forgot what time it was. Ethel looks bully when she's dressed, and I wanted to see her, so I just went down into the back parlor, so as to be sure not to miss her when she came down. I hadn't been there very long when Roger Grey came into the room. I was in a corner, and he didn't see me, so I just kept on reading. Pretty soon Nelly came in and ran up to Roger like she always did. He always made a fuss over her, and I really believe the little goose thought he came on purpose to see her.

"Is your sister at home, Nelly?" he said, after he had kissed her and talked to her for a while.

"Oh yes, she's at home," says Nelly, "but she can't come down, 'cause she's busy. You know, she's engaged."

"Engaged, is she?" says Roger Grey, looking kind of white and scared. "Are you sure of that?"

"She telled me she was," says Nelly, looking up at him with her big innocent eyes.

Roger Grey sat still for a little while. Then he said,

"Do you know to whom she is engaged, Nelly?"

"No," says Nelly, "but it's to somebody that's coming here to-night, so if you wait long enough you can see."

Roger Grey didn't wait, though, not a bit of it. He just jumped up in a mighty big hurry, and put Nelly down and kissed her, and said,

"Good-by, my little maid."

Then he was going off, but Nelly ran after him. "Oh, Roger! dear Roger!" she called, "won't you stay, or else come back to-morrow?"

Roger turned at that, but he only waited to say, "Not to-morrow, Nelly dear. Some time, maybe;" and he was gone.

He must have met Frank Gresham at the door, for the bell didn't ring at all, and Frank Gresham was in the parlor before I knew it. Mrs. Lorraine was waiting in the carriage outside, and had sent him in for Ethel. Then Ethel came down, all wrapped in her white cloak, trimmed with soft white fur that looked like fresh snow. She had holly berries and leaves in her hair and at her throat, and she looked just like the pictures of King Winter in our story-books, only Ethel hasn't got a beard like he has. Her cheeks were as pink as a rose, and her eyes looked all kind of soft and shiny as she looked around the room.

"Where is Mr. Grey, Nelly?" she said.

"He's gone," said Nelly. "He said he couldn't stay, and he can't come to-morrow, either."

Somehow the light seemed to go out of Ethel's eyes at that, and she looked puzzled and sorry and a little bit frightened, but she didn't say any thing, only kissed Nelly and me, and put her hand on Frank Gresham's arm and went out of the room with him.

I thought it was all sort of queer, and I asked Nelly about it after they were gone; but she just stuck to it that she had said exactly what Ethel told her to, so I thought it must be all right. Anyhow, I was glad I had found out which of them it was Ethel was in love with; for it had puzzled me no end, and I don't like to be puzzled one bit.

Well, of course Frank Gresham came to

the house more than ever after that; but Roger Grey never came at all. Somehow, just about this time, Ethel grew so queer that we didn't know what to make of her, Nelly and I. It didn't come all at once, you know, but just a little at a time. First, she didn't seem to care so much about playing with us—used to tire her, she said, as if playing *could* tire any body! And then, when she told us stories, they weren't nice, jolly ones any more, but about little mermaidens that loved kings' sons so hard that they died of it down among their coral groves; and girls made of snow, that hard-hearted fathers *would* bring in and set before the fire till they melted all away; and nixies that sat on the water and cried because people told them they had no souls; and all kinds of sorrowful things, until Nelly was crying as hard as any nix of them all. I didn't cry, because I'm a boy, and boys don't cry, you know; but I don't mind telling you I had mighty hard work to keep from it sometimes. When Ethel's eyes grew big and dark and deep-looking, and the pretty pink all went out of her cheeks, and the corners of her eyebrows gathered themselves up into a little frown that wasn't cross, you know, but just sorrowful, why, I tell you, I had to take hold of my throat with both hands, and hold my breath till my heart 'most stopped beating. If I'd let up once, for ever such a little bit, I should have been a goner, and how'd that look, I'd like to know?—a great boy nine years old blubbering away like little Nelly there, that's only seven, and a girl at that! If Ethel had been cross, I wouldn't have minded it so much. I could have stood up to her then, and, if things got very bad, I could have told papa, and he would have settled her. But just to see any body grow pale and thin and peaked, like they were melting away before your eyes, why, it's no fun, I can tell you. She was lively enough when there was company there—just the same as ever, as far as I could see. It was only when she was alone with us that she let herself look like she felt. I suppose she thought we wouldn't notice; but, I tell you, you'd better not reckon too much on that. Children see a heap more than you think they do.

Well, now, you see, this is what puzzled me. What on earth should Ethel be looking so sad about, when she was engaged to Frank Gresham, and he kept coming to the house all the time, bringing her flowers and music and *bonbons*, and all sorts of lovely things too? She liked 'em, I reckon, all but the *bonbons*. She used to give them all to Nelly and me. I suppose that was because she was too old to care about candy. I'm glad I ain't. The flowers she always put in the parlor, and she wouldn't have done that if she hadn't liked them. Roger Grey never gave her any thing, as far as I know, except a stupid little bunch of pink flowers—*trailing arbutus*, he called them. Ethel thought it was a mean present; I know she did, for she turned as red as fire when he gave them to her; and after he was gone she took them right straight up to her own room, and nobody saw any more of them. Of course that must have been because she was ashamed of them.

I never knew whether she liked the music or not till one day I was in the parlor when Frank Gresham was there. He asked Ethel to sing him one of the songs he had brought her. It was an awful spooney sort of thing. It began,

> "Absent from thee! what deeper woe?"

Then it went on all about a fellow that had to come back to a girl and sneak round her, when he knew she didn't care a bit for him. It ended:

> "I must return, though doubly curst;
> Though all thy lightnings scathe my brain,
> I heed them not, I've known the worst,
> For absence owns no master pain."

I don't wonder Ethel didn't like it; but as long as Frank Gresham had given it to her, she needn't have let him know it, I think. First she said she hadn't practiced it; then she said the piano was out of tune; but I knew better, so I said,

"Oh no, Ethel. Don't you know the man came to tune it only yesterday?"

She didn't take any notice of that, but just turned to Frank Gresham, when he kept on teasing her, and said, "Mr. Gresham, that style of music doesn't suit my voice."

Of course he looked mad; who wouldn't? but he just said, "Not when I bring it, you mean?"

And Ethel she turned red, and she said, "Interpret it as you please; but since you insist, I will sing you a very old song which does suit me precisely, and which I hope you will appreciate."

And then she went straight to the piano and sang something that began,

> "Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
> Prithee why so pale?"

It ended,

> "Quit, quit; for shame: this will not move,
> This can not take her;
> If of herself she will not love,
> Nothing can make her."

That's all right, I know, for I got the songs and looked. There was another line to that last verse, but I don't like to put it. It wasn't a very nice one for a lady to sing, I think, and I know Frank Gresham thought so too, for he was so shocked he just took up his hat and walked straight out of the house, and didn't come again for ever so long. I reckon Ethel was sorry then, for she didn't get any flowers or *bonbons* or any thing.

Papa asked Ethel sometimes what had become of Roger Grey, but she always just said she didn't know, and then began to talk about something else. I did think she might have cared a little, and so did papa, I know, for he used to look at her so queer, and once he said,

"I am sorry Roger Grey doesn't come here any more, for he was a fine fellow. I hope it is not your fault, Ethel?"

Ethel said no, it was not her fault; but I wasn't so sure of that, for I remembered how rude she was to Frank Gresham.

Well, things had been going on in this way for a month or more—I can't exactly tell how long. One day Ethel was sitting in the nursery with us, but she was very stupid that day. She wouldn't play with us nor tell us stories, but just sat looking straight at the fire, and not seeming to hear any thing we said. So at last Nelly and I gave it up as a bad job, and went off into the corner to play by ourselves. Pretty soon the door opened, and Miss Bessie Armitage came into the room. Miss Bessie was Ethel's great friend, and when she came here she never sent Nora up, but just hunted all over the house until she found Ethel. She had not been here for ever so long, because she had been away in Washington or somewhere. Of course they had an awful lot to say to each other, and I suppose they forgot all about us. Presently Miss Bessie looks at Ethel and laughs, and says,

"When are you going to make your humble confession, my dear?"

"'Confession?'" says Ethel, looking puzzled. "What have I to confess?"

"Oh, you humbug!" says Miss Bessie, laughing harder than ever. "Do you really think I haven't heard what is in every body's mouth about you and Frank Gresham? Every body's letters but yours were full of it, and you never said a word, you little wretch. I could hardly believe it at first, for when I went away I thought Roger Grey was likely to come in winner. But on the way here I met Roger himself, and I asked him if he knew any thing about it. He said, 'I believe it is so, Miss Armitage. I had it on very good authority—her own, in fact.' Before I could say any more he had raised his hat and was off like a shot."

Ethel just sat and stared into Miss Bessie's face, but she looked like she didn't see her at all, and her face was as white as a sheet.

"Roger Grey told you that?" she said, in such a queer voice, like somebody was dragging the words out of her.

"Certainly he told me so. Isn't it true?" says Miss Bessie.

And Ethel says, in the same queer way, "Not one word of it."

"You are not engaged to Frank Gresham? and Roger Grey thinks you are? and you are just the shadow of the Ethel I used to know? I wondered what you had been doing to yourself, but I begin to see now."

"What do you mean?" says Ethel, turning red, and looking mad enough to eat Miss Bessie.

Just then Miss Bessie caught sight of Nelly and me. I wished she hadn't, for I wanted to know what was coming, awfully.

"Oh dear! there are those children," says she. "Why do you always have them round, Ethel? 'Little pitchers' *are* such a nuisance! Come into your own room, and let us finish our talk there."

I turned and looked at Nelly when they were gone, but Nelly hadn't minded a word they said. She was such a baby, you know. It's lucky for Ethel that I had more sense.

"Nelly," said I, "what did Ethel tell you to tell Roger Grey that last time he came—the time she was dressing to go to the opera, and couldn't see him, you know?"

I had ever such a time to make Nelly remember—children are such stupid things—but I got it all straight at last. Ethel had told her to tell Mr. Grey that she had an engagement, and was dressing for it; that she hoped he would wait until she came down, or, if he couldn't do that, that he would call the next day. And there the little goose had gone and mixed it all up, and let him go off supposing that Ethel was engaged to Frank Gresham. No wonder he never came again, and no wonder Ethel had been growing thin and peaked ever since! I could see the whole thing plain enough now. Ethel may talk as much as she likes about Cynthy's books, but where'd she be now if I hadn't read 'em? Much I'd have known about love and jealousy without them!

Well, you see, when I had heard Nelly's story, I sat and thought for a while; then I said, "Now look here, Nelly. You've done an awful sight of mischief, and it's got to be undone somehow. The only way I can see is for you to tell Mr. Grey all about it."

Nelly looked at me with her face all puckered up and the tears standing in her big blue eyes. She had been getting more and more scared ever since I began to ask her questions, but she didn't burst out till I got to the part about telling Mr. Grey. Then, of course, she began to roar. Nelly never fussed round and fretted like some girls do: that was one good thing about her. If she wanted to cry, she cried like a good fellow and had done with it, and till she was done with it there wasn't much use in trying to stop her; so I just sat still and let her roar her prettiest. When she seemed to have got through, I said,

"It's got to be done, Nelly, so there's no use crying. Do you want to see our Ethel

melt away like a gum-drop, and die of a broken heart? That's the way young women always do when they're crossed in love. How'd you like to see her pine and pine, and grow thinner and thinner every day, till there wasn't any thing left of her at all, and to know it was all your fault, you hard-hearted little thing?"

Nelly had her mouth open and her eyes shut for another roar, but I put my hand over her mouth so quick she couldn't get it out, and went on:

"Now, Nelly, you see what you've got to do is just this. You've got to find out Roger Grey, and tell him of the awful blunder you've made, and get him to come back. I'd do it for you, only it would come better from you."

Nelly's eyes had been getting bigger and bigger, and here she broke in: "Tell Roger? Oh, Robby, I couldn't! Wouldn't it do as well to tell Ethel, and then she could tell him, and—"

Tell Ethel, indeed!

"Why, you little goose," says I, "don't you see that for Ethel to tell him would be just the same thing as for her to ask him to come and make love to her, and what girl would do that?"

"Why, *I* would," says Nelly, looking up at me as innocent as innocent; "I wouldn't mind it one bit. Besides, Robby, how could I ever find out Roger Grey to tell him?"

"That's so," said I.

I had never thought of that before, but after a minute I had a bright idea.

"Look here, Nelly," says I; "we'll write a letter to Roger, and tell him about it. Nora gets lots of love-letters, and she'll show us all about how to do it."

Nora was the waitress, and she was ready enough to help us, after she had sat down to laugh a little first. I tell you, it was a job to write that letter—took us two hours, with all the help Nora could give us out of her head and the *Polite Letter-Writer*. It was a screamer when it was done, though. Here it is:

"HONORED SIR, AND IDOL OF MY HEART" (we didn't know which to put, so we thought we'd better put both),—"I take my pen in hand to say that these few lines leave me well, and hope that they find you the same" (that was out of one of Nora's letters). "My sister Nelly and me presents our compliments, and are very sorry about a mistake we made" (it was all Nelly's mistake, you know, but I put myself in, because I did not want to hurt her feelings). "We told you that our sister Ethel was engaged to Mr. Frank Gresham. But she isn't. She was only engaged for the opera. She's been peaking and pining ever since you stopped coming here, and ain't jolly a bit. So we hope you'll come back and make love to her again, if you don't mind, and your petitioners will ever pray.

'Our pen is poor, our ink is pale,
Our love for you will never fail.'

And so no more at present from

"Your obedient servants to command,

"ROBBY } LAWRENCE."
NELLY }

Then we wrote on the outside "Mr. Roger Grey," and Nora took it, and said she'd get her cousin to find out where he lived and take it to him.

You'd better believe Nelly and me watched the door-bell after that; but we didn't have long to wait, for Roger Grey came the very next night. Ethel was in the nursery when Nora came to tell her he was in the parlor. Nora grinned, and we grinned; but Ethel she just turned pink and looked sort of flustered, but pleased—you bet! Don't you think it was a shame that Nelly and me couldn't go down to see the fun, when there wouldn't have been any fun at all only for us? But we didn't dare.

Well, there isn't much more to tell, for of course every thing came right after that. When papa heard about our letter he laughed till he cried. But I don't see any thing in it to laugh at; do you? Roger and Ethel didn't either, and they wouldn't let us be teased about it.

We had fun at the wedding, I tell you. There was lots of oysters and chicken-salad and ice-cream and jellies and all sorts of goodies. Nelly and me were bridemaid and groomsman. There were two or three others, but they didn't count. Miss Bessie Armitage was one. But Mr. Frank Gresham wasn't there at all, and I think that was queer, when he'd always made out he liked Ethel so much. I think weddings are prime, and Nelly and me's going to have another just as soon as ever we can.

TO A FRIEND WHO SLEPT ILL.

How hast thou angered into stern disdain
  That mild, compassionate god round whose bowed head
  The clustering poppies droop their drowsy red—
Somnus, that walks the world from twilight's wane
All the long night till day be born again,
  While after him a shadowy legion streams—
  The pale diaphanous floating forms of dreams?

He kisses brows that ache from earthly care;
  He soothes to peace the indignant souls of slaves;
  O'er many an eye grown tired with tears he waves
Those rich-dyed languid flowers that his hands bear;
And yet for thee no tender spell doth spare,
  O friend that liest awake and hearest night
  Flow on past banks of time in stealthy might!

Ah, would that I, who am loved right well of Sleep,
  Might make fond intercession, friend, for thee,
  Each night when some shy dream should visit me
In the dusk halls of slumber, vague and deep;
Both the dream's dim hands would I seize and keep,
  Praying of her to speed, with tender charms,
  And wreathe about thy neck two balmy arms!

KÉRAMOS.

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow and some command,
Though all are made of clay!



Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,
While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quilted sunshine and leaf shade
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,
And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood



He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change
To something new, to something strange:
Nothing that is can pause or stay:
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,
By some unconscious act of will,
The melody, and even the words,
Were intermingled with my thought,
As bits of colored thread are caught
And woven into nests of birds.
And thus to regions far remote,
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,
This wizard in the motley coat
Transported me on wings of song,
And by the northern shores of France
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this, that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?



This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?
This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and every where
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

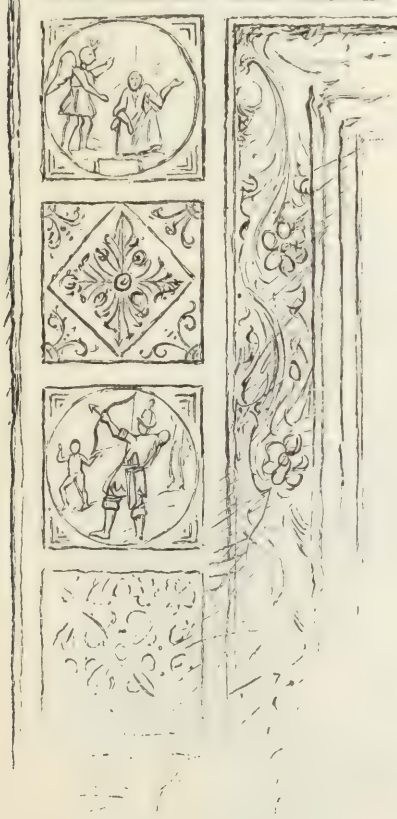
What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;

The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,



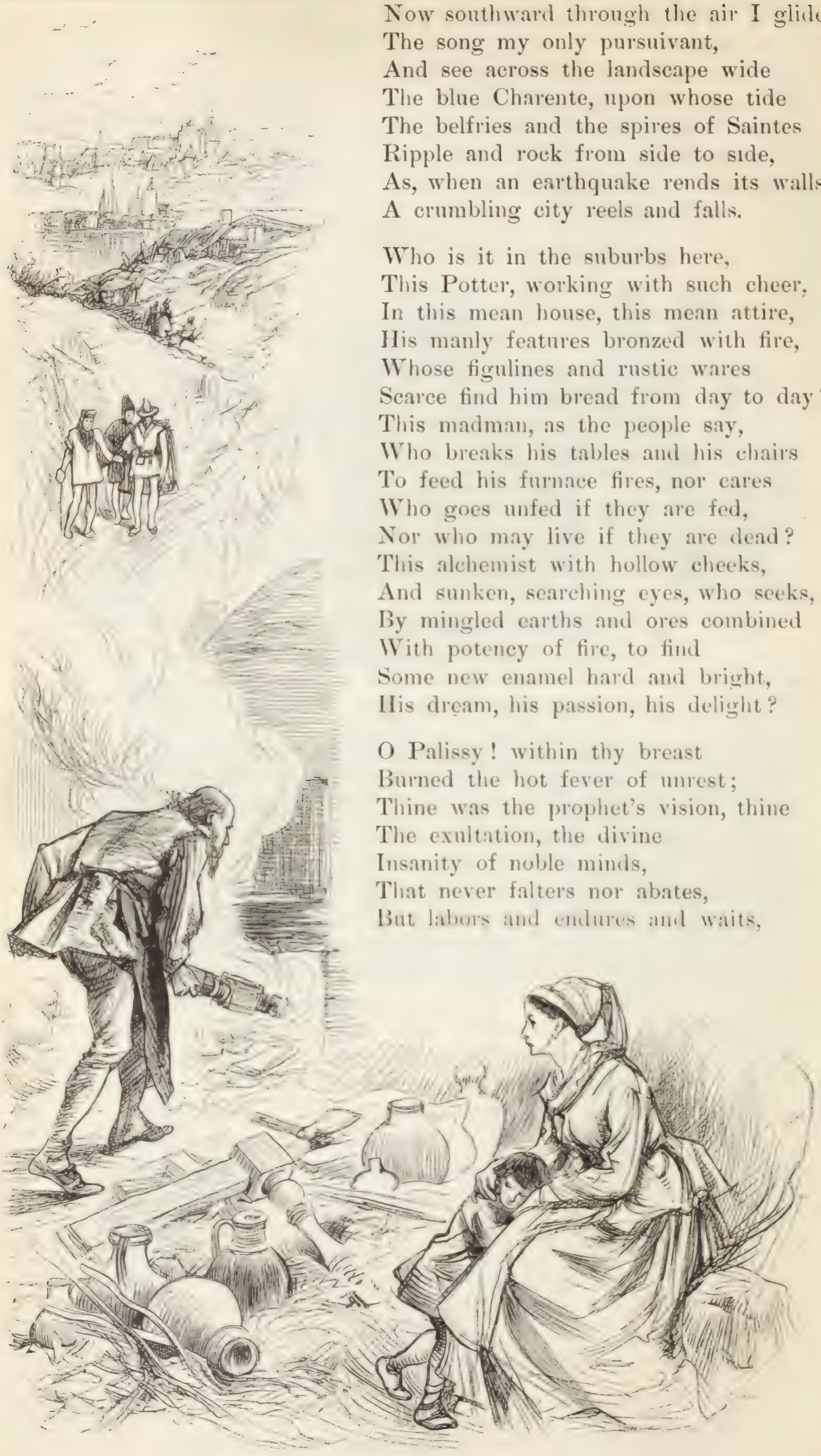






And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer
With grotesque mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

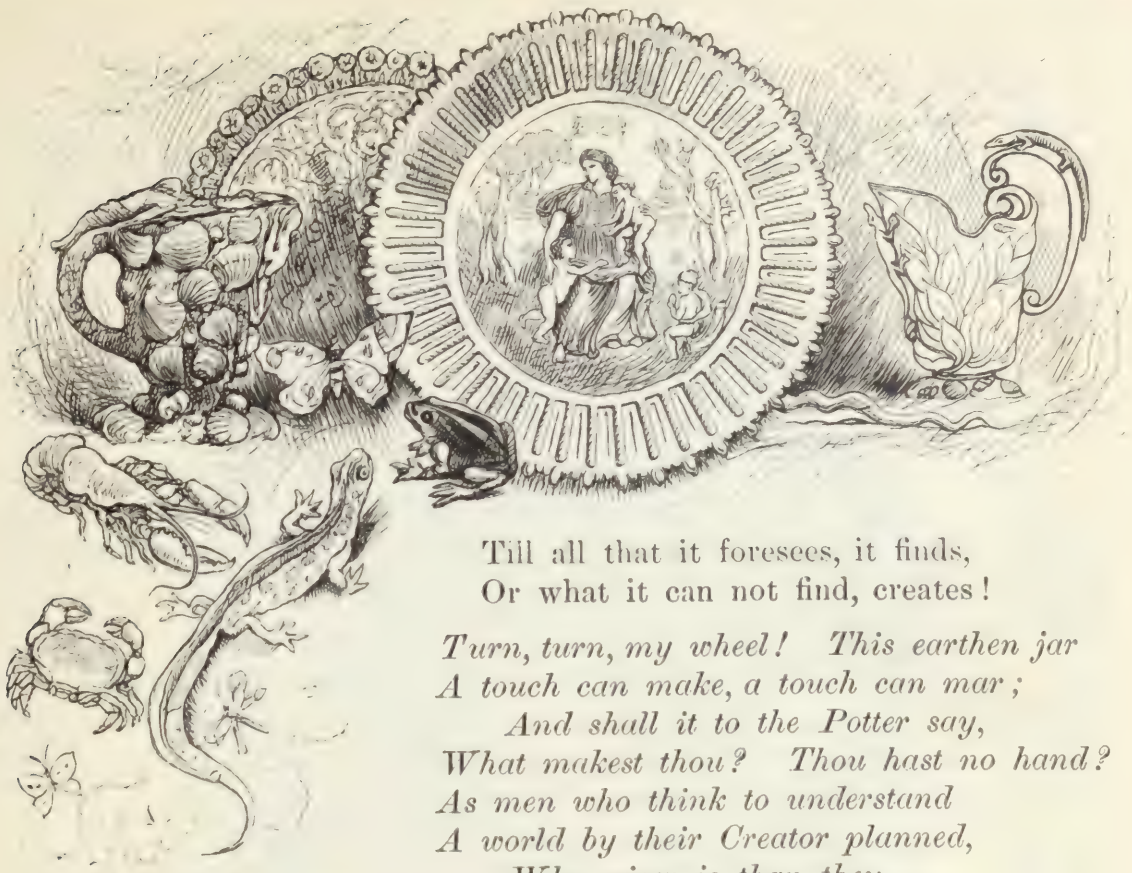
Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.



Now southward through the air I glide,
The song my only pursuivant,
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose tide
The belfries and the spires of Saintes
Ripple and rock from side to side,
As, when an earthquake rends its walls,
A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks,
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?

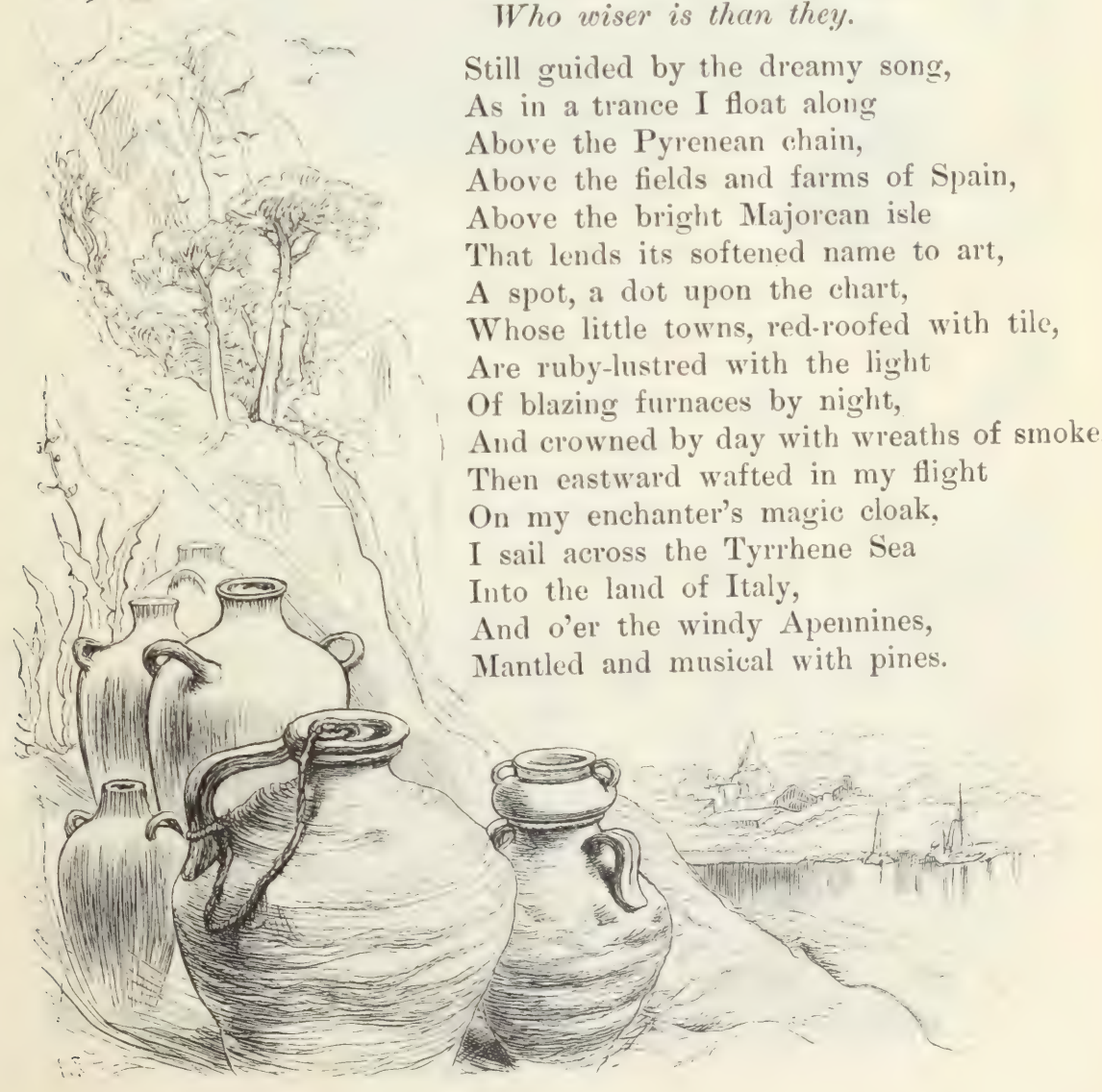
O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,



Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it can not find, creates!

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along
Above the Pyrenean chain,
Above the fields and farms of Spain,
Above the bright Majorcan isle
That lends its softened name to art,
A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,
Are ruby-lustred with the light
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke.
Then eastward wafted in my flight
On my enchanter's magic cloak,
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea
Into the land of Italy,
And o'er the windy Apennines,
Mantled and musical with pines.



The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses, and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of Art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow



With brilliant iridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of color and design.
From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendent grace,
And into fictile fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves
About some landscape, shaded brown,
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deepest blue
With yellow-lustred stars o'erlaid,
Colors of every tint and hue
Mingle in one harmonious whole!



With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,
Her yellow hair in net and braid,
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,



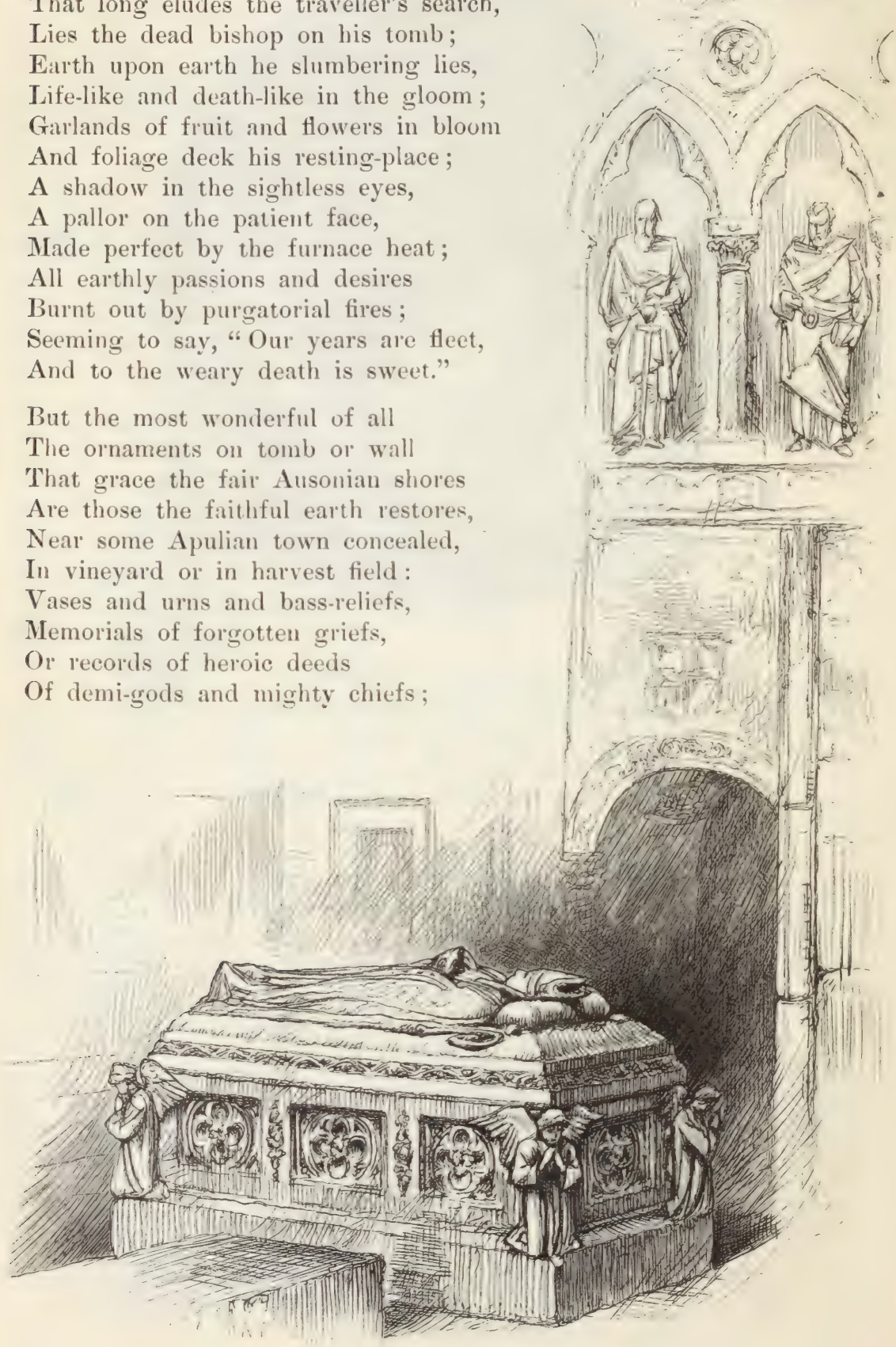
Cana, the Beautiful! A name
Forgotten save for such brief fame
As this memorial can bestow—
A gift some lover long ago
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

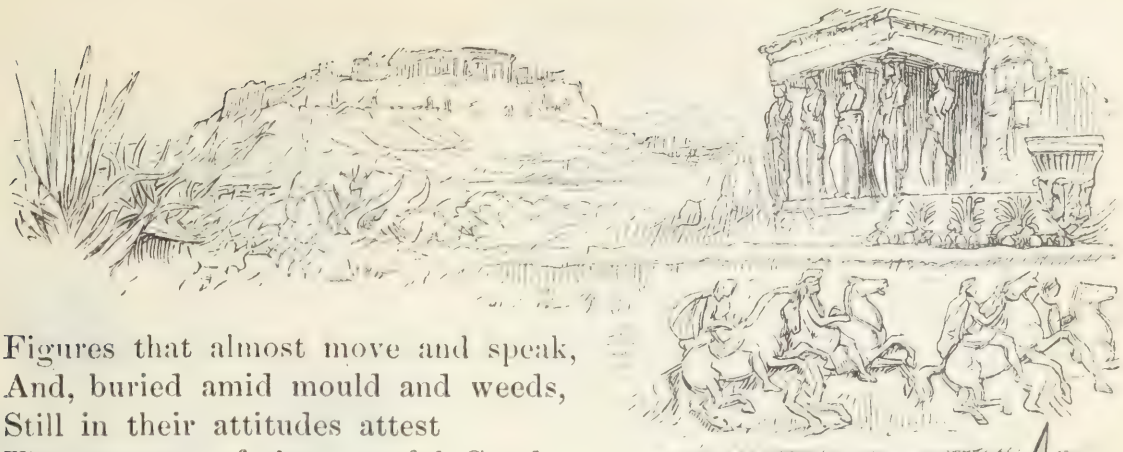
A nobler title to renown
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,
Seated beside the Arno's stream;
For Luca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair
They made thy sovereignty supreme.
These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard but seen,
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,
Their maker's praise; nor these alone,
But the more fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they,
These saints and angels that adorn
The walls of hospitals, and tell
The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday.



Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom
And foliage deck his resting-place;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face,
Made perfect by the furnace heat;
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires;
Seeming to say, "Our years are fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all
The ornaments on tomb or wall
That grace the fair Ausonian shores
Are those the faithful earth restores,
Near some Apulian town concealed,
In vineyard or in harvest field:
Vases and urns and bass-reliefs,
Memorials of forgotten griefs,
Or records of heroic deeds
Of demi-gods and mighty chiefs;



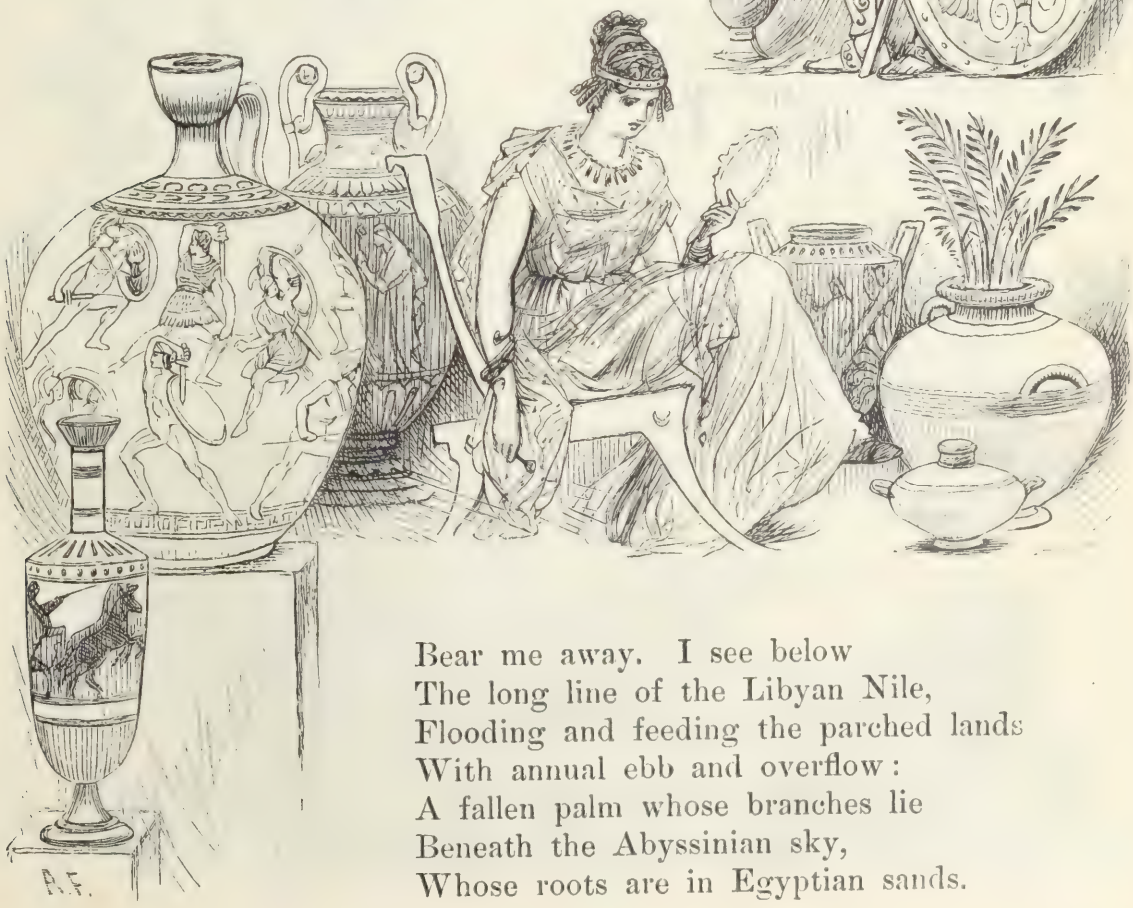


Figures that almost move and speak,
And, buried amid mould and weeds,
Still in their attitudes attest
The presence of the graceful Greek:
Achilles in his armor dressed,
Alcides with the Cretan bull,
And Aphrodite with her boy,
Or lovely Helena of Troy,
Still living and still beautiful!

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis Nature's plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray:
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest-home of day.



And now the winds that southward blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,



Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands
With annual ebb and overflow:
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.

On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,
Beating their breasts with loud appeals
And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambuscade;
And seeing more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and One,
Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these
Are the Egyptian deities—
Ammon, and Emoth, and the grand
Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;
Bracelets with blue-enameled links;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings;
Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept—
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.





O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,
So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on—
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains
Of violet and of crimson dye,
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with céladon.

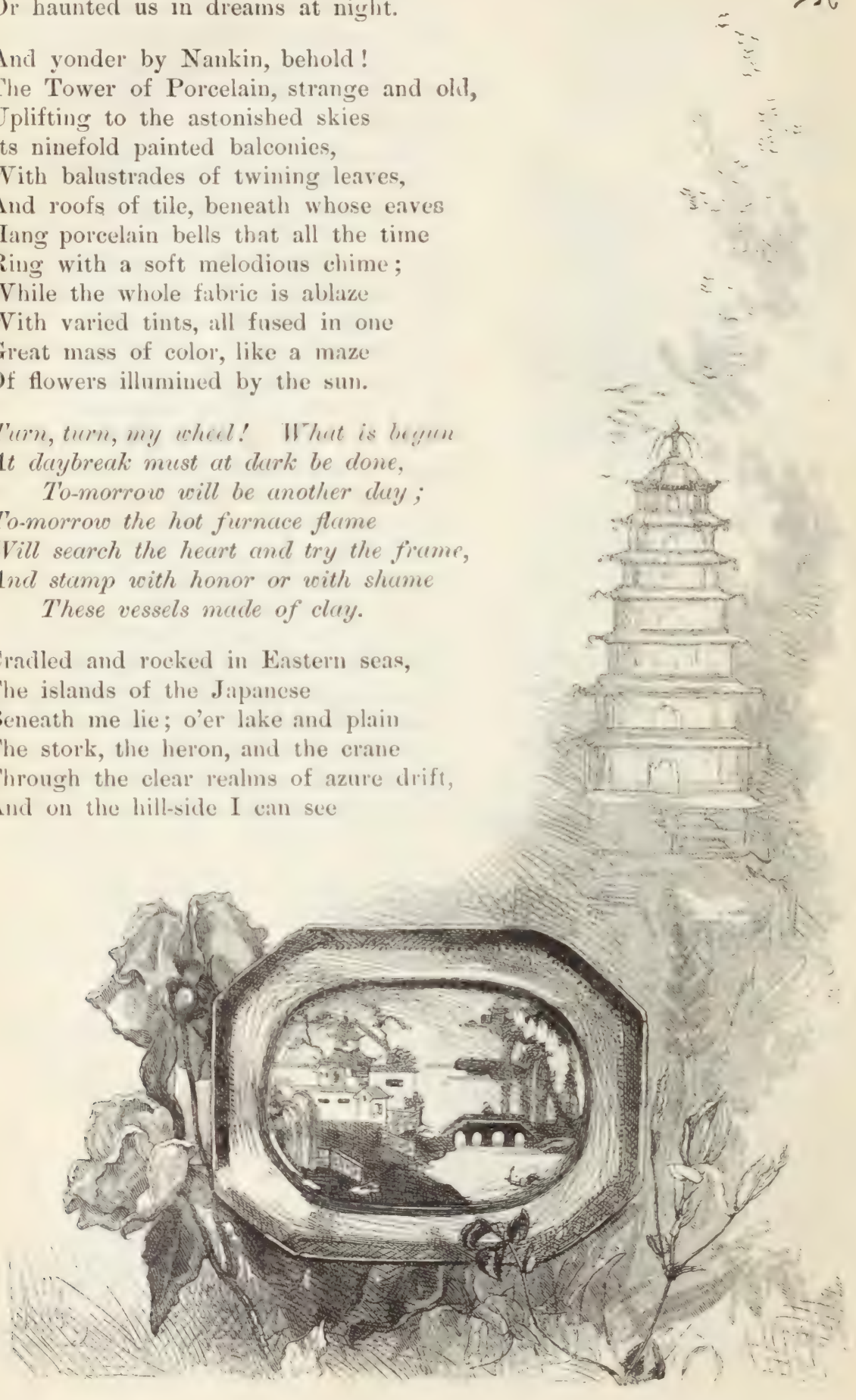
Nor less the coarser household wares—
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees

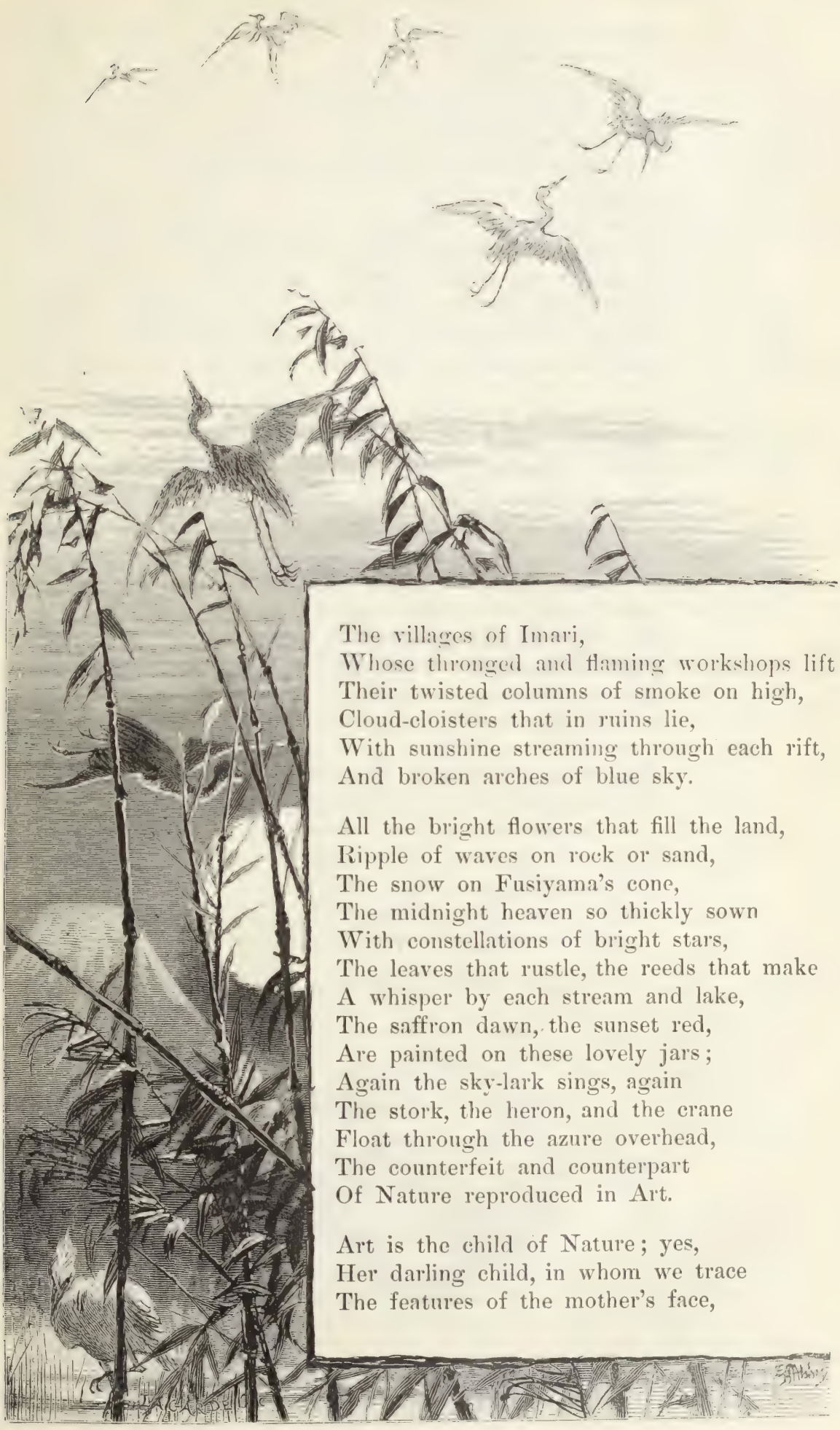
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift,
And on the hill-side I can see





The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on high,
Cloud-cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the land,
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fusiyama's cone,
The midnight heaven so thickly sown
With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make
A whisper by each stream and lake,
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
Are painted on these lovely jars;
Again the sky-lark sings, again
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,

Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's foot-prints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,
Whose eyes behold not what is near,
But only what is far away,
When suddenly sounding, peal on peal,
The church bell from the neighboring town
Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon.
The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel,
His apron on the grass threw down,
Whistled his quiet little tune
Not overloud nor overlong,
And ended thus his simple song:

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon,
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday:
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the Past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay!



THE MAN IN THE CAGE.

"WHAT is that you say, Glosher? In a cage? A human being in an iron cage?"

"Just so. Thar's the house, and thar's the window of the room he's in. I saw him led in, chained like a mad steer, three men with their guns pointed behind. That's a year ago this September. It's a low cage, with bars as thick as my wrist. He's chained to the floor inside it."

The house was a small brick building, the shingled roof curled and black with age; it stood in a field overgrown with thistles and Jamestown weed. A rotting paling fence separated it from the crooked grassy highway which served as a street for the village—a drowsy hamlet in North Carolina, lying literally above the clouds, on one of the mountains of the great Balsam range.

Glosher lounged on, whistling, to the inn, with the string of trout which they had caught, and Mr. Britton, his rod in hand, leaned over the fence looking at the window inside of which was the cage.

He was a sensitive little man, and this thing had startled and moved him greatly. He had been sauntering along just now, a little vain of his day's fishing. The afternoon sunshine was warm and brilliant: every color kindled in it and the thin air to new vigor; these weeds shone like bits of pure lavender; and the blackberries glowed upon the tumble-down fences in knobs of rubies and garnet. Every body in the little hamlet had a friendly greeting for him. At the door of one unpainted house an old woman sat carding wool, her yellow-haired grandchild asleep at her feet; on the porch of another a pretty girl was spinning. Glosher, who was a manly young fellow, had looked sheepish as they passed, and the girl blushed and broke her thread. Mr. Britton smiled to himself. He was but three months married, and every lover was his brother. The village hung on the edge of the height; below it the sea of cirrus clouds was full of light and motion, while a range of mighty peaks beyond shut the hamlet, so it seemed to his fancy, into a strange and sunny calm.

A moment before he had thus been filled with a soft feminine content in himself and his world and his God, thankful for the happy chance which had led him to this peaceful eyrie to spend his hardly earned holiday.

Now he could think only of this window. It was a gaping cave of darkness in the sunshine, and the man within for a year had seen nothing of grassy street, or of young girls, or little children, or driving clouds. He was a beast, chained like a beast in a cage.

As Mr. Britton waited uncertain, he heard coming out of the darkness a sigh and the clank of a chain.

"Good God! That these things should be in such a world!—in such a world!"

He hurried on, very sorry for this human beast, but more stung and aggrieved that the ennobling emotions and harmony of his holiday had been impaired. His coat sleeve, too, was stained with some of the dank lichen on the fence about this accursed place. He wiped it off with a quick sense of loathing and taint. The Rev. Edward Britton was noted for the dainty fastidiousness of his dress and of his morals.

When he reached the little inn he found the landlord waiting at the gate under the walnut-trees. Guests were a novelty, and were made much of by these mountaineers.

"We air a-waitin' supper for you, Sir. Oh, no difference; it's you that's to be consulted"—walking beside him down through the old-fashioned garden, with its border of hollyhocks and blue succory. "You hed good luck, Glosher says, Sir."

"What has that man done, that you cage him like a brute?" interrupted the young clergyman, in a harsh, excited tone.

"Done? Ef you'll come into this room, I'll tell you the story," dropping his voice. "It's a strange one enough."

"No," pushing past him. "Why should I hear it?"

Mr. Britton changed his coat before going into his wife's room. It was a cozy apartment, with windows looking out over the stretch of solitudes and heights of the Nantahela range. A wood fire burned on the hearth. Mrs. Britton, who had been a shy girl but two or three months ago, sat before it trimming a hat. She was a plump, pink-cheeked dot of a woman, with quick-glancing dark eyes, and a habit of frequent decisive little nods and gestures. Her lap was full of brightly colored ribbons; her hand, with its tiny gold thimble, fluttered about her work like a white glancing bird.

"And what have you discovered in this queer corner of the world to-day, Phœbe?" he asked, with a qualm of apprehension.

"An old slave in a hut out of town, who told me she 'refugeed' from Virginia during the war, leaving two sons behind her in Albemarle. I wrote an advertisement and some letters about them. I think they will bring the boys to light."

"What more did you do, my dear?"

"I made a sketch of an Indian who came in with his blow-gun and some skins, and of a mountaineer who was going up to the high range to salt the wild cattle. See, here he is: blue homespun, high boots, bags of salt on his hips, gun for wolves, and whiskey for rattlesnakes."

"It is very spirited, Phœbe. A little faulty as to the knees, eh?" with kindling

interest in his face. There were one or two good prints on the wall, which they had brought in their trunks. Phœbe and he were amateurs in art, and had found a good deal of keen enjoyment already in their work and disputes. Phœbe took out her pencils and retouched the sketch. Then she went back to her sewing, and her husband stirred the fire, and began to talk of home and parish work. Outside, the cloud of fog had risen, and began to shut them in. The logs crackled and sparkled, turning Phœbe's blue ribbon into green. Presently Joe, the lame waiter, came up carrying a tray with their supper. As he spread it on a round table at the side of the fire, Mr. Britton scanned eagerly the smoking coffee, the brown biscuits, the delicate salmon-colored trout. He always did relish a good meal, and the day's fishing had made him hungry. Joe was dismissed, and Phœbe drew closer to the table. How rosy and fair she was! How warm was the fire! When he proceeded to dress a trout for her he had quite forgotten the man in the cage, and all the rest of the world outside of that wall of screening mist.

It seemed to him as if his life was rounded and perfect just then. He and his wife ate their trout, and talked pleasant parish gossip. He was twenty-three. He had graduated the year before, with the reputation of possessing a nice talent for English verse and a vein of tender sentimentalism, which would not impair his usefulness as a popular preacher. His only doubt as to his own qualifications for the heavenly calling was as to his lack of stature in the pulpit. But when he really went into the pulpit, a stool on which he could stand remedied that difficulty. When he was mounted on the stool his face appeared above the snowy surplice, blue-eyed, calm, fastidious, framed in fair hair and side whiskers, and as innocent of all knowledge of human nature as the insipid Madonna in the window overhead.

As soon as he was called to the parish of All-Saints he married. All-Saints was a snug nest for these two tame birds. It was made up of half a dozen families in a town which had sprung up about a railway station in Ohio. The church was new, from the red cushions to the tiny organ and painted window. Choir, vestry-men, congregation, all were new and full of zeal. There was the gray old senior warden, who kept an exceedingly sharp eye on the Reverend Edward; there were the bustling matrons in black silk, with their sewing circle; there was the inevitable cordon of admiring young girls. Mr. Britton was wont to declare that his "flock were one with him in spirit; that they held up his hands in his battle with error." He had, in fact, carried his own belief into practice with regard to changes in albs, chasubles, and altar cloth, and the whole congregation supported him heartily, as they did in his dispute with the Low-Church pastor of St. Thomas concerning the number of genuflections requisite in the creed.

It will thus be seen that the Rev. Mr. Britton had reason when he felt his life to be rounded and complete. He could have wished, perhaps, that Phœbe had not been too much occupied with housekeeping duties to take much interest in the alb or chasuble troubles. She was always ready, however, to stand sponsor for the children of the congregation, or to nurse them when they were sick, and was as anxious about the brides, and cried over the dead, as if the people were all her own kinsfolk.

He was talking now of some of these babies whom he had baptized and young girls whom he had married.

"I thank God often for the happy lot that has fallen to me, my dear," he said, his voice unsteady. "To be the shepherd of this little flock from the cradle to the grave! I little thought when I was a boy such good fortune would be mine."

"When you were a boy, and your stepfather used to thrash you so horribly?" said Phœbe, in her brusque way. "Matthew Pansent?—Pansent? It seems as if I had heard that name within a day or two. Didn't you tell me he went to South Carolina after your mother's death?"

"Yes. It is not necessary to speak farther of him." Mr. Britton's voice was singularly altered. He rose hastily, and began to pace up and down the room. When she looked up she saw that his mild face had undergone a ghastly change. He stopped in front of her. "Phœbe, I desire that you will never mention that man's name to me again"—in a harsh, strident tone.

"No, Edward."

Mr. Britton walked for an hour up and down the dim fire-lighted room. He did not speak again. He was a gentle, submissive Christian. Every body knew that. He knew it of himself. But at the bare mention of Pansent's name his head began to throb, and the blood burned in his veins with the fire of hell. His sole thought was of what punishment he would mete out to the wretch if he had the power. None seemed to him sufficient. Hate him? Why should he not hate him? Had he not tortured his youth, made his mother's old age one long breath of misery? To hate him was to hate sin—fraud— He caught one of Phœbe's occasional keen glances, and tried to smile back to her.

"I will go out in the fresh air a while, my dear. I am not well." His countenance was pinched and colorless; there was a different man looking out from it than the sentimental little clergyman whom she had married.

As he went down the stairs into the impenetrable fog he staggered. It was hard that he, a clergyman, a godly man, should be thus torn with wrath, however righteous. How could he follow out the holy, calm life he purposed, while this man lived? If he were dead, if he could see him lying on the ground here—

He stopped, staring before him with a long breath of relief. It seemed for a moment as if the world was actually rid of this incubus; then, recollecting himself with a shudder, he went on.

When Mr. Britton returned, an hour later, the only trace of the moral convulsion through which he had passed was that he was cross and peevish. These weak, sweetly toned natures are not infrequently found with an obstinate, inhuman chord running through them, and when it is struck, all their ordinary harmonies are jarred out of tune. This may account for the fact that Mr. Britton presently told his wife of the man in the cage, although, an hour or two before, he had been anxious to keep her in ignorance of this terrible thing.

"It is the barbarous custom of this State," he continued, irritably. "They treat a great criminal as a brute—chain him by leg and arm to the floor, inside of just such a cage as is used for wild beasts."

Phœbe turned very pale as she listened; but she said, calmly, "Does the man have enough to eat?"

"How should I know, my dear? I suppose that depends on the humanity of his keeper."

"Are his friends allowed to see him?"

"I believe that he has none. Glosher tells me that nobody has visited him except the jailer."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Caged and chained for a year in a Christian country, and not a soul to speak kindly to him, or tell him of Jesus who died for him!"

Mr. Britton moved uneasily. "That is owing to the fact that there is no regular chaplain; there could not be, of course. This is a mere country jail, with the one inmate—not a penitentiary."

"You are going to him to-morrow, Edward?"

"I?"

Mrs. Britton did not look up. She was trimming the lamp, and her fingers moved nervously. There was a moment of silence. Mr. Britton's pale blue eyes stared vacantly; he pulled unconsciously at his neat whiskers, ran his forefinger about the pretty white band around his neck. This was no question of albs or altar cloths, of baptizing babies or preparing timid young girls for confirmation. It was as if a door had suddenly opened into the horrors of the shadow of death, and a voice commanded him to walk through it.

"Yes, I will go," he said, humbly, after a while. But he was taciturn for the rest of the evening, and bore himself toward his wife with an aggrieved air.

The next morning Mr. Britton rose with an exalted sense of heroism upon him. Phœbe was right. Undoubtedly this was a part of his high duty. But he really, after all, did not think much that morning of the message he was to carry—that was all such a familiar subject to him. He was a little disappointed that Lodon, the jailer, received his proposal to visit the prisoner without surprise or admiration.

"I thought it was time some of you preachers was seein' to him," he said, dryly. "Can't take you in till evenin', though. I'm powerful pushed gettin' in my hay just now."

He was surprised, too, to find Phœbe ready to go with him, as she always did when he visited the sick.

"I have put up a few peaches and cakes, and some salve. They tell me the chains have worn into the flesh."

"Salve and peaches! Why, this is a murderer who killed an old feeble man. He is under sentence of death."

"He is a man, after all, I suppose," said Mrs. Phœbe, calmly packing a jar of honey in her basket.

When Lodon that evening led them through the yard, overgrown with lilac Jamestown weed, Mr. Britton felt his heart sicken within him. The great iron door of the jail creaked on its hinges. They entered a low brick passage. Lodon locked the door behind him, and drew the bars from a heavy iron trap which closed the stairs. In another moment they would be shut in with this human beast.

"I have not thought of what I should say to him, and his one chance of salvation is in me," thought the clergyman, his foot upon the stair. "One moment, Lodon. I—I feel ill. This air—"

Phœbe touched him on the hand. She was very pale, but she smiled cheerfully. "It is only a man just like yourself whom you are going to meet, Edward," she whispered.

A man like himself? Really, Phœbe had the strangest way of expressing herself! He passed on, sustained by a fresh sense of dignity and virtue.

Lodon, hurrying through the dark upper passage, stopped at another iron door, rusted with age.

"Now"—turning the key in the lock.

The cage was a net-work of iron bars, about fifteen feet square, in the centre of a large room, into which the setting sun shone warmly and softly. The air was pure, the cage was scrupulously clean. The murderer was in the centre of it. Phœbe shut her eyes before she could go near him.

"If it was my brother, now?" she thought.

When she opened them she saw an honest-eyed countryman, clad in decent homespun, rising to meet her with a sudden pleased smile.

"I did not know that a lady was coming," he said. The voice was unembarrassed and sincere.

Mr. Britton hastily went up to the cage. "Who is that?" he cried. "Merciful God! John Matlack! Is that you?"

The two men stared at each other, the iron grating between them. The clergyman held to the bars with both hands; the shock of shame for his old friend was so great that he stammered and choked and then stood dumb. But John Matlack eagerly thrust out his chained hand.

"Edward! God bless you! I—I have not seen a face that I knew for a year, and now you—you!"

He was weak and emaciated with long confinement. The tears ran down his cheeks; he had to raise both bloodless hands together to his face to wipe them off. It was a pitiful sight. But Mr. Britton did not give him his hand. It was John Matlack; but it was no less a murderer. Phœbe thrust hers through the bars. The pity, the tender mercy, of all the good, motherly women in the world seemed to look on him through her eyes.

"Why, I have heard so much of you, John. You were on the farm with Edward. He has told me of all the ploughing and 'coon-hunting and— Oh, Edward, speak to him!"

"Why are you here, John?" Mr. Britton took out his cambric handkerchief and wiped his neatly shaven face nervously. Matlack stood upright and looked him steadily in the eyes. The chain from his leg to the floor creaked like some live thing as he moved.

"Why am I here? Because I have been found guilty of the murder of an old man, and sentenced to be hung for it. That's why. I have but a few days longer to live."

"But you did not do it!—you did not do it!" cried Phœbe, breathlessly. "You can not think him guilty, Edward. Look at his face."

Her husband answered the demand in the prisoner's eyes rather than her words.

"God knows with what pain I see you here," he said, evasively. "You are the last man whom I should have thought capable of such a crime."

"If I had found *you* here, Ned, I should have known you incapable of it, and have asked no further," said the prisoner, with a quiet dignity.

He turned away. The chain, to Phœbe's excited eyes, crept hideously across the floor, held him, dragged him back. Mr. Britton feebly pulled at his side whiskers. John Matlack, his old playfellow—murder? It was incredible. And yet he had been tried and sentenced by law, and to Mr. Britton the law was an infallible twin power with the Church.

"Thar's somethin' to be said on Mr. Matlack's side," Lodon began, slowly, tapping on the cage with his keys to emphasize certain points. "Evidence was circumstantial wholly. Old gentleman that was killed hed started a mica mine in the Nantahila Mountings. Mr. Matlack hyar was boss. Thar was hard words between them more than once; that was proved on the trial. The old man was powerful aggravatin'. The day afore the murder he come up from Asheville, a-lookin' into things, and a-swearin' tremenjus, callin' Matlack a swindler and what not. Matlack he answers back, with an oath, as how he'd be even with him, and turned and walked off; and them as stood by said they knew he meant it. That night the old man staid up in the cuttin'-house, lookin' over accounts. Them mine houses is nothin' but plank sheds, you know. The next mornin' he was found lyin' on the pile of mica chips, stone-dead, with a bullet through his heart."

"That was no proof!" cried Phœbe.

"No; but you hevn't heerd me out, Mistress Britton," said Lodon, warming in the recital. "A bit of the waddin' was found with the bullet, and it was a scrap of an envelope directed to 'John Mat'—the rest bein' torn off. Mr. Matlack's wife was ready to swar that he was at home all night, takin' care of their sick boy. Thar was plenty more'd hev sworn they didn't believe John Matlack could do such a thing nohow. But that kind of testimony isn't law."

Matlack had remained with his back turned to them, unmoved while Lodon told his story. The truth was that Mr. Britton's belief in his guilt had stunned him. He had grown used to looking the coming death in the face. After a year of solitude this friend of his youth had suddenly appeared—and condemned him. It was a fresh cut of pain, and a deep one. When his wife was named, however, he turned quickly and glanced at Phœbe.

"Yes. Where is she? what can I do for her, or for you?" demanded that little woman, her cheeks on fire.

"Nothing. She is ill—dying, they tell me. I could save her if I were near her. She knows whether I am innocent or not, thank God!"

"*I* know it. You don't suppose that I believe that evidence? Not a syllable of it."

Mr. Britton was miserable enough while all this was going on. He would have silenced his wife if he could; but how could he? John had been like a brother to him when they were both hard-worked farm boys. The law could not be wrong. It was his duty as a man of God to exhort this

criminal to repentance; but when he looked into the candid, noble face the words died on his lips.

"Who was this murdered man?" he stammered, not knowing what to say.

"Surely you have heard," said Matlack—"Matthew Pansent."

"Pansent?—dead!" Mr. Britton began slowly to pace up and down the cell, as was his habit when he was studying his sermons, his white fingers working with his collar. Phœbe looked after him in terror: she alone saw how greatly he was shaken. He understood it now. John Matlack was innocent. It was he who was the murderer. God had given him his wish.

He went up to the cage; but his jaws refused to move when he would have spoken to Matlack.

"I had forgotten that he was your stepfather, Ned," John said. "But I had nothing to do with his death. He tried me hard, but I never would have harmed the old man."

"*I would.* There never was a time when I should not have been glad to see him dead. It is I who ought to be chained there, not you." Mr. Britton said this in a low, rapid whisper, and then went straight to the door. He moved and looked like a man demented.

For a week after this night Mr. Britton shut himself up in his chamber. In his agony of remorse and humiliation he acted very like a child, and Phœbe was as a mother to him. He protested that he would leave the ministry — even the Church. Blood-guiltiness was on his soul, if not his hands. He never had understood the religion he taught: he never had known the Saviour whom he showed to others.

Phœbe left him only to visit the innocent man in the cage. She read to him, wrote letters to his wife for him and about him.

One day she came home trembling and little disposed to talk.

"The Governor has set the day for—for—"

"The execution?"

"Yes. Next Friday. He has but four days to live."

"He will die an innocent man."

"Why need he die at all?"

"There is no chance. The Governor has been besieged for his pardon. It is necessary to have an example. There has been too great laxity, it appears, in this part of the State." He had been trying to read a circular letter from the bishop, but he threw it down and wandered on. "Why, look at me, Phœbe! I ought to be in his place, and here I am, with my priestly coat and white surplice, regarded as a godly man. John Matlack in chains, and next Thursday a rope about his neck! Think what justice there is in that! Think—"

But Mrs. Britton went hastily into her own room. She was not fond of thinking.

"What is to be done?" she said to herself. When she came back her countenance was rigid as that of a middle-aged woman. She spoke no more of the prisoner.

She went down the next day, as usual, to the jail. She stopped in her reading once or twice, looking at Matlack with a shudder.

"What is it that you see, ma'am?" asked Lodon, with surprise, for she was not a nervous woman.

"Oh, the chain. It seems alive to me. It creeps after him, holds him until they are ready to murder him."

"You ought not to come here, Mrs. Britton," said Matlack. "It is too great a strain on any woman."

She looked at him. Considerate of her, with death just at hand!—with a wife and child in the world whom he should never see again! But Matlack bore himself with the same gravity and simplicity in the face of his terrible fate as he had done when he was a boy. Nothing but his deathly pallor told of any suffering.

"Do not come to-morrow," he said, when she rose to go. "There will be another day. I should like to give you a message then for—"

"For your wife and little Charley. I know, John."

"There's nobody else I'd ask to see them, though some of my old friends have been down this week. They're very kind. But you—"

"Yes, yes. Good-by, now," shaking his hand and turning away. "Oh! this copy of hymns—I have been reading to you. I will leave it." She handed it to Lodon for inspection—a few small sheets of manuscript bound in a thick parchment cover. The jailer noticed how cold her hand was as he touched it. He passed the roll through the bars of the cage.

"You will find much comfort in some of them," she said, looking Matlack steadily in the eye—"especially in the first."

As she turned away, the cell grew suddenly dark before her, and the hideous clank of the chain jeered and mocked at her.

The street was drowsier than usual that evening. It was the day for the weekly mail to come in, but the carrier had arrived, and his mule and cart were put away, and all the excitement was over. Most of the houses were already closed for the night. The doctor and squire were seated in front of the store, finishing a game of draughts by the fading twilight, and a negro near by was "picking" a banjo, while another shuffled a doleful jig and sang, "Fahwell foreber—oh-h, foreber."

Mrs. Britton laughed nervously. The moon hung low in the horizon, heavy mass

es of fog drove through the valley. She remembered that the moonlight would only last an hour. She looked out to the vast sweep of wooded mountain ranges. Once safe in these impenetrable solitudes, no fugitive could be discovered, thank God! There was a little chamber, too, where a young wife lay near to death, with her boy beside her, waiting to hear that her husband had died upon the gallows. If—

Mr. Britton happened to read that night the story of how Lazarus was snatched out of the jaws of death. His wife listened, with her head lying on her folded arms on the table.

"This man too, O God!" she said.

When her husband read the evening prayers, she did not kneel, and did not know he was praying.

Mr. Britton touched her gently after a while. "You are feverish, my dear; you need rest," he said.

She walked hastily to the window. The fog had blotted street and houses out of sight, and without was the silence of death.

Early the next morning a commotion was heard on the street below, shrill cries and men running. Mrs. Britton was already seated, her sewing in hand. She stitched on carefully without lifting her eyes.

Lame Joe tapped at the door. He stuttered with excitement when Mr. Britton opened it.

"De prisoner am escaped, Sah. Watchspring saw—cut de iron. Too many ob he's frens hyah las' week."

Mr. Britton ran down the stairs to join the excited crowd below. Phœbe did not move, but as she sewed her eyes shone, and the tears fell like rain.

Four years later Mr. Britton sat reading the newspaper one evening to his wife. He was a changed man in these four years, it was reported in church gossip. His sermons were no longer the fine efforts of literary skill and scholarship which they had been at first; but there was a humility and earnestness in them, like the voice of a man saved from shipwreck crying to his fellows, which gave them strange power.

"Look at this," he said, laying the newspaper before her, and pointing to a passage. His finger shook as he did it.

"E. P. Connors, who died in the State-prison on Tuesday, confessed to the murder of Matthew Pansent, in this county, five years ago. His *ante-mortem* statement was sworn to before a magistrate. This is the murder for which Matlack, as our readers will remember, was convicted, and is still under sentence of death."

Mrs. Britton did not say a word after she had read the paragraph, but she rose quickly and left the room. She came back carrying a folded paper; she was evidently struggling with deep controlled excitement.

"Will you send this telegram to-night to California?"

He took it gravely. "It is to John Matlack?"

"Yes."

"What of him, Phœbe?"

"He is with his wife and boys. This is all he needs in life."

"You have been his friend all this time?"

"Yes, Edward."

"I thought so." He laughed to himself when he went out of the room. Then he put on his overcoat and took the telegram to the office.

A YEAR OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

(CONTINUED.)

THIS was April of 1849, and only one steam-ship had preceded ours. Its passengers had been taken up the coast to San Francisco on the *California*, the first of the line sent round the Horn; she was to have returned and been at Panama to connect with us. A second steam-ship, the *Panama*, had also left New York on her way round, but was not to reach Panama until a month later. It could only be conjectured why the *California* did not return, and it was supposed, as was afterward proved, that all her crew had deserted to go to the mines, and no men could be induced to take their places. The madness of the gold fever was upon every body up there, so we were detained in Panama seven weeks before the relief came. Seven weeks of tropical climate in the rainy season was hard upon those who had even the best accommodation, but simply fatal to those who had only tents and no resources against the climate. Another monthly steamer, and sailing vessels from all our ports, brought in accessions, until there were several thousand Americans banked up in Panama, and none of them prepared for this detention. The suffering from it was great, and one of the greatest troubles was that, though the mails continued to arrive, which would contain not only their family and business news from home, but in many cases money remittances which were very much needed, no one was authorized to open them, as they were made up for San Francisco. Our consul, who was, of course, a foreigner, cared more for the technical offense he might give to the government than for the actual good he might do to the Americans. Our people met the emergency in their national way: they called a public meeting, where it was decided that a committee of twelve should be chosen, to be agreed upon by all present; that these twelve persons before all should open the mails and distribute them. This committee was selected from among the government officials there—the Ameri-

can commissioners for running a boundary line between Mexico and California, the custom-house officers, officers of high rank in the army, and persons of political and personal distinction well known to all who were there. From among these the committee of twelve was made up.

The newspapers brought over by the steamer passengers gave me my first information of the sufferings of Mr. Fremont's overland party, and with these were rumors still more painful than the reality. I knew that in those mail-bags were letters from my father giving me the truth, and bringing such comfort as could be sent through letters, yet for want of them I was left to the horrors of imagination. This, added to the effects of the rainy season, began to make me ill. When the bags were opened, they quickly came to letters with my father's well-known frank upon them, which were as quickly brought to me, and passed up to the balcony on the end of a split sugar-cane—the sugar-cane for my little girl, the letters for me. Then I only thought of my letters; now I can see in it the intelligent results of self-government, making our people do the right thing under unusual circumstances. Hundreds were suffering for want of proper food and accommodations, which they could not have without money, while in these closed bags lay the letters containing their drafts, which could be exchanged by the company's agents or express company; so they made their laws as they went.

This was the governing letter brought me by the mails. I do not apologize for giving it in full, for it is a necessary "supplement and complement" of this narrative of personal experience of the impediments to reaching California at that period:

LETTER FROM COLONEL FREMONT TO HIS WIFE.

"TAOS, NEW MEXICO, *January* 27, 1849.

"I write to you from the house of our good friend Carson. This morning a cup of chocolate was brought to me while yet in bed. To an overworn, overworked, much-fatigued, and starving traveller these little luxuries of the world offer an interest which in your comfortable home it is not possible for you to conceive. While in the enjoyment of this luxury, then, I pleased myself in imagining how gratified you would be in picturing me here in Kit's care, whom you will fancy constantly occupied and constantly uneasy in endeavoring to make me comfortable. How little could you have dreamed of this while he was enjoying the pleasant hospitality of your father's house! The furthest thing then from your mind was that he would ever repay it to me here.

"But I have now the unpleasant task of telling you how I came here. I had much rather write you some rambling letters in unison with the repose in which I feel inclined to indulge, and talk to you about the future, with which I am already busily occupied; about my arrangements for getting speedily down into the more pleasant climate of the lower Del Norte and rapidly through into California, and my plans when I get there. I have an almost invincible repugnance to going back among scenes where I have endured much suffering, and for all the incidents and circumstances of which I feel a strong aversion. But as clear information is absolutely necessary to you, and to your father more particularly still, I will give you the story now instead of waiting to tell it to you in California. But I write in the great hope that you will not receive this letter. When it reaches Washington you may be on your way to California.

"Former letters have made you acquainted with our journey so far as Bent's Fort, and from report you will have heard the circumstances of our departure from the Upper Pueblo of the Arkansas. We left that place about the 25th of November, with upward of a hundred good mules, and one hundred and thirty bushels of shelled corn, intended to support our animals across the snow of the high mountains, and down to the lower parts of the Grand River tributaries, where usually the snow forms no obstacle to winter travelling. At the Pueblo I had engaged as a guide an old trapper well known as 'Bill Williams,' and who had spent some twenty-five years of his life in trapping various parts of the Rocky Mountains. The error of our journey was committed in engaging this man. He proved never to have in the least known, or entirely to have forgotten, the whole region of country through which we were to pass. We occupied more than half a month in making the journey of a few days, blundering a tortuous way through deep snow, which already began to choke up the passes, for which we were obliged to waste time in searching. About the 11th of December we found ourselves at the north of the Del Norte Cañon, where that river issues from the St. John's Mountain, one of the highest, most rugged, and impracticable of all the Rocky Mountain ranges, inaccessible to trappers and hunters even in the summer-time. Across the point of this elevated range our guide conducted us, and having still great confidence in his knowledge, we pressed onward with fatal resolution. Even along the river-bottoms the snow was already belly-deep for the mules, frequently snowing in the valley and almost constantly in the mountains. The cold was extraordinary; at the warmest hours of the day (between one and two) the thermometer (Fahrenheit) standing in the shade of only a tree trunk at zero; the day sunshiny, with a moderate breeze. We pressed up toward the summit, the snow deepening, and in four or five days reached the naked ridges which lie above the timbered country, and which form the dividing grounds between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Along these naked ridges it storms nearly all winter, and the winds sweep across them with remorseless fury. On our first attempt to cross we encountered a *poudrerie*, and were driven back, having some ten or twelve men variously frozen—face, hands, or feet. The guide became nigh being frozen to death here, and dead mules were already lying about the fires. Meantime it snowed steadily. The next day we made mauls, and, beating a road or trench through the snow, crossed the crest in defiance of the *poudrerie*, and encamped immediately below in the edge of the timber. The trail showed as if a defeated party had passed by—pack-saddles and packs, scattered articles of clothing, and dead mules strewed along. A continuance of stormy weather paralyzed all movement. We were encamped somewhere about 12,000 feet above the sea. Westward the country was buried in deep snow. It was impossible to advance, and to turn back was equally impracticable. We were overtaken by sudden and inevitable ruin. It so happened that the only places where any grass could be had were the extreme summits of the ridges, where the sweeping winds kept the rocky ground bare, and the snow could not lie. Below these, animals could not get about, the snow being deep enough to bury them. Here, therefore, in the full violence of the storms, we were obliged to keep our animals. They could not be moved either way. It was instantly apparent that we should lose every animal.

"I determined to recross the mountain more toward the open country, and haul or pack the baggage (by men) down to the Del Norte. With great labor the baggage was transported across the crest to the head springs of a little stream leading to the main river. A few days were sufficient to destroy our fine band of

mules. They generally kept huddled together, and as they froze, one would be seen to tumble down, and the snow would cover him; sometimes they would break off and rush down toward the timber until they were stopped by the deep snow, where they were soon hidden by the *poudrerie*. The courage of the men failed fast; in fact, I have never seen men so soon discouraged by misfortune as we were on this occasion; but, as you know, the party was not constituted like the former ones. But among those who deserve to be honorably mentioned, and who behaved like what they were—men of the old exploring party—were Godey, King, and Taplin; and first of all Godey. In this situation I determined to send in a party to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico for provisions and mules to transport our baggage to Taos. With economy, and after we should leave the mules, we had not two weeks' provisions in the camp. These consisted of a store which I had reserved for a hard day—macaroni and bacon. From among the volunteers I chose King, Brackenridge, Creutzfeldt, and the guide Williams; the party under the command of King. In case of the least delay at the settlements, he was to send me an express. In the mean time, we were to occupy ourselves in removing the baggage and equipage down to the Del Norte, which we reached with our baggage in a few days after their departure (which was the day after Christmas). Like many a Christmas for years back, mine was spent on the summit of a wintry mountain, my heart filled with gloomy and anxious thoughts, with none of the merry faces and pleasant luxuries that belong to that happy time. You may be sure we contrasted much this with the last at Washington, and speculated much on your doings, and made many warm wishes for your happiness. Could you have looked into Agrippa's glass for a few moments only! You remember the volumes of Blackstone which I took from your father's library when we were overlooking it at our friend Brant's? They made my Christmas amusements. I read them to pass the heavy time and forget what was around me. Certainly you may suppose that my first law lessons will be well remembered. Day after day passed by, and no news from our express party. Snow continued to fall almost incessantly on the mountain. The spirits of the camp grew lower. Proue laid down in the trail and froze to death. In a sunshiny day, and having with him means to make a fire, he threw his blankets down in the trail and lay there till he froze to death. After sixteen days had elapsed from King's departure, I became so uneasy at the delay that I decided to wait no longer. I was aware that our troops had been engaged in hostilities with the Spanish Utahs and Apaches, who range in the North River Valley, and became fearful that they (King's party) had been cut off by these Indians; I could imagine no other accident. Leaving the camp employed with the baggage and in charge of Mr. Vincenthaler, I started down the river with a small party, consisting of Godey (with his young nephew), Mr. Preuss, and Saunders. We carried our arms and provisions for two or three days. In the camp the messes had provisions for two or three meals, more or less, and about five pounds of sugar to each man. Failing to meet King, my intention was to make the Red River settlement, about twenty-five miles north of Taos, and send back the speediest relief possible. My instructions to the camp were that if they did not hear from me within a stated time, they were to follow down the Del Norte.

"On the second day after leaving camp we came upon a fresh trail of Indians—two lodges, with a considerable number of animals. This did not lessen our uneasiness for our people. As their trail when we met it turned and went down the river, we followed it. On the fifth day we surprised an Indian on the ice of the river. He proved to be a Utah, son of a Grand River chief we had formerly known, and behaved to us in a friendly manner. We encamped near them at night. By a present of a rifle, my two blankets, and other promised rewards when we should get in, I prevailed upon this Indian to go with us as a guide to the Red River settlement, and take with him four of his horses, principally to carry our little baggage. These were wretchedly poor, and could get along only in a very slow walk. On that day (the sixth) we left the lodges late, and travelled only some six or seven miles. About sunset we discovered a little smoke in a grove of timber off from the river, and thinking perhaps it might be our express party on its return, we went to see. This was the twenty-second day since they had left us, and the sixth since we had left the camp. We found them—three of them, Creutzfeldt, Brackenridge, and Williams—the most miserable objects I have ever seen. I did not recognize Creutzfeldt's features when Brackenridge brought him up to me and mentioned his name. They had been starving. King had starved to death a few days before. His remains were some six or eight miles above, near the river. By aid of the horses, we carried these three men with us to Red River settlement, which we reached (January 20) on the tenth evening after leaving our camp in the mountains, having travelled through snow and on foot 160 miles. I look upon the anxiety which induced me to set out from the camp as an inspiration. Had I remained there waiting the party which had been sent in, every man of us would probably have perished.

"The morning after reaching the Red River town, Godey and myself rode on to the Rio Hondo and Taos in search of animals and supplies, and on the second evening after that on which we had reached Red River, Godey had returned to that place with about thirty animals, provisions, and four Mexicans, with which he set out for the camp on the following morning. On the road he received eight or ten others, which were turned over to him by the orders of Major Beale, the commanding officer of this northern district of New Mexico. I expect that Godey will reach this place with the party on Wednesday evening, the 31st. From Major Beale I received the offer of every aid in his power, and such actual assistance as he was able to render. Some horses which he had just recovered from the Utahs were loaned to me, and he supplied me from the commissary's department with provisions which I could have had nowhere else. I find myself in the midst of friends. With Carson is living Owens, and Maxwell is at his father-in-law's, doing a very prosperous business as a merchant and contractor for the troops.

"*Evening.*

"Mr. St. Vrain and Aubrey, who have just arrived from Santa Fé, called to see me. I had the pleasure to learn that Mr. St. Vrain sets out from Santa Fé on the 15th of February for St. Louis, so that by him I have an early and certain opportunity of sending you my letters. Beale left Santa Fé on his journey to California on the 9th of this month. He probably carried on with him any letters which might have been at Santa Fé for me. I shall probably reach California with him or shortly after him. Say to your father that these are my plans for the future.

"At the beginning of February (about Saturday) I shall set out for California, taking the southern route by the Rio Abajo, the Paso del Norte, and the south side of the Gila, entering California at the Agua Caliente, thence to Los Angeles, and immediately north. I shall break up my party here, and take with me only a few men. The survey has been uninterrupted up to this point, and I shall carry it on consecutively. As soon as possible after reaching California I will go on with the survey of the coast and coast country. Your father knows that this is an object of great desire with me, and I trust it is not too much to hope that he may obtain the countenance and aid of the President (whoever he may be) in carrying it on effectually and rapidly to completion. For this I hope earnestly. I shall then be enabled to draw up a map and report on the whole country, agreeably to our previous anticipations. *All my other plans remain entirely unaltered.* I shall take immediate steps to make ourselves a good home in California, and to have a place ready for your reception, which I anticipate for April. My hopes and wishes are more strongly than ever turned that way.

"*Monday, 29.*

"My letter now assumes a journal form. No news yet from the party. A great deal of falling weather;

rain and sleet here, and snow in the mountains. This is to be considered a poor country—mountainous, with severe winters and but little arable land. To the United States it seems to me to offer little other value than the right of way. It is throughout infested with Indians, with whom, in the course of the present year, the United States will be at war, as well as in the Oregon Territory. To hold this country will occasion the government great expense, and certainly one can see no source of profit or advantage in it. An additional regiment will be required for special service here.

"Mr. St. Vrain dined with us to-day. Owens goes to Missouri in April to get married, and thence by water to California. Carson is very anxious to go there with me now, and afterward remove his family thither, but he can not decide to break off from Maxwell and family connections.

"I am anxiously waiting to hear from my party, in much uncertainty as to their fate. My presence kept them together and quiet, my absence may have had a bad effect. When we overtook King's starving party, Brackenridge said that he 'would rather have seen me than his father.' He felt himself safe.

"Taos, New Mexico, *February* 6, 1849.

"After a long delay, which had wearied me to a point of resolving to set out again myself, tidings have at last reached me from my ill-fated party. Mr. Haler came in last night, having the night before reached Red River settlement, with some three or four others. Including Mr. King and Proue, we have lost eleven of our party. Occurrences after I left them are briefly these, so far as they are within Haler's knowledge. I say briefly, because now I am unwilling to force myself to dwell upon particulars. I wish for a time to shut out these things from my mind, to leave this country, and all thoughts and all things connected with recent events, which have been so signally disastrous as absolutely to astonish me with a persistence of misfortune, which no precaution has been adequate on my part to avert.

"You will remember that I had left the camp with occupation sufficient to employ them for three or four days, after which they were to follow me down the river. Within that time I had expected the relief from King, if it was to come at all.

"They remained where I had left them seven days, and then started down the river. Manuel—you will remember Manuel, the Cosumne Indian—gave way to a feeling of despair after they had travelled about two miles, begged Haler to shoot him, and then turned and made his way back to the camp, intending to die there, as he doubtless soon did. They followed our trail down the river—twenty-two men they were in all. About ten miles below the camp, Wise gave out, threw away his gun and blanket, and a few hundred yards further fell over into the snow and died. Two Indian boys—young men, countrymen of Manuel—were behind. They rolled up Wise in his blanket, and buried him in the snow on the river-bank. No more died that day—none the next. Carver raved during the night, his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself eating. In the morning he wandered off from the party, and probably soon died. They did not see him again. Sorel on this day gave out, and laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition, and snow-blind, remained. These two did not probably last till the next morning. That evening, I think, Hubbard killed a deer. They travelled on, getting here and there a grouse, but probably nothing else, the snow having frightened off the game. Things were desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking up the party in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them 'that he had done all he could for them, that they had no other hope remaining than the expected relief, and that their best plan was to scatter and make the best of their way in small parties down the river. That, for his part, if he was to be eaten, he would, at all events, be found travelling when he did die.' They accordingly separated. With Mr. Haler continued five others and the two Indian boys. Rohrer now became very despondent. Haler encouraged him by recalling to mind his family, and urged him to hold out a little longer. On this day he fell behind, but promised to overtake them at evening. Haler, Scott, Hubbard, and Martin agreed that if any one of them should give out, the others were not to wait for him to die, but build a fire for him, and push on. At night Kern's mess encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come, and, in the mean time, to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. With the three Kerns were Cathcart, Andrews, M'Kie, Stepperfeldt, and Taplin.

"Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up and remained with Kern's mess. Mr. Haler learned afterward from that mess that Rohrer and Andrews wandered off the next day and died. They say they saw their bodies. In the morning Haler's party continued on. After a few hours Hubbard gave out. They built him a fire, gathered him some wood, and left him, without, as Haler says, turning their heads to look at him as they went off. About two miles further, Scott—you remember Scott, who used to shoot birds for you at the frontier—gave out. They did the same for him as for Hubbard, and continued on. In the afternoon the Indian boys went ahead, and before night-fall met Godey with the relief. Haler heard and knew the guns which he fired for him at night, and, starting early in the morning, soon met him. I hear that they all cried together like children. Haler turned back with Godey, and went with him to where they had left Scott. He was still alive, and was saved. Hubbard was dead—still warm. From Kern's mess they learned the death of Andrews and Rohrer, and a little above met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before.

"Godey continued on with a few New Mexicans and pack-mules to bring down the baggage from the camp. Haler, with Martin and Bacon, on foot, and bringing Scott on horseback, have first arrived at the Red River settlement. Provisions and horses for them to ride were left with the others, who preferred to rest on the river until Godey came back. At the latest, they should all have reached Red River settlement last night, and ought all to be here this evening. When Godey arrives, I shall know from him all the circumstances sufficiently in detail to enable me to understand clearly every thing. But it will not be necessary to tell you any thing further. It has been sufficient pain for you to read what I have already written.

"As I told you, I shall break up my party here. I have engaged a Spaniard to furnish mules to take my little party, with our baggage, as far down the Del Norte as Albuquerque. To-morrow a friend sets out to purchase me a few mules, with which he is to meet me at Albuquerque, and thence I continue the journey on my own animals. My road will take me down the Del Norte about 160 miles below Albuquerque, and then passes between this river and the heads of the Gila to a little Mexican town called, I think, Tusson; thence to the mouth of the Gila and across the Colorado, direct to Agua Caliente, into California. I intend to make the journey rapidly, and about the middle of March hope for the great pleasure of hearing from home. I look for a large supply of newspapers and documents, more, perhaps, because these things have a home look about them than on their own account. When I think of you all, I feel a warm glow at my heart, which renovates it like a good medicine, and I forget painful feelings in a strong hope for the future. We shall yet enjoy quiet and happiness together—these are nearly one and the same to me now. I make frequently pleasant pictures of the happy home we are to have, and oftenest and among the pleasantest of all I see our library, with its bright fire in the rainy stormy days, and the large windows looking out upon the sea in the bright weather. I have it all planned in my own mind."

* * * * * * *

Now friends and strangers both rose to protest against my going any further; every one was convinced that, after such fa-

tigues and starvation, Mr. Fremont would not succeed in making his way through an unknown country to California, and that I should find no one to meet me when I did reach there. This decided me to go on, for I could not accept that idea.

The ladies in whose house I was were as kind as possible to me, and fortunately I could speak Spanish with them. All this time there was no steamer either from round the Horn or from California, and the only way of leaving the Isthmus was to return to New York, which was insisted upon by friends who thought that I ought not to wait any longer, with such uncertainties of transfer, and the greater uncertainty ahead. On the yellowed leaf of a "little well-worn book," in faded ink, I see now the words, "Panama, May, 1849," and the quotation,

> "On a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand."

Mr. Gray, one of the Boundary Commissioners, came to me early one morning with a newspaper containing a long letter from my father regarding the expedition, in which he gave, for the benefit of the friends of those with Mr. Fremont, all that was known positively of the expedition, and the most reasonable and reasoning conjectures as to the safety and results of that which had just started again from New Mexico. About sundown Mr. Gray came to me with still another newspaper, with still more on the same subject. He found me where he had left me in the morning—sitting upon the sofa, with the unopened paper clasped in my hand, my eyes closed, and my forehead purple from congestion of the brain, and entirely unable to understand any thing said to me. All the long train of troubled feeling and uncertainties and discomforts, together with the climate, had culminated in brain-fever.

Now came all the benefit of being in a private family; Madame Arcé cared for me as though I had been her own child, and so conscientiously that she summoned an American, although her own preference was for her Spanish family physician. His course of treatment was to exclude all outer air, and follow the old Spanish practice of bleeding, and hot water internally and externally. The American physician (attached to the Boundary Commission) was for iced drinks, cooling applications to the head, currents of fresh air, and blisters. These two, with their contradictory ideas and their inability to understand each other fully, only added to the confusion of my mind, and became part of my delirium. My lungs were congested, and it was needed to apply a blister all over the chest. No leeches could be had, and croton-oil, which would have answered the purpose without leaving disfiguring marks, was not to be found any where. And here I had another of the kindnesses done me, of which I have had so many before and since, from American men, who deserve fully their reputation for disinterested kindness and care toward women. No one ventured willingly into the sun; but a gentleman had himself rowed out to an English man-of-war which lay in the bay, and found in their medicine chest the croton-oil that was needed. This was no small thing to do. The reef in the harbor at Panama is so far extended that vessels had to lie out about three miles; the tide rises twenty-five feet, so that not only was it a protracted exposure to the sun, but dangerous from the impetuosity with which the tide came in.

My brother-in-law all this time remained dangerously ill from the effects of his sunstroke, and as he had to be taken back to the United States, even my new Spanish friends thought I too should return at the same time. I had become well enough to walk as far as the ramparts, which were very near the house. All the Americans came there the hour before sunset, the only cool time of the day. They were an eager animated set of people when first there, but the failure of the steamers to arrive had told upon every one. They felt, like shipwrecked people, that there was no escape from there; every sailing vessel that could be chartered had been to carry up the people. Those who had their through tickets still held to the hope that one steamer might come round the Horn if the other did not return. The first time I went to the ramparts after my illness the sight of this discouraged set of people almost decided me to go home, all the more that with the natural kindliness of fellow-countrymen in a distant place many of them came up, as I sat upon the old brass gun in an embrasure, to tell me how glad they were I had not died, and begged me not to stay there any longer but to go back. I was spared the necessity of deciding for or against by the simultaneous arrival of the two steamers, one from California, the other from around the Horn, both getting there in the night within an hour of each other; so that their guns were mistaken for a second fire—it was supposed the first steamer had fired again. Every one had been listening for weeks for these guns. It was a splendid moonlight night, about two o'clock, and in a few minutes all the Americans had crowded to the ramparts, and all the native people were up and talking on the streets. All the passengers were landing, but the interest concentrated on those from California. Straightway men forgot all the trials connected with the crossing and the waiting, for there was the stream of returning gold-diggers, bringing with them the evidence that in the new country was more than justification for all the trials they

were going through with to reach there. Of course I was up, dressed, and looking at all this busy throng crowding the great square which was in front of our house. I heard my own name, and got sight of a familiar face and uniform as two gentlemen turned into the entrance below the balcony. One of them was saying, "Mrs. Fremont here! Heavens, what a crib for a lady!" The naval officer* was on his way direct to Washington with official statements and gold specimens forwarded to the government. Here was the hardest trial for me. This time I was not advised but ordered to go home, and every thing short of force was used to make me return, under proper care. I had only a few hours to decide, for at the earliest light they had to leave to connect with the returning steamer. In the chronicle of the conquest of Mexico there is one night of disaster and massacre which Bernal Diaz records under the head *tristisima noche;* I had had many sad nights since leaving home, but after my old friends left I think I could name this my saddest night.

After this I did no more deciding, but let myself go with the current. The *Panama*, having just come round the Horn with but few passengers, and having had for its commander Lieutenant (now Admiral) Porter, was in admirable condition, and I was put upon her. Her sister steamer was in all the disorder and discomfort resulting from the want of a proper crew and servants. Lieutenant Porter left the ship here, and the captain who took charge broke down on the voyage from fever, and died shortly after. There were accommodations at most for eighty passengers; we had over four hundred. The ship's steward gave us scanty fare, reserving the canned provisions to sell for his own benefit. For a piece of gold he would sell a little can of vegetables or preserved meat. As usual, I, however, was thoroughly well taken care of. My cough was incessant and racking, and I saw so many eyes turned to me with pity in them that I left the deck and went to my cabin to be where I would disturb no one. The gentleman in the next state-room became alarmed by the peculiar sound of the cough which he understood better than I did, and getting no answer to his knock opened the door and found me, as he feared, with a broken blood-vessel. After that I was better off than before, for they made me a room on the quarter-deck with the big flag doubled and thrown over the boom. Every body contributed something to make me comfortable; one a folding iron camp-bedstead, some, guava jelly, some, tea, while one of my fellow-passengers gave me from his own private stores delicate nourishing things which brought back my strength, and personally superintended their preparation. That this was kindly felt as well as well done will be understood by all who know him—Mr. Samuel Ward. There were several ladies, and one of them, the wife of an officer, shared my deck tent. The ship was so crowded that the whole floor of the deck was chalked out into measured spaces allotted to persons who slept there. My state-room was kept merely for a dressing-room, and I let a good quiet woman who was out of money, and whose husband was working his passage up, sleep there. My "reliable woman" claimed her place in it, but she had to go up in the steerage. I had paid all her expenses in Panama at the hotel, and through to San Francisco, on condition that she never came in my sight. The seven weeks in Panama had proved that new scenes brought no desire for reformation, and by this time there was no popular opinion to sustain her. To dismiss her with a completed record, I will add that one of the great fires in San Francisco in 1851 was traced to her, where she had set fire to her dwelling-house in revenge on Mr. De Lessert for having refused to permit her to remain as his tenant. The Vigilance Committee, as she was a woman, disliked to punish her as they did other criminals; so she was only sent out of the country. It must have been some comfort to her to know that my house was burned in the fire she had started.

The first voyage had only made me know the ocean by day, but on this journey up the Pacific I learned to know it by night also. My flag tent on deck first taught me the luxury of sleeping in the open air, *à la belle étoile*, truly; and the still greater delight of watching the night through all its phases, and seeing the sun rise from the ocean: it was full compensation for all the discomforts of the voyage. As I have said, the deck was parceled out into sleeping-places; nearest us were the gentlemen of our more immediate party and acquaintance. I overheard among these one night a stir and murmuring which took shape to my mind as the announcement of some impending danger; I caught the sense that the captain would not open his door, that the captain would not answer any one, and then the quick decision to do themselves what was necessary. A new sound was added to that made by the steamer's way through the water—a low, busy, grating, whispering sound of waters—and I could see long broken lines of foamy white, which even my inexperience told me were unusual. Seeing that we were sitting up and listening, we were told not to be alarmed, although we were in sound of the breakers, that there was time yet to work the ship off, and that Captain Ringgold had taken command. I was too ignorant to be alarmed. To me it was only a beautiful new phase of the sea. It was for-

* Edward L. Beale, late minister to Austria.

tunate for us that we had experienced naval officers on board, for the captain remained ill, and they proved a safe dependence.

As our voyage wore on, the lack of reading matter began to be felt; we had all exhausted our supply during the long detention at Panama before getting on shipboard, and there was nothing to be exchanged, for each one had the same thing. Every body had a Shakspeare and not much besides. Something was said among us one day about this: how people inevitably read the same books, thought the same thoughts, and used the same expressions; how rare it was under the sun to find any thing new or fresh; whether from want of courage to do our own thinking, or unwillingness to make the breach in received usages, we continually would follow in grooves laid for us. The first school of whales we met illustrated this. I sent different gentlemen about the deck to quietly ascertain what the people were writing in their note-books, for every one had produced a little note-book as soon as they saw the whales. I was sure that the greater number would put it: "This morning, for the first time, we met the leviathan of the deep disporting himself in his native element," or, "Glorious sight! huge monsters at play!" I was sure very few would call a whale a whale, and it proved so. It was a morning's fun for us to watch the different ambassadors on their missions; they would draw out the unsuspecting writer, saying "there was a fine sight;" "something to write home about;" "it was very hard to keep a journal on a monotonous sea-voyage," etc. Then the writer would proudly read out what he had been preparing for home. In almost every case it was the stereotyped sentence. When the returns were in, we found the leviathan had it by an immense majority: very few whales.

For myself, I did not miss books. I was in the languid content of convalescence, and it was enough to lie still and take in so much that was new and, as a German friend of mine puts it, "harmonious" to me. From my flag tent on deck I loved to look out, myself in shadow, to the deep blue of the ocean, stretching far, far, to where it joined with the line of the cloudless blue sky—to the calm splendor of the bronze and golden sunset clouds at that grand moment of the sun's setting in the ocean. I had never before seen the stars all through a night. I had not known how close, how animated, they could be. I had never watched the paling of the stars before the coming day, nor that beautiful ripple that comes just as the sun rises in the first breath of morning. Like nothing else in nature for its suggestion of freshness and new happy life, except the smile that sometimes comes on the face of a sleeping baby about to wake.

There was no need to keep a journal. Every thing burned itself in in its own image on my mind, and all settled there as part of the endless talks I should have when, returned home, like Sindbad, I should relate my voyages.

Against all adverse circumstances was the pure air of the ocean coming into my lungs night and day and healing them. By the time we reached San Diego I was fairly well; but I do not know how it would have been if fresh discouragements had reached me there. At this point I was to learn whether Mr. Fremont had or had not arrived in California. As we dropped anchor, and boats put off to us from the shore, I went below. If I had needed any proof of the universal good feeling and interest in me it came now, for I think the whole ship's passengers crowded to my door. "The colonel has come!" "The colonel is safe!" "It's all right now, madam!" "The colonel was in the Angeles three weeks ago," and had gone up overland to meet the steamer, which was overdue. Then their fears and sympathies were openly expressed to me. No one had thought it possible that a party so broken down with hardships could force its way in the winter months through the then unknown country, and they dreaded the result for me.

The few remaining days of the journey were completely charming. We had come into bracing cool air, which repaired the damage done by the tropics, and every one was eager and confident of success in the now certain gold country. Major Derby ("John Phœnix") gave way to his wildest fun and high spirits, and organized a series of *tableaux vivants* and theatricals that were acted every night on deck in a way that would have made the fortune of a theatrical manager—there were many cultivated and charming people among the passengers—and altogether life seemed very bright and full of happy possibilities as we entered the Golden Gate.*

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* "Called *Chrysopylæ* (Golden Gate) on the map, on the same principle that the harbor of *Byzantium*—Constantinople afterward—was called *Chrysoceræ* (Golden Horn). The form of the harbor and its advantages for commerce, and that before it became an entrepôt of Eastern commerce, suggested the name to the Greek founders of Byzantium. The form of the bay of San Francisco and its advantages for commerce, Asiatic inclusive, suggest the name which is given to this entrance."

This is a foot-note occurring in "Senate Document, Miscellaneous, No. 148, Thirtieth Congress, First Session." A resolution dated "June 5, 1848," ordered the printing of this document, which is called "Geographical Memoir upon Upper California in Illustration of his Map of Oregon and California, by John Charles Fremont."

There have been various versions of the naming of the entrance to the bay of San Francisco. This was the origin of the name given on the map published in June of '48. The first gold was found in August of that year. J. B. F.

We found a bleak and meagre frontispiece to our Book of Fate. A few low houses, and many tents, such as they were, covered the base of some of the wind-swept treeless hills, over which the June fog rolled its chilling mist. Deserted ships of all sorts were swinging with the tide. A crowd of men swarmed about what is now Montgomery Street, then the mud shore of the bay. It was Aladdin's old lamp, however, homely as it seemed, and fortune was there for those who had what my father used to call "a stomach for a fight," or for those who, born lucky, succeed by virtue of the unknown force to which we concede that term.

The mere landing of the passengers was a problem. The crews who took boats to shore were pretty sure not to come back. The *Ohio*, Captain Ap Catesby Jones commanding, was there. Captain Jones very kindly invited me on board to remain until Mr. Fremont should arrive, for I had the disappointment of finding he was not yet here. Mr. Howard, a wealthy merchant, had brought out his boat, and I accepted his invitation, as after so much sea travel the land was best for me.

There were then some three or four regularly built houses in San Francisco, representing the Hudson Bay and the Russian hide business; the rest were canvas and blanket tents. Of course there was no lumber there for building, and there were not even trees to be cut down; nor would any man have diverted his attention from the mines to go to house-building. A little later, when they found the hardships of mining life too great and the returns too uncertain, the tide turned, and many men came back to make fortunes at steady work in building up the town. Sixteen dollars a day was ordinary pay for carpenters. The young officers of the army and navy there used to lament to me that their business was so far less profitable. One of them turned to profit his having been on the Wilkes surveying expedition, and made really a great sum of money by piloting in the thick incoming fleet of vessels of all sorts.

I was taken to one of these houses, which had been the residence of Liedesdorff, the Russian consul, who had recently died there. It was a time of wonderful contrasts. This was a well-built adobe house one story high, with a good veranda about it, and a beautiful garden kept in old-world order by a Scotch gardener. Luxuries of every kind were to be had, but there were wanting some necessaries. Fine carpets and fine furniture and a fine Broadwood piano, and no house-maid. The one room with a fire-place had been prepared for my sleeping-room, and had French furniture and no end of mirrors, but lacked a fire.

The June winds were blowing, and I felt them the more from recent illness, which had left the lungs, however, very sensitive. There was no fuel proper; and little fagots of brush-wood, broken-up goods boxes, and sodden ends of old ship timber were all that could be had.

The club of wealthy merchants who had this house together had excellent Chinese servants, but to make every thing comfortable to me they added the only woman that could be procured, who accepted a temporary place of chamber-maid at two hundred and forty dollars a month and perquisites. One of the perquisites was the housing of her husband and children as well as herself. She had been washer-woman to a New York regiment, and was already the laundress of these gentlemen. She was kind enough to tell me that she liked my clothes, and would take the pattern of certain dresses, and seemed to think it a matter of course that I would let her carry off gowns and wraps to be copied by her dress-maker, a Chinaman. I declined this as civilly as I could, but the result was that she threw up the situation.

The only really private house was one belonging to a young New Yorker, who had it shipped from home, house and furniture complete—a double two-story frame house, which, when in place, was said to have cost ninety thousand dollars. At this price, with the absence of timber and the absence of labor, it will be seen that it was difficult to have any other shelter than a tent. The bride for whose reception this house was intended arrived just before me, but lived only a few weeks; the sudden and great changes of climate from our Northern weather into the tropics, and from the tropics again into the raw, harsh winds of that season at San Francisco, were too much for her, even with all the comforts of her own beautiful home. At a party given to welcome her the whole force of San Francisco society came out, the ladies sixteen in number.

Visits in the daytime were held as a marked attention. I was told that "time was worth fifty dollars a minute," and that I must hold as a great compliment the brief visits which were made to me constantly through the day by busy men.

There was not only gold to be had at the mines, but a golden shower was falling for whoever had wit to catch it. I heard of many marvelous strokes of fortune, which caused elevated eyebrows when I repeated them on my return.

Our steamer was to have put in at Monterey, but her fuel was so nearly exhausted that we made straight for San Francisco. Mr. Fremont had ridden up from the Angeles to Monterey to meet me, and after waiting there a little, and no steamer arriving, came on to San Francisco, getting there about ten days after I did—fortunately for me, for I was already getting ill again with morbid imaginings that I had been de-

ceived, and that he had not arrived in the country at all. Now that we have the telegraph and railroad, as well as our steamer connection, only those who experienced the want of all these can realize the dead blank absence created then.

The winds of San Francisco had renewed the trouble with my lungs, and we went down by steamer to Monterey, where there was a very different climate. Bayard Taylor has celebrated the noble pine-trees that border the Pacific here.

There was none of the stir and life here which made San Francisco so remarkable. There was a small garrison of married officers with their families, but no man of any degree voluntarily kept away from the mines or San Francisco; it was their great opportunity for sudden money-making. Domestic matters were even more upset than in San Francisco, where Chinese could be had. Here it was like after a shipwreck on a desert shore; the strongest and the most capable was king, and, to produce any thing like comfort, all capacities had to be put to use. The major-general in command of the post, General Riley, was his own gardener. He came to me, proud and triumphant, with a small market basket on his arm, containing vegetables of his own raising. And as we would bring roses of our cultivation, so he brought me a present of a cabbage, some carrots, and parsley.

The French ships brought cargoes of every thing that could be sealed up in tin cans and glass, but the stomach grows very weary of this sort of food. It was barely a year since the gold had been discovered, but in that time every eatable thing had been eaten off the face of the country, and nothing raised. I suppose there was not a fowl left in the northern part of the State, consequently not an egg; all the beef cattle left had been bought up by "Baron" Steinberger in San Francisco; there were no longer vaqueros or herdsmen, and flocks and herds had disappeared.

There were literally no cows, consequently no milk. Housekeeping, deprived of milk, eggs, vegetables, and fresh meat, becomes a puzzle; canned meats, macaroni, rice, and ham become unendurable from repetition. There were only the half-domesticated Indians as servants—poor cooks at best; and while wood was abundant around here, there was no one to cut it. Mrs. Canby, wife of one of the officers, was fortunate in having an attached as well as capable servant, a Mexican mulatto, who had been with General Canby through the Mexican war, and who remained with them against all temptations. This man was a very capable baker, and until I was fortunate enough to chance upon a cook, he brought me daily a fragrant loaf of fresh bread, wrapped in its clean napkin and on a beautiful china plate. Nor was I the only one who felt the great kindness of this lady; she was kind and thoughtful for all—the children of the soldiers, any one; wherever she could give help, she did so.

General Canby was one of those modest officers whose promotion fell behind his merits. My father was for twenty-eight years chairman of the Senate Military Committee, and while the Secretary of War changed with the changing political fortunes of the day, he remained fixed, the comprehending and thorough friend of the army. Understanding army interests, and having his friendships with officers, he was its intelligent and useful friend. I think it is to him that is due the longevity ration. When, my voyage over and myself safe back at home, I told of this among the many other kindnesses shown to me, my father quietly looked up General (then Major) Canby's position, had him written to, and the result was promotion and a more congenial post. Both himself and his wife were so good and gentle, and thorough in their kindness to others, that it seemed unnatural he should meet a cruel death.

Monterey was quite a town, with many good houses. Their adobe walls looked like rough stone, while the red-tiled roofs gave color and picturesqueness—the finer houses built with a disregard of space, the long front to the street, and short wings running back at either end, while the remainder of the square was a large garden, shut in by high adobe walls with a coping of red tiles.

Travel teaches one that there *is* nothing new under the sun. In all the different countries in which I have been, and in all grades of society, every where I have seen certain characteristics inevitably repeated. There are women in all classes upon whom every advantage is thrown away; while there are as certainly to be met with in every grade women who seem to have a creative faculty for embellishing life; they seem to have the power of not only using to the best advantage what they have, but even to create resources about them. I could see this even in the village of Digger Indians who were my nearest neighbors on the Mariposas: one woman would have her baby in a frightful condition of dirt, the coarse black hair matted into its eyelashes; while another would have hers clean, and hung about with necklace and decorations of bits of polished bone, beads, ends of red tape, even wax seals which she had cut from envelopes thrown away, while her shock of black hair was comparatively tidy and in some order. This difference of capacity was eminently noticeable at this time in California, where all usual surroundings were not to be had.

Among the California ladies were some married to Americans, and they came at

once to see me; others, who were thoroughly Californian, and to whom my name represented only invasion and defeat, did not come at first, but after a little were among the kindest people I knew there. The only cow in the town belonged to one of these, and she sent me daily a portion of the milk, because I too had a little child. They had very much the life of our Southern people; their household, their children, their domestic surroundings, filled their days busily and contentedly. Their houses were charmingly neat and orderly, and when I made a visit I generally found the lady of the house sitting in the inner court, shaded by the projecting roof, and surrounded by domesticated Indian girls at their sewing.

They seemed to have the passion of Hollanders for the accumulation of household linen; also for satin dresses, which they bought in number, and had made up without any reference to style or fashion, and packed them away in huge Chinese trunks. These trunks were painted bright reds, greens, and yellows, with well-executed wreaths of flowers upon them, and were kept as ornamental pieces of furniture in the sitting-rooms, along with French clocks, no end of chandeliers, and other handsome things. Pictures of church subjects and English hunting scenes were to be met every where.

In making a visit, one of the first attentions was to hand you the cigarette, both made and unmade, in order that you might "consult your habit." This part of the entertainment was a failure with me, and I had always to explain that I inherited an inability even to endure the smell of tobacco.

As we show a photographic album, they would open these huge trunks and show the satin dresses. The Fourth of July made the occasion for a grand ball; there were some Californians in town, and there was a man-of-war, and the post furnished some dancing men, among them a long thin young captain, since, General Sherman.

The dressing for this ball was a serious matter to these native Californian ladies. They had already all these expensive gowns, but they wished something absolutely new and in our fashion: as they expressed it, "As they wore them in the States." An American who had lived there many years asked me to show her "in strict confidence" my ball dresses; she did not believe me when I told her I had none with me; she said that she would show them to no one else; that only her dress-maker and herself should see them (the dress-maker was the wife of a corporal). I could not convince her that it was not unwillingness on my part to share "the fashions" with her; she looked upon it as an excuse. When I said "really I had no evening dresses with me," she broke out with "What have you got in all those trunks, then, for I know you have many trunks." I told her to come and see, and insisted that she should look. When she saw only morning and walking dresses and under-wear, she exclaimed, as though it had dawned upon her that I was a sort of social impostor: "Why, you was *pore* when you left the States! Why, I have thirty-seven satin dresses, and no two off the same piece."

The evening of the ball was to disclose the secret of the toilets of the native ladies; each had had a new dress that was to be a surprise to the others; the merchant who sold the goods and the dress-maker who made them were each pledged to let no one know about the others' dress. When the company assembled, eight of these ladies had gowns exactly alike: a *café au lait* Chinese satin, with a large pattern on it, making the effect of what we use for furniture covering. On no account would they have worn a low-necked and short-sleeved dress; so, while the sleeves were long, the corsage was completely covered by a large Madras silk handkerchief, pinned down Quaker fashion.

The largest and best building in the town was the Governor's residence; it occupied double the usual space, and was really a good building, with very thick walls, and a charming great garden, surrounded by a hedge of roses. I was fortunate to have one wing of this, where I made my first housekeeping. The large window of one room looked into the bay, with its great crescent-shaped sweep toward Santa Cruz; the boom of its long rollers was with me all the time. For furniture we had what could be gathered in San Francisco and shipped down by steamer. Beautiful Chinese matting of varied colors, whole pieces of French and Chinese furniture damask, and Chinese bamboo furniture. An exquisite circular table of carved and inlaid work made a dining table, and we had beautiful Chinese, French, and English china. There was no toilet china, but a punch-bowl makes a good basin; the best wax candles, and flat tin candlesticks. We had one great luxury, a large fire-place for a wood fire, but no shovel, tongs, or andirons, and no wood to be had for money. Here friendship stepped in, and supplied me bountifully with wood of the right kind and cut in the right way, for the government teamsters were ordered to supply me as they did the ladies of the post. I had no servant at all. A woman with a baby in her arms came to the open door one day, and asked me if I wanted a cook; on being told that I did indeed, she asked, "Would you take one from Sydney? Because I am from Sydney, and am off the ship that came in yesterday." She was under the influence of some hurt feeling, and went on: "I have been to the General's and to

the Consul's, and they would not have me, because I was from Sydney and on that ship. Why are you not, too, afraid to take me?" I said, "Because your baby is so clean, so well kept, and looks so well" (a child eighteen months old); "he answers for it that you are clean, patient, and kind." "You will not repent taking me," the woman said. And I never did. She went into place at once, and made me wonderfully comfortable as long as I remained. She was a thoroughly trained English servant, who had lived in Australia with the wife of the Chief Justice. She had all her credentials, and deserved them.

This need of a cook had been provided for in a man who had already travelled with Mr. Fremont, and who had come with him again this time. He had been cook on a man-of-war, and we knew him and all his people—most respectable colored people in Washington. With him, and my own woman Harriot, I had the nucleus of a good household. The mission Indians made good women-servants, as Mr. Fremont had seen in the many California households with which he had been familiar, so we had never foreseen any trouble on this account. In fact, I had grown up to such a fixed order of things in all domestic arrangements that ideas of this kind had never come to my mind. But I lost my Harriot in New York in the way I have told, and Saunders was in the mines. Although a free man himself, his wife and children were slaves, because of the law that children of a slave mother were also slaves. He had now the opportunity of making quickly the money with which to buy their freedom. He had been offered "the lot" for seventeen hundred dollars, and Mr. Fremont equipped him and sent him off to our mines, on their first arrival at San Francisco, to gather this. He really did not like to leave me, but we would not have allowed him to stay under such circumstances.

Up to a certain point every thing seemed to be against us. Then the tide turned, and it was indeed a flood of good fortune. When we left home it was on the plan of a seven years' absence, amounting to exile; into an unknown country, without mail communications; and upon the slow process of the increase of flocks and herds was based the possibility of a journey back to revisit my people. The gold discoveries made rapid the advance in travel and mail facilities which would otherwise have been of gradual slow growth.

General Taylor was at this time President. His was a direct, brave, and single nature. What he thought just and right he did, irrespective of usage or politics. His brother, Colonel Taylor, had been upon the court-martial which made the decision upon which Mr. Fremont refused the promotion given him, and resigned from the army.

Colonel Taylor was one of the four officers who said that the oldest officer in the army would have been puzzled how to act upon the question which Mr. Fremont had been called upon by his superior officers to decide for them—the question of the relative rank between a commodore and a general.

Quite without my father's knowledge, the President offered to Mr. Fremont a government employment of dignity, and one for which his past life had fitted him—the place of Commissioner for the United States to run the boundary line with Mexico under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. This, the President told my father, was intended to express his personal feeling in regard to the harsh finding of the military court.

As may be imagined, the arrival of the mail was *the* event to all. This was among the things we learned by the first mail that reached us after my arrival. Mr. Beale, a friend of ours, a young naval officer, was sent out with special dispatches from the government, and was also given this commission to bring to Mr. Fremont. We thought we had nothing more to ask of fate when we found that we too had our proportion in the great stream of wealth, which meant for us independence, and its first use the return home; but this unlooked-for and gracious act of justice crowned our content.

My father was especially touched by it. Apart from personal gratification, he had been too long a leader in the triumphant and fierce Democratic party not to feel the full value of this unlooked-for giving of a high post outside of the President's party. The commission sent in such a way had to be accepted for a time at least; but as it would have involved some years of stay out there, there was no hesitation about not holding it. Our new independence was too complete and too sweet to be given up for any cause. That long white envelope, with its official stamp in the corner, which brings such terror into officers' families, and sounds the note of separation to so many, was not again to come to us; henceforth we were to direct our own movements. That was what *we* proposed.

Mr. Beale was from Washington, and a young favorite of my father's. He, too, had had his part in the early California conquest. For the few months he remained on that coast he made part of our little household. With a friendly captain (also from Washington), and really no service to be done, as his ship lay at anchor in the bay, renewed leaves of absence were very easy to get.

All our plans had been made before the discovery of gold. We had expected to live the usual life of people going to a new country, and had sent round all manner of useful

things, from a circular saw to a travelling carriage. All these, except the latter, were stored in the company's warerooms in San Francisco.

While the fine weather lasted I travelled wherever wheels could go, and lived night and day in this carriage. Mr. Aspinwall had it built under his own directions in New Jersey, and a sliding bottom to the seats and double cushions made an excellent sleeping-place. We had this and double and single harness in quantity, but no horses, no one to drive, and no made roads to drive upon; we just followed bridle-paths among the trees, and where the ground was very sloping the Indian men put their "riatas" around the carriage, keeping it up until we came to level ground again. Mine was the first carriage that had ever been in the country, and horses had not been used in harness there. Low-hung wagons with solid wooden wheels, drawn by oxen, made the transportation for ladies who wished to go by wheel—*carretas*, they called them. Our experiences in gathering a team were unusual and rather trying to a woman's nerves; an Oregon mare, warranted gentle, was harnessed in with a rather old California riding-horse, which was supposed to be tamed by time and work. Mr. Beale, who had in him the traditions of his boyhood in Maryland, and the remembrance of reins handled there, felt sure that he could drill these into an efficient pair of carriage-horses; he was very strong, and he had that confidence in himself which belongs under twenty-five. I wonder now, when I remember, that I got into that carriage with those horses. The Oregon mare rose straight on her hind-legs, while the California horse, slower to understand, stood quiet for a little, and then commenced the favorite local habit of "bucking." And this they kept to, getting frightened and obstinate. I too was frightened, and begged for mules, which we tried. There were only pack-mules, and these considered harness as an unpleasant pack, and tried to rub it off against every object—trees and whatever offered them a surface to rub against. I do not know what we should have done, but we came upon a camp of Texans who had just arrived, and were a short distance out of Monterey; they had with them a number of fine-looking mules, which Mr. Fremont found had been used in wagons, and he tried, at first quite in vain, to buy some of these for me. They were men of means, "liked their animals, and had no reason to part with them." I caught the name of one of the party as they spoke to each other, and told Mr. Fremont to ask him if his mother was not from North Carolina, and if her name was not Caroline; the young man came up to the side of the carriage, very much astonished, and we found he was the grandson of old friends of my father's; so I had again, through friendship, what money alone could not have bought me—a comfortable pair of harness mules. They were mismatched in size; the larger was white, slow, and a very patient creature; we named him Job; while his companion, which was small enough to deserve the name of Picayune, was a brisk little animal that made up in work and nerve force for lack of size.

Mr. Fremont had with him two of the better class of mission Indians, who had been with him for years, coming and going between the United States and California. These men, Juan and Gregorio, were the most graceful horsemen I have ever seen, even in this country of graceful horsemen. When we came to a good bit of open country, and could go at speed, they would fasten to the carriage the long *riatas*, which were always carried at the saddle-bow, and in this way I would have two postilions riding abreast in front of my mules. The men wore the old picturesque California dress, and their regular rhythmed movement as they moved gracefully with their horses made it a picture I always loved to watch. How I enjoyed that out-door life! In this way we went from Monterey to San Francisco and back again from San Francisco to Monterey, stopping at different ranchos and farms to see and be seen by the people who wished Mr. Fremont to bring me to them. We would turn out of our way to accept the invitation of some of the old Californians to visit them at their ranchos. At one of these we came to where the whole family had collected to meet me. Families of fourteen, eighteen, even to twenty, children were not uncommon. One of the Madames Castro had twenty-six children, nearly all sons. This was one of the large families. They had collected in force, the married members coming in also, while the grandmother was the one to bid me welcome. There was nothing about these homes or people to remind us that we were in a new country, nor was any thing lacking to comfort and well-being. The buildings were spacious and beautifully clean, while the physical advantages of the people were beyond doubt. The old lady, though herself past eighty, was like the portraits of Catherine of Russia. Her thick snow-white hair was turned back in a natural cushion upon her head, while her dark eyes, fine teeth, and clear color belonged to youth.

It was very agreeable to me to make these visits. They had learned that my father understood and protected the new citizens of the United States in Louisiana and Florida, and that they could rely upon him as a friend at the seat of government; and already there was sufficient evidence that the Americans who were coming in were to be the source of great trouble to them. They would also tell me of their gratitude to Mr.

Fremont—"Don Flemon," as they called him—for having protected them from all rudeness or unnecessary loss of any kind during the progress of his battalion through the State when it passed from their ownership to ours. Our own war has taught us there was a difference in commanding officers in that respect.

As Mr. Fremont neared California he met a large party of Sonorians, some twelve hundred, including women and children, who were going up into California to the mines; from these he first knew of the discoveries of gold. The American crowds pouring in looked very unfavorably upon these as Mexicans, and resented any nation but ours having the good of the gold. Mr. Fremont joined his little party to theirs to protect them from this feeling, and arranged with them to go upon his lands at the Mariposas, from which they could not be driven off, as it was private property; he knew the gold must be found there as well as farther north in the same mountain range. The Sonorians were accustomed to mining work, particularly the gold washings, and he arranged that they should work for him, he giving the lands and the protection, and they giving him half the results. Already we had had the astonishment and pleasure of receiving buckskin bags filled with gold-dust and lumps of gold as an installment on this arrangement. I remember the first came to us at San José, where we had stopped over. Our means and our belongings were in sharp contrast. It was good fortune to get even one room in a house, and I had one room *pour tout partage*, but I had learned by this time that it was great good luck to have a whole room. One bedstead and one table made the furniture, each the simplest and crudest construction of rough wood; the bed was at least clean, as it was fresh straw sewed up in clean cotton cloth. I had my large grass hammock, which not only made a sleeping-place at night, but in the morning it was triced up higher, while Mr. Fremont and our midshipman coachman, with their high boots drawn outside of their trousers, deluged the room with hot water to put an end to that day's supply of fleas.

Our food, such as it was, was supplied by a man who kept a restaurant in the town, and who, having once been cook on a whaler, considered himself equal to any occasion.

We were at this place when our first convoy of gold reached us. The buckskin bags, containing about a hundred pounds of gold, were put for safety under the straw mattress. There were no banks nor places of deposit of any kind. You had to trust some man that you knew, or keep guard yourself. We sent this back to Monterey, and it accumulated in trunks in our rooms there.

When those Sonora people wanted to go back to their country, at the end of some months, they sent to say to Mr. Fremont that they were going, and that their share came to a certain amount. We were in San Francisco then, and it was not convenient for Mr. Fremont to go back to Monterey, so he sent them the keys of our rooms and of the trunks, leaving it to them to make the division. This they did with scrupulous honor, not taking an ounce more than their stipulated portion.

Sydney Smith tells of a merchant who bought a lottery ticket for himself and one for a friend, and, marking on them their names, put them by in a drawer without further thought. Some time after, he saw that one of these numbers had drawn a great prize, and going to look, found that it was his friend's ticket, and he turned over to his friend the prize.

Sydney Smith said he never thought of this without feeling an emotion of gratitude and pride that such an act could be done. I think that our Sonorians take rank with the London merchant.

MY UNCLE'S HEIRESS.

MY uncle David and I were close friends —so close that we smoked many a pipe together before my father knew that I touched the weed, and so intimate that whatever he had learned in the world of trade or fashion was at my command. It needed only a hint from me to set Uncle David talking, yet he was considered a taciturn man. Having given me the entry to his little study, he gradually learned to consider me very much as a favorite book—a book with ears, that would nod now and then, rustle an approval, or give a sympathetic sigh; for he had seen from my earliest years that nothing short of a thumb-screw would extract from me any confidence which he bestowed; hence his soliloquies were often as abrupt, singular, and real as if he had been thinking aloud. I remember as if it was yesterday how, on a certain snowy winter's night, I stretched my young legs comfortably before a wood fire in the grate, lolled back in a deep easy-chair, with one of his best Havanas in my mouth, and said, in a lordly tone,

"By-the-way, Uncle Dave, how did you first come to know the Van Ruyvens?"

"I was in his office for some time—until I met—"

"Yes, but—"

I could see that Uncle David's eyes were getting fixed on a particular log and opening very wide; that meant that the past was coming up to marshal its events before him. He dropped his cigar and clutched his chin with his hand, allowing his fingers to play nervously on his lower lip. Presently he began to speak in the quiet, rather monotonous voice into which such contin-

ued trains of thought led him. It was one of his most complete and interesting confidences to me, for it had to do with an event that affected his life most profoundly, that colored and controlled it still. These were Uncle David's words:

There was dancing going on late one night in two large drawing-rooms in a great house. A young man, in passing through a small room that lay between them, greeted one of a pair of gentlemen with that half nod with which our people of the Northern and Middle States preserve their dignity at the expense of courtesy.

"Now that is the kind of man I allude to," said the younger of the two, not a resident of New York, but hardly a stranger either. "There he goes, with his smooth, vapid face, his chin thrust out, his elbows wide of his sides, a dress exactly like that of nine-tenths of the people here, a flat hat in his ungloved hand. How can such a creature exist through the day without expiring from inanity?"

He spoke aloud, like a man conscious of an ability to express himself forcibly on any subject, and not unwilling to hear his own voice. On a slight acquaintance he was sure to seem a good-hearted fellow, somewhat disposed to the saying of smart things, but the last man in the world to hurt another's feelings. One saw that in his face. But he did not know that the person to whom he referred had merely moved as far as the other side of a curtain which draped the door into the smaller and less frequented drawing-room. Unfortunately the young man criticised heard every word, and, moreover, still more unfortunately, the young man was no other person than myself!

I could not help agreeing in part with my plain-spoken satirist; but that did not make it any easier to bear. Quite the contrary. I could not avoid coloring with vexation. The gentleman with whom he stood, a wary frequenter of social places, turned the subject.

"A beautiful house we have here," said he, looking about him.

"Ye-es," said his acquaintance, in a tone of doubtful assent. "But it smacks of New York. Nothing substantial, little that is new or individual. Now in London they do things very differently. If I know any thing of architecture, this house is very flimsily built; would not stand alone without aid from the buildings on either side. I am surprised the floors support so well a crowd of people such as we see here. Pleasant, if there should be a sudden smash!"

His friend, used to severe remarks on New York city, and conscious that he himself knew nothing on the subject—probably with little faith, moreover, in the speaker's attainments in architecture—excused himself and sauntered off. The critic stepped through the doorway on my side of the curtain, and came face to face with me before the red had died away from my countenance. We had met before, and I had been civil to him.

"Forgive me!" was all he could stutter, becoming in turn scarlet with embarrassment, and seizing my hand in both of his. For some moments I had nothing to say; but he would not cease to press my limp hand. It was plain how much he felt grieved at having wounded me.

We were in a great house up town, newly built, belonging to people who are hardly known until they give a large ball, and invite the curious and unexclusive to rush in to admire or criticise. As a stranger, it was not at all odd that Furnival should have been there. For my part, I had caused my name to be placed among the number invited by the man who arranges such lists for persons unprovided with a wide visiting circle of their own. Our elderly host and hostess, who stood, very much frightened at their crowd of guests, near the doorway of the first drawing-room, were of the number of those who are compelled to put themselves in the hands of such a man in order to fill their apartments, and, for reasons of my own, I had signified my readiness to appear. After passing a few meaningless words with the owners of the house and their pale, timorous daughter, I had just reached the spot where I could get from the assemblage all the pleasure there was to be extracted, as far as I was concerned, when my equanimity was overthrown after the fashion mentioned.

"You are right enough in the main," said I, beginning to return the pressure of my acquaintance's hand, but still a little nettled. "Yet it is possible that you are a little hasty in jumping to conclusions. The dress and appearance which you have some reason to attack with your caustic wit have certain advantages which you may not yet have noticed. You enjoy them yourself, being forced to use them to some degree, no matter what your theory about them may be. They make a man a mere counter, so that he can step from one part of the board to the other unnoticed. They do not hinder him from stopping where there is something to interest."

"What you say, and the way you say it, convince me more than any thing else that I have been hasty, besides being confoundedly rude," said he, loosing my hand, and smiling, after a most disarming fashion, in my face. He was a handsome fellow, and when he fixed you fully with his large sparkling eyes, you began to feel that here was a man to whom you could make a confidence with safety. One was also suddenly

aware that he was a person in whose good opinion it was worth standing; that, having established yourself in his mind as a being not quite as silly as you looked, you might always be sure of a generous recognition.

"I would like to give you an idea of my situation just at present," said I, reddening again at the idea of making a confidence to any one, but pushed on by a combination of emotions and circumstances, attracted by the look of the man. "If you have nothing better to do than to lean here against the wall for ten minutes or so, why, I'll try to give you some clew to present appearances."

My acquaintance gave me a sympathetic, grateful look, and took an easy position by my side without uttering a word. Nothing could have been more conducive to a continuation of the mood into which I was plunged. We were both silent for a while. I was sunk in thought; but his eyes, after roving about the room, in which comparatively few dancers were airily moving around and around, rested on a young girl opposite, and remained fixed in observation.

While I cast about in my mind how to begin, I glanced at his face and saw the direction in which his eyes were leveled. The sight was remarkable enough, certainly. The woman on whom his curious dilated eyes were fastened was the centre-piece of the room, as far as beauty and grace were concerned. Yet she was not very thickly besieged with men. She sat sidewise on her chair, as if utterly indifferent to the position she assumed; only one foot showed under a dress heavily trimmed with old lace, yellow and foam-like, and her posture suggested the idea that, after the fashion of little school-girls, she was sitting on the other foot. But the one that was consciously in public sufficed. It was not a very small or a very thin foot, but rather plump. The slipper on it had a heel of inordinate size, and, through the open-work in a fine silk stocking, showed her creamy white skin —whiter even than the round fingers of her ungloved hands. To crown all this singular appearance came a mass of diamonds in her hair, at her ears, her neck, her waist, worn, like every thing else, with a kind of insolence, as if the wearer were quite sure their splendor could not overshine her own personal charms. At the moment she was looking down drearily on a row of rings of all kinds covering and almost hiding her hands, the glitter of which was caught and repeated far up her round arms by tier after tier of bangles, silver, golden, ivory, and inlaid wood, which she took a barbaric pleasure in rattling every now and then; for this purpose she would raise her arm and survey the operation with perfect coolness. Her smooth flat forehead was broken by a perpendicular frown in the centre, and the corners of her mouth indicated a cynical disgust with every thing about her. It was not surprising that my companion's gaze should be fixed on so much animate beauty, rendered piquant by such an unusual series of decoration. That was the sight I had come for; it was she who had brought me away from a cozy room and the most fascinating of my favorite authors.

"I am spared," said I, smiling a little at the intensity of his gaze, "a description of the woman who is responsible for what I am: she sits there before you. I do not know why it is—I never speak of my own affairs to any one—but to-night I must unbosom myself to somebody, and in you I fancy I recognize a loyal person who will hear and not betray. I trust to the honor I read in your face. You must know, then, that yonder sits a woman named Marcia Van Ruyven, an extraordinary character (though you may think me poor authority), and, unhappily for every one, a great heiress. You are naturally astonished at the dress she wears, but you must at least acknowledge that, bizarre and dowager-like as it is, she carries it perfectly. You see she's a human being, not a mere pasteboard chit like— But there, I must not be bitter too.

"Well, I was always in love with that girl, although her insolence made me quarrel with her at first introduction. But do not suppose that made a breach between us. Far from it. She liked me at once, and the more I bullied her, the meeker she would get. But then, you know, in this world every thing comes to an end, and quarreling can not be kept up between two young people forever. Ah, yes! If it's only for the sake of a change, they will occasionally alter the direction—go to the other extreme, in fact. Look at her now, how she treats that young fellow!"

There was no need to encourage my comrade to look, for he was examining Marcia closely. A young man, hardly more than a boy, had come up with the juvenile assurance of his class, and asked for a dance. We saw Marcia turn her face up to him, and raise her eyelids with a slow motion almost terrible. Such an impertinent, frozen face it was! We could see him getting red and fingering his hat nervously; finally saw him break away and retreat, completely routed. The corners of Marcia's mouth relaxed a little into a glimmer of a smile, as she beckoned to a gentleman who was obsequiously holding her larger bouquet, and making himself agreeable to mamma. The latter, a well-preserved and portly lady, whose face was etched with hard lines gained in all sorts of struggles, eyed every one who approached her group with the dreamy, far-off look of the granter of letters of credit when some merchant comes into his office to buy his paper. Is he good for all he says?

Was he not hurt in that recent speculation? Dare I give him the use of my name on a bill of exchange? The good lady had little idea that one could read all those questions in the sharp glance over her well-fed smile.

Presently, while Marcia was occupying herself with the disposal of her numerous flowers, a young man with a more than usually vacant countenance lounged up, and, to Mrs. Van Ruyven's hearty welcome, returned a patronizing nod. We could see that he too asked Marcia for a dance; but instead of hurting his feelings as before, she arose, all sweetness and grace, and allowed herself to be carried away.

"You see she does make exceptions," said my friend, not without a glint of enjoyment at what he very naturally expected would discomfort me.

"His fate is only worse," said I. "It would have been no use to snub him at once, for he would not have felt it. Such men must be handled carefully until the time comes; then the dullest must see; then he will be crushed. But, besides, don't you see that mamma must sometimes be humored? The young man—who is by no means a bad sort of fellow, I assure you—is one of the best unmated bridegrooms going. Ah! here they come. Now did you ever see any one more bewilderingly lovely?"

I was sorry for my folly as soon as I had said that—enthusiasm is infectious—but it was too late. I had gone too far; and, after all, I might as well have the enjoyment of expressing my fondness to a third person. Marcia came sweeping slowly by on the arms of her partner, both of them perfect dancers, and used to each other's step since childhood. The youth held his head high, with a countenance bespeaking his own content. "Behold me!" said the face—"rich, courted, good-looking, and in my arms the loveliest, richest, most capricious girl here! I have only to nod, and she is mine." On the other hand, the girl's face said: "You are all a pack of fools, but at least I shall get some enjoyment out of you. This is a divine dancer. Every woman and girl is envying me him, either for his good looks or his wealth; and, best of all, I am allowing him to suppose that he can marry me when he chooses. So much pleasure I *shall* have." And so they rustled airily by.

"She is a woman worth fighting for," said my companion; and I could see the veins on his temples swell and his jaws square in mere imagination of a contest.

"So I thought at one time," said I, drearily. "There were hours when we sat together concocting the most fearful schemes of adventure and bloodshed—rather a violent contrast, it sometimes occurred to me in those days, between them and the reality of the dull business to which I was condemned. But what would you have? We did what we could; only, unfortunately, the war was over, and I could not nerve myself to go off and be a pirate in cold blood on the chance that Marcia would remain true. If there had been a war, now, and I not killed, who knows what we might be to each other?"

My comrade turned his face on me with a strange look I did not misinterpret.

"Beware!" I cried. "I see by your eyes that she has fascinated you too. You look at me with something hostile in your glance, as if vaguely you thought of disputing her with me. Remember that I have not the slightest hold on her—since it appears that words are nothing—and that you are free to try. Any thing I can do to assist you shall be loyally at your service."

My friend turned very red, and hung down his face, so that I needed nothing more to convince me that I had guessed rightly. It was my turn to grasp his hand.

"You must hear me out now, and do not let your imagination run away with you."

"Excuse me," said he, laying his hand on my arm; "you have interested me so much in your story that I would like to see the lady nearer by before I hear the rest. You understand? It will help me to a clearer view of her and you."

Marcia and her partner had ceased dancing, and were standing not far off from us. I took the opportunity of catching her eye and forcing a recognition. Then I brought up Furnival and presented him to her, without allowing any one a moment's time for consideration. Marcia was totally unprepared for this sudden move, and at once vented her displeasure on the new-comer. While he stood waiting for her to speak, either because at a loss for words, or because he wished her to speak the first word, she ran her eyes over him in a leisurely manner, so that he could not have helped feeling them linger on any weak point in his dress or figure. A pair of bright yellow gloves made her eyes snap. Yet his utter quiet and the look he fixed on her were not entirely displeasing, as any one as well accustomed to her face as I readily perceived. Still, she was about to turn away, ignoring him, and making a remark to her father, when Furnival stepped forward.

"Don't go till you have danced with me," said he, quietly, in the tone of one who might have known her always, yet not in the least offensively.

Her partner of a moment before glanced superciliously over the assured speaker, and turned with a cough to demand another dance by a mere gesture. But Marcia had been attracted by Furnival's voice, and had caught her partner's expression of ownership. Without a moment's hesitation she accepted Furnival's arm. As she moved off,

she tossed the fan and small bouquet she carried, to her former partner, bidding him carry them to her mother.

The expression on the face of the child of wealth at being dismissed so abruptly, repaid Marcia amply for any suffering she may have undergone from Furnival's dancing. They did not get far before they stopped, and finished the circuit of the room in a walk.

"You certainly dance very badly," said Marcia, as calmly as if it were a remark on the weather.

"Ah, well, it is vulgar to dance too perfectly," answered Furnival, on the alert for war, and grasping about for any weapon that came to hand.

"Yet *I* dance very well. How do you account for that?"

"In a lady—I should call it eccentricity."

"What a very mixed set of people there is here to-night!" said Marcia, irritated that he should slip out of the dilemma. "One hardly knows to whom one may not be introduced. Pleasant to discover your grocer in a recent introduction, for instance."

Furnival smiled in a way he thought provoking, but was really provoked.

"I myself, Miss Van Ruyven, am in a business not unconnected with groceries."

They were standing near me again, and Marcia had taken her hand from his arm. She beckoned to me.

"So I feared," said she—"from your dancing;" and with that Parthian shaft, walked off by my side, while Furnival bowed ironically.

"How nice of you to present that charming fellow to me!" said she, as we approached her mother, and I was waiting for some outburst of anger. "Bring him to see me, will you? Or, no—you don't visit me any more, do you?—send me his address; that will be better. I love grocers. They appear to have originality, and you know that is a trait quite impossible to find in our set."

"I wish you had less," said I, gloomily.

Marcia gave a ringing laugh that called the attention of the room, and dropped me a deep courtesy.

"'Don Desperando has given me the best compliment of the season," she cried aloud to her mother. Her tone ignored the presence of any one else in the room. Much as I loved her, I could not be blind to such bad manners; but there was nothing to be done.

"Who was that young man you were dancing with?" said Mrs. Van Ruyven, sharply, without lowering her voice in the least, and acknowledging my presence by the merest twitching of her eyelids.

"The most charming man imaginable," cried Marcia. "Our friend here always does know such nice, odd, Bohemian kind of people! I am going to ask them both to dinner."

From her daughter Mrs. Van Ruyven looked anxiously across the room to my friend.

"I am sure he is an adventurer, Marcia," said she. "Who are these Furnivals? He looks poor, and is sure to be pushing."

"Now you're in for it," said Marcia to me. "Mamma, it was all this youth's fault. You know I never did a wrong thing in my life. Confess you told him we were rich."

"Of course I did. I told him that Miss Van Ruyven is a great catch; the Van Ruyvens people he must know if he wanted to go any where, etc., etc."

"An adventurer—I knew it," quoth Mrs. Van Ruyven, unconscious of the amusement she was giving her daughter. She was only too happy to horrify her.

"Dear me, no, mamma; you are mistaken. He's only a grocer. Grocers are never adventurers. Nothing could be more respectable."

Here I made my excuses and rejoined my friend, for the five or six men who pursued Marcia at every entertainment had discovered her, and were closing around the prize.

"Are you ready to hear the rest of my little story?" I asked, demurely, when we had taken up our station by the doorway again.

"I am sorry to have interrupted it," said he, in a burst of frankness, and trying to laugh off his discomfiture. But his eyes followed Marcia with an expression of mixed admiration and anger.

"You have seen," said I, "how disagreeable she can make herself. Well, she can be as charming as she was disagreeable—even more charming, if the mood is on her. I doubt the existence in this city of another woman who has as much originality in being delightful, if she wants to exercise her talent. That must be my excuse for suffering what I have at her hands. You have heard that she is understood to be a great heiress; you probably know that I have little or no means. Well, you may imagine what I have endured from that mother of brass of hers, from relatives and friends—their insinuations, insults. But I could have borne all that. It was when *she* indulged in some distant hint of the kind, or that I suspected she harbored such a thought, that I wanted the earth to swallow me up; that the day became black before my eyes; that an insane desire to kill some one arose in me. But I was helpless. I was poor; she was rich. What difference was there between me and any other of the dozen who crept around the money-box on their knees?

"Well, I will do her the justice to say that she did find a difference, generally speaking. One day I came in to see her, and the servant, supposing her up stairs, showed me into a drawing-room to wait. In a moment I was conscious that some one was moving in a distant room; and passing over

the deep carpets of a dark middle chamber to the open doors, I found Marcia. She was walking up and down talking to herself excitedly.

"'My God! my God!' she cried, raising her arms tragically; 'are there no men in this city? Where can I find a *man*?'

"'Here, Marcia!' I cried, springing forward where she could see me. 'What you want done, that I will do.'

"She stood still, looking hard at me, her bosom rising and falling excitedly, her eyes flashing.

"'If you were a man, you would know what I want; you would have a couple of horses, or a coach, or a yacht—something ready to take me out of this. I hate it. I loathe this city. I despise the people I know. I can not bear these carpets, these inane pictures. I want to live in a log-hut on a prairie. Take me away. Marry me, if you think I am worth it, and take me away.'

"I held her for a moment in my arms, unable to believe my ears or the possibility that her words contained. Then I said,

"'Exactly at twelve to-night, when you hear something strike your window, come down prepared for a journey. I will give three raps on the outer door. Then open.'

"Well, every thing was ready—carriage, church, clergyman, several witnesses not in the plot, a small steamer—and at twelve I stood on the steps of her house, giving the three light raps. She opened the door, and appeared in full evening dress. I entered in consternation, and she closed the door.

"'What does this mean?' I asked, with my heart in my mouth.

"'Well, the truth is,' she answered, in a tone of real regret, 'I think I have changed my purpose. You will not mind much, will you? but I could not do it. You understand.'

"'Oh,' said I, huskily, 'you can not resolve to do any thing so out of the way—wrong, in fact—without your mother's permission.'

"'How absurd!' said she, pettishly. 'As if I cared what mamma thought! No—somehow, I was afraid—'

"'Afraid of what? Come!' I cried. 'The clergyman and the steamer are waiting. Do run up and change your things. You can be all ready and off inside of half an hour. Go at once! hurry!'

"She began to play with her rings much as she is doing at this moment as she sits over there; she actually pouted like a little spoiled child. The most singular scene began between us. For a long time I could not make out what had caused her to change her mind. It was not mere caprice. At length the truth dawned upon me in its full horror, and I was dumb. Would you believe it?—she could not satisfy herself that I was not marrying her for her money."

"Why didn't you tell her that you need have nothing to do with it?" cried Furnival, in an exasperated tone.

"So I did—as soon as I could recover from the shock. It did seem at first that a woman who could suspect you of such a thing could not be your wife. But then—I was infatuated. I was angry enough to be positively violent.

"'Curse your money,' said I, rudely. 'It has almost ruined you, and will only stand between us hereafter. You can deed it all away before we get married to-night—do what you please with it. It would not be mine in any case. I have enough for us to live on—very plainly. What more do you want? Don't you hate all this heaped-up comfort about you—this art that is not art, but a kind of product of a furnishing shop? We will live in a studio, and you can develop your talent for painting and earn money!'

"At that she clapped her hands, and turned to run up stairs. You ought to have seen her with the dim hall lamp shedding its peculiar light over her head and figure, and the gleam of delight breaking out from her eyes. She does not look so well to-night."

"Well?" said Furnival, biting his lips impatiently, as I remained silent in thought. "Go on. What came of it?"

"Oh, she turned to me again, and said,

"'But I won't have any more Worth dresses, nor give any dinner parties. People won't call on me. Nobody will send me flowers and *bonbonnières*.'

"'Suppose they don't,' said I, impatiently. 'Life is not dependent on dinner parties and *bonbonnières*.'

"'No,' said she; 'but they are things that make life less disgusting, and one is sure of them. Whereas, on your plan, there is nothing sure.'

"'Then you don't love me at all,' said I, hearing a great singing in my ears, and feeling much worse, it seemed to me, than if I were dying.

"She took my hand and pressed it to her lips. Ha! you may well flash your eyes, my handsome friend. I have been honored as I say, and by that glorious creature over there! But I do not want to boast—indeed, I don't know how I have come to tell you all this—I trust to your honor.

"Well, I explained it all in this way: Her mind has been so thoroughly poisoned from her childhood up that she can not bring herself to believe that any one is disinterested. The skeptical spirit has become ingrained. She will probably never marry, unless she takes some immensely rich man, whose fortune will gravitate toward hers by that singular force inherent in large

masses, whether they consist of money or planets and stars. Quite possibly, if she marries at all, you have seen her husband in the dancer of a few moments ago."

Furnival was pondering deeply, and I was curious to know what was passing in his mind. I fancied that he was making a resolution to see more of Marcia, and perhaps to try his luck at her hand. It may have been fancy alone, but did I not detect a covetous glitter about his handsome eyes that was not becoming to them? But it was momentary, for a thought struck him, as if something were just remembered, but which changed the whole complexion of affairs.

"Van Ruyven—Van Ruyven!" he said. "Where have I heard that name before? It is singular—"

"If you knew the father, you would not be likely to forget him. There he comes from the hall. He is always on the lookout for his daughter, and I believe it will break his old covetous heart if she does not make a brilliant marriage."

"A-a-ah!" said Furnival, with a long-drawn rise and fall of tone, as he caught sight of Mr. Van Ruyven. He seemed surprised, and yet glad, as if he had put together several clews that were floating about unconnected in his mind some moments before. His manner toward me changed in some indefinable way that jarred on my nerves. I waited for his next word, but he contented himself with regarding Van Ruyven and his daughter silently.

Marcia treated her father with more consideration than her mother, but even to him there was a shade of condescension and impatience in her manner. Could it have been on account of the mistakes in good manners and even good grammar of which the old gentleman was sometimes guilty, or did the reason lie deeper? Mrs. Van Ruyven, who seldom took the trouble to conceal a battle, was plainly in great discontent with Marcia's recent proceedings, and was engaged in telling her husband how the willful young lady had favored an unknown and suspicious stranger, and snubbed the best dancer and the best match in New York. Van Ruyven, a tall old man, with long features, and a trick of keeping his eyes wandering about the floor, assumed toward his daughter an attitude almost pathetic. It was as good as a play. One could see by the movement of his hands that he was expostulating with her for such unseemly conduct; but whatever the arguments he used to her may have been, they were not sufficient to make her yield a jot from the hard and scornful look that her features wore. From where we stood, Furnival and I could read the domestic squabble as plainly as if we had stood among them.

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said I, hoping to draw him back to the train of thought that might cause him to explain his peculiar tone of having discovered something. "The rich are very short-sighted if they think that poor men, any more than rich men, are trying to marry for money. For my part, rich people seem to me to be more eager to add to their pile by any means in their power, by trade, barter, or alliance, than comparatively poor people. Van Ruyven knows that well enough. His daughter is as little likely to get a good wealthy husband as a good poor one. The truth probably is, that they grow so covetous for more, that it is not so much the fear of getting a poor son-in-law as the gratification of their ruling passion, the desire to add to the family wealth, that sways them."

"There are some millionaires who need all the help they can get," said Furnival, sententiously.

"How do you mean?" said I, watching Van Ruyven turn away from his daughter, and step forward to meet the eligible youth, the young man of fortune, who, after sulking in the other room over Miss Marcia's snub, had been drawn back again to her side by the irresistible attraction of her indifference.

"Did you ever see an apple of Gomorrah?" asked Furnival, frowning darkly and folding his arms with some exaggeration. "Imagine Van Ruyven such an apple, and apply the parable."

"I am quite at a loss to understand you," said I, feeling secretly irritated.

"Watch your beautiful friend's father as he talks to that sprig of fashion. Do you see how he cringes and tries to be polite? He is overdoing it, and will scare away the bird if he is not careful. But you must be asking yourself how it comes that he should take so much trouble about the youth, notwithstanding his money-bags."

"You are more and more enigmatical," said I, shortly.

"Well, then, if you must be told in so many words, your Mr. Van Ruyven over yonder has been a ruined man for years, and no one has known it besides a few persons outside of New York, whose interests are furthered by keeping it a secret. For your confidence, there is another of greater value."

"Impossible!"

"Quite so, of course—until it all comes out. But you are my friend, and I owe you reparation. Let me warn you in time. His house is not his; his business is a sham; his credit is only preserved by the tenderest care and a prudent refraining from trial of its strength."

"Do you really think I am going to believe all that?" I cried, angrily. "Look at Marcia. Is that the daughter of a bankrupt?"

"Oh, bless you, she doesn't know any

thing about it. No one knows, I tell you, and that is why the information is invaluable. But see; they are pushing her in a way that would not do with most men."

It was indeed a curious pantomime that was being enacted before our eyes with a plainness it seemed incredible that others did not see. With eyebrow and elbow Mrs. Van Ruyven was remonstrating with her scowling daughter for ignoring the presence of the young nabob. Anger only made Marcia more beautiful. Van Ruyven moved from one to the other with an attempt to conceal purpose in his motions, but evidently a prey to an eager desire to win. Now that I had been told, a thousand things I had noticed about Van Ruyven sprang up in confirmation of what I had just heard, of what I would have called an absurd slander a moment before. Bankrupt, fraud, beggar, coward, seemed written over a face that I had considered earnest and preoccupied, but decidedly aristocratic. My fancied skill at physiognomy had to bear the rudest blow. I mentally vowed never to trust to intuitions again.

While such thoughts hurried through my mind, and I was breaking my way through a jungle of memories, conclusions, doubts, and impressions into a clear vista of actuality, both Furnival and myself had taken a peculiar attitude toward the Van Ruyvens, by no means unperceived by Marcia. She had long seen that we were talking about her, and, as if she felt that something unusual was about to happen or be uttered, had instinctively moved forward until the group about her was ranged in some sort defiantly over against us. The other people had for the most part deserted the smaller for the larger drawing-room, where the dancers were now thick, and the floor densely crowded.

Feeling sure that Marcia knew nothing of her position, and being unable to read from Mrs. Van Ruyven's hard-lined face whether she had been told the truth or not, my heart was too much bubbling over with delight to resent Furnival's tone and air. It was at once unfeeling and patronizing; he had no care for the shock that must fall on Marcia, and plainly considered me a lucky fellow to be warned in time from a perilous alliance. But, as I have said, Marcia had noticed the change in our expressions across the room, and as I, without definite purpose, took a few steps toward her, she moved sympathetically forward out of the little group.

At the moment, when I hesitated what should be my course, there happened an unusual commotion in the further drawing-room. Low cries, quick commands, and one or two shrieks were accompanied by an ominous cracking as of timbers. A voice cried that the floor was falling; others called out that there was no danger.

"I knew that would come!" cried Furnival, and disappeared like a flash.

There was no immediate danger, but the panic had set in. A crowd was struggling in the little room between us and the drawing-room, tearing the curtains as it came. Marcia had turned deadly pale, and cast a frightened glance at her friends; then she looked for Furnival, then at me, and half held out her hands. I was at her side, and hurried her out of the room by a side passage.

"Take care of mamma. Put her in the first carriage you find!" cried Marcia, imperiously, to her followers; and doubtless they obeyed her loyally. I managed to get her down the stairs, full of fainting women and exasperated men who were assuring them that it was a false alarm. The dressing-room for men being luckily on the lower floor, I got a coat to cover her shoulders, and took her out on the sidewalk.

It was some distance to her carriage, which stood far down the line of coaches.

"Marcia, advise me," said I. "Suppose me in love with a woman who thinks herself an heiress. But really she is poor. She has treated me shamefully. Would you consider yourself bound, on discovering that she is a pauper?"

"Bound?" said she, recklessly; but pausing, with a little quaver in her voice—"No."

"But suppose I love her to distraction?"

"She is a lucky woman," said Marcia, gloomily.

"Suppose it is you, Marcia?"

"I?—what do you mean? Not that *our* fortune is gone?—not that *we* are paupers?"

"So I hear, Marcia."

She stopped short, laughed a little wildly, and burst into tears. I covered her as best I could with the coat, but every one on the street was so much excited by the rumor of an accident, that for the moment it was hardly noticed.

"I can understand how hard it must be," said I, feeling not a little uncomfortable at the way in which she took it. "But it is cruel that you should not know of it."

"Hard!" cried Marcia, lifting a face glittering with those strongest tokens of emotion—tears. "I never was so happy in my life. There's a weight gone from here."

Before I could say a word, she had stripped her arms and hands of the bangles and rings that covered them, and had thrown them broadcast to a crowd of men and children which had closed about us in open-mouthed wonder. I hastened to put her in the carriage before she did any thing more. Then I stood hesitating, pale with longing, red with hope and embarrassment, uncertain whether to shut the door or not. The coat had fallen from her shoulders, and as she leaned forward in the harsh light of the street lamp, I thought she had never been

so beautiful, although for the first time I saw her look falter.

"I feel so lonely in the world," she stuttered, as if groping her way in her own mind. "Is that the way beggars feel?"

I said nothing, but swung the door partially to.

"What a change it makes in every thing! How wicked and selfish I have been! Poor father!"

Still I could not utter a word, but held the door firmly, while I looked down into her eyes.

"Don't you think we have suffered enough?" she whispered, in answer to a question I had not asked with my lips, blushing down to her shoulders, and holding out her hands, no longer disfigured by their barbarous ornaments, with the same gesture she had used in the room above.

That carriage door was my gate to paradise. I sprang in, and we were whirled away.

My own cigar had gone out during Uncle David's story of his courtship. I was spellbound, and almost feared to look in his face. Presently a rap was heard; Uncle David sat over the fire with his face in his hands, and I slipped to the door. When I came back I said, with some embarrassment,

"Aunt Marcia sends to say that you must come at once—that you are late already."

My uncle David rose without a word, crossed the floor noiselessly, but lingered at the doorway till he caught my eye. His face had a peculiar expression of deprecation and warning. He smiled faintly, and raised one finger to his lips; and *I*—I do not know exactly why—blushed.

JAMRACH'S.

A LITERARY friend of mine, connected, I believe, with the *Daily News*, hearing that I was going to visit that mysterious mart of living animals at the East End of London known as "Jamrach's," told me that few persons returned from that place in an unmutilated condition. He illustrated his remarks by reference to the fate of some of his own personal friends, one of whom had the flesh of his back torn into strips by a bear, another had been fearfully bitten and clawed about by (I think) a leopard, while a third had the whole of his clothes torn off by a monkey, and was taken home in a four-wheeled cab wrapped up in a policeman's great-coat. The animals were, he assured me, none of your civilized beasts with polished manners, such as may be found in the Zoological Gardens, but fresh from their native jungles, and with nothing between them and the visitor but the thin sides of large tea-chests. He finished up with a graphic account of his last visit there, on which occasion he conducted Colonel Forney. I have not seen the gallant colonel's new volume about England, but, from his guide's account, I should say the distinguished editor hardly took such care of himself as might have been expected from a representative Philadelphian. He was said to have escaped from a bird five feet tall, with a bowie-knife for a beak, which aimed to stab him in the back, only to rush into dangerous proximity to a jackal and tiger, which immediately formed an investigating committee, and began to feel whether he had any Pacific subsidy in his nether pockets.

Nothing daunted, however, by the experiences of these gentlemen, I set out yesterday to beard the lions in their den. It is a long way off from Kensington—about ten miles—and it takes one past many curious old places. One may pause to look in upon the quaint old room at Clerkenwell where Dr. Johnson sat so long editing the first periodical ever published, *The Gentleman's Magazine*. A coffee-house is attached to it, where the wine is better than the coffee, the nature of which drink, as sold in public places in England, is what no fellow can find out. The old wooden arm-chair in which the doctor sat while writing most of his works is kept there in good condition. What more natural than to sit in it? Every visitor does, but only to find every body in the room gather around him, and point to some printed verses framed just above it. The verses are as follows, and many faces have grown serious while perusing them:

"Here ponderous Johnson sat some years and pondered,
Giant in bulk, mighty in mental strength,
While simple Goldsmith silent sat and wondered
At thoughts so strong in words of such great length.
Dream'st thou, thou halting traveller, at this gate,
That thou art fit to fill this famous chair?
Mount up to it, and thou shalt learn, too late,
If not too soon, what thy transgressions are—
What pains await the pilgrim to this shrine
That takes the chair to which no duty calls.
Him thus exempt from blame and shame and fine,
But let him stand his ground, nor fly these walls,
When Johnson's grumbling ghost growls underground,
'Pardon this wretch profane that SENDS THE BOTTLE ROUND!'"

Having paid for the bottle that passes round, and bowed to the good wishes expressed in proper Johnsonese by the company, the ambitious pilgrim may pass on. But being in the room at an hour when no company is present, I take my surreptitious sit with impunity, and pass on. I think it best, however, before proceeding further amidst the snares of the old city, to obtain the companionship of a Londoner, who also knows sundry by-ways which one may live here long without seeing. He takes me, for instance, through "Alderman's Walk"—an ancient open space devoted to the infant

cockney democracy, who there dwell on good terms with flamingoes, wild-ducks, and especially with a large American turkey, which struts about with patriarchal pomp, overseeing the other birds. There is also a fountain playing, at which the ragged urchins are gazing on this hot day, and sorrowing that they were not born ducks. We pause next at the "Clothes Exchange," to which admission is granted for a penny, each person securing thus the opportunity of exchanging an article he can spare for one he or she may covet. An elderly gentleman who had more hats than he required for his own wardrobe offered one to a friend in exchange for boots, describing the hat as a first-rate article, with nothing whatever the matter with it except a little shattering caused by the wheel of a wagon. On all sides men, women, and children clamored in various foreign languages their desire to exchange garments of every description, male and female. An old woman wanted to exchange with me for twelve shillings a coat suitable for a boy of twelve. I informed her that the price was too small and the coat too. Next we pay a penny each to see wax-works. They were chiefly models of murderers, which a dingy old man described with automatic tongue. Here were Sergeant Coates, the Purfleet murderer, and his victim; Wainwright and his victim; Dr. Pritchard, the poisoner; Fish, the Blackburn murderer; several other murderers; the Claimant; Napoleon III.; the Shah; Garibaldi; the late Prince Consort; the old Frenchwoman who lived under many reigns, and died, aged 120, by an accident; the old woman who, in 1851, walked from Cornwall to see the Queen, remarked unfavorably on her Majesty's appearance within H. M.'s hearing, so amusing the Queen that she gave her a dinner and £5. I caught a glimpse of an insufficiently suppressed handbill, announcing that the *Lennie* mutineers were on exhibition, and the impression was so strong that these wax-figures had, like those of Artemus Ward, been doing duty in other capacities, that the effect of the portraits was marred. I even suspected that one of the murderers was originally modeled to represent the President of the United States, and his victim was not wholly unlike the Duchess of Edinburgh.

Here we are finally in Ratcliff Highway, where are the lowest, though not the most dangerous, dens in London. The police never dream of suppressing vice and villainy in Ratcliff Highway, being only too glad if they can give it a semblance of outward decorum. This they can do at every other time than Saturday evening, when the blaze of blackguardism mounts to a conflagration. Feeble indeed amidst all these grog-shops and brothels—at whose doorways, even in the early afternoon, the gay spiders were sitting to allure the sea-faring flies of all nations into their webs—appeared the poor little Seamen's Bethel. It is in the street named for St. George; and this little chapel, able to hold fifty people, is the only visible spear pointed at the Dragon. The door and windows of the Bethel have on them notices in German, French, Italian, and Portuguese, announcing when the services are respectively held in those languages. Inside the Bethel there are pictures on the walls of various Bible scenes, with contexts in various languages. I also observed on a table a picture of Jephthah about to offer up his daughter as a sacrifice to Jehovah, with a printed narrative extolling the "valiant captain" and his daughter. Somehow this curious picture wove itself in with the poor girls who were being sacrificed in the street outside. It was a droll thing to observe inside this Bethel the posters of the various theatres in the neighborhood, the aged attendant saying, when I expressed my surprise at this, that "the sailors wanted to know such things;" but his expression and tone said, "We have lived long enough in Ratcliff Highway to consider it a thing to be thankful for if a sailor is about nothing worse than the theatre."

But I must not forget my object, which is to find how Jamrach manages the ferocities with which he has to deal. Entering into a small room next to the street, I realize how, even when it is foul and sooty, the atmosphere around human beings is pure compared with that which exhales around wild beasts. The smell is horrible. But a big parrot close by the door tells me it is "all right," and I pass on to the back shop. Here I meet for the first time that strange genius Jamrach, "Naturalist and Importer of Animals, Birds, and Shells." This man, who will sell you any thing from a mouse to an elephant, from an insect to an ostrich, is a huge German, with a blonde and rosy face, and a substantial vigorous look about him which accords with his manner and his intelligence. The visit was expected, and he at once prepared to show me his curious merchandise, while I amused myself with some twenty droll little monkeys—marmosets—which, when I looked into their cage, massed themselves up into one corner in such a way that their bodies were concealed, and there was a pyramid of little human faces, with high white foreheads, whiskers, and twinkling eyes, altogether making a show I would have travelled twice as far to see. They are sold for pets at £2 a pair. Jamrach then opens a trunk, and takes out of it with his hand a snake about three feet long, ash-colored save for a yellowish tint, and holds it out toward me with the innocent question whether it is not a fine fellow. The reptile has a strong body, holds itself straight out from his hand, like

a stick, then squirms from side to side too insinuatingly for my taste, but its owner declares it never bites. "If it were to bite, it would be all up with you," he serenely added. I was glad it didn't bite. I turned around and found a dozen cobra heads erected against the glass, within six inches of my head, and observing that the covering to their box was only white paper, began to think it was time to see the tigers. Nor was the situation in the little room—some ten feet wide—made more cheerful by the fact that just then a boy was bitten by a boa brought in that morning. It made eight or ten little perforations in his finger. The boy was still at his work, and on my suggestion that the attention of a surgeon seemed desirable, a pale-faced clerk raised his head and said, "Oh dear, no; we never go to physicians for a little thing like that. The only danger is that the animal sometimes leaves a tooth in the wound." And he went on writing. Jamrach said: "These new boas are nasty-tempered. They came in this morning. I'll show 'em to you." I would have been willing to forego the sight, but he had already shoved out a round dumpy basket, a foot deep by more than that in diameter, and was unbinding the rope tied around it. He took off the cover, and there piled in one mass were nine young boa-constrictors, that on top being the one that bit the boy. They remained quiet—we did not interrupt their slumbers—and the lid was closed on them safely. It is difficult to imagine how there should be such a demand for snakes, but Jamrach supplies the zoological gardens of Europe. There ought to be some experiments of a moral and æsthetic kind on these boas. One of these reptiles which Jamrach recently got had quite a curious history. An English ship which had stopped at a wharf at the African Cape had a sort of dance on board the evening before sailing for England, and a band played music during the night. It is supposed that the boa was attracted by this music. At any rate, it was discovered, after the ship was a week on its voyage, that a boa was on board. The first intimation of its presence was the disappearance of the rats with which the ship had long been infested. The crew and passengers were at first alarmed, but they managed to make the animal a secure prisoner in that part of the ship in which he had secreted himself; and when the vessel arrived in London, Jamrach was sent for, and took with him this amusing sea-serpent.

A great deal of Jamrach's custom is in providing variegated frogs and little tortoises for aquaria. They are cheap, the tortoises being sold sometimes for half a crown the half dozen. They were crawling all about the area, and there was danger of treading on them. But it is with birds that he drives the best trade, especially as the fashion of having aviaries increases. Three rooms are filled with birds. When we went in one, the parrots, of which forty or fifty have one cage about a yard square—an arrangement which Jamrach says they like—all struggling for precedence, clung to the front wires, and began screaming at us with loud clamors, in tones that seemed to call for liberty. In another, the thousands of tiny sparrows just from Senegal, and others, tinted and jeweled, natives of all parts of the world, raised their little voices with the same appeals. I felt a special sympathy with a large number of my feathered countrymen, especially a flock of bluebirds, and could not help thinking that it is sad, when such worthless scoundrels as Winslow and Brent are going into full-handed freedom, these pretty innocents, because they are worth eight shillings the pair, should be incarcerated for life. But still more pathetic was the scene in a room which had just been filled with birds from some distant region, brought and caged the same morning. The birds are about as large as sparrows, and each had a separate cage, made of splinters of wood, about five inches square. The birds are songsters by nature, but now among the hundreds of them—their cages were piled two or three deep from floor to ceiling—not one little heart was cheery enough to chirp out a note. The death-like stillness of the room was only broken by the incessant flutter of each in its tiny prison.

Passing to the rooms of the larger animals, we found three small elephants. One was of a small species, and though twenty-five years old, was hardly larger than a donkey. Another, though only eighteen months old, had almost caught up with the elder in size. The three were tied, and having no chance to take other exercise, swayed their bodies to and fro, their heads up and down, incessantly, and put out their trunks and feet, to withdraw them again with a machine-like regularity. There is a black bear, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and even more harmless, awaiting sale as a family pet. His kindliness is guaranteed, Jamrach being responsible for any baby he may hug to death. Near him, however, is a very vicious crane, which continually endeavors to relieve the monotony of its confinement by striking with its sharp beak at any eye that looks into its prison. A death had just occurred—that of a fine baboon, whose face looked humanly serene and touching as it had escaped from the miserable cage in a dark room, where no doubt it had often dreamed of its heaven of palm-trees and liberty. Opposite to it, a few yards distant, was another monkey, extremely intelligent in appearance, which sat gazing pensively, as I thought, over toward its neighbor, which had not that morning made its usual appearance at the front of its cage. Monkeys

have been raised in price by Darwinism, and Jamrach can not meet the demand. There were seals and emus and a raccoon, and all manner of handsome cats and Tasmanian devils and ichneumons. I was much interested in observing a lion, which had just been caught, when it was fed. It revealed how much less used it was to civilization than our lions in Regent's Park, by the treacherous, predatory way in which it approached its food. The large piece of raw beef was no sooner put in between the iron bars than the lion, half crouching, approached it softly and sidewise, as if afraid of its escaping; and having, in perfect silence, come close enough, it gave a little spring at the meat, closing its paws around it, fixing its teeth deep, and dragging the beef as if it were a living victim off to the corner of its cage. Some of the other animals first bit the various pieces of meat cast to them, all around, as if to kill them, before proceeding to devour them. This lion will go off this week to India, having been purchased by a rajah for £100. The rajahs are very fond of collecting animals in their gardens. I saw, also, two magnificent tigers, which were to be sent off that day to the new Sultan. He paid £420 for the two, not, I believe, for the purpose of letting them loose among the insurgents, but for the gardens with which the late Sultan so much delighted the people of Constantinople. The present Sultan evidently doesn't mean to lionize less than his predecessor.

Altogether, I found my visit to Jamrach's extremely entertaining. I was astonished to find how cheap many of his rarities were. He evidently has a vast business, orders coming in all the time from places as remote as Teheran, Constantinople, Cairo, and St. Petersburg. He has a monopoly of this queer business in Europe, and was much amused as he told me that the only city whose public gardens rarely came to him was London. There is a sort of feeling among the curators of the Zoological Gardens and the aquaria here that it will not be sufficiently impressive if an animal is known to have been bought in London Docks. They will, therefore, rather make offers to public gardens on the Continent which have duplicates, though in nearly every case the animal brought thence is one which had been previously sold by Jamrach. He says that he can not supply America, because the passage of animals over the Atlantic involves risks—that is, of course, to the animals, not their human fellow-voyagers—which neither the transatlantic buyer nor Jamrach is willing to incur. An attendant must be sent either from America or London to accompany the wild beast, which involves much expense. Jamrach says there is now a very good importer in New York.

Besides the living things which this peculiar and scientific merchant sells, he has an immense curiosity shop, almost equal in interest to a court of South Kensington. Barbaric musical instruments, Burmese sacred gongs, Chinese dragon-shaped harps, vases from ancient Nineveh, Japanese work of infinite variety, idols, demons, bamboo carvings, shells by the ton, old armor, shields, buck-horns, ancient lamps—thousands of things which have been brought to him for purchase by sailors and captains from all the ends of the earth. One of the finest specimens of Japanese art which I have ever seen is now in his possession—a nude female model so life-like as almost to cheat the eye, and so cunningly made that there is no conceivable attitude in which it can not be made to stand. Its price is £30, and it will no doubt be eagerly competed for when its arrival is made known among our artists, who have just now such a passion for painting Japanese figures.

Jamrach is such a very intelligent, well-informed, and affable man that a visit to his wonderful establishment, singularly entertaining in itself, is rendered doubly so if one has his personal attendance. He is well acquainted with the London scientific men, and the anthropologists keep a sharp eye upon his collections, continually enriched as they are by new importations. Just now, indeed, one little collection has caused considerable excitement—about twenty small masks of human faces and heads (hollowed out behind), each about as large as Jamrach's big fist, which were found in some Mexican graves. One of them has been sent to Darwin, who has expressed the deepest interest in it, and it is probable that the meaning of the burial of these little heads of burned clay in human graves will be discussed by the learned. Some of Jamrach's visitors suggest that a race of small-headed people is implied, but perhaps they were merely dummy heads, which were substituted when human sacrifices ceased. Colonel Lane Fox, president of the Royal Anthropological Society, has a curious little collection, which I have seen, of stone forms cut in the shape of urns, but with human features cut on the side of each. These stones are not in any case hollow, nor have they ever been so; they are simply dummy vases or urns. They were taken from graves (invariably) in some semi-barbarous region. The question why these dummy vases, with human faces on them, should have been placed in graves puzzled the London anthropologists for some time, but they are now generally agreed that they are *fac-similes* externally of cinerary urns. So long as cremation prevailed in the region from which they were brought, it was the custom to gather the ashes of the dead in such urns, and to decorate them with some attempt at portraiture of the per-

son deceased, all of which, however rude, would involve trouble and expense. Gradually the custom would be invested by time with sanctity; it would be surrounded with ceremonies and haunted by superstitions; and we may be pretty sure that it would be especially believed there—as it has been at some time in every region of the world—that the souls of the dead would watch jealously to see if, in any particular, the honors to their ashes fell short of usage, or were too economically rendered, with a view of avenging any such offense. When, therefore, through some compulsory change, burial superseded cremation, it seemed very important to the people that the shades of their dead should understand the new arrangement was not due to any stinginess. Lest it should be thought by either the dead or the living that they grudged their deceased relative the completest and most respectable funeral, they would buy the urn just as before, and bury it with the body, and the portrait should be cut on it. But when other generations had come, the laws of utility would modify the custom; the urns would be merely blocked out, the faces on them would be conventionalized, and then the barbarian would have reached just the stage of funeral civilization which may be witnessed in London every day, where custom still preserves the homage of fuss and feathers and mummers for the dead long after their meaning is forgotten, and simply because it is "mean," and so forth, to economize in the expenses of a funeral.

I should have had little doubt that the twenty or thirty little heads at Jamrach's discovered in Mexican graves were substitutes for human sacrifices at those graves, but for a fact to which the careful German called my attention, namely, that no two of the faces were alike. Each was evidently meant to represent a human individuality. And yet the heads are less than half the size of an ordinary head! It may still be that these brick skulls and faces represent a transitional phase in the process I have described, in which it was necessary for the slave to throw into his master's grave either his head or something enough like it to cheat the ghostly eye, which should see it with a certain aerial perspective.

After leaving Jamrach's, somehow the people swarming along Ratcliff Highway appeared to possess curious animal traits, and, what is more, to be gainers by the association. A man, for instance, who was assiduous in his endeavors to punch the head of a young woman—who in all St. George-in-the-East seemed to find no champion, though a gaping crowd stood around—appeared to me a plain transmigration from that ugly wingless crane, with the bowie-knife beak, shying it at the human race. Now and then a cobra slipped furtively past, pursuing it might be a bright-feathered but lame and soiled bird. There are voices that are growls, others that bark like the hyena and the Tasmanian devils. One has only to blur the outlines a little—like the old artist who with two strokes could change the face of a tiger to that of Venus—only to lose sight of the morphological man and woman and listen to their voices, look into their eyes, to see all Ratcliff Highway alive with "arrested developments:" as such not to be hated, any more than Jamrach's lad hates the boa that bit him this morning, but to be watched, and sometimes caged, unless they are as harmless as that African boa of the ship, and able to exterminate vermin that are noxious.

The population of this region is quite different from that of any other part of London, there being women as well as sailors from the East and West Indies, and English people, too, from those remote coasts, corners, and islands scattered about this kingdom, who not only retain bits of primitive costume, but in themselves seem to be mere fragments and hints of the normal Englishman. These people hardly fill the ideas I had formed of them from the pages of Charles Dickens—that is, not generally. Dickens was far better at studying a selected character than at selecting one that is a specimen of the rest, or in painting the crowd. That tall dark girl with a ragged knot of hair falling down, engaged in lively altercation with somebody, might be Pleasant Riderhood, and yon slouching scoundrel might be the "Rogue;" and, as may be easily imagined, I can find any where here the public-house of "The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters," with Miss Abby Potterson presiding at the bar. This crowd, as a whole, does not seem to me—perhaps because I look at them prospectively from the point of view supplied by Jamrach's beasts—so hopeless or joyless as they are often described. What they need is more beauty. What they are forever craving and seeking is beauty. They can be fascinated by sweet music, as for that matter even Jamrach's reptiles may be. They will idle away hours looking at wretched photographs and dismal lithographs in a shop window. The only satisfaction for their famished ideality is the music-hall, the penny gaff (wherein the very thieves insist that Vice shall be dramatically crushed and Virtue triumphant), the dance-house. A little green square decorated with flowers, with one of the many idle military bands playing in it during the afternoons, a good reading-room and club, a museum and picture-gallery (the West End collections could easily spare one without the public being aware that any pictures or curiosities had been transferred), and a large theatre, subsidized

by the government and under its strict supervision—these would not be very expensive or revolutionary reforms, but they would, I feel sure, rescue St. George-in-the-East from the Dragon, which is decidedly getting the better of him.

THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

I.—AT LOW TIDE.

MR. JACK DALY was seedy. The hay seed had been out of his hair a long while, but there was nothing growing, or even sprouting, in the field of his worldly expectations. It was hard to say why this should be so. Luck was against him, but wit, good nature, and audacity were on his side. He had been so often discomfited, however, that defeat was beginning to tell upon him, and he showed outward signs of distress; though he had not yet lost faith in himself, he began to have doubts of his coat. At the time of our discovery of him he had thrown that aside, and was employed in a leisurely manner in making catch lines on a bulletin in the office of his friend Benjamin, a college mate, who was managing a newspaper in a thrifty town. Benjamin upon his stool was an American nineteenth-century oracle, giving forth weekly utterances in the *Daily Advertiser*, which boasted a circulation in every State and Territory in the Union, secured in some desperate cases by a prudent use of the exchange list. He himself, as a matter of policy, was dressed in a broadcloth coat, originally secured in payment of advertising, and not indicative of sumptuous living. The two had worked in silence for some time, when Benjamin, having thoroughly worked an idea into an editorial leader, turned about and watched Daly by the window, marking-pot in hand, surveying his work.

"Jack," said he, "you must be putting high art into that bulletin. I haven't heard a whistle from you these ten minutes."

"I couldn't even get up a penny whistle."

"So hard up?"

"So hard down—if down ever is hard. 'Gold 108.' That middle figure is my figure. Naught plus naught equals naught. Naught minus naught leaves naught. Naught times naught is naught. Sum total of Jack Daly, always naught."

"Pooh! Don't cipher yourself in that style. I've seen you in worse straits, man; and if you'd follow my advice and take to paragraphs—"

"Take to paregoric!" said Daly, throwing his brush down and stalking moodily to the table. "Frank, how *do* people make money?"

"Some are born to it, some achieve it, and some have it thrust on them. I've always thought you belonged to the third class. But seriously, Jack, you really were made for something better than this vagrant life, tossing pennies for a living. I hate this shop sometimes, with its turning of the gold of literature into the brass of trade—that's one of your fine phrases; but I don't believe I'm half as ashamed of myself as you are at this moment. You, an honor man at college, marking bulletin-boards! It isn't right. It isn't right."

"Better than being a billiard marker, and I've been that for an hour. I'm up one stair. But it's harder going up stairs than sliding down the balusters, as one of your own poets hath said." He spoke a little incoherently, keeping one eye out of the window. "What's the use—where's my coat?—of a fellow having no handkerchief?"

"Nonsense, Jack! cry in earnest, if you are going to cry at all, and wipe your eyes on your coat sleeve, where you wear your heart."

"Who talks of crying? I wasn't thinking of blubber. It's whalebones."

"What is the man talking about?"

"What? She isn't neuter gender;" and he began executing a series of pantomimes before the window.

"Bless my soul," said the editor, "have you caught sight of over the way?"

"Who is she, Frank?" Daly wheeled about and faced his friend with an energetic repetition of his question. "Who is she? What a face she has! That's what puts me out with myself. It's the sight of that girl bending over her book or work that makes me wish my luck would turn."

"I suppose you've seen her name a hundred times to one that you've seen her face, and written it too," said Benjamin, rather contemptuously.

"Her name?"

"Yes, her surname. The other is more than I know. Here, any where on this paper;" and he caught up the last issue of the *Advertiser*. "Look here. 'Mr. Davy Humphrey cautions the public against excessive waste of his Bean-stalk Hair Restorer. The preparation of which it is made is difficult to obtain, and there are fears lest the enormous demand for this wash may render the bottles extremely scarce.' Bah! that is editorial writing. He wanted what he called an editorial notice." Daly looked at his friend narrowly, and asked, slowly,

"Is that old Davy Humphrey the father of—"

"Even so, and a precious father he is! They say he never lets her go out of the house alone, and that she is as innocent of the world as a hen perched on the north pole. Oh, she's a shy thing, no doubt, and beautiful."

"And her mother? *O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*, et cetera?"

"No; the mother's in the vocative case of *illa*."

"Frank," said Daly, beginning to waltz with an office chair, "I'll win that girl, and I'll set the wish-wash river on fire too. Good heavens! what an idea I've got in my head! and may the word escape the hedge of my teeth! Take your pen, sit down quickly, and write as I bid you. Get out some of that pound-a-sheet note-paper, the special kind—made of old carpets, I suppose. I'd as soon write on a shingle."

"I'm ready. Dictate, O Cæsar!"

"Date it. Write it '5 October,' that's the scholarly style, and suits the paper. Now then: 'Professor Davy Humphrey—'"

"'Sir?' 'Dear Sir?' 'Esteemed Sir?' 'My dear Sir?' 'Dear father of a daughter?'"

"Look here, Frank, you're writing this note. Make a violent effort, and throw yourself into your own boots. You would say 'Sir.' Now, have you started?"

"'Sir.'"

"'I beg leave to make you acquainted with my friend Mr. J. Daly.'"

"'Mr. J. Daly.' Really I should hardly recognize him. I must bow myself to that gentleman. Good-by, Jack. Your servant, Mr. Daly."

"'Mr. Daly was a college classmate of mine, and took high honors. He has given of late great attention to the science and art of advertising—'"

"Has made his mark, in fact."

—"'And has developed a scheme for advertising which at once struck me as original and powerfully effective.'"

"It strikes me—"

"Go on, Frank. Don't interrupt yourself. 'I can not help wishing that he may compare notes with you, who have given so much thought to this subject—'"

"Begged my thought, and wanted to pay for it in bottles of hair-oil."

—"'And I am not at all sure that you may not find his scheme likely to be of service to you. Mr. Daly has my entire confidence—'"

"Or else I shouldn't be writing this nonsense."

—"'And I cordially commend him to your favor. With great respect, F. Benjamin, editor of the *Daily Advertiser*.' Sand it, old boy."

"I haven't quite finished. 'Circulation in every State and Territory in the Union. Advertising bills payable in advance.'"

"None of your nonsense, Frank. This is serious business."

"What in the world are you up to, Jack?"

"Up to my ears in love, Frank, and up to the most be-yu-tiful game. Now lend me your coat."

"Well done! after indorsing you in that fashion."

"Just so. Write your name across my back with that genteel, double-breasted frock-coat you've got on. It will cover this chicken."

Benjamin hesitated.

"You'll bring the coat back, Jack? You won't pawn it for Hair Restorer?"

"I'll bring back a character under it, and then you'll have nothing to regret. I'll keep the character, though, and lend it to you when you get out of your own."

II.—STAKING NETS.

Mr. J. Daly determined to strike when his own iron was hot, without too careful inquiry as to Mr. Humphrey's. Blacking his boots and giving himself as much outward dignity as he had or could borrow, he presented himself at the door of the chemist, as Mr. Humphrey preferred to be called. The chemist, a taciturn man, with long hair behind and before, and a shuffling gait which gave him the appearance of always being in slippers, was pottering about his study, while his daughter was reading by the fire. The servant brought Daly's card in, and Mr. Humphrey looked at it narrowly, not having heard the name before, and doubtful as to what designs the stranger might have upon him; for his business being founded upon a secret basis, the chemist was in constant fear lest his secret—a very thin one—should be penetrated. Principally from this cause he secluded his daughter, not taking her into his confidence, but carefully excluding her from any one else's confidence. She was somewhat *ennuyée* by reason of her limited life, and gathered herself up listlessly to leave the room as her father directed the servant to show the gentleman up.

"Do not go out of the house, Capilla," said her father, "nor too near the window"—the two injunctions which constituted the main body of laws which he imposed on her. At the moment of opening the door, Daly himself appeared on the other side, and so unexpectedly that the book which the girl held was jostled from her hand. He lifted it quickly and returned it to her.

"Pardon my rudeness," said he. "I hope the book does not feel as badly as I do;" and he smiled and passed in.

"Sir, your obedient servant," said Mr. Humphrey, interrupting a possible dialogue.

"I have the honor to bring an introduction from my friend Mr. Benjamin, of the *Advertiser*, Sir," said Daly, handing the note which he had dictated. The old gentleman read it through twice very slowly, when he eyed Daly, who stood before him with his thumb and forefinger thrust into his waistcoat pocket.

"Hm—ah! Mr. Daly, you are an advertiser?"

"Only a student, Sir, in that great science. I have passed the customary examinations at college, only to learn that there are more rigid examinations required in the

university of human life, Professor Humphrey."

"Eh? I lost that. I'm hard of hearing. Take a chair and sit down near me. There. What was it you said?"

"I said," said Daly, raising his voice, "that I had been struck with the skill which you had shown, Sir, in advertising your great discovery."

"It didn't sound much like that."

"It must have cost you much thought," pursued Daly, driving him off his old ground.

"It has cost a deal of money, Sir. These newspaper people set an extraordinary value on their squares, as they call them."

"Yes, they charge a good round price."

"Eh?"

"I say"—raising his voice—"they charge a good round price for a square—old idiot" (aside).

"Yes, a dollar first insertion, fifty per cent. off each subsequent one. What do you want, Sir?" he added, suddenly, looking sharply at Daly, who had scarcely arranged his face. Daly met the question promptly. He laid his hat and stick on the floor by his side to secure impressiveness of gesture.

"Professor Humphrey," he said, holding his companion's eye, "I am an enthusiast in the matter of advertising. I have travelled in England and in France, and extensively in our own country, observing the various methods used. I have stood before the several pictures of Shoat's Odonto by the hour, studying the effects. I have tracked Coldpepper's Bitters and Duck's Plantation Bitters to the fountain-head. Duck was a man of genius. He deserved a regular Bunker Hill monument. He was as great an inventor in his way as Columbus was in his. That idea of B. H.—1880—Z was an inspiration. It realizes the highest power of advertising idiocy. But, Sir, mark my words. Advertising is in its infancy, yet it is already getting into stale, worn ways. The newspapers?—bah! board fences?—bah! trademarks? Professor Humphrey, the time has come for a new era in advertising. The advertiser must not only use the ordinary agencies; he must attack society, and rush in where ordinary mortals dare not tread. Look at me, Sir. I own I am an enthusiast. I believe in my ideas. I will revolutionize advertising. Give me the Beanstalk Hair Restorer, put yourself under my guidance, and I will lead you to a glorious fame and fabulous wealth." The chemist rose and shuffled about the room. Daly wondered if he had overshot his mark, if he had borne on too hard.

"Explain yourself, young man—explain yourself," said the old gentleman, coming back and looking at his visitor.

"Professor Humphrey," said Daly, rising and laying his hand emphatically on his shoulder, "you have the genius to invent the Bean-stalk Hair Restorer. I have the genius to make it known. Instead of a few paltry newspapers feebly ringing its praises, you will find in me a living Homer singing it in the market-place or on the rostrum, by the hearth-stone, a daily, an hourly advertiser, an edition every five minutes, permeating society, stamping the impress of my character as an advertiser of this one article upon every being in the community. I will become a living, breathing bottle of Professor Davy Humphrey's Bean-stalk Hair Restorer. I have no doubt this sounds a little figurative. Details will come later. I too am an inventor—an inventor of ways and means."

"You seem in earnest," said Humphrey, a little doubtfully, "and you certainly have a valuable flow of words, a sort of readiness of speech, such as I have sometimes coveted."

"In earnest!" said Daly, impressively. "I am in earnest indeed; I see my opportunity to elevate advertising to a place among the fine arts. Place your interests in my hands, and in one month you will find the whole town talking of the Restorer. The papers will have paragraphs in every corner; the concert-room, the public meeting, the family gathering, every where there shall be one topic—Professor Davy Humphrey's Beanstalk Hair Restorer."

"But—a—Mr. Daly, men of genius are sometimes—a—not satisfied with the mere compensation of—a—seeing their work prosper."

"I will be frank with you. I stake all on success in this. Give me a month of trial, and at the end of that time, if you are satisfied, pay me only so much—no more than you expend on corks for your bottles." The chemist reflected a moment. He had lately laid in a considerable supply of corks.

"Do you mean corks that I buy during the coming month?"

"Just so."

"Young man, I will accept your offer, and I hope you will persevere."

"Very well," said Daly, briskly; "at once to business, then. Be so good as to make yourself ready to go with me to the photographer's to-morrow at this hour. You will need to procure a suit of knee breeches and buckles. Your daughter—I presume that young lady whom I saw on entering is your daughter?—will accompany us." He spoke with decision, and the old gentleman looked a little uneasy.

"Yes, she is my daughter. But—is it necessary? She is somewhat timid and retiring. I do not like to expose her."

"Have no fears, Sir. She will be under my protection also. Her womanly instinct and fine taste will be needed. To-morrow, Sir, at the same hour. Present my duty to your daughter. Good-morning;" and he

bowed himself out of the room. As he passed out into the entry, he threw his eyes up the staircase, and discovered the daughter slyly watching for him. He waved his hand gallantly, and opened the door into the street. The printing-office was opposite, and he did not fail to look back as he entered the door. A bit of poplin near the window into which he had often looked told him what he wanted to know, and he was soon at work again at his bulletin-board, whistling gayly.

III.—MARIANA IN THE MOATED GRANGE.

Miss Capilla Humphrey had more than ordinary curiosity about the young man who had presented himself at her father's house. The distance to the printing-office was not so great but she could make out with tolerable distinctness the features of a lively young man who had caught her attention as she sat at her own window. She had been somewhat puzzled by some of his demonstrations, but could not help understanding that his gesticulations had some reference to her. In the absence of general society, she had been driven in upon books and periodicals, and in these she had sought for materials from which to construct an outside world. Naturally she started from herself in spinning her web, and she found no great difficulty in matching her general isolation with that of many others who had lived or were now living. Wiser heads than hers have been puzzled how to draw the line between the real and the ideal in the portraiture of human life.

When, therefore, she was confronted by the person whom thus far she had seen only through a glass darkly, she was wrought up to a considerable height of expectation, and, in accordance with precedents in her books, could scarcely fail to anticipate some effect upon her own fortune. Sent out of the room without learning the stranger's name, she had hovered over the balusters, and been rewarded by a salutation from the young gentleman, whose instinct had so surely discovered her whereabouts. As soon as he was gone, she made haste to ascend to her post of observation, and scarcely had she taken her place, book in hand, a little way from the window, when she descried him again at his window. She was in a flutter of excitement, and divided between a desire to watch him and a sense of timidity at the boldness of her proceeding.

"It must be he!" she said to herself; and having been cut off from much companionship, she had easily acquired the habit of talking aloud to herself—a habit frequently mentioned of others in the books she read. "I see his manly form. His arm moves. I wonder if he is not painting? Oh, what noble work of art is he engaged upon? I see his hand take the brush. He starts back to see the effect. He looks this way. I must not look," and she began to read industriously:

> "She only said, 'My life is dreary,
> He cometh not,' she said;
> She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead!'"

"Ah, Tennyson!" she went on, musingly, "thou knowest the heart. I wonder if he is looking still?" and she raised her eyes timidly. "He is painting again. He holds his handkerchief in his hand. I suppose I ought not to— What if he should see me?" She began tossing her handkerchief as if playing with herself, and then resumed her reading vigorously:

> "She drew her casement curtain by,
> And glanced athwart the glooming flats."

"I declare, Tennyson is so stupid to-day! Glooming flats! I wonder what they are? I believe I'm a glooming flat;" and thereupon she gave her handkerchief a vigorous flirt. "Oh, I mustn't. He saw it. But isn't it delightful? I wish I knew who he was. I wonder if I can possibly find out from father? Oh, if it should only be my Galahad! I must put my handkerchief up. He might see it. I'll go away, and see if he goes too." She changed her place. "But I can't see him from here;" and so she went back again. "There! he's gone." At that moment she heard a knock at her door, and caught up her book. The servant came to call her to her father. Capilla's heart gave a little thump as she wondered if her father's summons had any thing to do with the young man. What was her astonishment when she learned from her father that the young man was a Mr. Daly, who had formed a business connection with him, and was to call the next day to accompany them both to the photographer's. She heard it all with a demure countenance which helped to relieve Mr. Humphrey's apprehensions.

"Will he come to dine with us when we return?" she asked. Mr. Humphrey reflected. He had not thought of that.

"Yes; I shall ask him. You will not have to see him except at dinner."

IV.—"TO BE TAKEN EVERY HALF HOUR."

The photograph saloon of Mr. Warriner was the main picture-gallery of the town, and was almost entirely given up to portraits and family groups. Criticism upon the pictures by the frequent visitors was apt to degenerate into criticisms of the persons portrayed; there were a few vague specimens of Portrait of a Gentleman, Portrait of a Lady, but for most no catalogue was required; and as people who sit for their photographs always turn their weakest side to the sun, there was an admirable opportunity for detecting the characters of all the public and private citizens of the place. On the morning when Mr. Daly pro-

posed to escort his friends to Warriner's, there was already a group present, assisting at the self-sacrifice of the head of the party, Judge Cushing, a somewhat portly gentleman who had recently attained moderate judicial honors. It was a secret pain to him that ermine was not the dress of gentlemen of his position, and he could make but faint approach to the proper dignity of dress by carrying with him a long dressing-gown of gray stuff, in which to be taken in character. He had not yet donned this, but was sitting before the camera, while his wife and daughter were flitting about in a sketchy manner, looking at him as if he were a piece of statuary. The photographer was constantly going into eclipse under a cloth or into a dark closet, and bore the air of a man to whom five seconds was an eternity in importance.

"Do your best, Warriner," said the judge, as he watched the nervous man. "Do yourself credit. You won't be the loser for it. My position on the bench will secure the photograph publicity, and I shall mention that it was taken by you. Not too cloudy to-day, eh?"

"Oh dear, no, judge. We sometimes get up a cloud on purpose, you know; shake it so fashion before you, Sir," and he caught up a pasteboard cloud and brandished it before the magistrate. "It gives a hazy effect round the neck. Like a cloud, Sir?" At that moment the door was opened, and Daly entered, accompanied by Professor Humphrey—in an antique suit, in which he looked as if he were made in two sections, and his legs could be unscrewed—and Capilla, who hovered a little in the background.

"Come in! come in!" said the photographer, dropping his cloud.

"Ah, Warriner," said the young man, "mixing your chemicals? I have brought you a patron—Professor Davy Humphrey, discoverer and inventor of the renowned Beanstalk Hair Restorer. Professor Humphrey will be taken in several lights."

"Yes, yes; very much obliged. Please be seated, ladies and gentlemen. In one moment."

"Professor Humphrey can not be put off," said Daly. "His time is too valuable to allow him to be kept waiting for any one."

"I say, Warriner," said the judge, taking his head out of the rest where he had been holding it stiffly, "get that camera in order."

"Yes, Sir; yes, Sir; in one moment. Really, Professor Humphrey—" And the photographer cast a despairing look at Daly.

"This is Professor Humphrey, Warriner," said the young man, waving his hand toward the old gentleman as if he were a wax figure on exhibition. "You will please proceed to take a photograph of him."

"And I am Judge Cushing, of the Superior Court," said the magistrate, bouncing up. "Am I to be kept waiting here in this fashion?" At this point Capilla came forward persuasively, and laid her hand on Daly's arm.

"Dear Mr. Daly," said she, "we really could wait."

"We waive the point," said Jack, promptly. "Let the Superior Judge be taken first;" and he turned on his heel and began pointing out the faces on the walls to Miss Humphrey and her father, giving little hints of character to the young lady, and occasionally shouting out some brief criticism to the father, who was more familiar with the faces than his daughter could be. Judge Cushing recovered his equanimity as well as he could, and resumed his position before the camera.

"I wish first to be taken as in the bosom of my family," said he, and he directed Mrs. Cushing to stand where he could keep his eyes on her. "My dear," he said, with a smile, as soon as the photographer notified him he was ready—"my dear, will you pass me the sugar?" and then, with an energetic whisper to Warriner, "Take me now," while the smile still lingered about his mouth. There was a moment of relaxation soon, as the photographer went off with the slide, which the judge improved by rising from his chair and hastily donning his long dressing-gown, which he folded about him with as near an approach to a toga-like severity as the garment would allow.

"I will now," said he, "be taken in my official capacity." He looked about for the impertinent young man who had recently disturbed his peace, and catching him within the range of his eye, he pointed his forefinger in a threatening manner toward him, and taking on the sternness of a Roman judge, he asked, severely,

"Young man, where were you last night at half past ten o'clock?—Take me now," he added in a whisper to the photographer, holding his features rigid meanwhile, and keeping his forefinger uplifted. It was some little time, indeed, before he recovered his every-day countenance. The photographer had come back from his visit to the dark closet, and pronounced himself as tolerably satisfied with the result.

"The first is quite chatty, quite chatty," said he; "the last one comes out strong. You'll like that, I am sure."

"Very well," said the judge, leaving. "You may send me proofs to-morrow." And he left the room with his wife and daughter, quite ignoring the other party. But Jack was ready to come forward, and he confronted the photographer again.

"Come, Mr. Warriner, we've been as patient as possible. Now let us see what you can do. This lady will be satisfied with nothing of her father except the very best; and, let me tell you, these photographs will

be seen every where soon, and your fortune will be made if your pictures will be well made. Professor Humphrey will be taken in a series of studies, showing the genesis and process of his discovery, from the simple human hair in the first instance, to the perfect bottle of Hair Restorer in the last."

These words, spoken in a rotund voice, were not lost upon the professor, who here interjected, "The process does not disclose the secret of my discovery, Mr. Warriner?"

"Not a bit of it—not a bit," said Daly. "We're going to have one picture where the professor has his back turned to us, and he is stooping over his bottles, just performing the secret act which perfects his work. Any one may peep through a key-hole then, and he won't discover any thing. It's this secret philosophy, Miss Capilla, that stamps your father as a great man."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said she; "for, as I told you before, it is hard for me to take much interest in my father's pursuit."

"Ah! nature is a great chemist, too. How poorly we imitate her wonderful mysteries! But to business."

The party had supplied themselves, before leaving the house, with various appurtenances that would serve to mark the processes of the professor's discovery, and, producing these, a series of tableaux was arranged, in which the professor and a bottle were the principal actors; a pestle and mortar were also among the dramatic features, and a flowing lock of hair, which came out rather indistinctly in the picture. The professor always came out well. His venerable figure showed to excellent advantage whichever way it was turned; and Daly, with the active assistance of Capilla, arranged the scenes, until both the photographer and the victim, as he might fairly be called, were quite exhausted. At length the session was ended.

"Proofs now, good Warriner," said Daly, in exhilaration. "If every thing goes well, you may expect unlimited orders. Be as quick as you can about it."

He marched off with his party, and cheerfully accepted Professor Humphrey's invitation to dinner. He had already elbowed his way, without reserve, into a familiar acquaintance with the house, and he improved the hour of dinner not only in dining, but in opening his store of anecdote and talk, and distributing freely to his two companions. To Capilla it was, in truth, a sensation. Never before had she heard so voluble a young man, and the unflagging cheerfulness of their guest was a novelty to her. It was, in fact, a burst of sunshine in upon a room which had accumulated cobwebs until they seemed the natural surroundings of human life. Most of all, she listened entranced to the tales of adventure which Daly repeated, in which he recklessly heroized himself, to avoid too much circumlocution in narrative, finding it easier to shoulder all the responsibility of an adventure than to confuse his auditor by quoting authorities. The girl had fed so much upon romances that she had nothing in her slender experience of the world to serve as a standard of measurement by which to try Daly's stories. They parted excellent friends, and Daly unreservedly reported to his friend Benjamin that Capilla Humphrey was the most incredulously beautiful and beautifully credulous girl he had ever had the fortune to meet.

V.—THE PROOFS.

It was several days after the judge and the professor had victimized themselves for the public good, and the town was already in full possession of their features. For lack, perhaps, of an energetic friend, the judge's pictures were by no means so conspicuous as the professor's, and certainly not so various. But the judge was more accessible to the public in his own proper person, and he frequently gave out notice, in a social way, that he could be found almost every evening in the bosom of his family. He was relaxing on one such evening, reading his paper, while his wife and daughter, dressed for receiving any of the judge's callers, were talking together in low tones. The professor's conspicuousness had not failed to render Daly himself a somewhat public person; as a younger man, he was likely to be subjected to a more searching criticism.

Miss Cushing delivered her opinion in brief in the words: "He certainly is a very showy gentleman."

Mrs. Cushing, as large a shadow as her husband was substance, modified the statement: "His air is not that of perfect repose. I have not forgotten his conduct at Warriner's."

"Still, he is a man that has what I call dash. He is a great traveller and connoisseur, I am told. I wonder if he is any connection of that odd old Humphrey? How one does see his picture every where! What's the matter, papa?" Judge Cushing had thrown his paper down with unassumed annoyance.

"Disgusting! It is perfectly unbearable. These mountebanks follow one every where. The papers are full of them. They leave one no peace. I'll stop my paper." Miss Cushing meanwhile had picked up the paper and adjusted her eyeglasses.

"What is it?" she asked, more curious than disturbed.

"It's that confounded photograph business." And the judge caught up a magazine, as if he would drown his vexation in good literature.

Miss Cushing found the offensive para-

graph, and read it through for her mother's benefit. "'The art of photography is getting to have very wide application. We have been quite struck with the ingenuity with which it has been applied to objects of domestic use. We were shown yesterday a complete dinner service ornamented with photographs of Professor Davy Humphrey, the great chemist and discoverer of the Bean-stalk Hair Restorer. There is a fine set of carved chamber furniture at Trott's, with photographs of the same eminent man set in the panels; on awaking in the morning, one's eye would light upon his benignant countenance on the foot-board, as if he had been keeping watch all night, waiting to recommend an early use of his Hair Restorer. There are some interesting lamp shades at Shrove's, made of porcelain, four-sided, and each bearing a different view of the professor. At Cox's there is the new style Humphrey hat, in which the portrait is placed inside the crown, where the owner always looks to see if he has his own hat. Some very pretty designs have been made for opera-glasses, two bottles of the shape so familiarly known as that of the Restorer; on looking through the lenses, one is surprised and amused that wherever he turns his glass he always sees the professor; his portrait is arranged as a protecting cap to the lenses, and can be removed. An ingenious game, by-the-bye, has been invented, in which there are sides taken, one by the professor and the other by the public, and it is a curious property of the game that the professor always wins. We understand that the nine-pins in all the more fashionable alleys have been replaced by imitation bottles, marked by the well-known signs, and it is said, though we do not vouch for the truth of this, that the balls in the bowling-alley are found at the end of the game to be covered with a slight coating of hair, showing that the mere contact with the imitation bottles has an extraordinary effect. A prize has been offered—see another place in our columns—for the largest number of words to be made, according to the popular game Verbaneum, out of the title "Bean-stalk Hair Restorer."' How perfectly absurd!"

"It is certainly very extraordinary," said her mother. "How much is it a bottle, Clarissa? Do you see any advertisement?"

"It is perfectly abominable," broke in Judge Cushing. "This thing should be indicted for a nuisance. The next thing, these advertisers will be walking into one's own house and proclaiming their wares." At this moment a servant entered with a card. The judge looked at it and threw it down on the table. "Show him up," said he to the servant. "*I'll* show him up."

"Why, it's Mr. Daly, mamma!" said Miss Cushing, and presently that gentleman stepped jauntily into the room, bowing right and left, and accosting the judge before he could utter a protest:

"I should esteem it an honor, Judge Cushing, to speak of public business before the members of your household. I am not unaware of the noble stand you have taken in the matter of woman suffrage, and how admirably you have shown that woman in the household exercises a far more potent sway than she possibly could in the ward room. It is easy to see whence the force of Judge Cushing's argument was drawn, madam," and he turned to Mrs. Cushing, who bowed haughtily.

"Be seated, Sir," said the judge, a little stiffly, "if you have come on public business."

"I have that honor. I have been abroad, looking into the corrupt organization of foreign countries, and I come back more than ever proud of that system by which we make our individual strength felt in the government. It is the glory of our system, Sir, that the true men of genius inevitably come to the surface."

"In time, Sir, in time," said the judge, nodding sagaciously.

"But there is such a thing as sudden and earnest recognition of greatness, which insists on its plans being at once carried out. You are aware, I presume, that the canvass for a Representative from this district is active?"

"I have been in the way of observing it somewhat; but, Mr. Daly, it may be that you wish for a more private— Mrs. Cushing, Clarissa—"

"No, no. I beg of you, ladies. I can not deny myself the pleasure of associating them in this matter. I come, then, as a sort of committee, I may say, on the part of your townsmen to express the unanimous wish of the community that you would allow your name to be used as chairman of a public meeting for the purpose of nominating Professor Davy Humphrey, the renowned discoverer—" Daly uttered these last words rapidly, but not with sufficient rapidity to outstrip Judge Cushing's explosion of wrath.

"Out of my house, you scoundrel!—out of my house!" he exclaimed; and Jack, who had taken care not to burn his bridges behind him, retreated in good condition, leaving behind him a souvenir in the shape of a photograph of the professor, taken just when developing his secret.

VI.—THE HOME-STRETCH.

Although Benjamin was a good friend of Daly's, it became evident to him before long that his soldier of fortune did not report to him all his campaigns. Capilla Humphrey's name was mentioned less and less, but the adventurer was, perhaps, more explicit in his

detail of the episodes of his experiment on the public. The two were in the office the next morning, and Daly had been elaborating to his friend his freak of the night before.

"Well, Jack, from your account," said Benjamin, "I should say you had come near needing the Hair Restorer yourself at Judge Cushing's."

"A good item, Frank. Put that down in your mince-meat column."

"Look here, Jack, I'm getting a little *ennuyé* of this thing. That preposterous paragraph of yours about the photographs has brought me letters from every body mentioned in it, and a good many besides. I can't persuade them that the satire was perfectly apparent; it's the same as telling them they're idiots themselves. And I suppose Judge Cushing will be round presently to learn about the public meeting which never took place."

"Oh, I'd have managed to get up the meeting, if I could once have secured the judge."

"Oh, no doubt of that. First catch your judge, though."

"Well, let all that go; I have more serious business on hand. I suppose you wouldn't expect it from such a rattle-brained fellow as I am. I have made up my mind to elope with Miss Humphrey."

"That's an occupation for a serious-minded young man. Has the young lady a mind to elope with you?"

"I more than half believe it. Her father is the great difficulty."

"I should think he might be—a venerable difficulty, at least, if not great. Why don't you ask him to let you elope with his daughter?"

"Just what I mean to do."

"Ask him to go along with you, too?"

"Listen, Frank. To-morrow night there is to be a lecture by Emerson. Professor Humphrey will go to it; so will his daughter. *So will a man somewhat advanced in years.* Early in the evening, do you find some excuse to get the professor out of the hall."

"Come, come, Jack; I don't mind your eloping, but don't drag me into this affair; especially don't ask me to elope with the professor. I must draw the line somewhere."

"If I get the professor's consent, will you?"

"Consent to your eloping with his daughter?—yes. To my eloping with him?—no."

"So be it. I have faith in you, but I have a good deal more faith in myself."

Nevertheless, in spite of his expression of confidence, Daly felt that he was upon ticklish ground. Of Capilla's confidence in him he was assured, and he was pretty certain also that the idea of elopement would be to her the only correct and straightforward way of marriage. With the father he was less confident of himself. He had noticed that the old gentleman had taken care of late to keep his daughter out of the way, and in general to treat him with some suspicion. It was this which had driven him to the point of staking every thing on his final throw. His month, moreover, was up. He had exhausted all pecuniary resources, and though the sale of the Restorer had increased wonderfully, he knew that the expenses of his advertising would soon be brought upon the close proprietor. He knew there was but one road to his purpose, and that lay through the chemist's unbounded craving for publicity as regarded his Hair Restorer.

As good luck would have it, Mr. Humphrey was out when he called, shortly after his interview with the editor, and he had an opportunity to see the daughter alone—the first he had enjoyed for several days. She came at once to her father's room, where Daly was waiting.

"When will your father return?" asked Daly, energetically, as soon as the door was closed.

"In fifteen minutes," she replied.

"Is fifteen minutes long enough for me to say one word to you, Capilla? Do you think that I have been here day after day merely to carry on your father's business? Is it for that I have used my ingenuity, my wit, my adroitness? I must say my word quickly. I did it all for you—for you. It was because I loved you from the first moment that I saw you at your window—yes, long before I could ever get a look from you. And here I have come to-day to tell you this. Is it all for nothing? Shall I go?" And he started as if to leave her; for the whole affair, in his excitement, seemed to call for desperate hurry. It was railroad love-making.

"No, no!" she cried. "Do not go. I suppose I ought to hold back—people do; but somehow I can't. I never saw any one before, and—and I didn't know it would be like this." And the poor girl burst into tears, half of joy, and half of vexation that her love affair should have so little of the lingering joy long drawn out. Daly really honestly loved her before; but at this, any possible uncertainty vanished, and in the few minutes which remained he was as lover-like as possible.

"Father will never consent," said Capilla. "Oh, he has scolded me dreadfully about you, and he has tried every way to prevent my seeing you."

"I know it—I know it. But trust me, Capilla. He will be back shortly. I have a plan. Look as incredulous as you will, but he will himself explain it to you. I may not see you till to-morrow evening. Do just as he tells you up to that time, then trust me implicitly. Promise me."

"Oh, I don't need to promise you."

"Then go quickly now, and leave me here to wait for him. It will spoil all if you are here. Quick! Good-by, but only for two long days; then—" Capilla went up to her room, and none too soon, for scarcely had Daly seated himself in a patient attitude before Mr. Humphrey entered.

"I waited for you, Mr. Humphrey, as I had something of importance to suggest to you."

"It won't do to spend much more money, Mr. Daly."

"Money! That's on the other side. I suppose you know that an order came this morning by telegraph for fifty cases to go West. They have been scalping out there, I suppose."

"Well, well; the sales do improve a little;" and the old gentleman grinned slyly.

"I have one final stake," said Daly, smoothing his chin. "My month is up to-morrow. If that does not succeed, then I'll leave your service."

"So, so; well, well. Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Daly. We've done pretty well—pretty well. I've no fault to find. Don't risk too much. Some one thing may fail, but don't be too much cast down by that—not too much cast down. Still—still, suppose you say what you have in your mind."

"Very well. I propose to elope with your daughter."

"Sir!"

Daly burst into a laugh.

"Good! that's what I call the first proof of the advertisement. Oh dear! one would think I was in earnest."

"Pardon me, Sir; it looked very much like it indeed; and indeed I have heard talk—"

"No doubt of it—no doubt of it," said Daly, warmly. "I have been too closely engaged with you in this great enterprise not to have brought down upon myself the charge of ulterior motives; but you will not believe it. My idea, however, was rather prematurely stated. I used the word *elope* unadvisedly; I should have said *abduct.* Let us see. I have taken pains that an elderly man should be seen about town the last few days, and attract some attention. That's Mr. Jack Daly in disguise. Very good. You will go to hear Emerson to-morrow night, so will Miss Humphrey. Here are two tickets. Early in the evening Benjamin calls you out on some business. You are not long gone before Miss Humphrey is called out; you return, look surprised at missing your daughter, grow uneasy. An elderly man was seen going out with her. It spreads; there is a mystery about it. Who carried her off? why? where to? It's a case of abduction. The town is roused. You are frantic. She is not at home. *Really* she is, having been carefully returned there from the meeting quite unsuspicious of any thing being in the wind. The whole place is alive with excitement. Humphrey's daughter—Humphrey, the inventor of the Bean-stalk Hair Restorer!"

"Mr. Daly, you are a man of genius. This is worthy of you. And it won't be necessary to explain it all to my daughter?"

"Not a bit of it. All you need to say is, when you are at the lecture and are called out, 'My friend Mr. Osborn is here, and if I invite him to the house you can go home with him in the carriage, as I am obliged to stay here,' or something to that effect. She needn't surmise any thing, and I'll keep quiet. In fact, to make sure, I'll not come here again until after the lecture. I can join in the hue and cry, you know, as soon as I get my disguise off."

"We'll do it! we'll do it!" said the old professor, rubbing his hands; "and it won't cost any thing."

"No; it's what I call a far-thing advertisement," said Jack, bidding him good-morning.

VII.—UNDER THE HEAD OF MARRIAGES.

The eventful day proved a stormy one. Snow began to fall in the afternoon, and continued steadily into the evening. The lecture hall, however, was well filled, and the audience waited patiently for the lecturer. The hour came and passed, and a general uneasiness began to prevail. Mr. Humphrey, with his daughter, was present in the front seat, and, as usual, made himself as conspicuous as possible, turning slowly about like a wax figure in a dress-maker's shop window, so as to show himself on all sides. His daughter had rarely been seen with her father, and her beauty also attracted attention. Hovering about the door, not far from them, was a sedate-looking man, with gray curly hair and a pair of gold-bowed spectacles. The editor, Benjamin, was standing by him, when the manager of the lecture came forward upon the platform hat in hand; a few boys in the back part of the hall applauded, thinking it was the lecturer, but he raised his hand deprecatingly and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret exceedingly to inform you that Mr. Emerson is detained by the snow-storm, but we have a dispatch from him, which I will read: 'West Brookville. The train has stopped five minutes for refreshments. The snow continues. I will be with you a half hour late. But it will be a half hour early, if we choose to call the time for assembling nine o'clock. Call it so. Man is the master of time.' Meanwhile, if the audience will kindly retain their seats, I think a little patience only will be needed, and, as Mr. Emerson philosophically suggests, we can play the lecture begins at nine." The audience applauded good-naturedly. The elderly gentleman whispered to the editor:

"Frank, I can't resist the opportunity to do one more stroke. Listen to me, and when you hear the words, 'The True, the Good, and the Beautiful,' take that as your cue, and call out old Humphrey, and keep him out at the further end of the passage." And then raising his voice in a falsetto tone, and coming forward, he lifted his hand and said, as the manager turned to leave the stage:

"Sir, permit me to ask if I may be allowed to say a few words. I am an intimate friend of Mr. Emerson, and it would give me great pleasure if I might be allowed to occupy these few minutes in a sketch of my friend and his system of philosophy." The audience began to turn round. The manager smiled.

"By all means, Sir. We shall be delighted to hear you," and he rubbed his hands with pleasure, for he had had gloomy anticipations of the next half hour. "Come up upon the platform, if you please. Whom shall I introduce?" he asked, in a whisper, as the stranger stood by him.

"I'll introduce myself presently," said he; and bowing decorously to the audience, he began:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of Humanity, Disciples of Mr. Emerson, Students of the Oversoul, Believers in the True, the Good, and the Beautiful—I have learned from that great master to see beauty and goodness and truth in the common things of life. The stars in the sky, the periwinkle in the grass, alike have a twinkling beauty; nature seen through the reverse end of the spy-glass is still nature; turn the glass round, and turn with it, nature is there still. Mr. Emerson has made the truth luminous. He has turned upon it the full glare of his safety-lamp, and revealed a brightness hitherto unsupposed. No smoked glass stands between him and the bright sun of truth; no eclipse is suffered in the firmament of his knowledge. Nay, not nature alone—I mean vegetable nature—is scorched by the burning-glass of his speech, wherein the various rays of his intellect meet, but human nature also is subjected to the same powerful operation. Here, again, great and small things alike pass in review before him. The playthings of childhood, the work-things of middle age, the glassy spectacles of old age, all find their solution in the mind of this philosopher. The idle fairy tale of childhood becomes instinct with a larger meaning, a fuller force, when its beauty is developed by the cunning of the master. Let me illustrate this point.

"Mr. Emerson was born in the year 1803. In the same year was born that twin philosopher whom we all love to honor. We listen in childhood to the tale of 'Jack and the Bean Stalk,' but it is in the vigor of manhood that we learn to appreciate the grand effects of such human wisdom as are wrapped up in Professor Davy Humphrey's Bean-stalk Hair Restorer."

The audience, which had been growing more and more restless, at this point broke out in a storm of hissing and shouting. Daly stepped back quickly to the rear of the platform, and, opening a little cupboard door, gave a turn to the key which projected from a pipe running through the cupboard. In a moment the house was pitch-dark. He had turned the gas off.

"Keep quiet—keep perfectly quiet," said the manager; "we'll have the gas lighted in a moment. Somebody catch that rascal; he's left the platform." There was a scrambling about the front of the hall.

"I've got him!" cried one.

"Let go of me!"

"Oh, it's you, is it? Beg your pardon;" and confused couples arrested each other in every direction. Daly meanwhile had stepped quickly to the front row.

"Now, Capilla," he whispered, "give me your hand." She gave it to him, and he led her through the nearest door, out of the house, into the street, and into a carriage. A street lamp shone upon them. She started back, and gave a little scream.

"Sh!" said he; "it's Jack himself, not Jack-in-a-box. What a row they're making in there!" He gave a direction to the coachman, jumped in, shut the door, and began to pull off his disguise. "Didn't you know me?"

"Never. I never once suspected it was you."

"All right. Neither did your father, I guess;" and he laughed. Then pulling out a bag from under the seat, he quickly changed his coat; and when the carriage stopped again, a young gentleman, well protected from the coachman's suspicion by an umbrella drawn close down over his head, led Miss Humphrey into the parson's house.

That same evening Mr. J. Daly called at the office of the *Advertiser*. He found the editor seated on his Delphic stool, busily engaged in reporting the lecture, with its prelude.

"Is the column of marriages and deaths made up?" said he, as he entered.

"Good heavens! is this the ghost of my friend Daly that wants his death put in? Go away, good ghost; we don't insert them without the indorsement of some responsible party. Why, Jack, the last I heard of you, the mob had got you and clapped you into the lock-up."

"Poor fellow—suffering for my misdeeds. I wonder who my Doppelgänger is. No; every thing went off well. The parson was ready, and we're man and wife, and I want my father-in-law to get the news the first thing in the morning."

The notice was duly inserted. "On Wednesday, 5th inst., John Daly to Capilla,

only daughter of Professor Davy Humphrey, inventor and discoverer of the Bean-stalk Hair Restorer. No cards."

The professor's anger was short-lived. The young scape-grace had become too important to be discharged, and, besides, the more the great chemist thought it over, the more plainly he saw that he had been relieved of the great perplexity which had long worried him—his daughter.

DA CAPO.

CHAPTER I.

COLONEL BAXTER'S RETROSPECTIONS.

IT is a curious experience to come back in after-years to an old mood, and to find it all changed and swept and garnished; emotionless, orderly now: are the devils of indifference and selfish preoccupation those against which we are warned in the parable? Perhaps it is some old once-read and re-read letter which has brought it all back to you; perhaps it is some person quietly walking in, followed by a whole train of associations. Who has not answered to the call of an old tune breaking the dream of to-day? Is the past past if such trifles can recall it all vividly again, or only not present?

One day Colonel Baxter, an officer lately returned from abroad, came up to the door of an old house in Sussex, and stopped for an instant before he rang the bell. The not-present suddenly swept away all the fabric of the last few years. He stopped, looking for a little phantom of five years before, that he could still conjure up, coming flitting along the terrace, gentle, capricious, lovely Felicia Marlow, as he remembered her at eighteen, and not so happy as eighteen should be. The little phantom had once appealed to him for help, and it had needed all Colonel Baxter's years of service, all his standing in the army, all the courage of a self-reliant man, and all the energies of his Victoria Cross and many clasps to help him to withstand the innocent entreaty of those two wild gray eyes which had said, "Help me! help me!" The story was simple enough, and one which has been told before, of a foolish little creature who had scarcely been beyond the iron scrolls of the gates of Harpington Court, who had been promised to her cousin, the only man she had ever seen, and who, suddenly finding a world beyond her own, had realized the possibility of a love that was not her cousin James's old familiar every-day, ever-since-she-could-remember mood.

Colonel Baxter had seen the world and travelled far beyond Harpington, but, nevertheless, he too had been carried away by the touching vehemence of this poor little victim to circumstances, and felt that he could give his whole life to make her more happy. Only, somehow, it was not for him to make her happy. That right then belonged to James Marlow, who was Baxter's friend, and one of the best and most loyal of men.

Baxter walked up to the gates one day, and stopped to remember how Felicia had looked when she found them closed at the time of the old squire's death. But the place was changed. A new spirit seemed to have come over the periwinkle avenue. There were bright flowers in tubs at intervals along the road; a couple of gardeners were at work in the sunshine, chipping, chopping, binding up all the drifts and wreaths, carefully nipping away all the desolate sweetness, and carrying it off in wheelbarrows. Gay striped blinds were sprouting from the old diamond windows; Minton china twinkled on the terrace; the stone steps had been repaired and smartened up somehow; a green trellis had been nailed against the walls. It was scarcely possible to see in which of these trifling signs the difference lay, but it was unmistakable. Once more an old feeling seemed to come over the man as he tramped along the gravel-walks with long even strides—a feeling of hopeless separation, of utter and insurmountable distance: all this orderly comfort seemed to come only to divide them. In the old days of her forlorn negligence and trouble Felicia had seemed nearer, far nearer, than now. When he had come back after James's death, he had thought it wrong to obtrude his personal feelings. He was then under orders to rejoin his regiment. When he went to India, he had written an ambiguous little message to Felicia Marlow, to which no answer had come; he had been too proud to write again; and now that he was home once more, an impulse had brought him back to her door. And he had listened to the advice of a woman whom he had always trusted, and who told him that he had been wrong and proud, and that he had almost deserved to lose the woman he loved.

A very pert house-maid with a mob-cap opened the door, and to Colonel Baxter's inquiry replied that Miss Marlow was abroad, travelling with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bracy and Mr. Jasper Bracy, from Brayfield. She was not expected? Oh dear, no; all letters were to be sent on to the hotel at Berne. "Here is the foreign address," says the house-maid, going to a table and coming back with a piece of paper.

A minute ago it had been on Baxter's lips to ask her to give him back a letter which

he had posted himself only the day before, addressed to Miss Marlow, at Harpington, not to the Falcon Hotel, at Berne. But the sight of her writing, of a little flourish to the F, touched him oddly. When the lively house-maid went on to say that a packet was just a-going, and Baxter saw his own letter lying on the hall table, he gave the maid a card, and asked her to put it in as well, and thoughtfully turned on his heel and walked away. Then he stopped, walked back a few steps once more along the terrace to a side window that he remembered, and he stood for an instant trying to recall a vision of that starry dim evening when the iron gates were first closed, and he had waited while Felicia flitted in through that shuttered window. He still heard her childish sweet voice; he could remember the pain with which he left her then; and now—what was there between them? Nothing. Baxter thought as he walked away that Felicia had been more really present this time in remembrance than the last time when he had really seen her, touched her hand, and found her at home indeed, but preoccupied, surrounded by adulating sympathizers, dressed in crape, excited, unlike herself, and passionately sobbing for James's death. Yes, she had once loved him better than that. It was not Felicia whom he had really seen that last time. He *must* see her again, her herself. She would get his letter; but what good was a letter? It had a voice, perhaps, but no eyes, no ears. The Hôtel du Faucon at Berne was not a very long way off. Before he left the terrace Baxter had made up his mind to go there.

I wrote this little story down many years ago now. The people interested me at the time, for they were all well-meaning folks, moving in a somewhat morbid atmosphere, but doing the best they could under difficult circumstances. There was the young couple, who had been engaged from childhood, without, as I have said, much knowledge of any thing outside the dreary old home in which Fate had inclosed their lives. There was an old couple, whose experience might have taught them better than to try and twine hymeneal garlands out of dead men's shoes, strips of parchment, twigs and dried leaves off their genealogical tree, with a little gold tinsel for sunshine. The saving clause in it all was that James Marlow truly loved his cousin Felicia; but this the old folks scarcely took into account, and it was for quite different reasons that they decreed the two should be one. And then came human nature in the shape of a very inoffending and unconscious soldier, a widower with one child, a soldier of fortune without a fortune, as he called himself; whereas James Marlow, the hero of this little tragedy (for it *was* a tragedy of some sort), was the heir to the estate, and a good man, and tenderly attached to his cousin. But, nevertheless, the little heroine's heart went away from mousy old Harpington, and flashed something for itself which neither grandmother nor grandfather had intended, and which Felicia herself did not quite understand. James Marlow, perhaps, of them all, was the person who most clearly realized the facts which concerned these complicated experiences.

Felicia found out her own secret in time, in shame and remorse; and James, who had found it out, kept silence, for he too had a secret, and knew that for him a very short time must break the solemnest engagements. He did full justice to Felicia's impulsive, vivid-hearted nature—to the honesty of the man she preferred to himself.

The three had parted under peculiar circumstances. James had been sent abroad by the doctors as his last chance for life, and before he went he had said something to Felicia, and Baxter not one word. The Captain, as he was then, was faithfully attached to James. He went abroad with his friend, and remained with him while he lived, and tended him in those journeys, and administered those delusive prescriptions which were to have cured him. The air was so life-giving, the doctors spoke so confidently, James himself was almost deceived at one time.

His was a wise heart, and a just one consequently. If he had lived, he would have done his part to make those he loved happy, even though their own dream of happiness should not include his own. But he had no chance from the first, except, indeed, that of being a good man, and knowing the meaning of a few commonplace words, such as duty, love, friendship. From a child he was always ailing and sensitive. When he found that his happiness (it had been christened Felicia some eighteen years before) was gone from him, it made him languid, indifferent; his pulse ebbed away, not even African sun could warm him. He would have lived if he could, but he was not sorry to die; and when he found he was dying, he sent a message home to his "sweet happiness"—so he spoke of her.

Baxter had come back to England with his heart sore for his friend's loss, and neither he nor Felicia, who had been wearying and pining to see him again, could find one word except words of grief. In those days it had seemed to them both that it would be wronging James's memory to speak of their own preoccupations at such a time—so little do people with the best hearts and intentions trust each other or those who have loved them most. Baxter had not come to Harpington, but to London, where Felicia was staying with her aunt in Queen's Square. The old butler showed him up the

old staircase, looked round, and then went to the window and said, "Miss Felicia, you are wanted. Here is Colonel Baxter."

She had come into the room to speak to him, stepping across the window-sill from the balcony, where she had been sitting. How well he remembered it, and the last time they had been there together! That was in the evening, and Jem had been alive. Now it was morning, and Felicia wore her black dress—a burning autumn morning, striking across the withered parks in broad lines of dusky light. They flooded through the awnings, making the very crape and blackness twinkle. But Felicia's face somehow put out the light; it was pale and set and wan. There was no appeal in it now. She frightened Baxter for a moment; then, when he saw her hands tremble, a great longing came to him to hold them fast, to be her help and comforter once more, and to befriend this forlorn though much-loved woman. He talked on quickly, to hide his emotion. He gave her the few details she wanted.

"Jem told me to come and see you," he concluded. "He thought I might perhaps be your friend, Felicia," said Baxter, "and he sent you his love."

Baxter turned pale, and his voice faltered; he hardly knew how to give the remainder of James's message, which was to tell Felicia that James sent them both his blessing: perhaps he might have gone on, but the door opened, and another Miss Marlow came bustling in—Aunt Mary Anne, a stout, beaming, good-natured, and fussy lady, with many bugles and ornaments and earrings, and a jet-bespangled bonnet, rather awry, and two fat black kid hands put out.

"Here he is! Here is our Captain. How is he? They told me you were here. How glad I am to see you! You two poor dears have been having a sad talk, I dare say. Well, it is a good thing got over. You don't look well, Baxter; you must come and let us nurse you up." And then, as she grasped Colonel Baxter's hands, "I am not your only friend here, as I dare say you suspect. Jem, dear fellow, he knew all about it: we must make the best of what is left us. Eh, Felicia?" said the fat lady, who hated any thing in the shape of grief, and only tolerated its bugles and lighter ornaments. "No, we won't speak of the past—better not; but tell us how long you can stay." And the old aunt, who took things so easy, began to wink and nod at the poor little passionate-hearted girl, to whom all this seemed like some horrible mockery—like ribald talk in a sacred place. Felicia and Baxter both began to shrink before the old lady's incantations. Felicia had wiped her tears, and stood silent and dull. Baxter was cold, vexed, and ajar. He saw Felicia's averted looks; his own face grew dark. He could not remain in London, he said; he had not yet been to his own home. His little girl was at Brighton, with his cousin Emily. And while Miss Marlow the elder, disappointed in her well-meant efforts to cheer up the young people, was remonstrating and scolding, and threatening to appeal to Flora Bracy, whoever she might be, Baxter stood looking abstractedly at Felicia, and Felicia drew herself away farther and farther.

"Perhaps you will let me hear from you, when you can see me again," said Baxter, taking leave, with some sudden change of manner.

"Yes, yes; you shall hear from us," cried Miss Marlow the elder, giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder; young Miss Marlow dropped her eyes, with a sigh, and did not speak. And so he had walked away, and out into the street, disappointed. It had not been the meeting he had hoped; it had not been the meeting Felicia hoped. They had neither of them made a sign to the other. Baxter thought of Felicia day after day; Felicia thought of Baxter. "You sly thing! I know you will write to him as soon as you get back, though you won't let me write now," her aunt used to say; and Felicia would shake her head.

"It seems to me that, for dear James's sake, you ought to show him some attention," says the old lady.

Was it indeed for James's sake only, or for her own, that Felicia wished to see Baxter? This was a question she could never answer. She went back to Harpington, and day after day Felicia put off writing; and Baxter was too proud to go unsummoned. And then a thousand chances and less generous feelings intervened, and time went on, and on, and on; and James might have never lived, for all the good his self-sacrifice had brought about to the two people he held most dear.

CHAPTER II.

FELICIA'S RETROSPECTIONS.

In the first part of my story I have described how Felicia lived at Harpington with her grandmother, old Mrs. Marlow, the original match-maker—a strange and somewhat stony-faced old lady, who did not seem always quite in her right mind. Her presence frightened people away. She seemed to have been, years before, frozen by some sudden catastrophe, and to be utterly indifferent to every thing that happened now. She had no love for Felicia. It was almost as if she resented the poor child's very existence. Felicia's betters were gone; her grandfather, her father, her mother, her young aunts and uncles—a whole blooming company, had passed away. What business had Felicia to live on, to gather in her one

little hand all the possessions which for years past had been amassed for others?

Sorrow for the dead seemed to take the shape of some dull resentment against the living in this bitter woman's mind. All Felicia's grace and loving readiness failed to touch her. Fay did her best, and kept to her duty as well as she knew how. It was a silent duty, monotonous, ungrateful; it seemed like gathering figs of thorns or grapes of thistles to try and brighten up this gloomy woman. Felicia knew there was one person who would gladly, at a sign from her, respond to the faintest call; but, as I have said, some not unnatural scruple withheld her from sending for him. She hoped he would come to her, but *she* would move no finger, say no word, to bring him. She kept the thought of him, as she had done all these years, shyly in the secret recesses of her heart. She was so young that the future was still every thing—the present mattered little. Young people seem to have some curious trust in their future consciences, as older ones look back with sympathy to their past selves.

After all, it was not very long before Felicia saw Aurelius again; but not in the way she had hoped to see him. She had ridden into L—— on some commission for her grandmother—I think it was a sleeping draught that the old lady fancied. It was a lovely autumn afternoon; old Caspar snuffed the fresh air; young Felicia sprang into her saddle with more life and spirit than she had felt since their trouble had fallen upon them. Old George was there to follow in his battered blue livery. He opened the gates when Felicia had not jumped down before him. The two jogged along the country lanes together, old George's blear eyes faithfully fixed on Caspar's ragged tail. The road was delightful; white drifting wreaths of briony seemed to lie like foam upon the branches; ivies crept green along the ditches, where the very weeds were turning into gold and silver, while the branches of the trees overhead were also aglow in the autumnal lights. It was a sweet triumphant way. The girl's spirit rose as she cantered along between the garlands that spread on either side of it. There is one place where the road from Harpington crosses the road to L——, just where an old mill stands by a stream, with its garden and farm buildings. The fence was low, and as Felicia peeped over she could see a garden full of sweet clustering things mingling with vegetables, white feathery bushes, and bowers of purple clematis, and here and there crimson fiery tongues darting from their stems along the box-lined paths, and yellow roses against the walls. The place was well cared for, and seemed full of life, and rest too. She could hear a sound of horses and of voices calling and dogs barking in the mill yard beyond the garden. The flowers seemed all the sweeter for the busy people at work. Felicia began to build up one of her old fancy pieces as she lingered for a moment by the hedge; perhaps some day they might walk there together, and he would look down into her face and say, "The time has come, the time has come." Then she started, blushed up, tightened old Caspar's rein again, and set off once more, riding quickly past the old sign-post that pointed to Harpington with one weather-beaten finger, and to L——, whither she was going. There was a third road leading to the downs—it was only a continuation of the Harpington lane.

The mill was nearly an hour's ride from L——, that pretty old country town, with its bustle of new things cheerfully mixing up with the old—its many children at play, and its many busy people stirring among the old gables and archways, and its flocks making confusion in the market.

Felicia left old Caspar to be cared for at the inn, while she went off upon her shopping, being, girl-like, delighted with the life and bustle of the place. She herself was perhaps not the least pleasant sight there, as she darted in and out of the old doorways and corners, holding up her long skirt, and looking out beneath the broad brim of her dark beaver hat. It was late before she had done. The town clocks were striking six as they turned their horses' heads toward Harpington. There is a long level stretch of road at the foot of the hill, with poplars growing on either side, and tranquil horizons between the poplar stems. Felicia trotted on ahead; old George jogged after her, pondering upon his crops and the price of wheat, which he had been discussing in the bar of the Red Lion.

Evening was falling: the oxen looked purple in the light, as they stood staring across the fences at the road and the horses, and slowly tossing their white horns. The shadows under the trees were turning blue, the evening birds were flying across the sky—a tranquil dappled sky, with clouds passing in fleecy banks, while the west spread its crimson wings. All the people were crossing and recrossing the paths to the villages beyond the fields; in one place Felicia could see the boats gliding along the narrow river. Then they came to the old mill at the cross-roads. The garden was resplendent with clear evening light: the great cabbages seemed dilating and showing every vein; each tendril of the vines, wreathed along the wooden palings, stood out vivid and defined. As Felicia advanced, urging old Caspar along, she saw a figure also on horseback coming along the road from Harpington. It was but for a moment, but in that moment Felicia

seemed to recognize the rider—his square shoulders, the slouch of his broad hat. He crossed the highway, and took the lane leading to the downs: he did not look to the right or to the left. Felicia's heart gave a throb. She suddenly slashed old Caspar into a canter, and reached the corner where she thought she had just seen Baxter pass. She looked up and down. "Did not somebody go by, George?" Felicia said, turning round to the old gardener. "I can see no one in the lane. It must 'a been a goast," said old George, staring, "or maybe it wer' a man that leapt the fence onto yon field: there'll be a short-cut along by that thar way," says George, who had followed his master, the late squire, along many a short-cut and long road. Felicia said no more; she turned Caspar's head toward home, and the old horse stepped out, knowing his way back to Harpington. The way seemed very long. The road was dusty and bare; the garlands seemed to have lost their fragrant bloom. Her grandmother was up when she got back. Tea was laid in the parlor, and the windows were open on to the terrace.

"There has been some one to see us," said Mrs. Marlow. "That Baxter was here. He is going away again to India. Have you got me my sleeping draught?"

"Did he leave *no* message for me—nothing?" said Felicia.

"He left his card," said the old lady. "Take care, don't shake the bottle; what are you about! I want a good night's rest. That man talked about James; he upset me. I had to send him away. He would have kept me awake at night if I had let him talk on any longer." And then Mrs. Marlow hobbled off to her old four-post bed, crumpling up Baxter's card in her fingers. "I *must* see you once more," he had written upon it; "send me one line." Mrs. Marlow threw the card into her fire-place. Felicia never saw the penciled words. She was left alone—quite alone, she said to herself, bitterly. He had left her no word, he was gone without a thought of her, and every thing seemed forlorn once more.

Old Mrs. Marlow survived her grandson for a year, half imbecile, never quite relenting to the poor little granddaughter, and then she too passed away, and Felicia inherited the old house and the broad stubble-fields and the farm-yards and haycocks, among which she and her cousin James had both grown up together. And now Felicia belonged to that sad company of heiresses with friends and a banker's account, and consideration and liberty, in place of home and loving interest and life multiplied by others.

She came; she went; she travelled abroad. She was abroad when Baxter came to Harpington for the second time in vain. He had been in India hard at work, and little Felicia had been leading her own life for the last three years. Every thing seemed to be hers except the things which might have made every thing dear to her. She had scarcely been conscious of any want; she was never alone, never neglected. Events came by every post, twopenny pleasures, sixpenny friendships, and favors asked and cheap thanks returned. All this had not improved her, and yet she was the same Felicia, after all, that Baxter remembered so fondly as he walked away from the door.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE TERRACE AT BERNE.

THERE is a stone basin full of water in an old city in Switzerland, over which a shady stream of foliage waves against the sun. The city arms are emblazoned upon the stone, and the flood of green overflows its margin. In the autumn the leaves glow, gleam, change into flame or ashes, tendrils hang illumined over the brimming fountain, which reflects the saffron and the crimson overhead. The townswomen come and fill their brazen pans and walk away leisurely, swinging their load and splashing the footway. The sloping street leads to a cathedral, of which the bells come at stated hours, suddenly breaking the habitual silence, and echoing from gable to gable.

A young English lady passing by one autumn day went and stood for an instant by the fountain, leaning over its side. The naiads, in their Sunday bodices and well-starched linen, who were already there filling their brazen cans, watched her with some interest, and looked curiously at the stranger's bright startled eyes, her soft gray felts and feathers, and her quick all-pervading looks. They themselves were of the placid, broad-faced, broad-shouldered race of naiads who people Switzerland, who haunt the fountains, who emerge from chalets and caves with sparkling cups in their hands, who invite you to admire their fresh water-courses through kaleidoscopes of various tints.

There is a certain sameness, but an undeniable charm, about Swiss maidens, especially on Sundays, when they put on their pretty silver ornaments, plait their shining tails of hair, while their fresh and blooming faces certainly do credit to their waters. Felicia had been standing interested and absorbed for some minutes. She was watching the stream flow on; wondering whether life hard won in the Bernese valleys would not be more satisfying on the whole than it seemed to her day by day, flowing, unheeded, in her own lonely and luxurious home. Presently she caught a whispered comment

from one nymph to another, "She is not alone; here is the company coming from the Falcon to find her." Then Miss Marlow started, looked up, hastily turned away, and began walking determinedly away along the street. She had come out to avoid her company—that was the truth. For a week she had been travelling with them and glad to be in their society; but that morning a letter had reached her from home which had strung her to some other key, and which made her want to be alone for a little to realize her own mind, to hear her own voice, and to listen to that of an old friend speaking across five years. Was Baxter right when he thought that a letter was nothing? His letter certainly had a voice for Felicia. They had never had one word of explanation before or since they parted. There had been no promise given on either side; and yet she had considered herself in some implied way bound to this absent person whom she had not seen twenty times before James Marlow died, and who had not come back to her, except once with a shy, cruel, stiff message.

Felicia flitted away, as preoccupied as Baxter himself had been with certain events of former years. The houses on either side of the street stood upon their arches, the broad roofs cast their shadows, the quaint turrets turned to daily domestic use protruded from the corners, pigeons flew whirring across her footsteps. The street was called the *Street of the Preachers*. Felicia spelled it out, written high against a gable, and as she read the words, all the cathedral chimes began preaching overhead, sounding, vibrating, swinging through the air; the sunlight broke out more brightly, doors opened, and figures passed out on their way to the cathedral, from whence a little procession came slowly to meet her. It was headed by a sleeping baby lying peacefully frilled and pinned on to a huge lace pillow, with a wreath of silver flowers round its little head. On its placid little breast a paper was laid with a newly bestowed name carefully written out, with many simple-minded flourishes.

A little farther on a closed house opened, and a tall and solemn-looking personage issued forth, some quaint ghost of a past century, with a short Geneva gown, and a huge starched ruffle round his chin, walking with a deliberate step. The apparition crossed the piazza, passed under the statue (it seemed to be brandishing a bronze sword in its country's defense, against the scattered and mutilated wreaths that lay on the steps at the horse's feet); then the cathedral doors opened wide to receive this quaint ghost of another time and faith. It passed on with one or two people who had been standing round about. The bells gave a last leap of welcome, and then were silent, and the doors closed with a solemn bang.

Felicia noted it all, interested in spite of herself and her own abstractions. Sometimes in our perplexities the lives of other people seem to come to re-assure us. Have they not, too, been anxious, happy, died, lived, walked from house to house, stood outside and inside cathedral porches, as little Felicia stood now, staring at the saints over the doorway? It was a whole generation of ornamental sanctities, all in beatitude no doubt, and independent of circumstances: some were placidly holding their heads in their hands, some contemplating their racks, others kneeling on perilous ledges. Felicia was no saintly character, but she had gone through a certain gentle martyrdom in her life, short as it was. Now she took a letter out of her pocket, and looked at it thoughtfully, and read it once again. It had been sent on to her from her own house, and had been waiting for her at the hotel when she arrived that morning, with a pile of bills, invitations, demisemiquavers of notes, in the midst of all of which this chord suddenly sounded:

"My dear Miss Marlow,—I have thought it possible that you have understood the reason which has prevented me from troubling you all this long time, and which made me wish for some sign from you, before I again asked to see you. Before I left England it seemed to me more and more difficult to see you, or to come unasked to Harpington without probable misconstruction. In India one report reached me after another, and some not unnatural feeling prevented a proud man from wishing to appear to put himself into competition with a crowd of others, whose personal advantages seemed undeniable; and I remained, sorry and disappointed, and knowing that it was my own fault that I had not seen you once more. I now think that for many reasons, my own peace of mind being one of them, this indefinite estrangement between two old friends should not continue. I am at home again for six months, and staying at The Cottage with Lucy and my cousin Emily Flower. I shall come to-morrow to see you, and to hear from your own lips upon what terms you would wish henceforward that we should meet.

"Believe me always

"Faithfully yours,

"A. H. Baxter.

"The Cottage, Harpington."

It was a difficult letter to read: was it very difficult to answer? Felicia was both hurt and touched—hurt by the long mistrust and doubt which were implied by this delay, touched by this long-delayed confidence. If the writer had only come to her, as James had no doubt intended him to do, helped her in her hours of loneliness and

sorrow, proved himself the stay and comfort for which she had longed, how happy they might have been all this time! If instead of speculating anxiously, comparing his advantages with those of others who were nothing to her, he had but forgotten himself for her, how different these last few years would have seemed to her, how much less sad, less drearily gay, less noisy, less confused! She had had a right to be hurt, to give no sign. Did he deserve forgiveness now? If he had really loved her, would he have treated her so cruelly? or did he only think that she loved him? Her eyes filled with tears—tender, angry drops that she impatiently dashed away.

Felicia walked on beyond the cathedral gates to the terrace close by—a delightful autumn garden for children and old people, with a wide valley and a line of distant hills beyond the walls. All the leaves were falling from the trees, and the brown chestnuts were dropping with the sudden swift gusts of wind; the country flushed with a bright tumult of sunshine and clouds; the river rolled with a full silver rush; the streets below were piled up against the very foot of the dizzy terrace walls; as seen from the high cliff, the Bernese men and women seemed like toys for children to play with—tiny figures that passed and repassed, intent upon their Lilliput affairs, upon rolling a barrel or turning a wheel, or upon piling a stack of wood; in windows and garrets, upon terraces and outstanding balconies, every where, people were occupied, passing and repassing. The whole business of their microscopic life seemed scarcely so important as the children's game on the cathedral terrace: they were shouting as they ran, and picking up dry leaves and brown shining chestnuts that fell from the trees.

Felicia was standing against the terrace wall, still reading her letter, still thinking over the meaning of its somewhat abrupt sentences. They were not unlike Baxter's own way of speaking, stiff, abrupt, melting now and then for an instant, and then repelling again. The girl covered her eyes with her hand, trying to recall the vivid past more vividly. She was changed, this she knew, since those childish days when her whole heart's emotion had overpowered her so easily, and she had appealed in vain against her cruel condemning fate; she wanted something more now than she had wanted then; she had learned to mistrust her own impulses as well as those of the people she lived with. She wanted to trust as well as to feel; she wanted proof as well as the expression of good-will. Poor little Felicia, it was not for nothing that she had been an heiress all this while, warned, flattered, surrounded, educated by cruel experience. All that was past now in her short life seemed suddenly in existence again, came as a wave in between her and the man she had loved; it seemed to float them asunder as she conjured up his image; and so it happened, by some curious chance, that they met. As she wiped her eyes, her heart seemed to cease beating for an instant. What extraordinary realization was this? Who was this coming across the shadow of the chestnut-tree? Felicia, looking up with a start, found herself face to face with a tall man who had slowly followed her all this time; the hand that had written the letter was held out to her, and the letter seemed to take voice and life, and to say, "It is I; don't look frightened." The strangest things cease to be strange after a moment. Miss Marlow was accustomed to face possibilities, and as for Colonel Baxter, had he not followed her all the way from the fountain?

"Is it really you?" she said, looking more lovely than he had ever seen her look before.

Colonel Baxter smiled admiringly, and held out his hand. Miss Marlow flushed crimson, and looked up into his face an instant before she took it. He was altogether unaltered; he did not look older, he did not look gladder. He was moved, but less so than she was; his dark face seemed pale, somehow, and thin. She could not see very clearly, she was too much troubled and excited.

First meetings are curious things: all the long habit of separation seems still to be there; all the long days that have come to divide, the very anxieties and preoccupations that have made the time so heavy, now seem to thrust themselves in between those who have yearned for each other's presence, and the absent are come home at last; but as people are not all gone when they first depart, so they are not always quite come when they meet after long separation.

"I have just been reading your letter, Colonel Baxter," said Felicia, quietly, and regaining her composure.

"I heard you were abroad from your housekeeper," said Colonel Baxter, "and I thought that—that I might as well follow my letter," he said, with an odd expression. All this time he had been so afraid of what Felicia might think; and now she was there before him, more charming, more beautiful even than he had remembered her. His scruples were all forgotten; they seemed unkind, almost cruel. Her eyes fell beneath his look; her face changed; a dazzle of sunlight came before his eyes. It may have been the falling leaves, the wind stirring among the branches; it may have been his own long-pent emotion; but it seemed to him suddenly as if he could read what

was passing in her mind, as if some vibration had swept away all outward conventional signs. He was a silent man usually, not given to much expression, but at this moment the feeling that had long been in his heart overmastered every thing else. What was her money to him at that instant, or his own disadvantages? He even tried to remember them, but he could not recall one single impediment between them.

"You do not know what a struggle it has been to me to keep away! Can you forgive me?" he said, going straight to the point—ignoring all he had meant to say, to explain, to withhold.

"I do not quite forgive you," said Felicia, smiling with tears, and once more responding to this new never-forgotten affection, by some instinct against which she could not struggle. As they stood there a swift western gale began to blow; the leaves showered from the trees; the chestnuts dropped over the terrace and beyond the wall; the children scampered through the changing lights. What had not happened in this moment's meeting? "No, I can't quite forgive you," repeated Miss Marlow. "Where have you been all this time? What have you been doing? What were you thinking of?"

He could scarcely answer for a minute, though he looked so calm. He was more really overcome, perhaps, than she was. He was blaming himself unsparingly, wondering at his pride, the infatuation which had kept them apart; wondering at her outcoming pardoning sweetness and welcome. Baxter, who had been imbittered by various mischances; Felicia Marlow, whose pretty little head had been somewhat turned of late by the dazzling compliments and adulations which she had met with, had both forgotten every thing in the present, and met each other with their best and truest selves, surprised by the chance which seemed at last to have favored them. Details did not exist for either of them. At that minute Felicia felt that the future was there facing her with the serious and tender looks. Baxter also thought that at last, leaving all others, she had come straight to him, confiding with perfect trust. With a silent triumph, almost painful in its intensity, he held her hand close in his.

"Nothing shall ever come between us again," he said. "Nothing—no one." Was Fate displeased by his presumption? As he spoke, a cheerful chorus reached them from behind, a barking of dogs, a chatter of voices. Felicia, blushing, drew her hand away from Baxter. A scraping of feet, and in one instant the couple seem surrounded—ladies, gentlemen, parasols, a pug-dog. "Here you are; we saw you from the place. Why did you run away?" cries a voice. Felicia, with gentle confusion, began to name every body: "Mrs. Bracy, Mr. Jasper, Mr. Bracy, Miss Harrow. Dear Mrs. Bracy, you remember our James's friend, Colonel Baxter?"

"We have met in Queen's Square," said Mrs. Bracy, with her most graciously concealed vexation. Had she not brought Felicia abroad expressly to avoid colonels of any sort?

CHAPTER IV.

BEARS IN THEIR DENS.

Baxter found it almost impossible to adjust himself suddenly to these unexpected circumstances, to these utter strangers, complacently dispersing his very heart's desire—so it seemed to him.

The results seemed so very small, compared to the intolerable annoyance inflicted upon himself. His was not the best nor the most patient of tempers, and he would gladly have dropped Mr. and Mrs. Bracy, Mr. Jasper, and Miss Harrow too, over the terrace at a sign from Felicia. But she gave no sign; she seemed—could it be?—almost relieved by their coming. In one instant all his brief dream, his shelter of hope, seemed shaken, dispersed: not one of these people but came in between him and her; they did it on purpose. Couldn't they see that they were in the way? I am not sure that Mrs. Bracy did not do it on purpose. She took the Colonel in at a comprehensive glance. Cold, clear, that look seemed to him to be a wall of well-polished plate-glass let down between him and Felicia, who had in some confusion accepted Mr. Bracy's arm, and was already walking away and leaving Baxter to his fate. "We are going to the Bears," cried Mr. Bracy, over his shoulder. "Flora, are you equal to the walk, my love? Jasper, take care of your aunt. What are you looking at?"

Jasper started at this address. He had been standing motionless, gazing up at the sky, and he now turned round. He was a young man about five or six and twenty, peculiar in appearance, and curiously dressed; his hair was frizzed out something in the same fashion as his aunt's own locks. He wore an orange cravat; a blue linen shirt; rings upon his forefingers; buckles to his shoes; a silver pin was fastened to his wide felt hat. He was handsome, with one of those silly expressions which come from too much intelligent detail.

"I beg pardon," said he. "That amber cloud floating in ultramarine called me irresistibly;" and he pointed and stood quite still for an instant, as actors do at the play, who have, of course, to emphasize their movements as well as their words. Felicia had no great sense of humor, and to her Jasper Bracy's performance was most serious and important. Baxter could hardly help laugh-

ing; at least he might have laughed if he had been less disturbed.

Mrs. Bracy was a lady of about fifty; she must have been handsome once. Her dark hair was nearly black; her features still retained a somewhat regal dignity of hook and arch; her brow was shiny, and of the same classic proportions as her conversation.

"Do you wish to see the bears? Do you not agree with me, Colonel Baxter, that it is a cruelty to keep such noble animals in durance vile?" said Flora, turning to Aurelius, who looked very black and brown, and likely to growl himself.

"What do you say to a study from the life, my dear aunt?" said Jasper, joining in. "Some friends of mine are going to Poland bear-shooting next month. I should be glad to join them, and to make a few sketches from the dead carcass."

"Jasper, do not talk of such horrible necessities," said his aunt. "My husband must show you some lines I wrote upon 'Living Force restrained by the Inert,'" continued she, with a roll of her glossy eyes, "which bear upon the stern necessities of Fate. Colonel Baxter, you do not seem to catch my meaning."

Felicia, who was a few steps ahead, turned at this moment, hearing Mrs. Bracy's remonstrances; and the kind gray eyes beamed some little friendly signal to the poor disconcerted Colonel, who tried to overmaster his ill humor and to attend to the authoress's quotations, and abruptly asked what was meant by "the inert."

"Bars, bars," said Flora; "those bars of circumstances that weigh upon us all; upon you, I dare say—upon myself. What is *this* but a bar, through which no woman can pass?" and she held up her fat finger, with the wedding ring which Mr. Bracy had doubtless placed there.

While Mrs. Bracy, now well launched in metaphor, reveled on from sentence to sentence, Baxter's attention wandered; he was watching the slight graceful figure ahead flitting over the stones by Mr. Bracy's dumpy little form, only he listened when Felicia's friend began to speak of Felicia. They had left the terrace by this time, and were walking down a shady side street. "Dear child," Mrs. Bracy was saying, and she pointed to Felicia with her parasol; "those who have her welfare at heart must often wonder what fate has in store for one so strangely gifted. You may think what an anxious charge it is for *me*, who am aware of all Felicia's exquisite refinement and sensitiveness of disposition. I have known her from childhood, although circumstances at one time divided us" (the circumstances being that, until three years before, Mrs. Bracy had never taken the slightest notice of little Felicia). "There are many persons who, from a subtle admixture of feelings, are attracted by our sweet heiress," continued the lady. "I will not call them interested, and yet in my heart I can not but doubt their motives. You, Colonel Baxter, will, I am sure, agree with me in despising the mercenary advances of these—shall I call them —soldiers of fortune." Aurelius could hardly force himself to listen to the end of Mrs. Bracy's tirade, and gave her one black angry look, then suddenly strode on two or three steps, joined Felicia, and resolutely kept by her side. She looked up, hearing his step; but though she smiled, she continued silent. She would not—indeed she could not—talk to Baxter about indifferent subjects. Just at that moment she wanted to breathe, to collect her nerves and her mind. One vivid impression after another seemed to overcome her. Aurelius attracted and frightened her too; he seemed to have seized upon her, and, half willingly, half reluctantly, she had let herself be carried away. It was a new Aurelius, a new Felicia, since that moment upon the terrace. Mr. Bracy rattled on with his usual good-humored inconsequence. Mrs. Bracy caught them up at every opportunity. Jasper, who prided himself upon his good-breeding, showed no sign of the annoyance he may perhaps have felt at the unexpected advent of this formidable arrival, for it was to charm Felicia that these strange attitudes and ornaments were assumed, and that Jasper sang his song. By degrees Felicia's composure returned. She was able to talk and be interested as the others were, to look at the dresses of the peasant people, at the little children in their go-carts, at the streams above the bridge and below it, at the green river rushing between the terraces and the balconies; she was able to throw buns to the bears, and to laugh when they rolled over on their brown woolly backs, with crimson jaws wide stretched; she was still a child in some things, and when she caught sight of the Colonel's face she almost resented his vexed look. Why didn't he laugh at the bears' antics? Poor fellow! Mrs. Bracy's conversation might well account for any depression on his part. She seemed to scintillate with allusions.

Fortune-hunters? Felicia's rare delicacies of feeling, and her own deep sympathies, which enabled her and her only to know what would be suited to that young creature's requirements: she seemed to have taken such complete stock of the poor little thing that Aurelius wondered what would be left for any other human being. He knew it was absurd to be so sensitive. He might have trusted the woman who had loved him for years and years; but at this moment Mrs. Bracy's monotonous voice was ringing in his brain.

It seemed to him, notwithstanding all his

experience and long habit of life and trust in Felicia, that he had been a fool. Was he to subject himself to this suspicion for any woman's sake? Had he placed his hopes upon some one utterly and entirely beyond his reach? Was not that the refrain of it all? Did Felicia mean him to bear alone? She did not seem to interfere; she avoided him; and yet surely they had understood each other when they had met only a few minutes ago. He could endure it no longer. He came up to Miss Marlow and said, abruptly, "I am going back to the hotel now; will you come with me?"

"We are all coming," said Felicia, looking eagerly around; "don't leave us."

"I can not stand your friend's conversation any longer," said Aurelius, not caring who heard him. "She is the most intolerable woman."

Felicia seemed to be gazing attentively at the bears, as she bent far over the railing. "You should not speak like that," she said, very much annoyed. "They are all so kind to me. What do you want?"

"I want to see you," he said, standing beside her. "I want to talk to you; and I wonder you don't see how cruelly you are behaving, keeping me in this horrible suspense."

"One more sugar-plum, my Felicia, to give your four-footed friends," here says a voice just behind them, and a fat hand is thrust between them with a peppermint between the finger and thumb.

Baxter turned angrily away. "This is unbearable," he muttered.

Felicia looked after him reproachfully. He walked straight off; he crossed the place; he never looked back; he left her feeding the bears with sugar-plums—left her to Mrs. Bracy, pointing out the advantages of national liberty, and the tints of the mountains, to Felicia, to Miss Harrow, to any one who would listen. Jasper, his aunt knew by experience, was not a good listener; he would compose himself into an attitude of profound attention, but his eye always wandered before long.

I suppose Felicia wanted a little time to think it all over, and to understand what had happened, and that was why she took no decisive step concerning her new lover. A curious feeling—surprise and confidence and quiet expectancy—seemed to have come over her. Baxter's impatient words had startled her. It was something she was unprepared for. Was this love, this sudden unaccustomed rule?—was she in future to be at another person's call? She had not taken the Colonel's character into account; she had never thought about his character, to tell the truth, only that he had come, that the story of her youth had begun again. He had come, as she knew he would, and she had all but promised to be his wife. She did not want to go back from her word; but she wanted to wait a little bit, to put off facing this terrible definite fact a little longer, now that it had come so near. She had got into a habit of waiting. He ought to be happy: what more could he want her to say? And she wanted to be happy also, to rest and enjoy her happiness, and not to be carried breathless away by his impatient strength of will.

CHAPTER V.

THE FALCON HOTEL.

THE Falcon, at Berne, is a quiet, old-fashioned place, very silent and restful, and reached by flights of white stone steps. There are echoes, panels, galleries, round an old court, and a kitchen which is raised high above the ground. You can see the cook's white cap through a gable window, and taste the cook's good cheer in a paneled dining-room, at the end of a long empty table.

Now and then you hear a piano's distant flourishes, and if you go to the windows, you see a sleepy old piazza, and the serious people sauntering by, and your bedroom windows across the street.

Aurelius, who was moodily passing the deserted dining-room, was seized upon by Mr. Bracy, who had come in to order some refreshments. "Do you dine with us at the *table d'hôte*?" said the little gentleman. "There is no one else. My wife finds that absolute quiet is necessary to her. The afflatus is easily startled—easily startled away. I have known Flora lose some of her finest ideas through the inopportune entrance of a waiter or the creaking of a door. I myself one night thoughtlessly attempted to whistle that chorus out of *Faust* (after all, who is there like Gounod in these days?), but the result was distressing in the extreme. I shall never forget watching the subsequent wandering about the room in a vain attempt to recall the interrupted thoughts."

"Do you live in this part of the house?" interrupted Aurelius.

"Come and see our rooms; we are opposite: the ladies are gone up to the top of the house to watch the sunset," said the friendly little man. "Charming girl, your friend Miss Marlow; so is Georgina Harrow—a person of rare amiability of disposition. Ah! here is the waiter. At *quel heur table d'hôte* to-day?"

Aurelius left Mr. Bracy absorbed in the various merits of private and public refections, and crossed the street, and went in at the arched door opposite, and walked up the stone flights of the opposite house, now darkening with all the shadows of evening; he climbed straight up with steady foot-

steps to the upper story, and there, through an open door, he saw, as he had hoped, some heads crowding together and looking through an open window at a faint azure sky and all its dying daylights. Mrs. Bracy was busily pointing out each tint in turn. Jasper was criticising the colors, and comparing them with various bits of blue and red rag which he produced from his pockets. Miss Harrow was listening in admiration.

One person had heard Baxter's footsteps, and Felicia, guessing by some instinct that it was Aurelius, slipped unnoticed out of her corner and turned quietly to meet him, with all the evening's soft radiance shining in her eyes. Her sweet truthful look of welcome touched him and re-assured him not a little. He forgot his irritation; for the moment he did not speak, neither did she; he could not waste this happy minute in reproach, and indeed he knew, as she did, that the whole company would surround them at the first spoken word. As they stood side by side, silent, leaning against the wall, the shadows came deeper, the little room was full of peace, and a sort of tranquilizing evening benediction seemed to fall upon their hearts; he could hear her quick, gentle breath, though her head was turned away. It was no idle fancy, no vague hope, taking shape in his imagination. Felicia was there, and she did not repulse him, and met him with a welcome of her own.

"Why, Colonel Baxter, have you been here all this time?" cries Mrs. Bracy, suddenly wheeling round and facing the two as they stood in the dusky corner.

Felicia came to dinner that day looking prettier than ever, and happier than they had seen her yet, although the young heiress was, on the whole, a cheerful traveller. At home she might be silent and oppressed; but abroad the change, the different daily colors and words, the new and altered ways and things, all amused her and distracted the somewhat hypochondriacal phantoms which had haunted her lonely house—home it could scarcely be called. Baxter might have been happy too had he so chosen, if he had accepted the good things as they came to him, with patience and moderation, and not wished to hurry and to frighten his happiness away. But although that five minutes' unexpressed understanding in the garret had soothed his impatient soul, the constant society of Mr. and Mrs. Bracy, the artistic powers of Mr. Jasper, the cultivated observation of Miss Harrow—all seemed to exasperate his not very easy temper. He was very much in earnest, he felt that his whole happiness was at stake. And to be treated to a few sugar-plums, when he was asking for daily bread, was not a system calculated to soothe a man of Aurelius's temper. Felicia was kind, gay, in her most childish mood, that evening. Jasper, who seemed to be on the most excellent terms with her, kept up an artistic conversation about the poignant painters of the present age, as opposed to the subtle school of philosophic submission, while Mrs. Bracy, on the other side, asked the Colonel many questions about the Vedas, and the dreamy Orient, and the moral cultivation of the Zenanas.

The only other people at the table were some Germans, one of whom was recounting to the others a colossal walk he contemplated across his plate of cutlets and brown potatoes. The little Scheidegg, the waterfall of Lauterbrunnen, the dizzy height of Mürren, to be reached that same evening. "It is a colossal expedition," says the athlete, with a glance at the company. "Pfui! Pfui!" cry the others, with a sort of admiring whistle.

Mrs. Bracy was preparing to take a parting leave of the Colonel that evening; but as Felicia said good-night, Baxter held her hand, and said, quite simply, before them all, "Is this good-by, Felicia? may I not come to Interlachen with you?"

"Why not," said Felicia, demurely, "if you have time to spare? We are going by the early train. They say the lake of Thun is lovely."

"I am sure Colonel Baxter will prove a delightful and most unexpected addition to our party," cried Mrs. Bracy, not without asperity. "Interlachen is a charming place; it is more suited for invalids like myself, who can not attempt real mountain expeditions, than for *preux chevaliers;* but if your friend will be content, dearest Felicia, to potter with my old husband—forgive me, Egbert—we will escort him to the various pavilions round about the hotel."

"I have no doubt I shall be well looked after," said Colonel Baxter, with a somewhat ambiguous gratitude, as he bowed good-night, and walked off with a candle. Felicia's consent had made his heart leap with silent gladness; he no longer minded Mrs. Bracy's gibes. His bedroom was in the same house as the Bracys' apartments. It was on the ground-floor, and the windows opened on a rustling and beshadowed garden, where lilac-trees waved upon the starry sky, and striving poplars started ghost-like and dim; close shrouds of ivy veiled the walls. Felicia's window was lighted up, and as Baxter paced the walks, smoking his cigar, and watching the smoke mounting straight into the air, he caught her voice from time to time, and the mellifluous accompaniment of Mrs. Bracy's contralto notes; he could not hear their conversation, but a word or two reached him now and then as he walked along. Presently something made him wince, alone though he was, dark and solitary as the garden might be; he ceased to puff at the cigar; for an instant he listened. "My money, my money," Felicia was repeat-

ing; "I know that people think I am rich;" and then the steps Felicia also had been listening to, and which somehow she had identified with Baxter—the steps went away and came no more, and the garden was left quite solitary and dark, with its thick shrubs, and silent lilac-trees, and strange night dreams.

"Good-night, dear Mrs. Bracy," says the girl, starting from her seat. "How shall I thank you for all your kindness to me? Don't be anxious; I am *sure* no one here ever thinks about my fortune, or about any thing but being good to me." But alas! Baxter was not there to hear her.

WAS IT LOVE, OR BLINDNESS?

I.

THE pale April twilight was fading, as the moon rose clear and white in the east. A tall, slender young man, whistling softly to himself, pushed back the iron gate that swung between two gray stone pillars, and walked hastily up the broad avenue, bordered by leafless trees, which led to an old-fashioned, comfortable-looking country house. As he stepped upon the piazza, a lady opened the hall door.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Raynor?" she exclaimed, in some surprise.

"Yes, Mrs. Newton. You thought it was your husband, didn't you?"

"Of course I did."

"And you would have kissed me if it had been a little darker, wouldn't you?"

"No, Impudence, never. But your message? for I know you have one."

"Better—a letter."

"Thank you. And now come in while I read it, for I think its contents will interest you."

Mrs. Newton broke the seal as they entered the parlor.

"Just as I thought," she continued; "the steamer is below—will be up to-night or early in the morning. You know we are expecting my husband's nieces, Florence and Fanny Newton, don't you? They are orphans, and have been spending the last two years abroad with their aunt, Mrs. Greg. Now they are coming to stay with us for a time. I hope they won't find it terribly dull here after their winter in Paris. But we must do our best to make it pleasant for them. They are charming girls, I hear, and one of them, the blonde, is very pretty. I expect you, as our nearest neighbor, to call immediately on their arrival, and to make yourself perfectly delightful."

"Thank you. I shall be very glad to make the attempt."

"And now will you stay and take tea with me and the boys?"

"Ah, do, Charlie!" said Dolph, a boy of twelve, who came sauntering into the room.

"Ah, don't, Charlie!" murmured Joe, a boy of nine, who lingered out in the hall.

"Thank you, Mrs. Newton," said Charlie Raynor, "I should like to, but fear I can not to-night—my mother is waiting for me, I know. Why, Dolph, I haven't laid eyes on you for a long time! We must go fishing soon, mustn't we? Come over and see me when you can. Good-evening." And he took his hat and left.

II.

A few days later Mr. Raynor called, but Mrs. Newton and her nieces were out. Shortly after, he received an invitation to a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Newton for their nieces. When he entered the parlor it was well filled with guests, but he knew instantly which of the young ladies were the Misses Newton. Who does not distinguish with ease a young lady just returned from Paris? Besides, was not Miss Fanny, with her sister near her, standing at the head of the room holding a little court? Miss Fanny was the charming blonde; she was barely eighteen, plump, *petite*, wonderfully fair, with the bluest eyes, a mass of rippling, wavy golden hair, and a never-failing smile. Her dress was a study—white, with an elaboration of flounces, puffs, laces, and light green ribbons. Florence Newton was of a different type, tall, slender, in complexion a trifle pale, with dark brown waveless hair, and large lustrous eyes, varying in expression from the haughty languor of the Italian to the gay vivacity of the French. Her dress also was of white, possessing that indescribable elegance which adorns all the productions of the true Parisian *modiste;* but beside her sister's gorgeous garment it had almost a vestal-virgin-like simplicity. She wore no color beyond a few bright natural flowers in her hair and the small bouquet she held in her hand. Her manner was more reserved than that of her sister—she was, perhaps, three or four years her senior—but she looked upon Fanny's joyous affability with an approbation which bordered on pride. It was plainly to be seen that in her family Fanny was the beauty and the pet, as in society she was the belle. And yet how was it that the moment there came a pause in the gay talk and the dancing, Charlie Raynor offered his arm to Florence, and led her to a bay-window to look at the moon-lit view, and lingered there conversing in a soft and half-sad tone?

Mrs. Newton was a cheerful, brisk, and, after the fashion of this world, a selfish woman. She had no notion of taking her husband's poor relations into her house and bidding them make it their home. And Florence and Fanny Newton, in spite of their grace, accomplishments, and French dresses, were poor. Both parents had died when they were children, leaving them al-

most penniless. For years they had been under the charge of various relatives. Now, evidently, it was Mr. Newton's turn to do something, and Mrs. Newton, as his wife, was obliged to bear her share of the burden. She resolved to do it with a good grace. She would have the girls come and stay with her, would be kind, but not spoil them, would have them constantly in society—she rather liked gayety herself—and before one year was over would get them both comfortably married and off her hands. It was the best thing that could be done for them, and the whole family might be grateful to her if she did it. Accordingly, she told her friends freely what charming, talented, handsome girls they were, how delighted she was at receiving their visit, and how sorrowful would be the day when she must part with them. Perhaps it was a little strange that to her nearest neighbor, Mr. Raynor, she never mentioned their coming till the steamer had already arrived. But then was it desirable to have Mr. Raynor very deeply interested in the young ladies? There were young men in the neighborhood who drove very handsome horses, and whose fathers lived in large and elegant houses, to whom she had said much more. But Mr. Raynor drove no horse, his parents dwelt in a simple cottage, and he went daily to town to work hard in a dingy office. The whole neighborhood called him "Charlie," and said he was "as good as gold;" but those who loved gold greatly cared but little for him. Mrs. Newton was willing that he should be attentive to the girls, for the more attention they received the better, but —but enough said.

The summer came and wore on pleasantly. The arrival of the Misses Newton had created some sensation in the quiet little country town, and made an excuse for considerable gayety. Mrs. Newton had done wisely in giving a party immediately on the girls' coming. It put her neighbors in a good humor, and disposed them to reciprocate hospitalities. Invitations were showered upon the young ladies and their cheerful chaperon. Tea parties, dancing parties, croquet parties, picnics, and excursions were gotten up in their honor, and as no neighbor was willing to be outdone by another, the merriment was kept up through the season. Besides, the girls were as pretty as their aunt had represented them, had very pleasant manners—Fanny chirped little ballads charmingly, and Florence played waltzes as delightfully as her sister danced them; so they really were an addition to the society in which they went, and soon no party was considered complete without them. To most of these entertainments Charlie Raynor also received an invitation, and he missed no opportunity to be in the company of these bewitching sisters. He flirted and frolicked with the fair, fat, funny little Fanny, but somehow it was Florence's presence which sent a thrill through him. She was the first person he looked for on entering a parlor, the last to whom he spoke on leaving it. He loved to linger about the piano when she played, to carry her shawl when she walked, to render, before she could ask, a hundred trifling services. And when she met him, the look in her large dark eyes was so sweetly frank, and the pressure of her hand, when he took it, so cordial; she was so kind to him—ah! so calmly kind—she drove him almost distracted. Could any girl love in that simple, unaffected way? Or was it because she could not love that she was so free from all womanish whims? He pondered the question in silence, thought of her night and day, followed her as her own shadow. He availed himself of Mrs. Newton's general invitation, and was at her house as often as he could find a pretext for going there. In the evenings he generally found company, for Fanny had many beaux, and Florence was not without them, but he managed sometimes to come home by an early train, when he would call in the afternoon and take the young ladies on a ramble through the woods, or for a row upon the river, and return with them, to sit through the long twilight chatting upon the piazza, and receive an informal invitation to tea, which he very generally accepted.

It was on a bright August afternoon he neared Mrs. Newton's house with some such design in his mind. The door stood wide open, country fashion, and he entered. There was no one in the parlor; he passed into the library; there was no one there, so he sat down and waited, supposing that in a few moments some one would appear. Presently there was a sound of wheels in the avenue; a carriage drove up to the door, and a dashing young foreigner sprang out. He rang the bell, gave his card to the servant who answered the summons, and walked into the parlor. He glanced about the room with a look of interest, paused to admire a beautiful arrangement of flowers on the mantel—it was Florence's doing, Charlie knew—after which he took a seat. Soon there was a slight rustle of drapery on the stairs, and a light, quick step, which Charlie recognized, and Florence, clad in white, and looking more lovely than usual, glided into the parlor.

"Oh, Alphonse!" she exclaimed, and held out both hands.

The young foreigner sprang forward and seized them eagerly, kissed first one, then the other, gave her a glance which spoke volumes, but said only, softly, "And how is my angel?"

"Well, and overjoyed at your coming! But— Oh! excuse me;" and a look of half-amused embarrassment crossed her face.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Raynor?" she said, holding out her hand to Charlie, as he stepped forward from the library. "Alphonse," she added, turning to the young foreigner, "allow me to introduce to you our nearest neighbor, Mr. Raynor. And, Mr. Raynor, allow me to introduce to you the gentleman who was our nearest neighbor in Paris, Count de Telliac."

Charlie was pale, and Florence noticed it. There might have come an awkward pause, but that the young count, with true French grace and a far better command of the English language than falls to the lot of most Frenchmen, began an animated discourse on the charms of the surrounding scenery and the grandeur of American institutions generally. Soon after, company came in. Then Mrs. Newton appeared, was introduced to the count, and took him away with her into the library. Charlie arose mechanically, and said,

"Miss Florence, I believe I must bid you good-evening."

"What? No, you must not think of it. Of course you are going to stay to tea. I insist;" and she said it so dictatorially that he was forced to acquiesce.

At tea the count sat between the young ladies. He was polite to both, but devoted to Fanny. Yet what was the use?—had not Charlie witnessed his and Florence's meeting? But perhaps there were other people to be duped. Soon after tea Charlie withdrew. Days passed, and he did not call again.

III.

"Mr. Raynor!" cried a silvery voice, as he passed by the iron gates one morning.

He started.

"Miss Newton, what can I do for you?" he said, gravely, coming to her side.

"Do?" she asked, with a laugh. "Why, do what you have not been doing for a long time—make yourself agreeable. What has become of you? I thought of sending Dolph over to see if you were ill."

He looked at her, half puzzled, half pained.

"I did not know you would care for my society now," he said.

"Why not?—because we have a live French count staying with us? You give us credit for very noble motives."

"Oh, it is not that; but—didn't you know that I saw it all?"

"All what?"

"Your meeting."

She laughed outright.

"Probably you saw much more than there was to see. It is bad enough if I am to be robbed of my sister, but I don't know why I should lose my friends too. I have been very lonely the last fortnight, and if I had not been very busy, I should have been gloomy. The count, after the barbarous American custom, which he so admires, has taken Fanny off every afternoon for a long drive, and I have not had a soul to speak to—not even you—and I never thought it would come to that," she added, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

A look of deep delight filled his.

"You shall never make that complaint of me again. I will be with you this afternoon. Good-by for a few hours." He pressed her hand tenderly, and hastened away with a light step and a light heart.

Did Florence's conscience reproach her for thus awakening his emotions? or had a fortnight's absence taught her that his presence was not quite indifferent to her?

After that Charlie Raynor was more with Florence than ever. And he found her oftener alone than he had before. Sometimes she gave him little scraps of her confidence; told him what a devoted friend the count had been to them while in Paris; how their departure was decided upon in his absence, and he came home to find them gone; how he had hastened to England just in time to bid them good-by on the deck of the steamer; how he had written afterward to Florence about Fanny—she laughed at being thus acknowledged as her sister's protector—and then to Fanny, and the whole affair had been settled. Now he had come to pay Fanny a visit. Soon he would go off, take a trip across the continent to the Yosemite, and be back again in December, when the happy pair would be married, and go immediately to Paris. Would Florence go with them? Charlie hardly dared to ask. But Florence told him she would not; said that Fanny was adapted to the French life, and could be quite happy leading it, but that she was thoroughly American in feeling, that America was her home, and that she could not even think of settling down to live in any other country. And somehow all this made Charlie feel happy.

"Can you keep a secret?" Florence asked him one afternoon.

"I think I can."

"Would you like to see something pretty?"

"Of course I would."

"And you will promise not to speak of it to any one?"

"Certainly."

"Then you shall be my sole confidant in this important matter."

She took a key from her pocket, unlocked a small closet which opened into the little passage between the parlor and the library. Then she took out a large square bundle done up lightly in white tissue-paper. She opened it, and spread its contents—a white flimsy something—in graceful folds over the dark velvet sofa.

"There! what do you think of that?" she exclaimed, in a slight tone of triumph.

"Why, it is beautiful. But what is it?"

"Do you mean you can't guess? How absurd! Why, it is my wedding present for Fanny. You see, she set her heart on having a lace veil—the poor child don't seem quite certain that her marriage will be legal without it—and she thought that Alphonse would bring her one. But he got jewelry for her, and so did Aunt Greg, and Uncle Newton really can't do any more for her than he has promised already; so she came at last to the melancholy conclusion that she would have to do without it. But I am determined she shall not be thwarted in any thing the last day she is with us; so here is my present."

"And a very pretty one it is. Of course I am no judge; but it seems to me the most beautiful veil I ever have seen. That very delicate border, and those little sprays scattered so far apart, give it such a light, almost fairy-like, appearance."

"I agree with your taste, but it is not orthodox. The more loaded down with work lace is, the more it is admired," she said, as she slowly began folding the veil.

"Oh, Miss Florence, take care; it is caught on that wooden thing."

"Of course it is. That is the frame. Don't you see it isn't finished yet?"

"What! not finished? You don't mean you are having it made here—in America?"

"Yes, here in this house."

"And who is doing it."

"I am."

"Impossible! How could you know how to do lace-work?"

"By giving my best energies to learning it, as I did the whole three months we were in Brussels."

"But, my dear Miss Florence, let me beg of you not to do another stitch."

"What! when it is two-thirds finished—give it up then? You must think me crazy."

"I'll think you so if you go on with it. You were crazy ever to have undertaken such a work. It is enough to put your eyes out. I have noticed for some weeks past a strange, constrained expression about your eyes."

"Nonsense! you have noticed nothing of the kind. No one has. You only say it now because you know I am doing the work. You would never have noticed it otherwise."

"Then you acknowledge there is something to notice."

"Well, yes; at least I notice something."

"What do you notice? And when do you work?"

"I work almost every minute that Fanny is out of the house, and at night after she is in bed."

"And what is it you notice?"

"Not much: only on days when I have done a great deal, I see little sparks and spots flying about in the air."

"For God's sake, give it up! It is madness to continue."

"It is too late to give it up now; I must finish it."

"There is no must about it. Suppose you injured your eyes for life?"

"I do not think there is any danger of my injuring them permanently. I suppose they will be weak for a time."

"Ah, for a time. What if the doctor ordered you to remain in a darkened room for a year?"

"I suppose I could bear it."

"Don't talk as if you were insane. I tell you it is positively wicked to run such a risk merely to gratify for a few hours your sister's foolish vanity."

"No comments on my sister, if you please, Sir," said Florence, haughtily. "Moreover, I must say I do not see by what right you presume to interfere at all in this matter."

"You do not see by what right? Well, I have a right. It is because I love you—yes, love you more in one day than your little snip of a sister has loved you in her whole life; love you more than all your aunts, uncles, and cousins together do; love you more than any one else in the whole world ever has or will—that is my right. Oh, Florence—"

"Stop!"

Was it his ill luck to speak when she was irritated, or would his fate have been the same in her calmest mood? She told him that she did not love him, never had, and never would; that she had valued his friendship once, but valued it no longer; and they parted with very bitter words.

IV.

Weeks passed, and months, and the grand wedding came off with great ceremony. Charlie Raynor stood in the church, near the door, and saw Fanny enter in her long satin train, with the veil, like a beautiful mist, floating about her. Florence too passed very near him. But her haughty eyelids drooped, and no blush or tremor showed her conscious of his presence. It was the first time he had seen her since their parting. Weeks elapsed before he met her again.

He was not very happy at home. Life and every thing about him seemed changed, and he was low-spirited. People said he was dreadfully cut up about Fanny Newton's marriage; and he was rather glad they said it, for then he could afford to laugh. Any thing was better than to have them pry into his real secret. But the charm of existence was gone. What was a holiday worth now? What should he do with it? So he thought as he took an early train home on Christmas-eve. The cars were very full—full of merry people, carrying bags and baskets and bundles, and chatting about holiday plans. He looked half sadly, half kind-

ly, from one to the other. Suddenly he started. Florence Newton's face greeted his eyes. She was deadly pale, and leaned back in her seat very languidly. He watched her for a few moments, then could no longer resist the inward impulse. He sprang up and went to her.

"Miss Newton, can I do any thing for you?" he asked.

"Nothing, thank you, Mr. Raynor."

"I beg pardon for disturbing you. I feared you were ill."

"You are very kind. I am much obliged."

Her tone was distant, but very subdued, absolutely meek. He did not know what to make of her. But her pallor haunted him. When she got into the stage he entered after her. He helped her out at her own gate. She was very pale. She gave him an earnest look, but did not speak. As the stage drove off he glanced back. She flung herself down in an attitude of great exhaustion on the rustic seat beneath the old maple, just inside of the gate. He sprang out, bade the driver of the stage go on, and hastened to her side.

"Miss Florence, what is it? Do let me help you."

"You can't help me now."

"What has happened?"

"Nothing, only"—she raised her hand and touched her eyelids—"I have been to the doctor—and I can't bear it; oh! I can't bear it!"

"What! has he doomed you to the dark room for a year?"

"No, no, no; worse—the dark room for—forever!" she exclaimed, in an agony of bitterness, buried her face on his shoulder, and gave way to a passion of tears. Between her sobs she told him the doctor's words, how he had said that either there was a hereditary weakness, or else the sight had been terribly overtaxed; but the optic nerve was partly paralyzed, soon would be quite so, and there was nothing to be done.

Was Charlie Raynor triumphant in his victory? Ah! what would he not have given for defeat? The tears started to his own eyes—he struggled hard to keep them from falling. He spoke tender, soothing words. She did not seem to notice that his arm was around her, that he held her hand, that he patted caressingly the soft waveless hair on her forehead, that her head rested voluntarily on his shoulder. He told her he had just accepted an offer from his uncle to go for him to Europe on business for several months, but he would write to his uncle and give it up, if possible; and, if not, would arrange to do his business very quickly and return to her soon; and he would never leave her, but watch over her always, and do every thing in his power to make her great affliction bearable. Then her own spirit suddenly returned to her. She sat erect, and said:

"No, no, Mr. Raynor. Do you think I am so ungenerous? Do you think I could accept such a sacrifice?"

"But it is no sacrifice. It would be far more of one for me to see any one else rendering you those little services."

"Do not fear that your jealousy will be aroused"—there was a touch of bitterness in her voice: "not many persons, either men or women, are so self-forgetful as you are. There will be no one to wait on me; I must learn to bear it alone."

"No, not alone—don't say alone."

"Yes, alone;" and a shudder passed over her.

"You are cold," he exclaimed, drawing her cloak close about her; "you ought not to be sitting here—you will surely be ill."

"Yes, I know," she said, rising. "I must go home. I can—I am calmer now. Thank you for your patience with me. Don't come; I prefer to walk alone while I can. I hope you will have a pleasant tour in Europe. Good-by."

She left him. What a blank! One moment so confiding, the next so cold! And Charlie Raynor walked off to his own house, and spent the last days at home quietly with his mother, and packed his trunk for his journey.

"When is he going, Dolph?" Mrs. Newton asked.

"To-morrow," said the boy.

Did Florence give an involuntary little start? She said nothing.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the sun was far in the west, the deep blue shadows from the woods streamed across the unbroken snow of the meadows and the rippled sleigh-tracks on the road, and the topmost branches of the tall trees against the clear blue sky glowed a golden bronze in the sunset. Florence stood near the gate. It opened. Charlie Raynor entered.

"Thank you for coming," she said.

"And why did you send? What can I do for you?" he asked, tenderly.

"Nothing. I only wanted to see you again—once more—for the last time."

"Oh, don't say that. I will be back soon, very soon, if you say you wish it."

"But I don't. It is of no use. And whether you come late or soon, I shall not be able to see you."

"Ah, I forgot; I can't bring myself to believe it."

"And yet it is true—hopelessly true."

"And you won't take back the answer you gave me before?"

"Never. But I think you are the most nobly generous man I ever met in my life. That is why I sent for you now. I wanted to look at your face once more and remember it forever." Her voice trembled, she held out both hands to him, and gave him a long earnest look. "God bless you. Good-by."

He held both her hands in his; he stooped and kissed them; he would have spoken, but something choked his utterance. At last burst from his lips, "Darling, God bless you! I can't say good-by." He kissed the hands again, then turned abruptly and hastened away.

But far into foreign lands and sunny climes he carried with him a vision of snow-clad hills and winter twilight, and a tall slender girl, with large dark eyes, looking upon him with an earnest, beautiful gaze; and long after the light of that earnest, beautiful gaze had faded, in her mind's eye she still saw his clear blue eyes looking lovingly upon her, and then his stalwart, manly form vanishing among the shadows beyond the gate.

V.

Ah, what a winter that was for Florence, with her doom hanging over her! Never had her life been very bright. She remembered in her childhood only her mother's death-bed, the words, "Florence, take care of little Fanny—be a mother to her when I am gone," and the weight of responsibility which those words placed on her young shoulders. She had always stood between Fanny and the world; both at school, where the world meant strict teachers and teasing companions, and later, when it consisted of critical aunts and uncles at home, and a circle of half-jealous young friends in society. On every occasion Florence sacrificed herself to Fanny with an exaggeration of maternal tenderness. The latter fed on the fat of the land, arrayed herself in purple and fine linen, and kept herself constantly supplied with pleasure, while to the former fell all the thought-taking and care. Florence grew up with a serious eye and a half-sad smile, not attractive to the common beholder, while Fanny drew to herself the unreasoning love of almost every creature around her by a kind of sparkling vivacity and unfailing cheerfulness, possible only to those who have always good health and always their own way. And now this adored little Fanny was gone. How had Florence been repaid for her love? Only as many another too devoted mother. Was Florence wounded? She never complained. She saw at last that her sister was selfish, and that she had helped to make her so. It was a painful experience, but she bore it bravely, and she determined to start out in life anew. It was not her intention to be dependent on unwilling aunts or on her thoughtless sister. Her mind was full of plans for self-support. The day after Fanny's departure she began assiduously to practice and to study, that she might be prepared for whatever work she undertook. Then for the first time she was conscious of serious trouble with her eyes. She thought, of course, it was nothing permanent; that a few days' care would rectify the matter. But the days went by, and the eyes grew worse. What was the matter with them? They were not particularly blood-shot, or swollen, or red. Her aunt laughed when she spoke of consulting an oculist. They had only a strange expression, and often she could hardly see. But time made no improvement in their condition, and finally she did go to town and consult an oculist. It was on her way home that Charlie Raynor met her that sad, sad Christmas-eve; and now she had said good-by to that one kind, sympathizing friend, and the cold dark winter and her dark wintry life lay before her.

There was nothing for her to do but fight a terrible inward battle, to try to acquire the humility, passiveness, patience, so foreign to her haughty, independent nature. Who can say what that lonely struggle was? She was almost glad when a not serious illness of her cousins gave her, in nursing them for a few weeks, an object in life. She even read to them sometimes.

"Oh, don't, Cousin Florie; it will hurt your poor eyes," Dolph would say.

But she only answered, sadly, "It is of no matter, Dolph. Nothing, nothing, nothing can save them now; and I like to be of some use while I can."

And the boys got well, and went back to their school and their play, and Florence was left to fight her own battle silently and alone.

VI.

"Florence, why don't you get up?" asked Mrs. Newton, entering Florence's bedroom.

"Get up? Why, is any thing the matter?"

"Oh, nothing particular—only John has gone to town and the boys to school, and it is after nine o'clock."

"Nine! I thought it was the middle of the night. It must be a very dark day, or—Open the blinds; do, please, open them—quick!"

"They are open; the sun is shining in. Good God! Florence, don't—don't go on so!"

But Florence was not going on in any manner. She only pressed her lips very tight together, and sunk back quietly, and her face was as white as the pillow it rested upon. After a moment she raised herself.

"And so it has come at last!" she murmured, softly. "O God, have mercy!" and then she sank back on the pillows again.

"Oh, Florence! Florence!" cried Mrs. Newton, who, in spite of her usual calmness, was sobbing, "don't go on so; don't—don't! You knew all along that it was coming. Don't act as if you had never thought of it."

"Oh, aunt, don't speak to me!" said Florence, wearily. "Words are of no use. Go. Let no one come near me, or speak to me. When I have learned to bear it, I will get up and begin life over again."

And thus dismissed, Mrs. Newton withdrew. She sent for a doctor; but what was the use? He could do nothing. And Florence was left alone, scarcely any of the household daring to enter her room or speak to her. But Dolph ventured to her side often, making it his excuse to bring her something from the table, and coaxing her to eat.

At last a day came when she arose, and feeling about the room in bureau and closet for her clothes, slowly dressed herself. By instinct she combed out the long dark brown hair, and arranged it in the same smooth beautiful bands as usual. Then feeling along cautiously by furniture and wall, she found her way to the hall, the stairs, the parlor. She sat down on the sofa and remained quiet. It was late in the afternoon; the twilight was fading, but Florence knew nothing of the hour. Presently Mr. and Mrs. Newton and the boys came in. Her uncle stooped and kissed her, but Florence could not see the looks of surprise, compassion, and curiosity which were bent upon her. Dolph came and put his arm around her, and said, "Come, Cousin Florie, tea is ready," and he led her into the dining-room. He sat beside her, and handed her every thing she needed.

"Golly!" said Joe, who possessed that charming trait of childhood, never to be touched by any thing, however heart-rending, which did not cut his own skin or break his own bones—"golly, Dolph, do look at her tryin' to drink tea with a fork!"

"Darn you, shut up, you little ass!" roared out Dolph. He thrust a spoon into his cousin's hand, and shuffled out of the room, half stifling a sob.

"Why did he go?" asked Florence, turning her head anxiously from side to side.

But no one answered, and she took the spoon and sipped her tea silently.

If the first half of the winter had seemed desolate to her, what was the last? The inaction was almost maddening. Then her life became a series of experiments to find out what she could do; and it was so little! She knitted for her aunt; she played on the piano; sang soft, plaintive songs; talked gently with the boys, persuading them to goodness and a love of study; had them read useful books aloud to her—and that was about all. And the winter wore away and the spring came. There was a sweet balmy atmosphere, and people exclaimed how green the grass was growing and how beautiful the apple blossoms were. And Dolph brought her in great bunches of wild violets, and she knew the white from the purple only because the one had and the other lacked perfume. And every one was busy and full of cheerful, pleasure-seeking plans for the summer, and Florence sat quietly in her corner of the sofa in the parlor, knitting, or with hands folded, just as she had all winter. How meek and patient and perfectly resigned she had become! Was she waiting only for death? Was there nothing on earth which could make her dark lot seem bright to her?

And the spring wore away and the summer came. The white petals of the blossoms were scattered by the gentle breeze, the crude early greens mellowed into the rich depth of the later verdure, and the long waving grass bowed before the mower, and its sweet fragrance filled the air. And Florence sat in her corner on the sofa in the parlor as before. Life was all the same to her. What difference did any thing make? Then the door burst open, and Dolph rushed in and flung his arms around her neck, exclaiming,

"Oh, Cousin Florie, he's come, he's come!"

"Who has come?" she asked, gently; yet somehow a slight shade of color mounted to her cheek.

"Who? Why, Charlie, of course. I mean Mr. Raynor."

"Have you seen him to speak to?"

"Yes, at the station. I was down there when the train came in. I wish you could have seen him. He looks splendid. Not that he is much changed, only you know how every one looks when they've just come from Paris—so elegant and stylish; and he was talking French just like a book to an old gentleman with a white mustache."

"And what then?"

"Oh, he said: 'Hallo, Dolph, is that you? How are you, old fellow? How you've grown! I scarcely knew you! All pretty well at home?'"

"And then?"

"Then he caught the old gentleman by the arm and put him into Mr. Griswold's carriage, and then he jumped into Miss Griswold's pony phaeton, and she cut her little beasts over the ears with her long whip, and they went off just like a flash."

And Florence said no more. But she staid in the parlor all the rest of the day. And she was there earlier than usual the next morning. And she did no knitting. Was she waiting for any thing? And the morning slipped by and the afternoon was waning fast. Then she said to herself, sadly, "Why should I wait? Why should he come? Once I repulsed him in anger, again in coldness and pride; if I were now what I was then I should despise him for returning to me. And what is there in my altered condition that should make his coming right? I am only an object for pity now—and he has travelled and knows better now how to measure the value of things in the world, and his own value too. Why was I so doubly blind? Why did I ever let myself think of it?" and the great tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down over her pale cheeks.

Ah! what would she not give for the sound of his footstep on the piazza, the sound of his voice breathing her name? How often during the day she fancied that she heard him coming! Did she imagine it now that she heard his footstep on the piazza?—that he pushed up the half-open window and entered?—that he stood before her for a moment in silence?—and then exclaimed,

"Florence!"

She started wildly.

"Charlie!" she gasped, in anguish, "did you speak to me? Are you there?"

"Darling! I did speak—I am here."

What told her that his arms were outstretched to receive her? She sprang unerringly into his fond embrace.

"I am so glad you have come," she murmured, as her head sank upon his shoulder; "your presence is my sunshine!"

He stroked her soft hair tenderly, he stooped and kissed her, this time on the lips—lips which did not recoil, but lingered close to his, though the color of her cheek flushed and faded and flushed again.

Then he sat down on the sofa beside her, and holding her hand in his, asked her a hundred questions concerning herself and all she had lived through since their parting.

"But why do you sit in this dim, dingy parlor, when all nature without is so beautiful?" he exclaimed at last.

"I never go out," she said, sadly. "What is the use? What are the beauties of nature to my blind eyes?"

"What! have we no sense but sight? Is it nothing to feel the soft breeze kissing our cheeks and playing about our temples?—nothing to inhale the perfume of the flowers, to wander through the woods and listen to the warbling of the birds, the song of the brook, and the whispering wind through the branches?"

"But you forget I can not wander through the woods alone."

"And you shall not, for I am here—here, Florence, never to leave you. We shall wander hand in hand, and find together all the sweets that lie hidden in life."

A look of joy lit up her face—then a dark cloud overshadowed it.

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "Charlie, I can not accept this sacrifice. We must part."

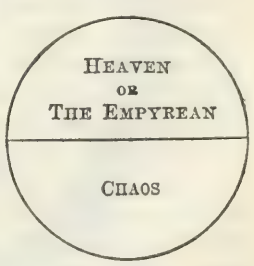
"Never!" he said, with a firm arm drawing her close to him. "When I sought you to-day, I meant to know whether you loved me or not. If not, to serve you if possible, but never again to see you; and if you loved me, never to leave you. I know now what I hardly dared hope. Nothing you may say can change the tone in which you called me 'Charlie,' nor alter it that of your own free impulse you clasped your hands about my neck; nothing can rob me of that first sweet pressure of your lips. Florence darling, Heaven has united us—death only must part us. Do you resist?"

She yielded, and her life was no longer dark, for she lived evermore in the pure sunshine of love.

THE COSMOGONY OF "PARADISE LOST."

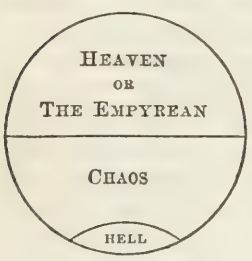
THE cosmogony of the universe as conceived by Milton in "Paradise Lost," though very simple, is very little understood. Nobody confesses to not reading the poem. Many do read it; many more, to their own loss, begin and do not finish it; all attempt it. And yet how few know the simple plan of creation which it presupposes, and without a just conception of which it is totally impossible to understand the poem. Indeed, it is no doubt in large part the want of this conception which induces many readers to forego the further perusal of the work after having reached the third book. They are wearied by the very peculiar and incomprehensible movements of Satan on his journey earthward. In what kind of a world is it that Satan, Raphael, Michael, Uriel, and the rest move about? How does it happen that Satan, in going from Hell to Earth, flies downward? and how is it that in the journey he is compelled to pass by the gate of Heaven? Where is the Paradise of Fools through which the poet, in one of the most scornful and extraordinary passages in the book, makes him wander? Where is the throne of Chaos and old Night? There is little use in attempting to read the poem without understanding these things. They are very simple. A diagram or two will be sufficient to explain them.

Originally, before the creation of the earth or the starry universe which we now see about us, universal space is conceived by the poet, not as containing stars or starry systems, but as a sphere of infinite radius—if such a thing were conceivable—divided into two hemispheres, thus:



The upper of these hemispheres is Heaven; the lower is Chaos. Heaven is the abode of God and his angels—a region of light, happiness, and glory. Chaos is an infinite ocean or quagmire of universal darkness. It is not to be considered as mere empty space, but an abyss wherein are jumbled together in confusion the elements of all matter. We are to conceive of the above diagram as representing the condition of the universe from unremembered ages in the angelic reckoning. But the immemorial monotony of existence is one day broken by the Almighty's assem-

bling before his throne the hosts of the angels. To them he announces that he has that day begot the Son whom they behold beside him. To him he bids the angels bow down and worship. This decree is received with joy by the various orders and hierarchies of Heaven. One only, jealous to have the Son set above him, hears the command with feelings of rage and pride. This is Satan, one of the first, if not the very first, archangel in Heaven. He conspires with his subordinate next in rank, Beelzebub, and they raise a faction, which numbers one-third of the heavenly host. War ensues, and Satan is defeated. The floor of Heaven opens wide, and Satan and his hosts are thrown into the bottom of Chaos. The bottom portion of Chaos is thus set apart as Hell, and so soon as it receives the fallen host, is immediately roofed over. In order to suit the changed conditions an alteration therefore takes place in the map of this original space. It now stands:



Almost immediately, however, a fourth division is created, which is our own universe as we now see it. The bad angels were nine days and nights falling through Chaos, and nine more days and nights they lay stupefied at the bottom of Hell. In the second nine days the new universe is created. There had long been talk of the event among the heavenly host. The time for the creation of the new race of beings had now arrived. Just as the roof of Hell has closed over the fallen angels, the Almighty, addressing the Son, tells him that, in order to repair the loss to Heaven caused by the rebellion of Satan, the new world must now be created, and bids him execute the decree. The gates of Heaven open, and with many thousand seraphim and cherubim he passes far down into Chaos. He stays his chariot wheels, and, taking the golden compasses, centres one point where he stands, and turns the other through space. Thus are marked out the limits of the new world. The new map of space, therefore, shows our starry universe hung at its topmost point from the floor of the empyrean. The completed map of the universe stands thus:



Milton is exact in his description of the proportions of the new world. The distance from its nadir, or lowest point, to the upper boss of Hell is equal precisely to its own radius. The universe is six days in making. The Messiah, resting from his labor, returns to his Father, and on the seventh the hosts of Heaven join in songs of praise over the finished work.

Meanwhile, just as the new world is made, Satan and his hosts waken from their sleep of nine days and nights. A council is held, and it is determined that Satan shall go forth into Chaos to seek the new world, the creation of which they know has been intended. It is thought that man, the new-created being, may be seduced, and that such thwarting of the plans of God will be a worthy revenge. Satan passes through Hell's gate, and emerges into Chaos. His journey upward is arduous. Climbing, flying, swimming, and wading, now falling fathoms deep, again blown upward by a wind or explosion, he makes his way to the throne of Chaos. This is half the distance to the end of his journey. Chaos informs him that the new world has been created, and directs him on his road. He at last reaches the upper confines of Chaos. Here, by a glimmering light, he sees the empyrean Heaven, and,

> "fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
> This pendent world, in bigness as a star
> Of smallest magnitude close by the moon."

Addison even supposed this "pendent world" to be our own ball. But this is not meant. It is the starry universe which we see about us. Milton means that the starry universe even is diminutive in the extreme by the side of the boundless empyrean above it. Satan lights upon the outer shell of this limited kosmos. It is here necessary to understand that according to the Ptolemaic astronomy, which Milton adopts, the earth is at the centre of the universe, the sun and stars revolve around it, and that the outer shell upon which Satan alights is a hard, opaque crust. Near the zenith of the universe, at the point at which it is hung to the empyrean, there is a break, or, to speak unpoetically, a hole, in the shell of the universe. This is the only point of access from without to the earth and all within which the universe contains. Before Satan reaches the edge from which he looks down into our universe, he wanders about for a while on the outside alone. The region is pictured as then a vast desert, but it became afterward the Paradise of Fools. Thither all vain things flew upward from the earth. Here all who in vain things build their hope of glory or lasting fame wander till final dissolution. Among them come the builders of Babel; Empedocles, who, to be deemed a god, leaped into Etna;

> "and many more, too long,
> Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
> White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery."

These all pass upward through the universe, pass through the opening at the zenith,

and St. Peter, with his keys, is seen standing at Heaven's wicket, apparently to welcome them, when, lo!

"A violent cross-wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues away,
Into the devious air. Then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds. All these, upwhirled aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools."

But at the time Satan wandered here the place was a vast solitary desert. The fiend, attracted by the light from the heavenly staircase by which the angels ascend and descend from the universe to the gate of Heaven, finds his way to the opening at the zenith. Sometimes these stairs are drawn upward, but when Satan reached the place they are let down. Standing on the lower rung or stair, he gazes through the opening underneath down into the universe. He sees it both from pole to pole and also longitudinally—

"from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon."

Our earth at the centre is too small at its vast distance to be seen. But Satan sees the sun, which satellite of our little ball vastly surpasses in size and brightness all the other objects of our universe. To the sun he flies, and finding the archangel Uriel walking thereon, asks of him the way to the earth. Satan, being in the guise of one of the lesser angels, is not recognized by Uriel. Uriel therefore shows him the earth. To the earth he flies, and alighting upon Mount Arphates, immediately begins to indulge in some sportive and devilish gestures of delight and exultation. These Uriel sees from his place in the sun, and suspecting something wrong, immediately reports the matter in Heaven. This passage, though no doubt very seriously meant by Milton, the reader will possibly find one of the humors of the book.

This scheme of the universe, as we have remarked, is Ptolemaic. According to that philosophy, the universe in which we live was a vast sphere carved out of chaos. It had, as we have seen, a hard, opaque crust. Between this crust and our earth at the centre there are ten orbs or hollow spheres in succession wheeling one within another. Our ball, with its elements of fire, water, earth, and air, is at the centre. Just outside the air the ten orbs succeed. There is one for each of the seven planets. The eighth is for the fixed stars. The ninth is the crystalline sphere which was added to explain the "trepidation" of the moon and the precession of the equinoxes. The tenth was the outer shell, or *primum mobile*, which set them all revolving. This universe, which appears as the little drop appended to the empyrean in the foregoing diagrams, we may now see on a magnified scale. This representation of it is copied from a wood-cut of the *Sphæra* of Johannes à Sacrobosco.

Milton's condition of mind with regard to the two systems, the Ptolemaic, in his time just going out, and the Copernican, just coming in, it is difficult to know precisely. The system of Copernicus, in Milton's day, had been for some time known to the world, and yet there is no doubt that up to the middle of the seventeenth century it was extremely repulsive to the minds of nearly all educated Englishmen. The following, from Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, was what every body was reading in Milton's youth.



"As the ague-sick, upon his shivering pallet,
Delays his health oft to invite his palate,
When willfully his tasteless taste delights

In things unsavory to sound appetites,
Even so some brain-sicks live there nowadays
That lose themselves still in contrary ways—
Preposterous wits that can not row at ease
On the smooth channel of our common seas;
And such are those, in my conceit at least,
Those clerks that think—think how absurd a jest!—
That neither heavens nor stars do turn at all,
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;
But the Earth itself, this massy globe of ours,
Turns round about once every twice-twelve hours."

So late as 1641, some of Milton's literary associates say of one of the statements of Bishop Hall in his "Humble Remonstrance:" "There is no more truth in this assertion than if he had said with Anaxagoras, 'Snow is black,' or with Copernicus, 'The earth moves, and the heavens stand still.'" Milton himself might be supposed to have some sympathy with the new philosophy, from the fact that he visited and talked with Galileo in prison when in Florence in the year 1638. He wrote: "There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old—a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." The truth appears to be that Milton, though he never definitively accepted the Copernican idea, yet perceived some of its advantages over the older system. He refers to it in the poem, therefore, as possible, leaving the world, should the new philosophy prevail, to retain the conception of the older one as the better adapted for the purposes of his poem.

The books which relate the conversations of Raphael in the garden with the pair contain the most charming, perhaps the only charming, scenes in the poem. The six-winged Raphael comes from Heaven, and, hovering over Paradise, the "towering eagles," as Milton calls them, look up and take him for the phœnix. When the bright being appears from the eastward among the trees, moving along the earth, "another morn risen on mid-noon," Adam goes forward to meet him, first bidding Eve prepare for their heavenly visitant the best that Paradise affords. The wifely Eve shows no concern that her store is not sufficient, or that the guest has come unexpected. Eve hastens among her bowers. She gathers fruit "rough and smooth rined;" she crushes drink from the grape, and "from sweet kernels pressed she tempers dulcet creams." Her board she heaps with such sweet things as women and angels like, and men of angelic dispositions. Our first parents were very well-mannered people, and they received the angel with charming courtesy, and a humility which, while very flattering, was not at all obtrusive. Greatly pleased with the condescension of their guest, they yet admit that his hour with them may not be altogether lost, since they are different from what he is accustomed to see. For a while they converse. "No fear," as Milton says, "lest dinner cool." Then Adam bids the angel to the board. "Unsavory food, perhaps," he says, "to spiritual natures," but such as their common Father gives them. Raphael assures them that though ambrosia and nectar are very good, he likes their "berries," their "meathes," and "dulcet creams." He adds, naïvely: "And to taste, think not I shall be nice." Of these dainties the angel tastes, delighted, and it seems that his tongue catches therefrom a peculiar eloquence, to the like of which Eve's recent daughters still incite the guest with their "æsthetic teas."

It is at the end of the discourse which follows this meal that Adam asks Raphael whether Copernicus or the older philosophy is right. As Milton did not know himself, he makes Raphael admonish Adam that he should not indulge his curiosity upon such matters, counsels him to "solicit not his thoughts" with secrets of this nature, and to think only of what concerns himself and his destiny.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE historical research which has been so destructive of the fond traditions of older countries than ours, which has destroyed the she-wolf of Romulus and Remus, and knocked off the apple from the head of William Tell's son, has not spared the most romantic legends of our own land. The uncertainty of evidence is notorious, but it is disagreeable to have that uncertainty established at the expense of beautiful and heroic and inspiring tales which are an important part of what is called the poetry of history. It is, however, pleasant to know that when the specific story is disproved, it is found to be a legend of many lands, appearing in various forms, and symbolizing a universal sentiment. It shows the active play of the imagination every where, and the willing desire of the human mind to believe in heroism. If the tale of Tell is not true, then it ought to be, and in any case it is the romantic form in which patriotism moulds its fervent devotion. If Arnold von Winkelried did not gather the Austrian spears into his heart at Sempach, it is the spirit of Arnold von Winkelried that invents the story. If Numa did not hold sweet counsel with Egeria, yet wisdom naturally tends to purity: and here we are in the midst of myths and allegories; and although history may glimmer, the human heart in all the lovely legends which criticism annihilates proves its loyalty to its own ideals.

One of the most familiar and romantic tales of our earlier history is that of the appearance of the regicide General Goffe at Hadley, upon the Connecticut, during an Indian attack upon the town

in 1675. It has been hitherto unquestioned. "Divines have seen in it a special interposition of Providence; the champions of liberty have pointed to it as new evidence of the valor of that strong defender of the rights of man, and the mighty 'Wizard of the North' has woven it into the pages of delightful romance." But it is now challenged peremptorily, and in the popular slang it may be said of the regicide General Goffe, "Gone to meet Romulus's and Remus's wolf."

The village of Deerfield is one of the most beautiful in Western Massachusetts. It is chiefly one long, broad, green street bordered by noble elms, upon a plateau just above the wide and fertile meadows of the valley of the Deerfield River, there broadening as it approaches the Connecticut. It is a village famous as a frontier outpost in the days of the Indian wars, and it was attacked by the Indian allies of the French in 1704, when its pastor, the Reverend John Williams, and his wife, were carried off by the savages to Canada. The poor woman died on the way, but Williams returned to Deerfield and married again, and his grave-stone stands in the sunny old burying-ground of the village. The region is full of historical interest. In South Deerfield, three or four miles away, is the monument at Bloody Brook commemorating the Indian massacre of the Flower of Essex, the two-hundredth anniversary of which event was celebrated two years ago, as we duly mentioned at the time. In so peaceful and beautiful and historic a neighborhood nothing is more to be expected than a Memorial Association diligently delving among documents and antiquarian remains, collecting relics of every interesting kind, ascertaining sites, verifying dates, and in a quiet, modest way doing a work which to the historian is invaluable, and which dignifies and endears the region to its hardy and laborious inhabitants. Such an association there is known as the Pocumtuck Valley Association, Pocumtuck being the old Indian name of the territory above Hatfield.

On a beautiful day in midsummer a party of pilgrims might have been seen under the branching elms of Deerfield asking for the old home of the Reverend John Williams. A placid citizen pointed it out, and the pilgrims soon found themselves benignly welcomed in the quaint building, of which, however, the frame is substantially all that remains of the tough pastor's dwelling. While the rest of the party were in some remote corner of the house, one of the pilgrims—it was the Easy Chair—who had tarried behind, asked the courteous host if there were in the house a concealed chamber or dungeon, such as the regicides were said to have occupied in the Reverend Mr. Russell's house at Hadley, and then with rueful badinage complained that an assault had been made upon the great tradition of Hadley as destructive as that led by General Goffe against the Indians. There was a curious and pleasant smile upon the face of the Easy Chair's interlocutor.

"I am the assassin," said he. And the Easy Chair discovered that he was in the presence of the president of the Pocumtuck Valley Association.

Mr. Sheldon's paper, which was first read on the 24th of February, 1874, is exceedingly interesting, clear, and apparently conclusive. He traces the origin and growth of the story, analyzes and collates carefully, and leaves little of it. It begins with Increase Mather in 1677, who says that on the 1st of September, 1675, the church in Hadley "were driven from the holy service they were attending by a most sudden and violent alarm, which routed them the whole day after." Eighty-nine years afterward, in 1764, Governor Hutchinson calls the alarm "an attack." In a note he tells an anecdote handed down through Governor Leverett's family, which is that of the attack, and the mysterious appearance and disappearance of the grave and elderly leader. In 1794, thirty years later, President Styles, of Yale College, elaborates the story, and states that the deliverer was believed in the town to be an angel. In 1824 General Epaphros Hoyt, of Deerfield, tells the story, placing the date of the attack on the 12th of June, 1676, nine or ten months later, and describing the deliverer more minutely. Holmes, in his annals of America, quotes Mather, Hutchinson, Styles, and Hoyt, as authorities for the tale. In 1859, at the bicentennial celebration at Hadley, Bishop Huntington, a native of the town, repeats the narrative as of the 1st of September, and adds a tradition of "an aged woman in a remote part of the town," who "says she had heard" that Goffe saw the Indians coming from the mountains at a distance. Dr. Holland, in his history of Western Massachusetts, recurs to the date of June 12, 1676, and gives a detailed account of events, even to the firing of a cannon, and the arrival of Major Talcott from Northampton. Sylvester Judd, "the most noted antiquary of the Connecticut Valley," repeats the story briefly, restoring the date. Dr. Palfrey, in his history, tells the tale with circumstance, including Goffe's seeing "the stealthy savages coming down over the hills," although usually the Indians were not seen until they struck. Dr. Chandler Robbins, in his *Regicides Sheltered in New England*, makes Goffe himself give the alarm, and states that the people of Hadley lost but two or three men in the battle. Finally, Mr. John Farmer, of the New Hampshire Historical Society, upon the authority of the Reverend Phineas Cooke, a native of Hadley, introduces an old iron cannon, which brings down a stone chimney about the ears of the savages, who, flying before the onset of Goffe, had taken shelter in a deserted house on the Connecticut.

This is the story in its various forms. Palfrey, a thorough student, can hear of no traditions that are not traceable to Hutchinson's history. Judd, a severe antiquarian, finds nothing to confirm the Leverett family tradition. Hubbard's history not only omits any allusion to Goffe, but does not mention the attack upon Hadley. Signs and wonders were familiar to New England at that day. So signal a wonder as this must have been known and repeated with awe and joy among the pious people, and have survived in many a local and family tradition. Why is it in that of the Leverett family alone? Hoyt finds no evidence of an attack on September 1, and Hubbard, who wrote his *Indian Wars* from facts accumulated immediately afterward, could hardly have omitted all reference to this attack, especially as one of his own parishioners was in command at Hadley five days after it was alleged to have taken place. Hutchinson had access to Mather's papers, and his story of the "attack" is unquestionably Mather's "alarm." Hutchinson had also Goffe's own diary, but he gives nothing from it in support of the story, and the tale of Goffe's

appearance rests entirely upon the anecdote in Hutchinson's note.

Mather, then, is the only historical authority, and he says nothing of an "attack." His word is "alarm." Now on the 16th of September, 1675, the Reverend Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, wrote to Mather of the events of the three preceding weeks, and states that on the 1st of September, the date of the alleged "alarm" at Hadley, the Indians did attack Deerfield, burning houses and wasting gardens, and this was the first attack made upon any white settlement in the valley. The news of the later attack upon Deerfield in 1704 reached Hadley in three or four hours, and that of this first assault must have been immediately spread, and necessarily must have brought consternation and "alarm" to the settlement at Hadley. There are many instances in the letters and memoirs of the time of similar alarms, introduced in precisely Mather's way. The manuscript of Hubbard's history was examined by a committee of the General Court, and pronounced faithfully and truly performed, but it mentions no attack on Hadley. Cotton Mather wrote a history of Philip's war in the Connecticut Valley, but does not hint at any attack on Hadley. Stoddard's letter, written a fortnight after the alleged attack, and from Northampton, four or five miles from Hadley, mentions all the incidents at every point, but not a word of an attack on Hadley. The only basis for the romantic and heroic tradition is Mather's allusion to an "alarm," and the unsupported and improbable Leverett story mentioned in Hutchinson's note.

It is a costly midsummer day's pleasuring which is bought at the price of so poetic a tale. But the Pocumtuck president's facts and dates are inflexible, nor does he give the story any quarter. It has been suggested that as Hadley was, beyond question, attacked by the Indians on the 12th of June, 1676, the regicide's avatar might have occurred at that time; but to this Mr. Sheldon makes a comprehensive reply by showing that none of the alleged facts harmonize with the theory, and that as at that time Goffe knew that Hadley was in no danger of capture, and also that the most alert of royal spies was searching New England for him and Whalley, he was not likely, for no good purpose, to betray his retreat. The tradition, however, will doubtless long be told, and the summer traveller speeding along the broad Connecticut meadows to behold the Great Carbuncle in the White Mountains will gaze eagerly toward the green elms of Hadley under which the silver-haired Deliverer appeared.

There is another historic interest in the same valley also, but of a very different kind. That pleasant pastoral Connecticut region was the scene of the Shays rebellion, which was a much more significant and important affair than is generally supposed. It was the result of the social disturbance produced by the war of the Revolution, and was the beginning of anarchy. The sufferings of war, the heavy taxation, the worthless rag money, private and public debts, with the prostration of industry and the demoralization that always follows war, exposed a remote and poor people to the wiles of demagogues, and the demagogues improved their opportunity. The rebellion was made the subject of an interesting paper recently read in Springfield. Minot, the historian of Massachusetts, wrote a history of it, and Dr. Holland, in his excellent history of Western Massachusetts, gives a graphic account of it. The story has a certain pertinence to the events of the last summer, as showing both how hopeless as a real remedy for grievances such movements are, and how surely they fall under the control of demagogues, who make the sincere abettors of the enterprise mere victims and tools.

The trouble really began as early as 1781, by conventions called to discuss grievances arising from the causes we have mentioned. The foolish old laws for the imprisonment of debtors produced great suffering; and as it was the courts that enforced the laws, the suspension of the courts seemed an obvious and speedy means of relief. In 1782 a mob disturbed the holding of the Supreme Court at Northampton. The leader was imprisoned, and a mob released him. The ringleaders of the mob were arrested, and another mob compelled the sheriff to yield. The next year court was held at Springfield only after dispersing the rioters, and a convention was held at Hatfield, and decided that it was impossible for the people to make money fast enough to pay the enormous taxes. There was no doubt of the exceeding pressure. There was complaint that taxation to pay the interest of the public debt did not diminish the burden, and then that taxation to pay any part of the principal was intolerable. Neat cattle were made a legal tender, and the law made matters worse. There was much honesty in the conventions, and a sincere desire to find peaceful relief. Mobs were deprecated, but the proceedings and declarations of the conventions inevitably aroused the mob spirit. The mobs struck at the lower courts to prevent the collection of debts, and then at the higher to prevent punishment of their offenses. The tone of the conventions became more violent, and gradually trained soldiers of the war became leaders of the mob. The press took a warm part in the discussion, and the complaint of "grievances" was sharply satirized. "It is a grievance," said one paper, "that money is scarce, and a greater grievance that honesty is scarcer; a grievance that one knave leads ten fools by the nose; a grievance that those who have done the most to make the times bad should complain most of the badness of them; a grievance that men who cry and bawl merely to make themselves popular should be regarded; and a grievance that we should be so ungrateful to Heaven for the salvation and blessings we have received as to murmur at difficulties necessarily incurred in order to obtain them." At last a convention in Hatfield presented most of the existing civil institutions and processes in the State as grievances, and violence was evidently at hand.

Four days afterward an armed mob in Northampton sent a message to the judges that it was "inconvenient" that the court should sit. The court was powerless, and yielded, adjourning without day—upon which an alert rioter was afraid it might sit in the night. The Governor of the State, James Bowdoin, then issued his proclamation to all civil officers to keep the peace, and appealed to the patriotic spirit of the commonwealth, summoning the Legislature to an extra session. At Worcester, also, the armed mob, under old soldiers, commanded the court to ad-

journ. The judge expostulated for two hours, threatening the crowd with the gallows. But they insisted, and the eloquent judge adjourned the court. At Concord, in Middlesex, there were the same proceedings: the mob drinking rum and lying upon hay, stopping passengers, and in open concert with the convention. The trouble had now reached all parts of the State, which was threatened with absolute anarchy. At this point in the drama appeared Luke Day, of West Springfield, an honorable soldier of the Revolution, and a major by brevet, and Daniel Shays, who had been also a captain in the war, but who seems to have been a man inferior both in will and in capacity to Day; but they acted together, and became the leaders of the movement.

Day drilled daily a body of men armed with hickory clubs and wearing sprigs of hemlock in their hats. The Supreme Court was to sit at Springfield, and the government made ready to protect it. Shays and Day led their men to town, and drilled and harangued them. The court met while the militia and the insurgents held their positions. It sat for three days, but could not fill the panel of jurors, and so adjourned. There was no collision, but universal terror among the peaceable citizens of the town. Meanwhile the Legislature met. The Governor's speech was very decided. The Senate sympathized with him, but the House was a little doubtful. But it was agreed to raise militia and to consider grievances, and a riot act was passed. The action of the Legislature, however, impressed the rioters as timid. Immediately afterward the court at Worcester was dispersed; but the sheriff, whose fees for criminal executions were one of the grievances, told the crowd, upon hearing it, that if that were the trouble, he would hang every one of them with the greatest pleasure and without charge.

There was now practically a state of irregular war. Shays issued proclamations, and billeted a thousand insurgents upon the people of Worcester. Measures were taken to organize an army. But only a few men were zealous, and public indignation was rising. The government was unwilling to proceed to extremities, and dallied and temporized. Once more the court at Springfield was compelled to adjourn, and then the government acted. Forty-four hundred men were ordered to rendezvous near Boston on the 19th of January, 1787, and General Lincoln, of the Revolution, was placed in command. Day and Shays prepared to attack the arsenal at Springfield, advancing from different directions. General Shepard, with eleven hundred militia and the necessary artillery, took possession of it, and awaited the arrival of Lincoln. The army of Shays and Day together numbered nineteen hundred men, and on the 24th of January Shays sent word to Day that he would attack the next day. Day replied that he must wait until the 26th. The reply was intrusted to a messenger, who became snoring drunk in the warm tavern, and the paper was taken from his pocket and carried to General Shepard, and of course did not reach Shays. On the 25th, Shays, counting upon Day's co-operation, advanced toward Springfield. As he approached, Shepard warned him to desist. Shays pressed forward, and Shepard warned him again. He still advanced, and Shepard fired over his head. But when Shays was within fifty rods of Shepard's battery, the cannon opened directly upon his column. Three only were killed, but the rest scattered in promiscuous flight. On the 27th, Lincoln came up. Day's men dispersed. There was some parleying between Lincoln and Shays, but the latter drew off toward Petersham. The tough old Lincoln then pushed forward, in the bitterest cold and a wild snow-storm, thirty miles from Hadley over the Pelham hills, and overtaking Shays, finally routed his force, and Shays and his men fled from the State.

There was still a great deal of excitement and disturbance, and the trouble spread beyond the borders of Massachusetts. But the Legislature provided for general amnesty, with a trial of the chief criminals, and passed various reformatory measures, appointing a committee to inquire into the existence of real grievances. Fourteen men were sentenced to death, and many others to various punishments. But none were hung, and most of the convicted were reprieved. Shays returned to Massachusetts, but presently went to Sparta, in New York, where in 1820 he received a pension from the United States government. He died in 1825, at the age of seventy-eight, leaving no children. Day, who was four years older, was pardoned, and died, poor, in 1801, at the age of fifty-eight. The actual armed performances of the rebellion are contemptible, yet the long and menacing continuance of the disorders shows that there was a wide and dangerous sympathy with the seditious spirit. The Shays rebellion was one of the strong arguments in favor of a more powerful united government. It showed all thoughtful men that anarchy was very near, for if in old and long-settled Massachusetts, with a homogeneous population of the English stock, such an outbreak could last so long and spread so wide, what might not be possible elsewhere? The rebellion had little immediate effect upon legislation. The reformatory measures that were adopted were not important, and the committee on grievances reported none that could have satisfied any of the complaints that had been made. The disturbance merely fomented dissensions and increased the debt. But it had the good effect of showing the folly and futility of armed insurrection of any part of the people against a government established by themselves. It is a chapter of our history well worth pondering.

In one of the many speeches which Mr. Gladstone has recently made to the parties of friends who go to see him at his place in the country, he alluded indirectly to the charge sometimes urged against him of being a sentimentalist. He showed that the spring of much of the loftiest and most heroic human action is what is described as sentiment. Patriotism is but a sentiment. Love is a sentiment. The fling of sentimentality is much like other gibes. It is a form of expressing dislike. "The reason why I can not tell," and sentimentality is as good as any other. Those who are fond of using the word as descriptive point to Lamartine and Victor Hugo in French politics. They are held to be illustrations of a class that regard public affairs from the emotions, and not from reason. In the same sense, also, Cobden and Bright and all the "peace" statesmen must be regarded as sentimentalists. That is to say, they recoil from violence, and have a general theory, based upon their repugnance, that violence is unnecessary. But the real trouble with men like

Lamartine and Victor Hugo is that they lack practical common-sense, not that they are sentimentalists. For it will hardly be asserted that all men who are strongly under the influence of feeling must necessarily want good sense and judgment.

The mischief lies in a misuse of the word. If to feel the force of ennobling sentiments be sentimental, it is certainly no discredit. If to be a weak, foolish, vaporing, and impracticable marplot is to be sentimental, then it is, of course, a reproach. But it is not so. Public affairs may not always be moved by what is called sentiment, but the loftiest politics may be sentimental. The political epoch in this country that has just closed was especially so. So also was the period of the Revolution. The mainspring of the anti-slavery movement and of all the politics founded upon it was sentiment. It was the conviction that slavery was wrong which aroused the public mind and led to the formation of new parties. It was indeed true, and it was constantly and conclusively shown, that slavery was essentially unprofitable because of its necessary effects. But this was not the chief consideration. It was a mere corollary. That slavery was wrong was the cry that marshaled men politically against it. The politics of the last generation were in this sense sentimental politics. But they were certainly as respectable and honorable and manly as politics of tariffs, banks, and taxation. It is true that such sentimental questions do not require careful study and training for their treatment, and that all kinds of ill-ballasted zealots may seem to make the cause itself ridiculous. But certainly it would have been very foolish to say that Mr. Seward's declarations of a higher law were unworthy of a statesman on the ground that sentiment has properly nothing to do with politics. From Demosthenes to Chatham and later men eloquence has had something to do with politics, and sentiment is not foreign to eloquence. Indeed, as speech-making plays a much larger part in the politics of a popular government than in those of any other, such a system, which we assert in this country to be the wisest of all, is the most sentimental of all.

There is no necessary antagonism, as our own history shows, between the most efficient and energetic practical organization for any purpose and the highest sentiment of that purpose. The mischief begins when the two are antagonized as incompatible. Principle is then derided as sentiment, and the very purpose for which the organization exists is ridiculed by the organization itself. The habit of sneering at sentiment degenerates into impatience of principle. It is the worst form of demoralization, because it confounds honor, rectitude, and patriotism with impracticable folly. The desire for constant progress and for the reasonable improvement of society is the true conservative element. An easy-going or a contemptuous indifference, the "devil take the hindmost" and "after me the deluge" policy, is not wise or great statesmanship. The people who were enchanted with Lord Palmerston, with the sprig of geranium in his mouth, appealing to John Bull, and who delight in the cool audacity of Disraeli, naturally thought Cobden a visionary, and they think Gladstone a prig. "I was born so, mother," says Byron's Deformed. And those who think that Palmerston was a great or wise English statesman, or that Lord Beaconsfield is a practical man compared with the sentimental Gladstone, would probably be found to be those under whose influence and auspices the tone of English politics and public life is not materially heightened.

The doubting brethren would preserve minds and tempers more equable if they could but know that the believer in the practicability of principle and decency and truth believes much more heartily than the disbeliever disbelieves. The attempt in England to put Mr. Gladstone in the position of a man who would compromise the power of his country as a great civilizing influence, is merely an attempt to smite him with his own thunder-bolts. It is essentially an appeal to the very sentiment which is decried in him. It is a striking and unconscious tribute upon the part of those who usually sneer at principles and ideas that in a great crisis nothing is so practical.

The disclosures of such crimes as those of Morton in Philadelphia and Gilman in New York are always accompanied with a profound feeling of pity for the weakness which is so fatal. They also suggest the unhappiness of all those in similar straits who are not yet discovered, but who rehearse in the case that is exposed the ignominy which they will presently confront. When the details of Morton's shame were published in all the papers, Gilman of course read them with feelings that can not easily be imagined. When his own veil was lifted, how many who are as yet unexposed recognized themselves and their own imminent doom! There appears to be a kind of fate about it. The law of averages vindicates itself, and nobody seems to suppose that the disgrace and ruin of one prevent those of others. It is not the example, it is the moral conviction that does not depend upon example, which corrects and purifies. The weakness which betrayed both Morton and Gilman was such that no warnings, no certainty of exposure, of prison, and of public shame, could affect it. There was always the chance against what is called the certainty. There was always death, suicide, or a miracle. Something might happen to save the necessity of confession. But confession was self-invoked ruin.

This was the reasoning of mere weakness. It was not consciousness of guilt and desire of reparation by punishment. It was only harrowing fear of discovery. So far as appears, neither Morton nor Gilman would have done any thing to reveal their offenses or to make restitution. They waited until the facts were disclosed, and then they confessed. The confession of Gilman was peculiarly pitiful. His case was one of those that make every man sober. He was a man of spotless reputation and apparently of the best character. His friends and associates were among those of the highest personal standing, the most intelligent and honorable of people. He was no more suspected of wrong-doing than any man of unsullied name in the city. There was no more reason for the supposition of any irregularity than in the case of hundreds whose names are the guarantee of honorable motive and action. There was no especial temptation. He was not poor. He had no commercial embarrassments. His family was not ambitious. He had no excuse that he was driven on. It was

carelessness and weakness—unwillingness to stop when he saw that he could not proceed without wrong.

His confession is one of the most pathetic and humiliating of documents—pathetic because of the abject weakness that it reveals, humiliating because such weakness was not suspected. We all agree to call it weakness, but how far is it removed from crime? There is a feeling that if weakness be proved, the guilt is lessened. But if high intelligence be established, which knows the dangers of weakness, and how readily weakness degenerates into crime, the guilt is rather increased than diminished. When it is said that he did not maliciously mean to injure, what is meant? If a man knows that by touching a spring he will ignite a charge that will destroy the lives of innocent persons, and he touches the spring, can it be truly said that he did not maliciously intend the consequences? He may, indeed, have had no hate, and, so to speak, no abstract desire to injure them. But it can hardly be said that a man who does what he knows must have devilish results, does not intend those results.

Let it be said that in this case the results could not accurately be known or measured. In a certain degree that is true, and in that degree it is an extenuation. It is a tale that wrings many noble and generous hearts. But it must be told, for some young man who reads the deplorable story may unexpectedly see how easy it is to pay too large a price for money and comfort and luxury, and that self-denial is the first step toward "purity of living."

Editor's Literary Record.

THE publication in book form of Mr. JOSEPH COOK'S "Boston Monday Lectures"—Vol. I., *Biology*, Vol. II., *Transcendentalism* (J. R. Osgood and Co.)—at once elevates and widens his influence, introduces him to the realm of permanent literature, and makes him one of the religious teachers of the nation. He is not an originator. We look in vain in these lectures for a new discovery, a new hypothesis, or even a new interpretation. He is not a systematizer. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to evolve out of these lectures a harmonious system; at least Mr. Cook has not himself done so; perhaps that will come later. But neither is he the retailer of other men's ideas. He gathers from an immense field of literature the latest and best thoughts of the ablest thinkers. He subjects them to a keen criticism, tests them by a searching analysis, and arranges them in admirable classifications. He sets one over against the other, makes the teaching of a Frey correct the statements of a Spencer, or summons the discoveries of a Lionel Beale to plead against the theories of a Huxley. He scrutinizes, analyzes, dissects; as an intellectual chemist, he submits the philosophy of modern materialism and semi-materialism to tests, separates its statements and even its definitions into their component parts, and gives you the analysis. He condenses into almost tabular form contrasted and conflicting theories; for example, puts into a single page of his book the seven theories of evolution, and gives the names of the more eminent representatives of each school. And finally he embodies his own conclusions, children always of adoption, not of his own intellectual parentage, in form so graphic and pictorial that they are not only easily cognizable by minds which follow the previous process of criticism with difficulty or not at all, but are commended to such minds by the very beauty and aptness of the presentation, independent of the evidence cited to sustain them. As a harvester and a thresher, Mr. Cook has qualities which entitle him to a first place among the intellectual husbandmen of the age. He is not an original miner; he does not bring the gold from the earth; but as an assayer and minter of the metal which others have mined, he is, if not without an equal, certainly without a superior. There is no book in which the reader will find so many views of so many teachers so searchingly examined and so fairly presented as in these two volumes of Mr. Cook's "Boston Monday Lectures."

The fourth course of the Yale *Lectures on Preaching* (E. P. Dutton and Co.) was delivered by PHILLIPS BROOKS. Mr. Beecher, Dr. Hall, Dr. Taylor, Mr. Brooks, afford a most effective addition to the faculty of any seminary; and these are the men who for the past six years have been telling the students of Yale College the secret of their own success in preaching. Phillips Brooks is, in the best sense, a student of the art of preaching. He has studied both the failures and the successes of other men. He has gone below; he has put contemptuously aside all the tricks of oratory, of gesture, and poise and voice, and looked into the real secrets of success in the nature of the man and the adaptation of the theme to the wants of the congregation. In spiritual insight, in psychological interest, he yields the palm to none of his predecessors. It is this insight, this power of sympathetic heart and mind reading, which gives to these lectures of Phillips Brooks their peculiar vitality. It is seen in his rare perception of the inmost temptations of ministerial life; in his disclosure of the hidden secrets of real though half-comprehended or wholly uncomprehended pulpit power, which is always the power of the individual man; in his opening of the hearts of the congregation; in his fine disclosure of the possibilities of the highest life in man—possibilities hidden like seeds in the clod, and to be brought forth from it by the warmth of the preacher's own sunny heart. Unlike Robertson, Phillips Brooks continually reminds us of him. He has the same analytical power; the same broad human sympathy; the same keen knowledge of human nature, toned and tempered and made the more true by his sympathies; the same mysterious and indefinable element of divine life, so that his message comes with a *quasi*-authority, wholly unecclesiastical, purely personal; and the same under-tone of sadness, the same touch of pathos, speaking low as a man who is saddened by his own seeming success—a success which is to his thought, and in comparison with his ideals, a failure. No minister can read carefully these lectures without

getting a profounder sense of the true grandeur of his work, and a clearer conception of at least some of the secrets of success in its prosecution.

The Jukes (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is described by the author concisely in his title-page as "a study in crime, pauperism, disease, and heredity." It is a small volume of a little over one hundred pages, but embodies a rare amount of valuable information to the student of sociology. The author, a member of the executive committee of the Prison Association of New York, in making a tour of inspection of the county jails, came upon one in which six persons, blood-relations, were awaiting trial. Following up the clew thus suggested, he found that out of twenty-nine males, in ages varying from seventeen to seventy-five, belonging to the same family, over fifty per cent. were known criminals. The habitat of this family, to whom the author gives the name of the "Jukes," was the furze-covered margin of five rocky lakes—a crime cradle from which many criminals have emerged. The "Jukes" lived in log or stone houses, all ages, sexes, and relations "bunking" together indiscriminately. "During the winter the inmates lie on the floor, strewn with straw or rushes, like so many radii to the hearth, the embers of the fire forming a centre toward which their feet focus for warmth." The dwellings are so crowded as to rival the city tenement quarters. Tracing out the descendants of the ancestor, born between the years 1720 and 1740, through five generations fertile in crime of various sorts, the author has found a progeny numbering 709 persons, whose varied careers, invariably darkened by poverty and misfortune, and generally blackened by crime, have furnished him the material for his melancholy but instructive history. Of 475 children, nearly one-quarter were found to be illegitimate. Over $11,000 has been expended by the State in affording relief to paupers supplied by this single family. These isolated facts illustrate the nature and significance of Mr. Dugdale's investigations. On the other hand, he has traced out the history of more than one that has been reformed—A, at twenty-five discharged from Sing Sing, and, in consequence of habits of steady industry there produced, becoming a steady and useful member of society; B, serving in the State-prisons of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Vermont, and Rhode Island thirteen or fourteen years, learning in Clinton Prison iron-rolling, and now a successful quarryman, controlling the quarry, and employing men under him; C, three years in successive imprisonment, now "considerable of a man," owning a farm, and worth $5000 or more, the fruits of honest industry. It is out of the question for us here to follow further the results which Mr. Dugdale has obtained by this remarkable investigation. It must suffice to say that while his statistical tables require careful study for their full comprehension, and while it is true that nothing is more deceptive than statistics, because nothing is more easily capable of misinterpretation, we know not where we will find more valuable material for a practical study of crime and pauperism, their cause and cure, than in this unpretending but exceedingly valuable little treatise.

The monograph of Hon. Robert C. Pitman, Associate Justice of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, and Prohibition candidate for Governor of that State, on *Alcohol and the State* (National Temperance Society), possesses a value to the student of sociology which is not commonly to be found in professed temperance publications. The work of advocates is always one-sided; it is apt to be misleading; its value is not infrequently destroyed by actual misrepresentations; in it positive assertion is almost invariably compelled to do more or less service in lieu of carefully analyzed testimony; and the more thoroughly in earnest the advocate, the more likely his advocacy is to mislead the unwary and to repel the judicial. Judge Pitman is an advocate; he writes not as an investigator, but as a pleader; not to discuss a problem, but to maintain a theory. That theory is that it is the right and duty of the state to prohibit the trade in intoxicating liquors. But he certainly does not substitute assertion for evidence; he is not an intemperate nor even an impassioned orator; he does not misrepresent; he is scrupulously careful to be fair; and if he is misleading, it is only in so far as he is himself misled. His work is chiefly a compilation of evidence bearing on "the problem of law as applied to the liquor traffic," though it must be confessed that he has sought and presented chiefly such evidence only as sustains his solution of that problem. The first part of his volume, and the briefer part, presents the indictment of the state against alcohol as a waster, a destroyer of home, a producer of pauperism, public disease, crime, and general social and individual degeneracy. This traverses old ground, and rehearses facts and figures which temperance publications have made familiar. The second and more important part of the book discusses the right of the state to limit, restrain, or prohibit the liquor traffic. In this part the author maintains the constitutional authority, the political right, the social necessity, of prohibition; he argues the license system a failure, and the prohibition system a success; and he gives a history of the legal methods that have been employed—a history not, indeed, comprehensive, and therefore not conclusive, but certainly significant and suggestive. His book abounds with statistical information; some of it would not bear a careful cross-examination, but much of it certainly bears strong testimony to the need of something more effectual than either moral suasion or any of the regulative systems that have as yet been tried for the eradication of drunkenness and its attendant evils. The chapter on the Gothenburg system gives a very clear account of that curious method of dealing with this problem—a method which practically makes the government the liquor-seller. The weak point about the book is that which is the weak point about all pleas for prohibitory legislation: it treats the liquor traffic as though it were a single traffic, not a composite of widely different trades, and it fails to remove or even to consider that objection to indiscriminating legislation which is the real rock on which the prohibition movement has broken to pieces. All liquor-selling is not equally dangerous to the community, and so long as temperance statistics and temperance legislation confound the grog-shop and the hotel, the bar-room and the private table, so long the temperance reformers will continue to hazard their effort to close the grog-shop and the bar-room by their inexpedient, because inevitably unsuccessful, crusade against the hotel and the pri-

vate table. The right to prohibit so much of the liquor traffic as is really dangerous to society, the principles of John Stuart Mill practically concede; but this does not necessarily imply the right to prohibit therewith those forms of the traffic that are either absolutely dangerless, or the dangers from which are at once indefinite and remote. This right Mr. Pitman impliedly claims; but he does not demonstrate it; he does not examine the grounds on which it can be claimed; he can hardly be said even to define and clearly assert it.

In *The Children's Songs* (Harper and Brothers) a favorite author has turned aside from the more serious themes of life to an evening of recreation with the children. He is a grave and reverend senior who has never forgotten his own child's heart, and whose serious purpose is lightened but not lessened by his appreciation of genuine and genial humor. His long life spent in literature has given him a large range from which to draw, and his curiously broad sympathies have given him a power of enjoying songs of many and diverse singers, so that his book is like a grove in which many forest singers join in an orchestral piece without a leader, but without discord. Isaac Watts and Bret Harte, James Russell Lowell and Mother Goose, sing in this choir together. Thus, in a sense, the book is without a definite characteristic, except as breadth of sentiment and feeling may be said to be its characteristic. But, apart from this, it is tolerably clear that the author has not lost sight of that earnestness of purpose which belongs to such a character and career as his. This book is not a mere frolic, nor even a mere song-book. As the grandfather begins the evening with a frolic and ends with a song of praise or the evening prayer, so this collection of children's songs begins with the trivial, and leads up insensibly, and as it were unconsciously, to its consummation in such poems as Gerhardt's "O sacred head now wounded," and Joseph Addison's "The spacious firmament on high." There is not much of mere rhyme and jingle in the book; what there is belongs to English classics, and finds its place here for that reason, such as "Jack and Gill" and "Little Bo-peep." Even in the nursery songs there is an upward tendency, as in the decidedly improved version of "This little piggy went to market:"

> "This little pig to market went,
> And carried a market basket."

We find here, too, less of the nonsense than is usual in similar collections, and more of the old-fashioned but really significant rhymes of the childhood of the past, like Watts's "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," and Jane Taylor's "I like little pussy." We know no book that excels or even equals this, or can fairly be compared with it, for those mothers who want a collection which shall be educative as well as entertaining, which the older children will read to themselves and the younger children will be glad to have read to them, which will use song as an educator, leading the mind up from rhyme to poetry, and from the childish forms of imagination to the higher phases of spiritual faith, and the affections from sympathy for the animal creation, as the fly and the kitten, to the highest sentiments of filial affection and devout reverence and love. The book is profusely illustrated, the poems are well classified, and there is both a good alphabetical index and a classified table of contents.

Those who know Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin will need no introduction to his *Contemporary Art in Europe* (Harper and Brothers). He is known to lovers of art literature as one of our broadest, most cultured, and best art critics. If he has any fault, it is the breadth and extent of his knowledge, which tends to prevent him from fully appreciating the popular ignorance on this subject. Though he is rarely if ever technical or professional in his language, he sometimes assumes a knowledge of artists and art schools which few of his readers really possess. Those who have followed his course of articles in this Magazine will need no other assurance of the value of the completed work, of which those articles were but a portion. The volume is handsomely printed on thick paper, and it is illustrated with upward of seventy-five engravings on wood. These, with the exception of a few portraits, are all illustrations of works of eminent artists—English, French, and German. The illustrations are as fine specimens of wood-engraving we think as we have ever seen. As a book of engravings it will take rank with the first art works of the year, quite independently of the descriptive and biographical matter. It is, from this point of view, an illustration of the progress of art in this country, as the cuts are all executed by eminent American engravers. A good index accompanies the book, and renders it really a biographical and critical dictionary of contemporary European artists. It is at once an attractive addition to the gift literature of the approaching gift season, and a valuable contribution to that art literature the growth of which in this country is one of the most helpful and healthful indications of real advance in the higher elements of civilization and culture.

"The Variorum Shakspeare" (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is one of those works which only a Shakspearean scholar can appreciate, and only a Shakspearean enthusiast could have prepared. *Hamlet*, the third of the series, is comprised in two large octavo volumes. The editor, Horace Howard Furness, has embodied in the work the results of marvelous industry and painstaking research; the whole field of English and German criticism has been explored, and its best fruits garnered for these pages. The modesty of the editor is not less notable than his enthusiastic assiduity; he is content to be a mere interpreter of the thoughts of other men, and leave the student to judge for himself in an atmosphere remarkably clear from all personal prejudice, unless he himself imparts it into the book in the reading of it. The first volume contains the text, with notes mainly verbal and exegetical. The second volume contains a dissertation on the date and text of *Hamlet*, a reprint of the earliest quarto edition (1603), which differs from the other editions so materially that a record of its various readings in the foot-notes was impracticable; then "The Hystorie of Hamblet," on which the drama was founded; finally, a great body of criticism, æsthetic and dramatic, culled from English, German, and French writers. This is the most peculiar feature of this edition, and the one which, to the student of Shakspeare, is of the greatest value. The most indefatigable and enthusiastic lover of Shakspeare could not obtain an equal amount of literary light without spending years in ransacking the libraries, even if the libraries of this country furnished the material at all, which is very doubtful.

The seventh volume of *M'Clintock and Strong's Cyclopædia* (Harper and Brothers) carries us from the word "New" to the word "Pestle." It contains over two thousand articles, furnished by more than forty writers, and illustrated by nearly or quite two hundred and fifty wood-engravings. It is also accompanied by a large colored map of Palestine and Jerusalem, drawn from the latest authorities, under the immediate direction of Dr. Strong, and including the results of his own researches and observations. The thoroughness of his part of the work is illustrated by the fact that he has, during the publication of this Cyclopædia, made a tour to Palestine for the very purpose of making the articles relating to or connected with the Holy Land more accurate. All the Biblical articles are prefaced by him; the theological articles are contributed by many different pens, generally by men who are specialists in their several departments. Among these contributors are Dr. Bacon, of Yale Divinity School; Dr. Fairchild, of Oberlin; Dr. Kidder, of Drew Theological Seminary; Dr. Porter, of Yale; Dr. Schaff, of Union Theological Seminary; Dr. R. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury; and Dr. Woolsey, of Yale. Three more volumes will complete the work, to be issued at intervals of about one year each.—The twelfth volume completes the *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*, edited by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). Nearly one-half of this volume is appropriated to an admirable index to the complete work. For a pen-and-ink picture of the politics of this period of American history, 1795–1848, there is nothing to compare with this diary. John Quincy Adams was born a critic, and diligently cultivated the gift that was in him: allowance must be made for eyes that were unusually sharp and a spirit that was overcensorious, if not oversuspicious. But making all due allowances, we do not see how the most confirmed pessimist can read or even casually look over these volumes and not realize that politically the country has made a great advance in the truthfulness and purity of its statesmen since the days when the seizure of Texas from Mexico was plotted for the purpose of strengthening politically the party of slavery in the House of Representatives. The charges of malversation in office, the log-rolling for special legislation, the bitter invectives, the personal charges and counter-charges, the use of the last hours of a noisy session to slip in objectionable legislation unobserved, were all apparently as characteristic features of the Twenty-eighth Congress as of any that has ever met since; and the scenes of tumult were scarcely less, with far less to provoke them, than those which signalized the closing hours of our last Congress in the endeavor to prevent the consummation of the Presidential count.—Every now and then it is the good fortune of the enterprising newspaper to produce, generally by luck rather than by design, a feature which is peculiar and characteristic, which sets the public talking, and which insures it a good amount of gratuitous advertising of the best quality. The New York *Times* had this good fortune when it added Mr. W. L. ALDEN to its staff, or when he blossomed out as its "funny man." Readers of that paper will remember the "sixth-column" fancies on the editorial page, some of which were very funny, and none of which were really flat, as periodical humor is apt to be. These articles are collected in a book entitled *Domestic Explosives* (Lovell, Adam, Wesson, and Co.). The title is that of the first article; but it is not an inapt one for the book, which can not be read without some domestic explosions. It is pure humor—we do not notice that there is a single serious article in the book; but the humor generally has an obvious point to it; the articles are shafts at folly that can be dealt with better thus than by more serious argument.—The object of the *Concordance to the Book of Psalms* (A. D. F. Randolph) is twofold. In Part II. it gives also a concordance to all those passages in the Psalter of the Book of Common Prayer which differ from the authorized version. Thus it gives to one accustomed to the Prayer-Book an opportunity for finding many verses in the Psalms to which his "Cruden" is no guide. It is, in addition, a convenient guide to the songs of the singer of Israel, is small in bulk, can easily be carried in the pocket, and is a real aid to the devotional study of the Scriptures.

In Mr. E. P. ROE'S latest novel, *The Knight of the Nineteenth Century* (Dodd and Mead), the knight, Egbert Haldane—spoiled in his training, drawn into embezzlement, exposed, disgraced—begins his life apparently a ruined man. The story of his knighthood is the story of his battle with the world and with his own nature, first to regain a position in society; later, under the influence of a strong religious purpose, to regain his own lost manhood—rather to secure a true manhood out of the wreck of what was never truly worthy of the name. The love element in the story is quite subordinate, and plays no considerable part till toward the later chapters. It is quite as intensely a religious novel as any of its predecessors, and in some respects more wisely and more profoundly so. Its moral and spiritual power is certainly not less; we are inclined to think it greater. The change in character may be regarded, as the author regards it, as "a miracle;" but it is one of those miracles which have been common in the history of Christianity ever since Saul of Tarsus changed both his name and his nature; and the personality of Haldane—his impetuosity, his strong will, his self-assertion—is preserved alike in his degradation and in his final victory. The book is more even in its development, and moves with greater force and action from the outset, than Mr. Roe's stories generally do. Its most serious defect is unevenness in execution; some chapters show marks of haste, and others marks of being written when the author was not at his best. If some of the space occupied with chapters either quite needless to the story or drawn out at too great a length had been reserved for the dramatic elaboration of the too hurried narrative of the closing chapters, the story would have been more effective. But it is a book which those who begin will be pretty sure to finish, and which no one can finish without deriving from it a new impulse to the truest knighthood.

The Women of Mormondom, by EDWARD W. TULLIDGE, deserves mention if only as a literary curiosity. We have had books enough on Mormonism, and papers in the periodicals, and chapters in the books of travel without number. But they have been uniformly from outside observers, and generally from decidedly unfriendly critics. When we took up this volume by one of the

faithful, we hoped to get some new light on this curious anomaly in American history. We opened it with curiosity, we examined it with care, we laid it down with disappointment. In style it is a rhapsody. Imagine a Victor Hugo without terseness and without imagination. In philosophy it is fanatical. We look through it in vain to find any justification for plural marriages, except the assertion that they are modeled after the patriarchal age of the Old Testament, and are confirmed by supernatural visions vouchsafed to the Latter-day Saints. Not a single sociological reason is given or even hinted at for the peculiar form of Mormon social organism, and we are left to infer that no such reason can be found which is plausible enough to bear printing. Theology there is plenty of, such as it is, and the only defense for Mormonism is theological. The Gentiles charge that the practical effect of Mormonism as a social system is to make woman worse than a serf, the degraded slave of her lord, not his companion in an equality of love. The answer of Mr. Tullidge is that Mormonism exalts woman, because the Book of Mormon states that "woman was among the morning stars when they sang together for joy at the laying of the foundations of earth," whatever that may mean; and the eschatology of Mormonism states that in heaven they will sing, "Thou hast made us unto our God queens and priestesses, and we shall reign on the earth." Cheap promises of queenship in heaven are a poor substitute for actual queenship in the home circle. We have seen in literature no such crushing indictment of Mormonism as is afforded by this puerile defense. If Mormonism has nothing better to say for itself than this, it had better keep a perpetual silence.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—Asteroid 175, of the eleventh magnitude, was discovered by Watson September 3. This is his twentieth asteroid, omitting 174, which was announced by Borelly several days previous to Watson's telegram, although it had been seen by Watson two days before Borelly's first observation.

In the Smithsonian Report for 1876 Kirkwood has a statistical paper on the asteroids, in which the distribution of their perihelia, etc., is considered, and the analogies of the elements of their orbits are noted.

The new star in *Cygnus* has been the subject of observation by Cornu, Copeland, and Vogel by means of the spectroscope, and from all the observations it is plain that the hydrogen lines, at first prominent, have gradually faded. With the decrease in their brilliancy, a line corresponding in position with the brightest of the lines of a nebula has strengthened. On December 8, 1876, this last line was much fainter than F, while on March 2 F is very much the fainter of the two. Lockyer, in commenting upon these facts, says that it has been shown by Croll that if the incandescence of this star came from the collision of two bodies, each having half the mass of our sun, and moving 476 miles per second, enough light and heat would be produced to cover the sun's radiation (at the present rate) for 50,000,000 years. As so much light, etc., has not been produced, Lockyer argues that this body "might weigh only a few tons, or even hundred-weights," and that it may therefore be quite near to us, and he suggests that accurate observations for position may indicate a motion.

In the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, Hall, of Washington, has a series of observations on Saturn's satellites, a memoir on the rotation time of Saturn, which he finds to be 10 h. 14 m. 23.8 s. ± 2.30 s., and considerations on the shape of the shadow of Saturn's ball on the ring.

Loewy, of Paris, has presented to the French Academy of Sciences a catalogue of 521 moon-culminating stars. The places of these depend upon observations made at the observatory of the Bureau of Longitudes with portable instruments. The bureau has just completed the determination of the telegraphic longitudes of Neuchâtel, Geneva, and Lyons. It will shortly undertake the determination of the longitude of Lisbon.

Flammarion has given a graphical representation of the calculated and observed orbit of the companion of Sirius, in which the departures from theory are well shown.

The maps to the uranometry of the southern heavens, made by Gould and his assistants at Cordoba, are now preparing at Bien and Co.'s, in New York. They are to be lithographed, and each map will be about half the size of the maps to the *Durchmusterung*.

The Naval Observatory of Washington has been for some time dropping a time-ball erected by the Western Union Telegraph Company on their main building in New York city. The ball is dropped at New York noon for the benefit of navigators and others.

The death of Leverrier took place on September 24, after a protracted illness. The great work of his life was entirely completed, and we have now from his hands a complete theory and tables of each major planet. His popular fame will rest upon his brilliant researches on inverse perturbations which led to the discovery of Neptune. His long service as director of the Paris Observatory gave him immense facilities for the prosecution of his peculiar labors, and these were carried on with unwearying energy.

Dr. Lohse contributes to the *Astronomical Register* for August an account of the Astrophysikalischen Institut, now building at Potsdam. It is on an elevated site, and the grounds contain 179,000 square meters. There are at present finished four dwelling-houses (three for observers and assistants) and the machinery house. The observatory proper is in progress, and will be completed during 1877. One part of the scientific establishment is already completed, viz., a well of forty-six meters deep, with horizontal shafts connected with it. This is to serve for observations where a constant temperature is required, for observations on the temperatures of the soil, etc. The observatory will have three domes—a central (to contain a 12-inch equatorial by Schrö-

der), a western (to contain an 8-inch by Grubb), and an eastern (to contain a 5-inch). A photoheliograph will be erected north of the central tower, and the physical, chemical, and photographic laboratories will be suitably placed in the main building. The work undertaken will be spectroscopic observations of the sun and stars, observations of the nebulæ and double-stars, on the physical nature of the planets, etc., photometric researches of all kinds, and photographic registration of sun spots. The protuberances will also be observed. The observatory is managed by a "direction" of three members—Auwers, Foerster, and Kirchoff. At present there are three astronomers—Vogel, Spoerer, and Lohse.

The New York *Tribune* has the following: "A somewhat unexpected result is obtained by the reductions of the British observations on the last transit of Venus. The data used are the eye observations (telescopic) in Egypt, Honolulu, New Zealand, Rodriguez, and Kerguelen. The photographic observations have not yet been reduced, and there are also eye observations taken in India and Australia that may be utilized, but it is not believed that any great change in the computation will be effected by the figures obtained from the latter source. The new British calculations give for the value of the sun's parallax 8.760″, with a probable error of 0.013″. This corresponds to a distance for the sun of 93,300,000 miles, with a probable error of 140,000 miles. The curious feature about this is that it is, in some measure, a return toward the old figures, which made the sun's distance very much greater."

Edwin Smith, Assistant United States Coast Survey, has completed the field work for locating the four astronomical stations on the boundary line of New York and Pennsylvania. He is about to locate the astronomical position of Harrisburg in connection with the Naval Observatory, Washington.

The ninth volume of the Annals of the Harvard College Observatory will probably consist of a series of observations of the positions of nebulæ observed at various times during the years 1866–76. Besides the regular meridian observations, this observatory is engaged in photometric researches, and on a series of observations of Mars for parallax.

The Hydrographic Office, United States Navy, has recently published the results of the various telegraphic longitude campaigns conducted by Lieutenant-Commander Green in the West Indies. This important work will be carried on by the same officer during the coming winter. He will connect Lisbon telegraphically with Madeira, Cape Verd, Rio, Montevideo, and Port Spain, Trinidad. This last point has been already connected with Washington.

The Smithsonian Institution is printing an index catalogue to memoirs on nebulæ and clusters, by Professor Holden, of Washington.

Ex-Governor C. C. Washburn intends, during the next year, to erect and equip an astronomical observatory for the University of Wisconsin. This gift will be made available by an annual appropriation for its support from the State.

Meteorology.—During the month of September perhaps the most important event in American meteorology has been the detection of the errors introduced into the reduction of the elaborate observations made by the Hall arctic expedition. These errors, as we are informed by a circular from Dr. Bessels, are principally due to a systematic deception on the part of one of his computers, and it is fortunate for science that they have been detected so soon. The revision of the work is now in progress; it is a very laborious undertaking. Such events serve as a warning to those who are engaged in extensive calculations.

The subject of the connection between solar heat and terrestrial meteorology has received some interesting additions by the researches of Hunter, Archibald, and Hill. Dr. Hunter has shown that at Madras itself the years of little rain, drought, and famine agree with the years of minimum sun-spot frequency. Messrs. Hill and Archibald have discovered that in Northern India, between latitudes 20° and 30°, the winter rain-fall corresponds inversely with the period of solar spots, *i. e.*, the maximum winter rain-fall coincides with the minimum of sun spots. The failure of these winter rains causes short crops and severe famine in the subsequent season. Assuming that the sun radiates less heat at times of sun-spot maximum, it seems possible to plausibly explain the consequent slight rain-fall. In general, in years of maximum sun spot the summer rain-fall is above and the winter rain-fall below the average, and inversely in years of minimum sun spot. The reality of this connection is indorsed by Buchan, who appeals to the British government to avert disastrous famines by instituting a comprehensive system of hydraulic engineering, such that the surplus rains of one season may be husbanded for use in time of need.

Mr. Meldrum read a memoir before the British Association at Plymouth, showing that the number and severity of the cyclones in the Indian Ocean during 1875–76–77 had been much below the average, and entirely confirmed the hypothesis of an eleven-year cycle.

At the meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science the interest in the condition of meteorology in France seemed to flag; but matters will undoubtedly be now greatly changed, since it is understood that the death of Leverrier has opened the way to the satisfactory settlement of personal difficulties that have long hindered the progress of that science in France.

Professor Smyth notes at Edinburgh the occurrence of a severe rain on August 21, "marked by a heavy rain band in the prismatic spectrum of the daylight."

In a mathematical discussion of the movements of the wind, M. Finger, of Vienna, finds that in consequence of the earth's rotation any movement of air along the surface must affect the barometric pressure. Easterly winds increase the pressure, and westerly winds diminish it.

Professor Haughton announces as the first result of the tidal observations made by the late British polar expedition the complete confirmation of the result obtained by Dr. Bessels on Hall's expedition, *i. e.*, the meeting of two tidal waves from north and south in Smith Sound, and confirming the idea that Greenland is an island.

The enormous amount of heat generated by the collision of meteors with our atmosphere has been studied by Govi, who finds that modern discoveries serve to abundantly elucidate the subject; but it is not likely that the temperature of the lower

layers of the air is sensibly affected by this source of heat.

In *Physics*, Amagat has published in full his memoir on the compressibility of liquids, in which he especially considers the effect of temperature and of pressure upon the co-efficient of compressibility. The apparatus consisted of a hollow iron rectangular base containing mercury, on the top of which was a pump to give the pressure (the piston being worked by a screw), a manometer closed at top and surrounded by a cylinder containing water, and a piezometer, the latter consisting of a bulb tube to contain the liquid to be examined, the open end being inverted and cemented into an opening in the iron base, and the bulb extending up into a chamber with glass sides, containing water at any desired temperature. The results, so far as the question of temperature is concerned, are in complete accord with theory, the co-efficients increasing with the temperature. With regard to the influence of pressure, the author finds that within wide limits of pressure, and quite independently of the variation due to temperature, the co-efficient always diminishes as the pressure increases. Thus for ether at 100°, the co-efficient from 8 to 14 atmospheres was 0.000560, and at 30 to 36 atmospheres it was 0.000474, while at 13.7° it was 0.000168 and 0.000152 respectively.

Stoney has called attention to the erroneous conception ordinarily entertained of a vacuum. He assumes as probable that in a cubic millimeter of any gas at the ordinary temperature and pressure there is a "unit-eighteen" of molecules (1,000,000,000,000,000,000), and consequently asserts that in every cubic millimeter of the best vacuums of our air-pumps there remains a "unit-fifteen" of molecules (1,000,000,000,000,000). Even in the so-called Sprengel vacuum, as indicated by one-tenth of a millimeter of mercury on the gauge, there is a "unit-fourteen" of molecules (100,000,000,000,000), one hundred million million, in every cubic millimeter.

Hervé Mangon has contrived a new registering thermometer of extreme sensibility and delicacy. A capillary tube containing mercury is bent to a narrow rectangle at one end, and is drawn out to a fine point at the other. This thermometer is inverted, and the point dips into a small dish of mercury on the scale pan of a delicate balance. On the other scale pan is a vessel containing glycerin. This apparatus is placed at the point where the temperature is to be determined, the glycerin cup being connected by a siphon and tube with the distant registering apparatus, and the beam being electrically connected with it. This apparatus is simply a differential wheel-work actuated by an electro-magnet, which causes a carriage carrying a pencil to traverse horizontally a prepared paper. Should the temperature rise, mercury would flow into the cup, cause the balance to descend on that side, make electric contact cause the wheel-work to move in one direction, carrying the pencil with it. At the same time the glycerin surface would be raised, and the liquid would flow through the tube into the reservoir, and lift a float. But the action of the clock-work at the same time depresses this float, raising the level of the liquid, causing it to flow back to the balance again, and thus to restore the equilibrium.

Crova has communicated a memoir on the measurement of the calorific intensity of solar radiations, and their absorption by the terrestrial atmosphere. The instruments used were an actinometer of his own construction and a pyrheliometer modified from that of Pouillet. He has observed an annual variation of the intensity of solar radiation analogous to the daily one, this intensity increasing rapidly from January to May, when it attains its maximum. He has observed no relation between the values of this intensity and those expressing the hygrometric state of the air.

Wright has continued his researches on the volatilization of metals by the electric spark in vacuo, and has successfully applied the method to the production of mirrors. The glass to be metalized is placed in an exhausted globe, and a shower of sparks rained upon it from the negative electrode made of the metal to be used, until the deposit was sufficiently thick. Platinum appears to be the best metal for specula, a perfect coat being deposited on a plate two centimeters in diameter in twenty to thirty minutes, the vacuum for the purpose being from 1.5 to 1.75 millimeters, and made on hydrogen. This layer was found to be 0.000174 millimeter thick, or one-fourth of the length of a wave of red light. The author thinks this process may be brought into general use in the arts, the polish of the metallic surface being exquisite, far surpassing that obtained artificially.

Thompson has submitted to the test of experiment the common impression that objects appear brighter when seen with two eyes than with one, using an ingenious apparatus by which two beams of light, one polarized, the other unpolarized, give to two Nicol prisms, one in front of each eye, the same quantity of light. It appears from these experiments that light is more powerful in producing an effect when concentrated upon one eye than when equally distributed to the two; but the light so concentrated on one eye does not produce the sensation of twice as much illumination as the half of the light viewed by both eyes at once.

Rücker has given, in *Nature*, an account of some interesting experiments with black soap films, *i. e.*, films of soap and water so thin that no light is reflected by them, and they appear black. He has observed that, under whatever conditions the black film may have been formed, a remarkable and very rapid change of thickness invariably occurs at the boundary which divides the black from the colored portion of the film. By an exceedingly happy method, the thickness of the film was measured by measuring the resistance of a known area. The value of the resistance of a black ring one millimeter broad was 1,750,000 ohms, from which the calculated thickness is twelve-millionths of a millimeter, or one-forty-ninth part of the wave length of D. Various measurements prove this thickness to be approximately uniform.

Du Moncel has studied the relation which should exist between the diameter of iron cores and the thickness of their magnetizing helix, and finds from experiment that there is an advantage in winding electro-magnets so that the thickness of the coil layers is equal to the diameter of the cores. Moreover, the diameter of the cores should naturally be proportioned to the electric intensity which is to act on them, and be so chosen that they shall be nearly saturated by the current.

Reynier has suggested a new form of electric lamp, the carbons in which have the form of disks, in contact, or nearly so, at their peripheries, and rotated by clock-work. To one of them an automatic arrangement is attached, which electromagnetically controls the distance between the electrodes, and that instantaneously. This device, the author believes, will enable him to divide the current, and so to maintain several electric lights at the same time by a single machine.

Edison has discovered the fact that the conductivity of graphite loosely compressed is remarkably increased by pressure, probably from improved internal or external contact. He has utilized this discovery in the construction of his talking telephone by placing such a cylinder of graphite against the brass or mica diaphragm which receives the sound and in the main circuit. The electrical current, which is inversely as the resistance, copies faithfully the varying pressure of the sound waves, and transmits them along the line.

In *Chemistry*, we note a lecture before the London Chemical Society, by T. E. Thorpe, on the theory of the Bunsen lamp, in which he gives first a bit of history relative to its origin, and then discusses the results of Mallard as to the velocity of inflammation in meters per second of various mixtures of coal gas and air, of Blochmann on the composition of the gas at various parts of the flame, and of Heumann and Frankland on the cause of the disappearance of luminosity in the flame.

Shaw and Carnelley have examined the question of the protecting action of copper sulphide upon metallic copper. Two pieces of this metal were taken, exactly alike, one of them immersed in dilute ammonium sulphide till coated with copper sulphide, and then both placed in water, with and without access of air, and in various saline solutions. The results showed that previous washing with ammonium sulphide increases the action of distilled water on copper when exposed in open vessels, but lessens it when air is excluded, while in the case of saline solutions the action is diminished even when air has free access.

Muir has studied the action of various saline solutions upon lead, from which he draws the general conclusion that the action upon lead of those saline solutions which he has examined results, in the first place, in the production of a salt other than the hydrocarbonate; that carbon dioxide, slowly absorbed from the air, produces hydrocarbonate, which is precipitated; and that certain salts, such as ammonium nitrate and calcium chloride, accelerate the production of the soluble lead salt.

Friedel and Crafts have proposed a new and general method for the synthesis of hydrocarbons, which consists simply in treating organic chlorides with aluminum chloride. If a mixture of a hydrocarbon and a chloride be treated in this way, as, for example, a solution of amyl chloride in benzene, hydrogen chloride gas is evolved, and the liquid separates into two layers, the upper containing the resulting hydrocarbon—in this case amyl-benzene, dissolved in the excess of benzene—and the lower the unaltered aluminum chloride. Ethyl-benzene, methyl-benzene (toluene), dimethyl-benzene (xylene), trimethyl-benzene (mesitylene), tetramethyl-benzene (durene), diphenyl-methane, triphenyl-methane, and even tetraphenyl-methane have been made in this way, as well as benzophenone, acetophenone, phthalophenone, anthraquinone, and other acetones. The chlorides of zinc and of iron (ferric chloride) have a similar but less energetic action.

Gladstone has examined some candles recovered from the wreck of a vessel sunk off the Spanish coast in 1702, and which have been in sea-water for 173 years. He found that about half the fat had been converted into soaps of calcium and sodium by the slow replacement of the glycerin. The calcium salt was in excess of the sodium salt.

Humpidge, under Frankland's direction, has analyzed and tested the gas of London. He finds (1) that the gas now is no better than that analyzed by Frankland 25 years ago, and (2) that the apparent increase in its illuminating power is due solely to improvements in the test burner.

Anthropology.—The Smithsonian Report for 1876, just published, will prove a valuable number to anthropologists. Papers on the antiquities of Porto Rico, the prehistoric antiquities of Hungary, jade-working by the Chinese, archæology in Guatemala, the caching of stone implements, mica-quarrying, on mound explorations, and researches among our modern tribes, occupy 100 pages of the volume.

In our country during the last of August and the early part of September the American Association, the State Archæological Association of Ohio, and the American Anthropological Association held their annual meetings. At each of them the liveliest interest was manifested in archæology, a little attention was paid to comparative philology, and scarcely any notice was taken of anthropotomy and other branches of anthroposomatology—a portion of the subject in which the French, under the leadership of Dr. Broca, excel.

The anthropological department of the British Association is subject to the same criticism as the American, the proximity of Plymouth to Kent's and other caverns drawing attention to archæology unduly. Professor Rolleston varied the monotony somewhat by a talk on craniology, and Francis Galton contributed a valuable and characteristic paper on some methods of taking sociological statistics.

The French Association at Havre, August 23, was opened by Dr. Broca with an address on the Fossil Races of Western Europe. "Historical antiquity is usually exaggerated, not so prehistoric archæology. Claims of the tertiary man—as those of M. Desnoyers at St. Prest, near Chartres; of Professor Capellini in several tertiary beds of Tuscany, tending to establish the existence of man in the pliocene; those of Abbé Bourgeois in the commune of Thenay (Loir-et-Cher), carrying man back to the miocene even—are not yet sufficiently numerous nor incontestable to constitute a definitive proof. In the quaternary of Europe three fossil human races are found in two types, dolichocephalic and brachycephalic. They are, 1, Canstadt, 2, Cromagnon, dolichocephalic; and 3, Furfooz, brachycephalic."

Under the joint auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the Peabody Museum, Mr. Clark Mills has taken plaster casts of sixty-two Indians belonging to ten different tribes. These men are confined as prisoners of war at the old Spanish fort of St. Augustine, in Florida.

The Smithsonian Institution has received from Mr. Lewis Jones K. Brace, of Nassau, New Provi-

dence, drawings of stone cells and carvings, together with wooden stools similar to those sent recently to the National Museum from Messrs. Gabb and Frith. One of these stools resembles a stone metate (so called) from Central America now in the National Museum.

The Rev. S. D. Peet, of Ashtabula, Ohio, has assumed the editorship of the "*American Antiquarian:* a Quarterly Journal of Correspondence on American Archæology, Ethnology, and Anthropology." The same author announces *A Manual of Archæology.*

Professor Henry has received from Dr. Hable a manuscript describing megalithic remains in Central America, south of the mountains, where none were supposed to exist. The text is illustrated by elaborate drawings of intaglio carvings, whose richness of design far exceeds any in Catherwood or Squier.

The most interesting contribution to anthropology in Vol. II., Part I., of Proceedings of the Davenport Academy of Natural Sciences, is the series of papers by the Rev. J. Gass on the inscribed tablets found in a mound on Coote's farm, near Davenport, and that by Dr. Farquharson, minutely describing the tablets. The inscriptions were scratched on the surface of the stone with a sharp instrument. The first represents a cremation scene, the second a great hunting scene, and the third resembles a calendar.

Zoology.—In an interesting address "On the Development of the Forms of Animal Life," delivered by Professor Allen Thomson, president of the Plymouth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he takes the most advanced ground held by embryologists, and indorses the conclusion that the phenomena of development in animals show that all pass through in their simple forms similar stages of development; "that in the lower grades of animal and vegetable life they are so similar as to pass by insensible gradations into each other; and that in the higher forms, while they diverge most widely in some of their aspects in the bodies belonging to the two great kingdoms of organic nature, and in the larger groups distinguishable within each of them, yet it is still possible, from the fundamental similarity of the phenomena, to trace in the transitional forms of all their varieties one great general plan of organization." He adds that "if we admit the progressive nature of the changes of development, their similarity in different groups, and their common characters in all animals—nay, even in some respects in both plants and animals—we can scarcely refuse to recognize the possibility of continuous derivation in the history of their origin; and however far we may be, by reason of the imperfection of our knowledge of paleontology, comparative anatomy, and embryology, from realizing the precise nature of the chain of connection by which the actual descent has taken place, still there can be little doubt remaining in the mind of any unprejudiced student of embryology that it is only by the employment of such a hypothesis as that of evolution that further investigation in these several departments will be promoted so as to bring us to a fuller comprehension of the most general law which regulates the adaptation of structure to function in the universe."

An essay on the colors of animals and plants, by Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, is reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* in the *Popular Science Monthly.* It gives a general account of the more recent discoveries in this field of study. He believes "that neither the general influence of solar light and heat nor the special action of variously tinted rays is adequate cause for the wonderful variety, intensity, and complexity of the colors that every where meet us in the animal and vegetable world." He groups them as follows:

- Animals
  - 1. Protective colors.
  - 2. Warning colors.
    - *a.* Of creatures specially protected.
    - *b.* Of defenseless creatures, mimicking *a.*
  - 3. Sexual colors.
  - 4. Typical colors.
- Plants....5. Attractive colors.

In the Bulletin of the United States National Museum, Mr. W. H. Dall supplies an index to the names which have been applied to the subdivisions of the class *Brachiopoda.*

In Hayden's Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories appear the following papers on insects and crustacea: The first discovered traces of fossil insects in the American tertiaries, and description of two species of *Carabidæ* found in the interglacial deposits of Scarborough Heights, near Toronto, Canada, by S. H. Scudder; Mr. Uhler continues his monographs of the families *Cydnidæ* and *Saldæ*, and the *Hemiptera* collected by A. S. Packard, Jun.; while Dr. Streets describes a new craw-fish (*Cambarus couesii*) from Dakota.

A number of interesting notes and descriptions of Californian insects, by Mr. Henry Edwards, appear in the Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences.

Dr. Streets's "Contributions to the Natural History of the Hawaiian and Fanning Islands and Lower California" (Bulletin No. 7 of the United States National Museum) contains notes on the habits and distribution of the birds, reptiles, fishes, crabs, etc., collected in the Pacific Ocean.

The researches of Professor G. Brown Goode, carried on for six months last winter in the Bermudas, are partly reported in a preliminary catalogue of the reptiles, fishes, and *Leptocardians* in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for October. Four species of fishes thought to be new to science are described.

The brain of *Chimæra monstrosa* is described in a comparative way by Professor Wilder in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. Two papers on ichthyology, by Professor Jordan, farther evince the interest now manifested in regard to this class of animals.

In the Ninth Bulletin of the United States National Museum, Professor Jordan reviews Rafinesque's memoirs on North American fishes, and in the Annals of the New York Lyceum of Natural History he gives a partial synopsis of the fishes of Upper Georgia, with supplementary papers on the fishes of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Indiana.

Fur-bearing Animals, by Dr. Elliott Coues, an octavo volume, forming No. 8 of the miscellaneous publications of Hayden's United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, comprises a monograph of North American *Mustelidæ*, in which an account of the wolverene, the martens or sables, the ermine, the mink, and various other kinds of weasels, several species of skunks, the

badger, the land and sea otters, and numerous exotic allies of these animals, is given in much detail, and illustrated with sixty figures engraved on wood. Much information of a highly practical and interesting nature is scattered through this volume.

In *Botany*, an important work has appeared, by Professor A. De Bary, on the *Comparative Anatomy of the Organs of Vegetation in Phænogams and Ferns.* It forms the third volume of the series entitled "Manual of Physiological Botany," which was published by Hofmeister, assisted by De Bary and Sachs. Several additional volumes were to have been published, but it is now announced that, owing to the unexpected death of Hofmeister, the series will close with the present volume.

Professor Blytt, of Christiania, has issued two parts of his *Norwegian Flora*, one being in the form of a supplement.

In the Journal of the Linnæan Society is a "Synopsis of the Iridaceæ," by J. G. Baker.

The Journal of the Asiatic Society contains a number of botanical articles by S. Kurz, among which may be mentioned "Notes on a few new Oaks from India," a "Sketch of the Vegetation of the Nicobar Islands," and several papers relating to the flora of Burmah.

The *Histoire des Plantes*, by Baillon, is continued through the *Myrtaceæ*, *Hypericaceæ*, and some smaller orders, and the illustrations are kept fully up to the standard of previous volumes.

Regel, of St. Petersburg, publishes a fifth fasciculus of new and little-known plants.

The *Flora Brasiliensis* is continued through three volumes, including the *Mimosæ*, by Bentham.

Engineering and Mechanics. — Considerable progress has already been made upon the superstructure of the great suspension-bridge across the East River. At the time of writing, three strands of each of the four cables had been stretched across the river. There will be 19 strands in each cable, each strand being composed of 286 wires.

The issue of the *Railroad Gazette* for September 22 notes the construction, since its preceding issue, of 69½ miles of new railroad, making 1013 miles completed in the United States in 1877, against 1253 miles reported for the corresponding period of 1876, and 614 in 1875.

The San Juan extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Narrow-gauge Railroad has been completed to Garland Station, 27 miles from La Veta. The ultimate destination of this portion of the road in question is the San Juan mining district. The road attains, it is claimed, the highest elevation of any in the country—nearly 9339 feet above sea-level.

It is affirmed that the coast at the mouth of the Suez Canal, at Port Said, is advancing outward at the rate of 50 yards annually, and that the necessity for extensive dredging will become greater year by year. To ascertain the truth of this statement a new survey has been ordered by the British authorities.

The opposition to Captain Roudaire's scheme for creating an inland Algerian sea has been strengthened by some recent protests from eminent French engineers.

It is reported that Colonel Gordon, Governor-General of Upper Egypt, has contracted with English builders for the construction of four light-draught steamers for use on Lake Albert Nyanza, and for opening up the navigation of the rivers of Central Africa. These vessels will have to be carried overland on the backs of negroes, and the contractors purpose dividing the packages so that none shall weigh above 200 pounds.

In his last report to the Franklin Institute, the secretary, in speaking of the articulating telephone of Professor Bell, and the distance through which it can be successfully used, affirmed that this had been done successfully between points thirty-two miles apart. The two peculiarities that distinguish the Bell telephone from the telephonic inventions of Elisha Gray and T. A. Edison (both of which have obtained wide publicity in conveying musical sounds) are that it is the only one not using a battery, and that conveys articulate speech by means of electrical currents. The speaking telephone, as it is called, is susceptible of numerous very practical applications as a medium of direct communication.

Experiments by General Von Uchatius to ascertain the effect produced by firing with a rifle wholly under water have given very indifferent results. It was found that even at the short distance of 1½ meters no impression whatever was made on the target; at 1¼ meters, the ball entered; and at 1 meter, the ball passed through. The closing of the barrel of the gun, to keep out the water, made no appreciable difference in the result.

A puddling furnace, operating in theory like the Bessemer process, has been brought out in England by Bruniord. It burns out the carbon from the molten metal by means of a blast of air forced in through the bottom of the furnace. The blast-tube is prolonged as a spiral-shaped worm into the mass of the molten metal, and being rotated by gearing, sets the mass in agitation. Like the Bessemer converter, this apparatus is emptied by tilting.

The Society of Commercial Geography at Paris proposes to establish in that city a commercial and industrial museum, where the raw materials of the whole world shall be exhibited, with explanations and illustrations of the several processes to which they are submitted. The places of production, of fabrication, sale, or consumption are to be clearly indicated. In connection with this exhibition it is proposed to have a special library, and a hall in which lectures upon industrial and commercial subjects will be periodically delivered.

Professor Vennor, of the Geological Survey of Canada, reports the discovery in his district of an immense deposit of crystalline phosphate of lime.

Recent advices from New Zealand convey the information of the discovery of a remarkably rich gold deposit in the so-called Thames gold district.

The Transvaal, lately annexed to the British Empire in Africa, is said to possess splendid pastoral resources, fine agricultural capabilities, varied though undeveloped mineral wealth in gold, lead, coal, cobalt, iron, and copper, and a climate that can scarcely be surpassed.

Professor Harcourt, in a paper read before the British Association, proposes as a substitute for the standard candle for photometric measurements the use of a hydrocarbon vapor mixed with air in fixed proportions, and burned through a large burner. He proposes for this purpose the use of that portion of American petroleum which, after repeated rectifications, distills at about 50° C. (112° F.).

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of October. —The Forty-fifth Congress assembled in extra session October 15. Three new Senators —Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, J. D. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and D. H. Armstrong, of Missouri (*vice* the late Senator Bogy)—took the oath of office. The House was organized by the re-election of Samuel J. Randall as Speaker. In the House there are 150 Democratic and 140 Republican members, with three seats contested; in the Senate there are 38 Republicans, 33 Democrats, and 2 Independents, with three vacancies. The President's Message was received on the 16th. This document was confined in its scope almost entirely to the suggestions arising from the special occasion of this extra session, namely, the necessity of providing by appropriation for the maintenance of the military establishment. The appropriations called for amount to between thirty-four and thirty-five millions of dollars. The President recommended legislation to enable the people of the United States to participate in the advantages of the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. An appropriation of $8000 was suggested to enable the government to send delegates to the International Prison Congress to be held next year at Stockholm. In the Senate, Mr. Hamlin was made chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Among the nominations submitted to the Senate for confirmation were those of General John M. Harlan, of Kentucky, for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and Ezra A. Hayt, of New York, for Indian Commissioner.

State Conventions have been held as follows: New Jersey Republican, at Trenton, September 25, nominating Hon. William A. Newell for Governor; New York Republican, at Rochester, September 26, nominating John C. Churchill for Secretary of State; Wisconsin Democratic, at Fond du Lac, September 26, nominating James Mallory for Governor; Maryland Democratic, at Baltimore, September 27, nominating J. Keating for Comptroller; Minnesota Republican, September 27, renominating the present State officers; New York Democratic, at Albany, October 4, nominating Allen C. Beach for Secretary of State; Kansas Republican, October 2, nominating L. A. Humphreys for Lieutenant-Governor; Minnesota Democratic, October 2, nominating William Banning for Governor.

State elections were held in Iowa and Ohio, October 9. The Republicans carried Iowa by a majority of about 40,000. The Democratic ticket was successful in Ohio by a plurality of about 23,000. A Democratic Legislature was also returned in that State.

In the Colorado election, October 2, the woman suffrage proposition was defeated.

The Nez Percés Indians, under Chief Joseph, 240 in number, surrendered to General Nelson A. Miles, October 5.

The elections in France for members of the new Chamber of Deputies were held October 14. Of the members returned, 314 were republican and 201 ministerial, the rest being in doubt. Prince Napoleon was defeated in Ajaccio by Baron Haussmann. The republicans retain 297 seats of the 363 members who voted the order of the day censuring the dissolution of the Chamber.

On the 3d of October an imperial decree was issued by the Porte appointing Raouf Pasha to the command of the Army of the Balkans at Shipka, and Suleiman Pasha to the command of the Army of the Danube, in place of Mehemet Ali, who is recalled. The situation of the two armies in Europe remains essentially unchanged. In Armenia, however, Mukhtar Pasha's army was defeated, October 15, by the Russians, and compelled to retreat to the defenses of Kars. The Russian estimate of the Turkish loss is 16,000.

The Cleopatra obelisk, while being towed to England, was abandoned by the steamer *Olga*, on the night of October 14, in a terrific gale, off Cape Finisterre. The crew of the craft containing the obelisk were transferred to the *Olga*, but six of the *Olga's* men were drowned while attempting the rescue. The obelisk was subsequently picked up by the steamer *Fitzmaurice*, ninety miles north of Ferrol, Spain.

DISASTERS.

September 21.—The Western-bound Chicago express train, on the New York Central Railroad, collided with a freight train. Three persons killed and seven injured.

September 24.—A fire broke out in the upper story of the Department of the Interior, in the room containing rejected models, a large number of which were destroyed. The roof of the building was consumed.

September 28.—Great fire in Providence, Rhode Island. Loss, $675,300, and three lives.

October 4.—A furious storm of wind and rain visited the North Atlantic coast. Railway embankments were washed away by suddenly swollen streams, and trains were wrecked. On the Pickering Valley Railroad an excursion train was thrown down an embankment forty feet high, and eight persons were killed and fifty wounded. On the Belvidere Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad five persons were reported killed. The steamer *Massachusetts*, of the Providence Line, was driven ashore on Rocky Point, Long Island, but her two hundred passengers were rescued.

October 11.—Colliery explosion near Wigan, England. Thirty-five miners killed.

October 20.—Great fire in Portland, a suburb of St. John, New Brunswick. Two hundred and thirty buildings destroyed; loss, about $300,000. Several lives lost.

October 22.—Colliery explosion near Glasgow, Scotland. Two hundred and thirty-two lives reported lost.

OBITUARY.

October 3.—In Newark, the Most Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley, Archbishop of Baltimore, aged sixty-three years.

September 23.—In France, Urbain Jean Joseph Leverrier, the distinguished astronomer, in his sixty-seventh year.

September 29.—In Peru, South America, Henry Meiggs, the great contractor, aged sixty-six years.

October 3.—In London, England, Madame Teresa Titiens, the celebrated *prima donna*, aged forty-three years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer is assured that the following anecdote of the late President Lincoln has not heretofore appeared in print. It was related to a little company of Chicago lawyers.

"One day," said Mr. Lincoln, "when I first came here, I got into a fit of musing in my room, and stood resting my elbows on the bureau. Looking into the glass, it struck me what an awfully ugly man I was. The fact grew on me, and I made up my mind that I must be the ugliest man in the world. It so maddened me that I resolved, should I ever see an uglier, I would shoot him at sight. Not long after this Andy ——" (naming a lawyer present) "came to town, and the first time I saw him I said to myself, 'There's the man.' I went home, took down my gun, and prowled round the streets waiting for him. He soon came along. 'Halt, Andy,' said I, pointing my gun at him. 'Say your prayers, for I'm going to shoot you.'

"'Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter? what have I done?'

"'Well, I made an oath that if I ever saw a man uglier than I am, I'd shoot him on the spot. You *are* uglier, sure; so make ready to die.'

"'Mr. Lincoln, do you really think I'm uglier than you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, Mr. Lincoln,' replied Andy, deliberately, and looking me squarely in the face, 'if I *am* any uglier, *fire away!*'"

FROM a flourishing town in Maine comes word of a gentleman not much given to joking who was present when the merits of a clergyman who had officiated at a funeral were under discussion. Our friend remarked: "I think he conducted the service very well, *but he didn't extol the corpse!*"

WE are indebted to a Maine man for this anecdote of General D——, who is famous for efforts in behalf of temperance. During the rebellion the general did good service for the North, but was occasionally chaffed for having a *penchant* for rebel furniture. It is told of him that being quite ill on one occasion, an officer asked the attending surgeon what the matter was.

"Only a heavy meal of furniture," was the reply. "But I've got him to throw up a bureau and a rocking-chair, and I think he'll come round."

SPEAKING of Maine, a correspondent at Pueblo, Colorado, writes that at the first Legislature held some years since at Denver, Judge B——, an eccentric gentleman, wishing to become acquainted with the member from Huerfano County, Moses Hulett by name, inquired of him as to where he was from.

"Massachusetts," replied Mr. Hulett.

"Ah," said the judge; "*I* escaped from *Maine!*"

AH! the numberless good things that are constantly said in every quarter of the world! Here, for instance, is a little thing that occurred in India that will be especially relished by our friends of the clergy:

A certain Dr. Sayers, an army chaplain, is the clergyman in charge of the spiritual interests of the soldiers in Fort St. George, Madras, and he likes to tell "his lads" occasionally a piece of his mind in the plainest terms from the pulpit. So he closed up a recent sermon with the following: "My brethren, this is a 'charity sermon' I'm preaching. I want rupees, mind you—I want rupees, *and not dirty pieces of paper in the bag, having written on them, 'Sayers, old cock, how are you?'* I won't have it, mind you, I won't. I've stood it long enough!"

How many faithful old expounders of the Word have undergone such snubbings as that related in the following?

A new Methodist Episcopal church has been erected in A——, Georgia. On the Sunday it was first occupied the morning discourse was delivered by an old minister from the Northwest. He had been in the ministry about fifty years, and gave a history of his personal labors and experiences. He said that in travelling over the country he usually met with a kind and courteous reception from his brethren. The only exception was in the case of a young preacher who said to him one Sunday morning, "I would like to have you preach for me this morning, but there is a difficulty in the way. I have a special sermon, carefully prepared, on a very important subject, and I feel it indispensable that I should deliver it." "As if," said the old man, "*they would all go to the devil unless they heard that sermon!*"

COULD any thing be more polite or considerate than this of "the gentlemanly sheriff" of —— County, Indiana, who, having discovered an almost successful attempt of his prisoners to break jail, rushed in upon them with drawn revolver, and exclaimed, "*Gentlemen! gentlemen!* desist from the further prosecution of your designs, or, by the power vested in me by the State of Indiana, I'll shoot you dead!"

TWO REASONS.

WHEN I kiss thee on thy lips,
'Tis my own love to impart;
For between those sweet rose-buds
Lies the doorway of the heart.

When I kiss thee on thine eyes,
'Tis to bid thy love-tides roll;
For beneath those velvet lids
Are the fountains of the soul.

A BOSTON correspondent writes us this:

An Italian image vendor came to our office today, and, among other things, offered for sale a plaster cast of Shakspeare, which he held up in his hand to attract attention. One of the clerks asked him, in fun, if it was Christopher Columbus.

"Oh no," said the Italian, "it is not Columbus; it is Shakspeare; *he wass good feller!*"—rising inflection on the last syllable.

THE following, warranted "veritable," comes to the Drawer from Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania:

When the news of the great explosion at Hell Gate reached this place, an old colored sister of the M. E. church met her venerable pastor, and with visible joy on her features asked him "if it wah really true and for suah dat Hell's Gate was blowed open las' Sunday." The preacher assured Sister Brown that such was the fact;

whereupon she rolled her eyes upward, clasped her hands devoutly, and looking at him, said, "Oh, Brudder Jones, ain't de Lord workin' powerful dese days!"

As a specimen of the invective in which Anglo-Bengali newspapers indulge, the following extract from a diatribe against Sir George Campbell is not unamusing:

"He was, indeed, the *Cactus grandiflorus* of Bengal. He flouted the native gentlemen with contumacious contempt; but he did not flaunt himself forever and a day, for the House of Commons tore him to rags and tatters, and exposed his *cui bono* in all its naked hideousness."

During the recent visit of the Governors of several of the States to the city of New York, the wife of one of them stated with just pride to Mayor Ely that of the one hundred and seventy persons then confined in their State-prison at home, all but four voluntarily attended religious services twice on each Sunday in the prison chapel.

"It is not so with us, madam," replied the Mayor; "but then in New York our most respectable people are out of prison."

The intensity to which conjugal devotion may reach finds an illustration in Mr. Bailey's book, *They All Do It.* It is a scene at the parting of a very practical husband from a very poetical wife.

"She put both her arms about his neck.

"'John,' she sobbed, 'you are going away.'

"This was so palpable that it would have been madness to attempt a denial; so he merely observed, 'Look out for my collar, Maria.'

"'You will think of your wife while you are gone?' she whispered, huskily.

"He was a trifle nervous under the pressure of her arms upon his collar; but he spoke re-assuringly: 'I will bear it in mind, my dear.'

"'You will think of me as mourning your absence, and anxiously awaiting your return?' she murmured.

"'You can trust me to attend to it,' he replied, with as much firmness as if it had been a request for six barrels of mackerel.

"'And you'll be very careful of yourself for my sake?' she suggested, in a broken voice.

"'I will see it attended to, my dear. But it is almost time for the train;' and he gravely sought to remove her arms from his neck.

"'John, John!' she convulsively cried; 'don't forget me, *don't* forget me!'

"'Maria,' he said, with a tinge of reproach in his tone, 'I have made a memorandum to that effect.'"

Dr. F——, formerly of N. H. Institution, dignified by nature, and somewhat severe from long training as a teacher, could now and then unbend, and his witty sayings are often repeated by his former pupils. The following recurs to our memory;

A party, including Dr. F——, were travelling by hired conveyance to attend a yearly meeting at M——. Mr. G——, of the number—a very long, lank individual—persisted in getting out of the wagon and walking up the numerous hills, in order, as he said, to relieve the horses. His ungainly and complicated efforts to regain his seat in the already well-filled vehicle occasioned some delay, and a little good-natured "chaffing" from the company. Finally, after the last hill had been nearly surmounted (our long friend lagging behind), Dr. F—— leaned over the wagon-side, and with an almost imperceptible glance at the elongated limbs, good-naturedly said: "Come, come, Mr. G——, hadn't you better *begin* to get in?"

The laughter that greeted this sally was enjoyed by none more than by Mr. G—— himself.

When the Drawer published the famous Hard-shell Baptist sermon, "For he played on a harp of a thousand strings," it was supposed that the summit of that style of oratory had been obtained. We have seen nothing comparable to it until the other day, in glancing through a foreign paper, we came upon the following, which we pronounce to be in its way inimitable. It is quite certain that it has not heretofore appeared in print in America. It is entitled,

"A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the
Rev. Mr. Prockter, Minister of Gissing.
By the Rev. Mr. More, Minister
of Burston, Norfolk.
"1 Tim., vi. and 12.

"Beloved, we are met to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Prockter; his father's name was Thomas Prockter of the second family; his brother's name was also Thomas Prockter, he lived sometime at Buxton Hall in Norfolk, and was high Constable of Disthurdsed; this man's name was Rob^{t} Prockter, and his wife was M^{rs} Buxton, late Wife of M^{r} Mathew Buxton; she came from Helsdon Hall beyond Norwich.

"He was a good Husband, and she a good Housewife, and they two gat money: she brought a thousand pounds to her portion. But now, Beloved, I shall make it clear by demonstrative Arguments.

"First, He was a good Man and that in several respects; he was a loving man to his neighbours; a charitable man to the poor, a favourable man in his Tythes, and a good Landlord to his Tenants; there sits M^{r} Spurgeon can tell what a great sum he forgave him on his Death Bed; it was fourscore Pounds. Now, Beloved, was not this a good Man and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman, and she came from Helsdon Hall beyond Norwich. This is the first Argument.

"Secondly, to prove this man to be a good Man and a Man of God, in the time of his Sickness, which was very long and tedious, he sent for M^{r} Cole, Minister of Shimpling, to pray for him; he was not a self-ended man. No, Beloved, he desired him to pray for, not only himself, but for all his Relations and acquaintance, for M^{r} Buxton's Worship, for M^{rs} Buxton's Worship, and all M^{r} Buxton's Children against it should please God to send him any, and to M^{r} Cole's prayers he devoutly said, Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman, and she came from Helsdon Hall beyond Norwich.

"Then he sent for M^{r} Gibbs to pray for him, when he came and prayed for him, and for all his Friends and Relations and Acquaintance, for M^{r} Buxton's Worship, and for M^{rs} Buxton's Worship, and for all M^{r} Buxton's Children against it should please God to send him any, and to M^{r} Gibbs's prayers he devoutly said, Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good Man and a Man of God,

think you, and his Wife a good Woman, and she came from Helsdon Hall beyond Norwich.

"Then he sent for me, and I came and prayed for this good Man Mr Prockter, for all his Friends, Relations, and Acquaintance, for Mr Buxton's Worship, and for Mrs Buxton's Worship, and for all Mr Buxton's Children against it should please God to send him any, and to my prayer he devoutly said, Amen, Amen, Amen. Was not this a good Man and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman, and she came from Helsdon Hall beyond Norwich.

"Thirdly and lastly, Beloved, I come to a clear demonstrative Argument to prove this Man to be a good Man, and a Man of God, and that is this: There was one Thomas, a very poor Beggar Boy; he came out of Scotland over the Tweed, upon the back of a dun Cow; it was not a Black Cow, nor a Brindled Cow, nor a Brown Cow; no, Beloved, it was a Dun Cow. Well, Beloved, this poor boy came to this good Man's door, to this Man of God's Door; he did not do as some would have done, give him alms, and send him away, or chide him, and make him a pass, and send him to his own Country. No, Beloved, he took him into his own House, and bound him Apprentice to a Gunsmith in Norwich; after his time was out, he took him home again, and married him to a Kinswoman of his Wife's, one Mrs Christian Robertson here present—there she sits; she was a very good fortune, and to her this good Man gave a considerable jointure. By her he had three Daughters, this good Man took home the eldest, brought her up to Woman's Estate, married her to a very Honble Gentn, Mr Buxton, here present, there he sits, gave him a vast portion with her, and the remainder of his Estate he gave to his other two Daughters; now was not this a good Man and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman, and she came from Helsdon Hall beyond Norwich.

"Beloved, you may remember some time since I preached at the funeral of Mrs Prockter, at which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues, but your memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I shall remind you of one or two of them.

"The first is, she was as good a Knitter as any in the County of Norfolk: when her Husband and family were in Bed and asleep she would get a Cushion and clap herself down by the Fire and sit and knit, but, Beloved, she was no prodigal Woman, for to spare Candle she would stir up the fire with her knitting pins, and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good work as many women do by daylight: Beloved, I have a pair of stockings upon my Legs that were knit in the same manner, and they are the best stockings that ever I wore in my Life. Secondly, she was the best maker of Toast in Drink that ever I eat in my Life, and they were Brown Toasts too, for when I used to go in a Morning she would ask me to have a Toast, which I was very willing to do because she had an artificial way of toasting it, no ways slack or burning it, besides she had such a pretty way of grating nutmeg, of dipping it in the Beer, and such a piece of rare Cheese that I must needs say they were the best Toasts that ever I eat in my life.

"Well, Beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way home, and therefore I hasten to a Conclusion. I think I sufficiently proved this Man to be a good Man and his Wife a good Woman, but fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars, viz.:

1. His Love to his Neighbours;
2. His Charity to the Poor;
3. His Goodness to his Tenants;
4. His Devotion in his Prayers,

In saying Amen to the Prayers of Mr Cole, Gibbs, and myself. But more especially for that transcendent Act of Charity in entertaining the Beggar Boy, in Binding him Apprentice to a Gunsmith, and afterward marrying him to a Kinswoman of his Wife's, and bringing up his eldest daughter to Woman's Estate, and marrying her to that Honble Gentleman Mr Buxton, and giving him a vast portion with her, and giving the remainder of his Estate to his other Daughters; was not this a good Man and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman, and she came from Helsdon Hall beyond Norwich.

"Well, Beloved, he hath done his work on earth Courageously, Valiantly, and Manfully in fighting under the world's banner of good Husbandry in getting money; he is now to rest, and so we leave him."

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Hail, hail, Thanksgiving-day!
Welcome to saints and sinners—
Welcome to all, both great and small,
Thou day of royal dinners!
See how they come from far and near,
A troop of "carpet-baggers,"
To grace the board with one accord,
And appetites like daggers.

Who cares for Turkish war abroad?
Who cares for serf or Czar?
Our Turkey lies before our eyes;
Come and attack—hurrah!
With knife and fork we win the day,
A truce to care and sorrow;
Eat while we may, Thanksgiving-day
Will fade before to-morrow.

We're thankful for a host of things
Too numerous to mention:
For sweethearts true and hearts to woo,
And all things worth attention.
For all and every thing that gives
Our lives so much of pleasure
We offer thanks. Long may we taste
Thine overflowing measure!

Then hail, hail, Thanksgiving-day!
Thou day of royal dinners!
Nor will we care if the grim nightmare
Should fright the soul within us
When day is done. Let Turkey's ghost,
With the nuts and puddings and wine,
In the dead of night begin their fight,
Still—victory is thine!

Old Dr. Emmons, who was equally famous for exact nicety in his own person and for carelessness of his "establishment," started one day on exchange with a brother whose reputation was exactly the reverse, and meeting him half-way, the two divines stopped for a fraternal chat. The old theologian's horse looked as if "curry-comb" had been written in an unknown tongue; the dust of by-gone periods whitened his chaise, and two or three seedy hay-stalks dangled unblushingly from its top, while he himself, faultless from head to foot, shone "like a good deed in a naughty world" within. Not a hair lay "agee" in the shining coat of the other steed, and the sunlight glanced from the polished hub, wheel, and cover of the other chaise; but its occupant seemed to have forgotten to dust or polish any thing nearer home—forgotten every thing,

in fact, but a scandalized sense of the vision before his eyes. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he exclaimed, in the very plain English of those days,

"Brother Emmons, I should think you would be ashamed of your horse!"

"Brother ——," was the quick reply, with a piercing glance shot into the spotless chaise, "*I* should think *your horse would be ashamed of you!*"

How much the people in rural regions, where amusement is "skurse," are indebted to the "funny man" of the local press! and how many bright fellows there are among them! There are the Danbury *News*, the Detroit *Free Press*, the Burlington *Hawkeye*, the Bridgeport *Standard*, the Norristown *Herald*, the Rochester *Democrat*, the Atlanta man, and numberless others. Each of these papers has a man who bubbles over with fun. Some of them, too, can do very nice work in other styles. For example, here is a little thing, quite neat in its way, by Mr. Charles F. Adams, the funnimist of the Detroit *Free Press:*

SHONNY SCHWARTZ.

Haf you seen mine leedle Shonny?—
Shonny Schwartz—
Mit his hair so soft und yellow,
Und his face so blump und mellow;
Sooch a funny leedle fellow,
Shonny Schwartz!

Efry mornings dot young Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Rises mit der preak off day,
Und does his chores oop right avay;
For he gan vork so vell as blay—
Shonny Schwartz.

Mine Katrina says to Shonny:
"Shonny Schwartz,
Helb your barents all you gan,
For dis life vas bud a shban,
Py-und-py you'll been a man,
Shonny Schwartz."

How I lofes to see dot Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Ven he schgampers off to schgool,
Vhere he alvays minds der rule,
For he vas nopody's fool—
Shonny Schwartz!

How I vish dot leedle Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—
Could remain von leedle poy,
Alvays full off life und shoy,
Und dot Time vould not annoy
Shonny Schwartz!

Nefer mindt, mine leedle Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz.
Efry day prings someding new;
Alvays keep der righdt in view,
Und baddle, den, your own canoe,
Shonny Schwartz.

Keep her in der channel, Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz;
Life's voyich vill pe quickly o'er,
Und den ubon dot bedder shore
Ve'll meet again to bart no more,
Shonny Schwartz.

Dr. C——, a well-known lecturer and preacher, found himself seized with a sudden inspiration to visit a village in Vermont where his father had preached long years before, and where his own boyhood's recollections centred in many a dim but cherished form.

Sure of a welcome for his father's sake, he braved the ten miles jolting by stage that followed a dusty railway ride, and presented himself at the door of one of the old "inhabitants" as the son of their former pastor.

"Well," said his host, opening the door deliberatively, and measuring the doctor from head to foot with a slow, investigating gaze, "glad to see you. Should be glad to see *your father's dorg!*"

In an old volume of *Notes and Queries* we find the following spirited song, by Bishop Heber, for a Bow Meeting, near St. Asaph, seventy years ago. Besides the interest attaching to this rollicking lyric in connection with the revival of archery in this country, it is also, by way of contrast, very notable as the production of the author of "From Greenland's icy mountains," the well-known missionary hymn.

I.

The Soldier loves the laurel bright,
The Bard the myrtle bough,
And smooth shillalahs yield delight
To many an Irish brow.
The Fisher trims the hazel wand,
The Crab may tame a shrew,
The Birch becomes the pedant's hand,
But Bows are made of yew.

CHORUS.

The yew, the yew, the hardy yew!
Still greenly may it grow,
And health and fun
Have every one
That loves the British Bow.

II.

'Tis sweet to sit by Beauty's side
Beneath the hawthorn shade;
But Beauty is more beautiful
In green and buff array'd.
More radiant are her laughing eyes,
Her cheeks of ruddier glow,
As, hoping for the envied prize,
She twangs the Cambrian bow
The yew, the yew, etc.

III.

The Fop may curl his Brutus wig,
And sandy whiskers stain,
And fold his cravat broad and big;
But all his arts are vain.
His nankeen trousers we despise,
Unfit for rain or dew,
And, pinch'd in stays, he vainly tries
His strength against the yew.
The yew, the yew, etc.

IV.

The heiress, once, of Bowdale Hall,
A lovely lass, I knew—
A Dandy paid his morning call,
All dizen'd out to woo.
I heard his suit the Coxcomb ply;
I heard her answer, "No;"
A true-love knot he ne'er could tie,
Who could not bend a bow.
The yew, the yew, etc.

B——, when years enough had passed to make him the father of a good-sized family, received a visit from Dr. ——, a specially congenial member of the old seminary class. Neither his own olive-plants, nor the rather early gray hairs of his visitor, seemed to have touched the spirit of former days, and, like regular old boys, as they were, the two could not wait for toilets to be completed the next morning, but began an old-time run of jokes and nonsense through the bolted door that separated them. This went on successfully, until at last it struck B——'s youngest, peacefully waiting his turn in his cradle, as a mysterious and disorderly proceeding, and he began to signify his disapproval by an outcry that no parental effort could subdue.

"What's the matter with that baby?" called Dr. —— at last, his patience under the interruption beginning to give way.

"Oh, I don't know," drawled B——; "I sup-

pose, like Paul, he hears a voice but sees no man. No—probably more like Balaam."

"Ah," retorted Dr. ——, "he *sees the ass*, but *doesn't see the angel*."

The laughter inside that room left the baby free to come in on any key he pleased for some indefinite time following.

A "SEA-CHANGE."

Musing and dreaming, I sat on the strand,
Watching the waves as they crept to my feet,
Musing, perchance, on the clasp of a hand,
Dreaming of words whose mere echo was sweet.
Swift flew the moments, while, foolish and fond,
I built my fair castles, eyes bent on the sea;
Then out of the mist and the darkness beyond
I fancied a maiden was coming to me.

The twilight just wrapped her in mantle of gray,
Yet hid not her smile, so bewitchingly sweet;
The dimmest of outlines *her* grace would betray,
And glowing and breathless I sprang to my feet.
Cold Reason admonished: "Delusion, you know—
Your last mayonnaise, or that extra Champagne;"
But I gazed in her eyes, and I answered, "Not so,"
As I held out my arms to my darling again.

Nearer, still nearer—then, oh, what a shock!
So like, yet a stranger. "*So stupid!*" you say?
Why, I watched her glide on to my seat on the rock,
Like this. Could *you* tell her from Ethel or May?



The slight lissom figure, the robe whose limp grace
An artist might rave o'er, the soft fluffy hair
In well-trained confusion about the sweet face;
And her walk—she wore Louis Quinze heels, I could swear!

She spake, this fair stranger, in silvery tone,
While doubting I waited: "Your pardon, kind Sir,
But I'm seeking my sister, who left me alone
In the sea, and from *you* I claim tidings of *her*.
Men call me a *mermaid*, and call me aright;
Far under this ocean in grottoes of pearl
I dwell with my kindred; our sea-world is bright,
And ever through wildering dances we whirl.

"But alas! since my sister has dwelt upon earth,
Afar from our sapphire-lit caves I must roam.
My heart is too heavy for dancing or mirth—
Oh, help me to win her, Sir, back to our home!"
"But how can I aid you?" I asked, with surprise;
"I know not your sister." "Are men *never* true?"
Quick spake the fair mermaid, with scorn in her eyes.
"False Sir, on these sands she has wandered with *you*.

"I've lingered and listened at morning and eve,
While you paced back and forth; I have seen your fond smile;
I have caught her low murmurs—why seek to deceive?
I have watched you in silence and sadness erewhile,
Half fearing yet longing to make myself known.
Why answer my plea with a falsehood, I pray?
On your heart rests the picture of her you disown;
Is it like *me?* compare it, and dare to say nay!"

She snatched at the picture, and held it to view;



The likeness was perfect—each outline of grace
The mermaid reflected. Alas! 'twas too true:
I had loved the fish-sister. I covered my face.
"You 'know not my sister!' Deny, if you dare,
With *this* to convict you." I said not a word;
I was mute with the anguish of hopeless despair,
And with tears—I confess it—my vision was blurred.

Then suddenly turning, I fled from the place.
The night shadows hid me, they veiled my mad flight.
I thought of my love, of her beauty, her grace;
Her *sister*—and faster I fled through the night....
I know she was gentle and tender and true;
I know I must mourn her ever and aye;
But marry a *mermaid!* tell me, you,
Would you, could you, be braver than I?

One who knows whereof he writes contributes the following pleasant parody:

THE MEERSCHAUM.

Scorn not the meerschaum. Housewives, you have croaked
In ignorance of its charms. Through this small reed
Did Milton, now and then, consume the weed;
The poet Tennyson hath oft invoked
The Muse with glowing pipe, and Thackeray joked
And wrote and sang in nicotinian mood;
Hawthorne with this hath cheered his solitude;
A thousand times this pipe hath Lowell smoked;
Full oft have Aldrich, Stoddard, Taylor, Cranch,
And many more whose verses float about,
Puffed the Virginian or Havana leaf;
And when the poet's or the artist's branch
Drops no sustaining fruit, how sweet to pout
Consolatory whiffs—alas! too brief!

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXXII.—JANUARY, 1878.—Vol. LVI.

A GLIMPSE OF PRAGUE.

IN the crisp coolness of an early April morning we left Dresden for Prague. The day was lovely, and bright sunshine and blue sky are luxuries sufficiently rare in the Saxon capital to be fully appreciated.

In two hours we had left the Saxon Switzerland, famed for its rugged cliffs, crowned by the impregnable fortress of Königstein, and had come into Bohemia, the fertile country on which Dresden depends for her milk and honey, and for her butter, eggs, cheese, and fruit as well. The country was beautiful. The mountains, softened in their outlines by a purple veil of mist, overshadowed the lovely Elbe as it wound in and out between its green banks, now widening into a broad clear lake, now narrowing off to a slender thread, on



CARLSBRIDGE AND TOWER.

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which there seemed scarcely room for the rafts that were floating slowly down to Dresden. At the foot of the hills, nestled in their green meadows many a quiet little village, watched over by a ruined castle on a rocky height, built centuries ago, and long surviving, in its picturesque desolation, the race that had reared its solid walls.

We were soon conscious of having left Protestant Saxony behind us. If the curious Bohemian names on the stations had not been proof sufficient, the dark-faced peasant women in their yellow handkerchiefs and striped petticoats, in place of the yellow-haired, blue-eyed Saxons, would quickly have convinced us of the fact; and the shrines to the Virgin and the stone crosses by the way-side left no room for doubt.

The entrance into Prague by the railway gives no hint to the traveller of the glorious beauty in store for him in the wonderful old city, and a shade of disappointment dimmed our anticipations as we rolled slowly into the station. The Englischer Hof is but a few steps from the dépôt, and as we followed the porter through the doorway, we felt we were indeed in Bohemia when a venerable-looking person with a gray beard came forward and addressed a remark to us in a succession of consonants conveying no definite meaning to our ears:

"Michlowitzicewiczkc?"

To such a question there could be but one answer, and that was promptly given:

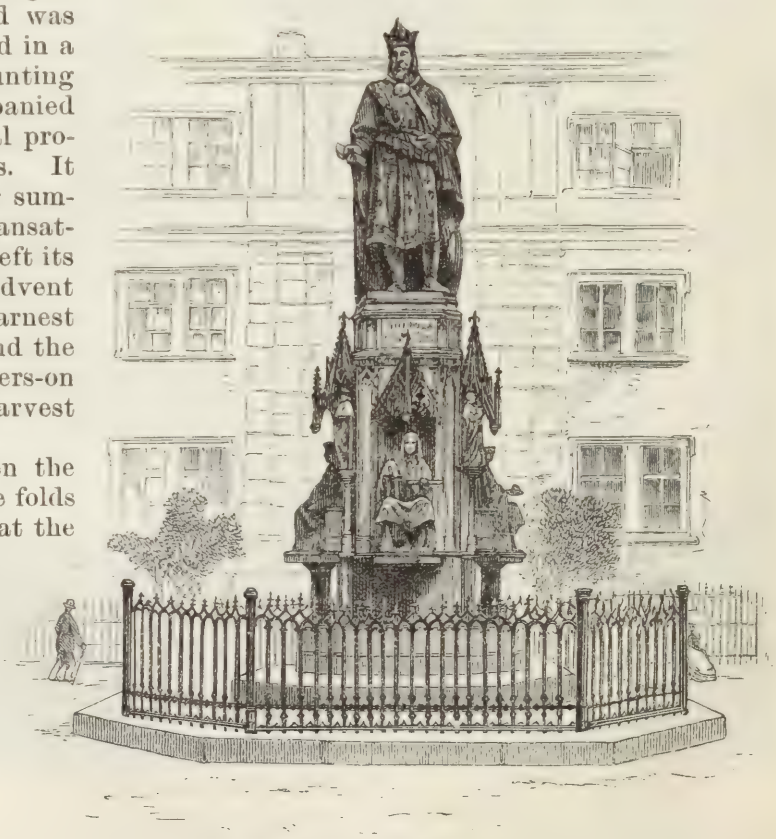
"No, certainly not."

Quickly recognizing the Anglo-Saxon tongue, the landlord was equal to the emergency, and in a few moments we were mounting the broad staircase, accompanied by a solemn and deferential procession of English waiters. It was early in the season for summer visitors; the great transatlantic caravan had not yet left its native shores, though our advent in the empty hotel was an earnest of better things to come, and the managers and all the hangers-on set to work to gather their harvest while the sun shone.

So before we had shaken the dust of the journey from the folds of our dresses, a guide was at the door, presenting the register for our names and his own claims to consideration in case we wished to view the city under his auspices. As by the law all accused persons are presumed to be innocent until they are proved to be guilty, so on the Continent all English-speaking people are supposed to be Britons until proved to be Americans; and our guide, governed by this law, made his terms to suit persons of that nation — double the charge to a German; and when, after bowing himself out, he discovered our nationality by an examination of the register, he tore his hair, and bewailed his own stupidity in not having charged thrice the regular fee. But forewarned was fore-armed on the part of the landlord. When the cry went through the house that we were *Amerikanerinnen* on our travels, extortion marked us for its own, and while we staid we paid for three dinners apiece every day.

In an hour's time our guide presented himself, his visage, naturally mournful, elongated three inches by his unhappy mistake, and we were soon rattling out of the courtyard of the hotel for our drive through Prague. But if our guide was dejected, he was to the last extremity polite; and when he turned around from the box and remarked, "*If* you please, madame, that is the Pulverthurm," his tone led me to infer that the fine old Gothic gateway, about whose carvings the pigeons were wheeling and fluttering, depended for its existence solely on my good temper.

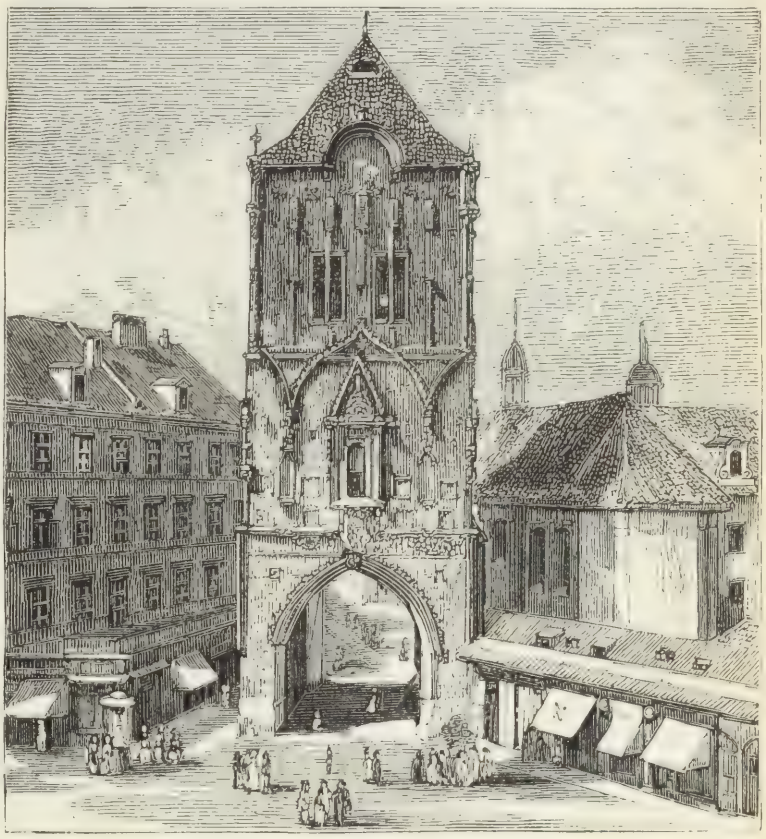
As we drove on through the handsome streets and broad, open squares, I could not but be struck with the living pictures to be seen constantly on every side. The different nationalities collected under the Austrian rule in their varied characteristics and peculiar costumes afford many elements of



MONUMENT OF CHARLES IV.

the picturesque, heightened by the background of the magnificent old city, on whose adorning regal sums have been lavished, and every art of the workman and the sculptor has for centuries been employed.

The women were very noticeable, with their dark faces and gay head-dresses, their majestic stature and their easy bearing. The little children playing in the streets looked up at us from under their tangled hair with beautiful black eyes. In every open square the big stone fountains that supply the city with water were surrounded by groups of dark-eyed graceful girls come to fill their pitchers and chat, after the manner of maidens from Rebekah downward. We flashed by an old richly carved Gothic window on the right; on the left, St. Hubert with the stag looked down on us from a balcony of gray stone. In an old arched doorway sat a woman in a long white garment, a white capote drawn over her head shading her brown face, her knees drawn up and her hands clasped over them, her dark eyes gazing dreamily out at the busy multitudes hurrying by. Now came a band of Austrian soldiers, short, stout, and dark-featured, rather clumsy-looking in their uniform of white coat and blue trousers; then a company of Hungarians, their fur knapsacks strapped to their shoulders, their bronzed faces forming a striking contrast to the fair-faced Saxons among whom we had been living.



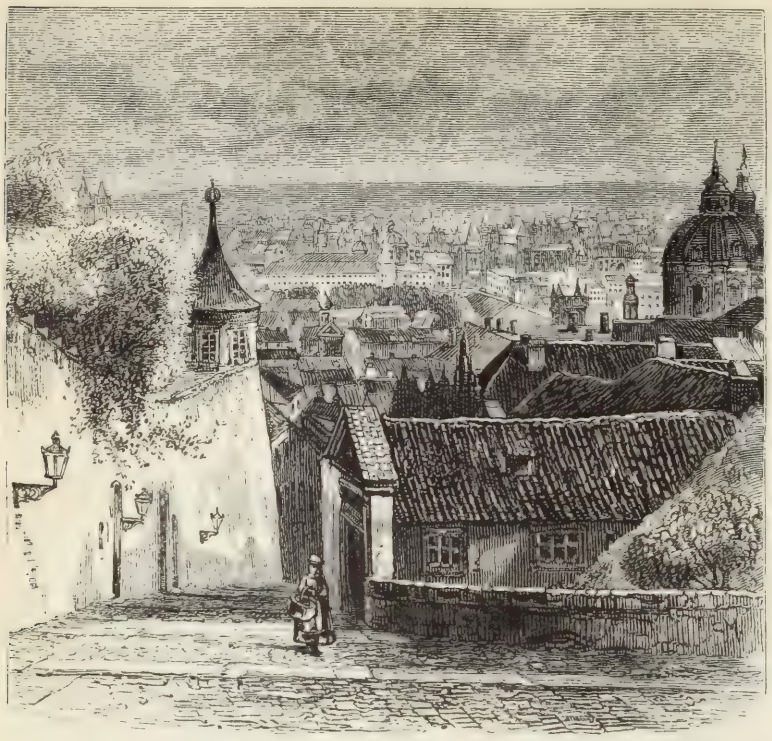
THE PULVERTHURM.

A cart drawn slowly along by mild-eyed white oxen looked strangely out of place amid the hurrying throngs of the busy city. Now and then a swarthy Bohemian gypsy with straight black hair crossed our path. The priests, in their long black robes and girdle of knotted cords, lifted their hats in friendly greeting to the strangers as we passed; the beggars bowed low and stretched out their brown palms with a prayer for alms in their strange Bohemian tongue. One and all added a picturesque feature to the scene, and one and all recognized our presence, and gave us a greeting friendly, respectful, or imploring, according to the rank of the giver.

The wonderful beauty of situation, the richness of the artistic adornment, the picturesqueness of the people, and the added charm of historical association, make this venerable city one of the most interesting in Europe. Driving through the Grosser Ring, the great square of the Altstadt, we come to the Carlsbridge, built by the magnificent monarch Charles IV., called the "step-father of the empire, but the father of Bohemia," to whom Prague is indebted for much of her beauty, as well as for the noble university which he founded in 1348, and to which students flocked from all parts of Europe until they were numbered by thousands.

After the death of Charles the prosperity of the university received a check from the injudicious conduct of his successor, Wenzel, who framed for it a new constitution, by which the votes of the Saxons, Bavarians, and Poles on all public acts were combined into one, while those of the Bohemians were tripled. Stung by this injustice, all the foreigners, professors and students, to the number of several thousand, left the university, and returned to their own countries—a movement that led to the founding of the University of Leipsic, and the enlarging of those at Ingolstadt and Cracow. In the small square, just before we come to the bridge, stands a fine statue of Charles IV., by Hähnel, of Dresden, erected in 1848 to commemorate the five-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Prague University.

The beautiful old tower through the archway of which we pass on to the bridge has stood for four hundred years, a veritable tower of defense for the city of Prague. Its sculptured monarchs have looked down from



VIEW FROM THE CASTLE STAIRS.

their lofty position upon many a scene of horror and of blood; its dainty carvings and armorial bearings have been obscured in the smoke and dust of many a deadly conflict. In 1621, after the battle of the White Hills, which terminated the short reign of Frederick of the Palatinate, called the "winter-king," and decided the fate of Protestantism in Bohemia, the heads of twelve of the noblest men of Prague were inclosed in iron cages and hung from the gallery of this tower, to bear witness through ten years to the savage revenge of a cruel king. Here, in 1648, the students, citizens, and Jews of Prague rushed to the defense of their city against the Swedes under Königsmark, who, although having gained possession of the Kleinseite through the treachery of an Austrian officer, bombarded this tower for more than three months without success, and at length withdrew their troops when peace was declared at the close of the Thirty Years' War. When the Prussians, under Frederick the Great, were driven out of Prague, this bridge was the scene of the deadliest struggle; and in later times, in the revolution of 1848, the students chose this tower for their chief barricade.

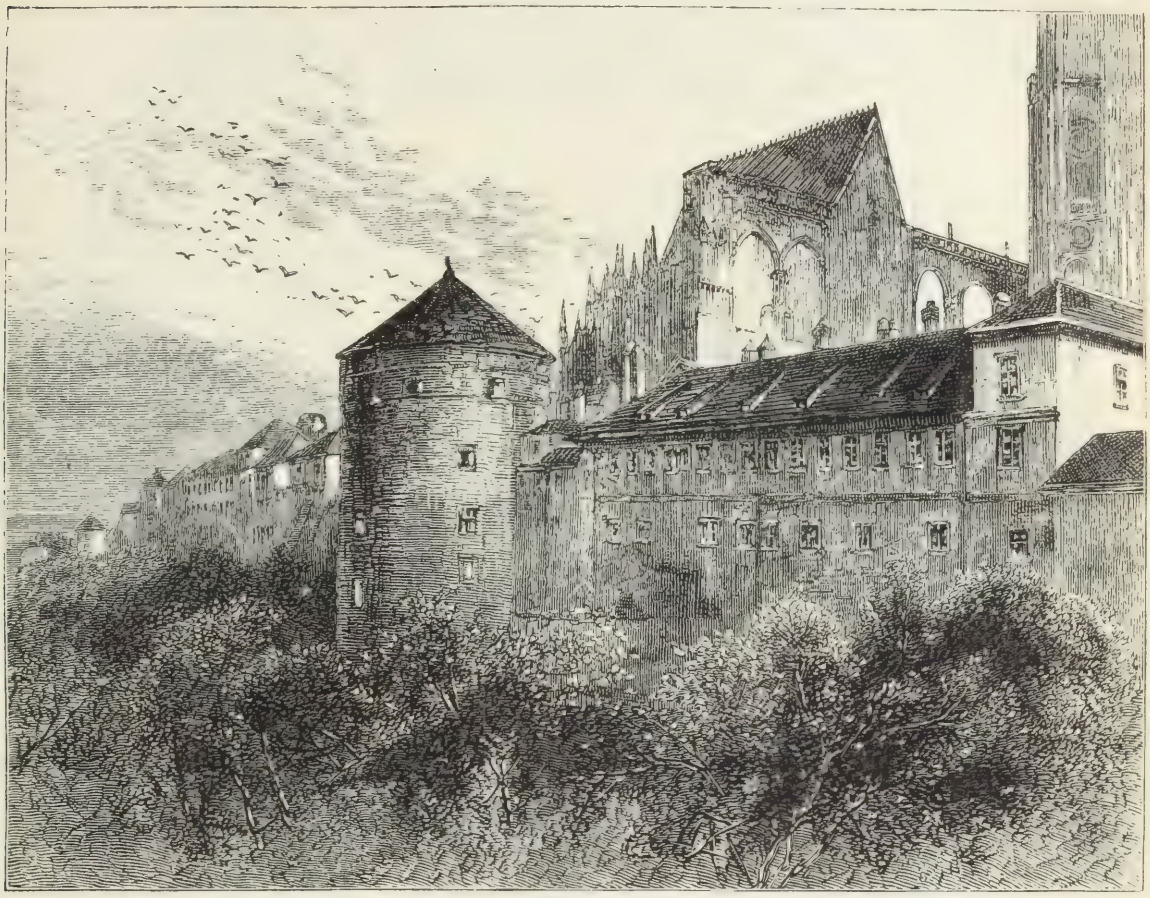
Fair, smiling, and peaceful as the scene now looks, it gives no hint of the fierce scenes of horror and blood enacted in the earlier days of the beautiful city. The stately bridge, with its sixteen arches and its imposing statues, spanning the beautiful Moldau as it sweeps silently down to the Elbe; beyond, the churches and palaces of the Kleinseite, and, crowning the whole, the noble Hradschin, with its towers and castles, its cathedral and royal residences, make a picture that for grandeur and beauty can not be surpassed.

The bridge was begun by Charles IV. in 1357, and finished in 1507, and is 540 yards in length. The buttresses are adorned with statues and groups of saints, the oldest being a great stone crucifix, with statues of the Virgin and St. John, an inscription stating that it was erected with money exacted from a Jew in 1606 as a fine for reviling the cross. During the brief reign of Frederick, the "winter-king," the destruction of pictures and ornaments in the churches by his fanatical Calvinistic chaplain rendered him very unpopular, and the attempt to demolish this stone crucifix caused a revolt that it was found very difficult to quell. The pious devotion of the Catholics of Prague is still manifested by faded wreaths and tawdry artificial flowers, and I believe it is still the custom in the summer evenings for the priests to hold a short service at the foot of this cross, when many of the passers pause a moment, as they are hurrying by, to join in the hymn or offer up a prayer for a blessing on their work. The last group on the bridge was erected in commemoration of the expulsion of the French invaders, and the cessation of the plague, which carried off 32,000 people in Prague alone. It is a most remarkable representation of souls in purgatory, consisting of very substantial and puffy flames, involving various heads and hearts in their embrace—a subject not well adapted to artistic treatment. But most remarkable of all is the statue of St. John of Nepomuk, patron saint of bridges, and the saint most honored and revered in all Prague.

According to the commonly received story, he was the confessor of the Queen of Bohemia in 1393, and because he refused to betray the secrets of the confessional to her furious and jealous consort, Wenzel, he was tortured by order of the latter, and continuing silent, was thrown into the Moldau at night. The legend says his body floated in the river, marked by five miraculous stars hovering above it, until it was taken out of the water, and from that time St. John of Nepomuk was worshiped by all good Catholics, and his pictures and images multiplied all over the city. His statue represents a meagre figure holding a crucifix, with five huge stars arranged in a circle over his head. "On the balustrade near the figure there is

a small plate inserted in the stone-work, and good Catholics, as they pass over the river, put their hands upon the plate and then kiss their fingers. So shall they be saved from all perils of the water, as far, at least, as that special transit of the river may be perilous." In 1729, John of Nepomuk was canonized by the Pope. "The festival, which lasted eight days, was participated in by the whole of the Austrian monarchy—nay, by the whole of Catholic Christendom. Vienna was the scene of unusual pomp; the interior of St. Stephen's was hung with purple; the courtiers and citizens vied with each other in splendor. Almost the whole population of Bohemia poured into Prague, more than five hundred processions of townships bearing offerings as to a pagan sacrifice—Altbunzlau, with garnets and rubies; Königgrätz, with pheasants; Chrudim, with crystals; Czaslau, with silver; Kaurzim, with evergreen plants; Bechin, with salmon; Prachin, with pearls and gold sand; Pilsen, with a white lamb; Saatz, with ears of corn; Leitmeritz, with wine; Rakonitz, with salt, etc. The whole of the city and its innumerable towers were splendidly illuminated. An immense procession marched to Nepomuk, the saint's birth-place, with numbers of figures and pictures of the Virgin and saints, banners, and dramatic representations taken from the life of the saint."

In 1736 a monument was erected to him in the Cathedral of St. Vitus. It is of no artistic value, but is remarkable for its costliness, being made entirely of silver, and containing in all about a ton and a half of the precious metal. His body is inclosed in



HRADSCHIN AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

a silver casket, upborne by silver angels with outspread wings, bearing garlands of flowers over which cherubs are hovering. On the top of the casket is the statue of the saint himself in his priestly robes, the same meagre, mournful figure, holding a crucifix. On the casket are placed his priest's hat and book. At each of the four corners of the shrine an angel holds a silver candlestick, and, outside of all, silver knights guard the precious treasure. Overhead four large angels float in the air, and rows of silver lamps hang around the shrine, some of which are kept continually burning. No metal less precious than pure silver has any part in this monument. Duplicates of the glory, with the five stars and the saint's cross and chain, decorated with diamonds and other precious stones, are kept in the treasury of the cathedral, and are only brought out at the feast of St. John of Nepomuk.

Beneath are bass-reliefs representing scenes in the life of the saint, his torture, the five stars appearing on the waves, etc. A service is held at this shrine every half hour in the day, from five to twelve in the morning. A small portion of the knee-bone of the saint, inserted in the outer wall of

the shrine, under glass, is most devoutly kissed and revered by the faithful.

Passing through the archway of another tower, we leave the bridge, and driving into the Kleinseitner Ring, the great square of the Kleinseite, the aristocratic portion of Prague, we stop at the beautiful Church of St. Nicholas, the newest church in the city, only two hundred years old. The richness



ST. NICHOLAS IN THE KLEINSEITE.

of the ornamentation can not fail to strike the stranger on his entrance. The frescoes in the great dome, the statues about the church, the fine carving of all minor parts, the rich Bohemian marble altars, make up one gorgeous whole, of which it is impossible to remember the details. Colossal figures at the side of the high altar, trampling their foes under their feet and transfixing them with spears, represent that deadly strife between Romanists and Hussites which deluged the unhappy city with blood, and resulted in the overthrow of Protestantism in Bohemia. The whole church is marbled in so good an imitation that the difference can scarcely be told between the painted wood and the altars of the pure Bohemian stone.

Before the altar were ranged a great number of black banners, each one surmounted by a big wax candle adorned with streamers of various kinds. Some bore red ribbons and black lace, some only black lace; poorer ones were tied with a bow of thin black crape, while a few were adorned with gold tinsel and tawdry wreaths. The greater number of banners bore simple inscriptions in plain white letters, German or Bohemian or both, giving the name of the deceased and the date of the death; but one or two were emblazoned with coats of arms, and the title of Graf showed that Death had been busy among those of noble station. On payment of a certain sum to the church, people are allowed to place these candles here to the memory of their deceased friends, and prayers for their souls are said here for half an hour every day, during which service the candles are lighted. So long as the candle lasts the prayers are continued, but when the last flickering spark dies out, the priest takes no more cognizance of that particular soul unless new money is contributed and new candles lighted.

Coming out through the doorway we passed between two rows of brown-faced withered old women, crouched down in the sunshine beside the open door of the church, and they all bowed and muttered some words in their strange Bohemian tongue, whether of blessing or of malediction or of prayer for alms I do not know; but whichever it may have been, they were quite passive, showed no eagerness in asking, and evinced no disappointment at receiving nothing, but sat there muttering and sunning themselves, quite as if their sole object in existence, like that of the statues, frescoes, and caryatides, was to add a picturesque feature to the old, richly decorated church which served them as background.

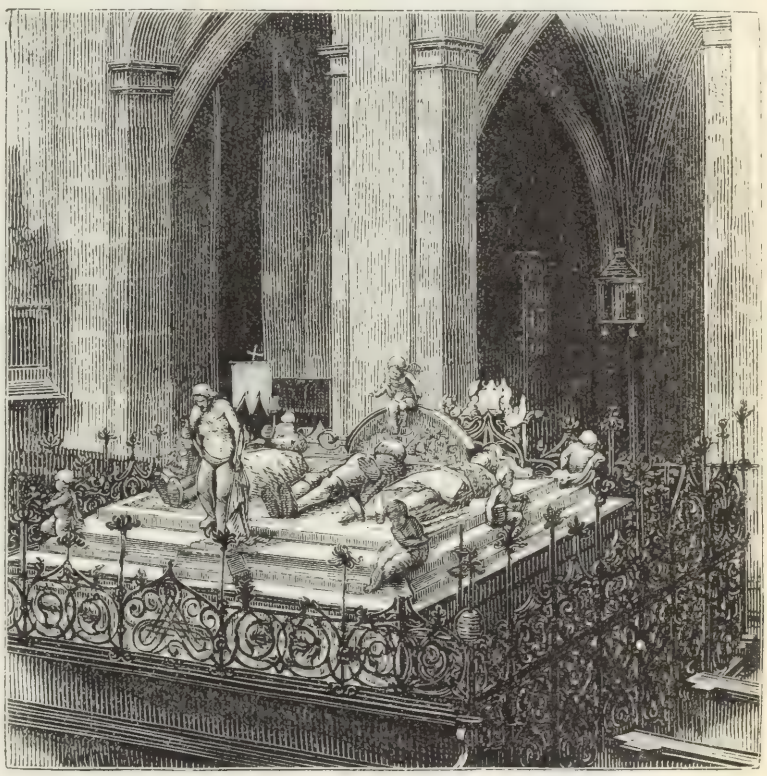
Leaving the church, we pursued our way through the steep streets, following the zigzag road, winding about the hill, up past the palace of Prince Schwarzenberg, richly ornamented in fresco outside, and bearing traces of the Seven Years' War—still turning and winding, now getting glimpses of the lovely city at our feet, with its domes and spires, its beautiful bridges arching the shining river, all glowing in the warm sunshine of a spring afternoon, now coming into the shadow of the gray towers of the Hradschin frowning over our heads — till at length we halted in the Hradschinerplatz to view for a moment the palace of the cardinal archbishop, himself a Schwarzenberg and brother of the prince. This square is separated by a railing from the entrance court of the imperial palace, which, with some other buildings, incloses the Cathedral of St. Vitus, begun in 1344, and not

yet finished, though its completion has now been undertaken by a Dom Building Union, under the presidentship of Count Francis Thun, and the sound of hammers mingles with the chanting of the service.

Besides the beauty of the Gothic choir, its pointed arches and painted windows, there are many chapels to see, containing relics more or less interesting according to the faith of the traveller. In the Sigismund chapel one of the most valued works of art is the head of Christ on the handkerchief, painted by a Byzantine artist on a gold ground, which in earlier times was made use of to signify the brightness and glory of religion. It is honored by the devout Catholics as a *vera icon*. The original is fifteen hundred years old, and was copied in Rome in 1368; but the Bohemians declare that the copy was left in Rome, while the one in the Cathedral of St. Vitus is the original picture.

In Nostitz chapel our guide pointed out with great solemnity, and with an air of profound belief in what he said, a huge candelabrum, which he asserted was brought from the Temple of the great Solomon. I am afraid the equanimity and want of enthusiasm with which we received the overwhelming statement awakened some doubts in his mind as to the depth of our credulity and faith in the relics held sacred in the Roman Church. One of the most interesting relics is a cannon-ball suspended by a chain from a pillar, one of those which penetrated the church during the Seven Years' War. The marble of the altar is still broken and defaced in some places.

A service was going on at the shrine of St. John of Nepomuk, which has been described. The priest chanted the prayers, knelt, bowed, crossed himself, kissed the altar, and took the goblet of wine which his assistant poured out for him; he washed his fingers in the wine, then drank it, and wiped out the goblet with a napkin. Near the shrine a red glass lamp was burning—a cup holding oil in which floated a wick so that the flame shone red through the glass, and cast a bright glow on the silver ornaments of the shrine. But underneath it was a very common dirty old tin pan to catch any drops of oil that might fall, and on the railings of the altar itself were the blackened wicks that had been used for weeks past thrown down—a heap of dirt disgraceful to any Christian church: certainly a great transgression of the rubric, which enjoins that all shall be "done decently and in order." There is something quite incomprehensible in the mixture of beauty and tawdriness that is observable in most of the Roman Catholic churches. Over an altar costly with carvings and incrusted with gold and jewels a coarse linen altar cloth edged with cotton lace is thrown; and however delicate the sculptured work may be, however rich and fine the painting, vulgar bunches of artificial flowers invariably intrude themselves over all to mar the effect produced by the artist's skill. There is

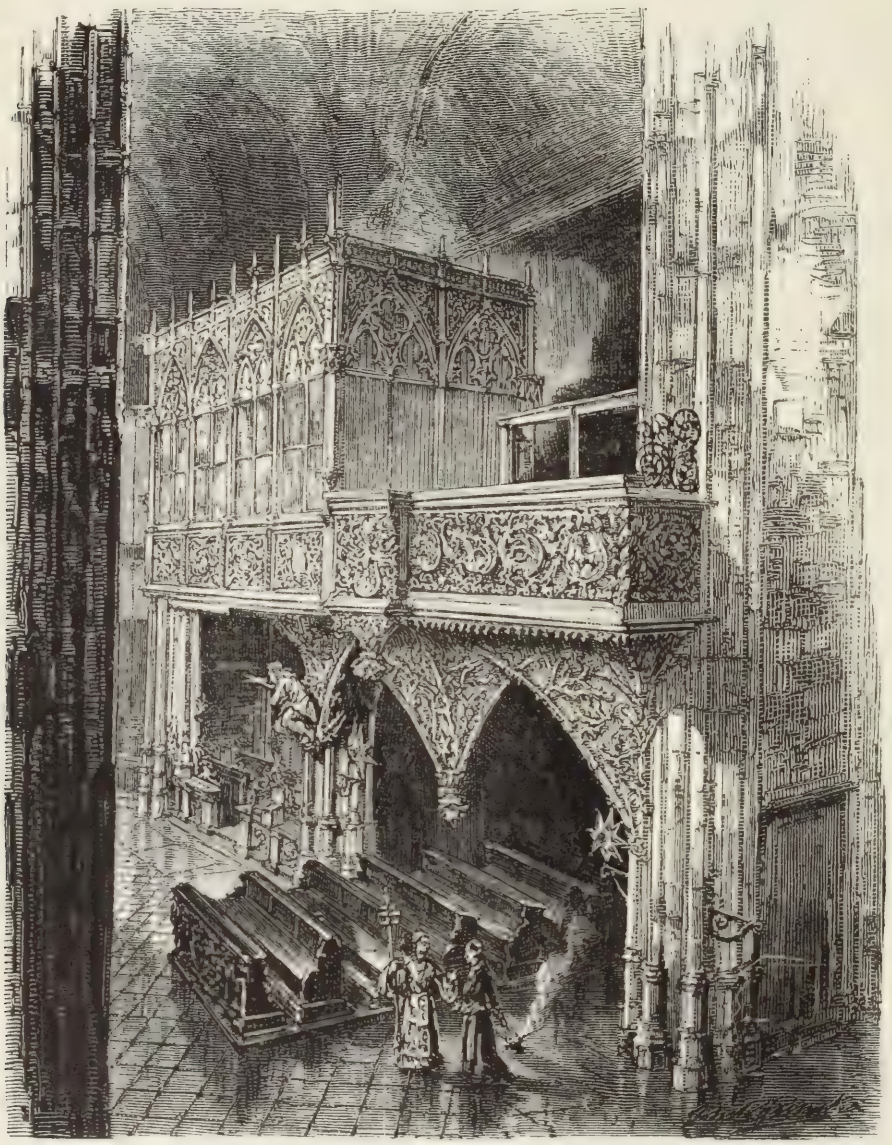


ROYAL MAUSOLEUM IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

something very childish about the ordinary Roman Catholic worshiper, who bows in deepest adoration before a nail or a knee-bone of some saint, and worships a tinsel-covered doll with beady eyes; but one would think a real flower plucked by the way-side, or even a withered leaf, would be more in consonance with the feeling of loving adoration that craves some outward expression, than the artificial abominations on which they gaze with such delighted eyes. It is a marvel how a people who have made the architecture of their churches express so much of religion, who saw in every curve and ornament the sign and emblem of the Deity, whose whole architectural designs have been an outpouring of deep religious feeling, could ever come to tolerate such puerilities and vulgarities as degrade their beautiful churches to-day.

St. Wenceslaus's chapel is beautifully in-

laid with Bohemian precious stones, jasper, amethyst, and chrysoprase, in which the guide made us observe some very distinct faces and figures formed by the markings of the stones. It is sacred to King Wenceslaus, patron saint of Bohemia, murdered by his brother at the door of the church at Altbunzlau, to the ring of which the king clung in his dying agony. This ring is still shown in the chapel, and is being worn away by the kisses of the faithful. King Wenceslaus's death was a great grief to his people. He was called a martyr; his body was carried to the church of St. Vitus with great pomp; his name was invoked by the Bohemians in battle and in all times of distress and danger; his picture was stamped on banners, coins, and seals; and his helmet, of curious workmanship, which had already belonged to his ancestors, as well as his sword and his coat of mail, were looked upon as most precious relics.



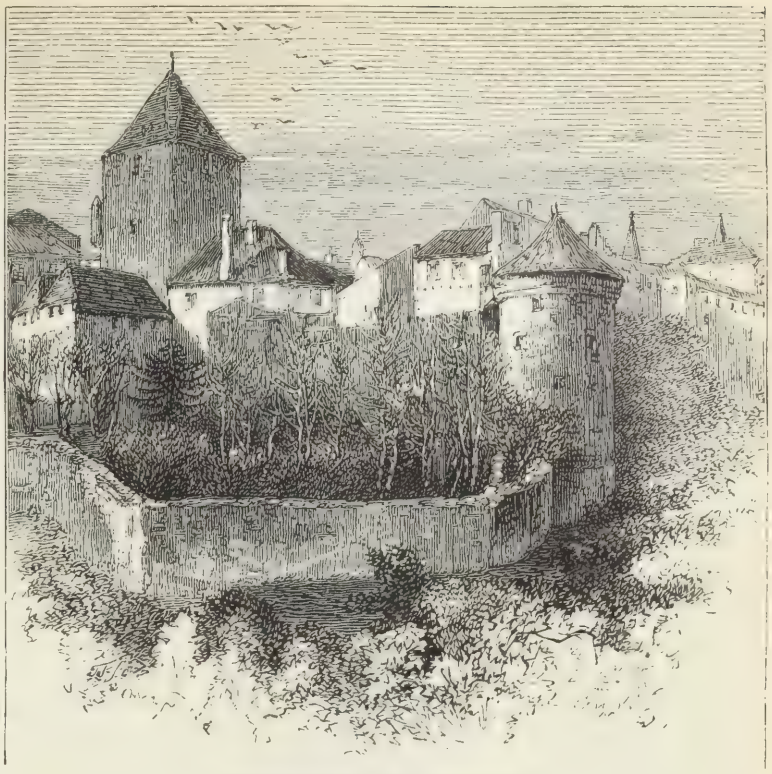
EMPEROR'S ORATORY, CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

The oratory of the emperor, of white marble, is exquisitely carved, and in the nave is a fine monument by Colin, of Malines, under which repose some of the Bohemian kings with their consorts.

From the cathedral we went to Wallenstein's palace in the Kleinseite. The view as we drove down the hill was lovely beyond description. The lace-like pinnacles of the cathedral contrasting with the solid towers of the regal Hradschin, the grim dungeons, the Black Tower and Daliborka, where in old times many a prisoner languished in misery, or shrieked out his life in torture too horrible to be borne in silence; underneath, the old castle moat, the Hirschgraben, growing green in the spring sunshine; the emperor's pleasure-garden; Tycho Brahe's observatory; the Baumgarten, with its winding pathways, its fountains and statues; and the city at our feet, with its numberless towers; the Moldau, with its beautiful bridges, its snake-like rafts and tiny boats—together made a picture of which the memory will never fade away.

At the door of Wallenstein's palace we were greeted by a magnificent personage with a three-cornered hat, and coat reach-

ing to his heels, unlimited gold-lace, and a sash and buckle that were quite stupendous. A fat old porter appeared with a bunch of rusty keys, and we were ushered directly into a small chamber, the great duke's bath-room, made to imitate a grotto of stalactites, from which the water for the shower-bath dripped down upon the bather. It was very dark, and not at all a cheerful apartment. The old audience-hall, with its grotesque caryatides, was restored in 1854, but the other rooms have undergone little or no alteration, except that effected by time. Before the windows of this hall three of his generals were hanged one day during supper by Wallenstein's command, and at the close of the feast the curtains drawn away from the windows disclosed to the horror-stricken company the lifeless bodies. The garden hall, with one side open to the garden, is adorned with faded frescoes of scenes from the Trojan war; the large pillars are of Bohemian marble, the walls of sculptured marble, and the floor was formerly of the same costly material. In the chapel the same carpets on which the general once knelt still remain.

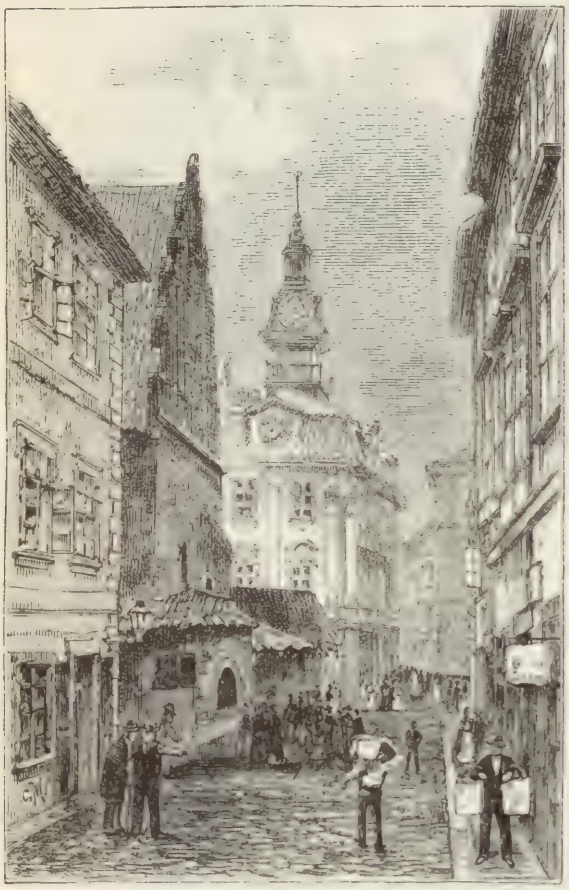


BLACK TOWER AND DALIBORKA.

Leading out of the garden hall is a small room devoted entirely to the use of a stuffed horse, the one Wallenstein rode at the battle of Lützen. He was not a handsome animal, but that was owing to his age, perhaps, and somewhat, also, to his dilapidations. The guide called him a tiger-horse, and assured us there were no more like him, his head and legs having had to be pieced out with a horse of another color. In this room Wallenstein played at cards or chess with his generals. The frescoes on the walls represent the expedition in search of the Golden Fleece, and here hangs his portrait and that of his second wife, the Countess Harrach. The sallow, lowering countenance, the small eyes, high forehead, and short bristling hair, have a dark and forbidding aspect, and are in harmony with the character of the man who was reported to be invulnerable in consequence of a compact with the powers of darkness, who aspired to the throne of an emperor, and died by the hand of an assassin. Having studied astrology in Italy, and implicitly believing in the influence of the stars over the actions of men, he read his own future destiny in the planets, and loved to shroud himself in silence and mystery in order the more surely to impress the minds of the vulgar, over whom he maintained great power and authority. Armies arose as if by magic at his command. In the storm of war that, under his leadership, raged from the Danube to the Baltic, victory seemed enchained to his banner. Having become possessed of enormous wealth by his two marriages, Fortune, who was his deity, poured out her gifts upon him in rich abundance. Wealth flowed in on every side. From the confiscated estates of Protestant nobles he made numberless purchases at a nominal price; by his sword he conquered for himself dukedoms and principalities. Created Duke of Friedland, Count of the Empire, and generalissimo of the imperial forces, he bowed his haughty head to no one save his imperial master. In this palace, to make room for which one hundred houses were pulled down, he maintained a more than royal splendor, his bodyguard consisting of fifty soldiers; sentinels were stationed outside as if a king were reigning within; sixty pages of noble families received their education and training in the art of war in his house; as many horses as there are days in the year fed out of marble mangers in his stables; when he went from home, fifty carriages conveyed himself and suite, fifty wagons carried his baggage and furniture, which were followed by fifty led horses. This haughtiness and magnificence could lead to but one result—that of arousing the fear, jealousy, and hatred of a powerful body, who cared to see no one inimical to themselves and uninfluenced by the spirit of their doctrines taking

the place of counselor and adviser, which they arrogated to themselves.

Wallenstein, though tolerant of every religion, permitted no priest in his camp, and the Jesuits, instilling into the emperor's mind suspicions of his fidelity, occasioned by their machinations his defeat at Stralsund, which gave a heavy blow to his pride. Deserted by the emperor, who owed him all he possessed, accused on every side, made the scape-goat of others' crimes, the fallen general was dismissed from his command, and retired, with the wealth he had amassed, to Prague. Here he remained in retirement till, on the death of his Jesuit rival Tilly, the emperor was compelled to have recourse to his old general for aid, and Wallenstein was restored to his command, with even greater power than before. Again he pursued his triumphant career till after his defeat at the battle of Lützen, when his insidious enemies the Jesuits, again whispering their suspicions into the ear of the emperor, inflamed his jealousy to such a degree that he signed the order for the assassination of his old favorite, at the same time and for days after writing to him in the most gracious terms. Wallenstein met his fate in the burgomaster's house at Eger. His friends and companions were murdered in the banqueting hall in the castle. Wallenstein's door was burst open by his assassin, Devereux, who met him with the exclamation, "Are you the villain who would sell the army to the enemy, and tear the crown from the emperor's head?" Wallenstein silently bared his breast to the blow, and received a mortal wound, dying February 25, 1634. His possessions were divided among his betrayers, the money in his treasury was scattered as a largess among the soldiers, his friends were banished or beheaded, his palace was used for a cavalry barrack, and the fabric of his greatness, builded up by his own hands, crumbled into dust. The palace is now restored to his descendants, and the present Count Waldstein is intending to renovate the greater portion of it in magnificent style.



JEWISH RATHHAUS.

From these musty, grim old rooms, haunted by the memories of a tragical past, we went out into the sunny garden. Shut in from all the noise and bustle of the outside streets by a high stone wall, made to imitate great gray stalactites, over which a luxuriant ivy was twining its graceful wreaths, the soft green grass, in which primroses and little pink daisies were upspringing, the chirping and twittering of the birds in the ivy, the sweet warm air, and the whole atmosphere of rest and quiet in this warm sunshiny April afternoon, were most grateful to our aching heads and eyes weary with much sight-seeing.

It was hard to believe, in the quiet of this sheltered garden, that it had been the scene of such changing fortunes, that here secret intrigues, ambitious schemes, and bitter shame and sense of defeat had once had a place. The royal splendor of the palace decorations had vanished under the hand of time and decay; but in this peaceful spot, under the blue vault of heaven, the sun shone as warm, the grass was as green and soft, and the birds sang as merrily, as in the old days when tilt and tourney were held here for the amusement of the lord of the domain and his pampered favorites. So it is that kindly Nature ever buries in her bosom the sad secrets of the past; from the blood-soaked battle-field the grass springs again in green luxuriance, the flowers bud and blossom into fresher life and beauty; but, in the halls of man's splendor, crime leaves its indelible stain; men shrink away from the haunted chambers; the grandeur is dimmed by time and neglect; the costly marbles are broken and defaced; the brilliant frescoes faded and discolored; the priceless tapestry and silken hangings fall a prey to the ravaging moth; the silence and gloom that reign over all are made doubly desolate by the lingering traces of vanished splendor, renewing in bitterness the sad lesson that in all the glories under the sun there is naught but vanity.

Reluctantly we turned away from the beautiful garden to the noise and bustle of the streets; but go where you will, the shad-

ow of the past broods over Prague, and it was with a dreamy sense of the unreality of the present that we drove through the streets of splendid palaces, within whose sculptured portals such varied scenes of joy and horror had been enacted in the old days. The feeling of going back into the Middle Ages deepened as we drove across the bridge and entered upon the narrowing streets of the Jews' Quarter.

In the days of their bondage, when every Jew was despised, robbed, hated, and oppressed by his Christian brethren, the outcast children of Israel were compelled to crowd together in this small portion of the city, shut in by gates at sunset and on holidays as if they were so many lepers from whom their Christian masters feared contamination. Now their status is changed; the bravery of their nation at the siege of Prague by the Swedes was rewarded by the removal of this restriction, and to-day the wealthiest of Prague's merchants and bankers are of the despised race, whose stately mansions adorn other portions of the city, although many of them, from long habit and old association, still cling to the homes of their fathers. No gates now shut off the Jews' Quarter from the Christian portion of the city, but it was not difficult to tell when we entered their peculiar abode. The winding streets were so narrow that the dark, gloomy old houses almost met overhead and quite shut out the sunlight; the people who swarmed in the streets and shrank back against the walls and into the doorways to avoid being run over by our carriage bore in their faces the distinguishing marks of the race to which they belong. As it was a holiday, the last day of the feast of the Passover, or Easter, no traffic was going on, the people were standing idly about, and the second-hand clothes that usually hang out of the doors and give a still more squalid appearance to their miserable abodes had been put out of sight. As we drove slowly along, the open doorways gave us a glimpse of the houses in which they live. So black, foul, and grimy were the interiors that before the eye could penetrate the darkness sufficiently to see more than a dismal cave, the carriage had moved on, and the damp and fetid odors issuing from them made us not sorry to leave their neighborhood.

Service was about to begin in the synagogue, and we were allowed to enter; but as it was a holy-day, no fees were permitted—a limitation of our rights as travellers which we bore with the serene patience which the occasion demanded, and inwardly reflected that there were some Jewish customs that Christians would do well to imitate.

We descended from the carriage, turned the corner to a low doorway in the side of the building, and groped our way in the darkness down some steep stone stairs into what seemed a black hole leading into the bowels of the earth. We entered a small room, blackened and begrimed with the dust and smoke and dirt of centuries, with cobwebs streaming from the pillars, and a general impression of filthiness about the place. So sacred is this church considered by the Jews, that it would be deemed in the highest degree sacrilegious for the hand of improvement to lift a finger against the accumulations of dirt handed down from past generations. The building is said to be a thousand years old, the lower part of it at least, which is in the Byzantine style, and was discovered buried in a hill, the ark of the covenant of stone, and the five books of the law, written on parchment, found in it, bearing witness that it had once been a Jewish temple. This was built upon in the old Gothic style, and now stands the only Gothic synagogue in Europe.



OLD JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

Men entered in short white robes, and without removing their hats sat down before little desks, took out their curious-look-

ing prayer-books with their strange Hebrew characters, and the service began.

Beginning with a cry of "Hallelujah!" the priest, or *Vorleser*, as he is called, read the prayers in a curious wail, sometimes rising to a howl, then changing into a prolonged drawl, and again chopping off his words in a sort of staccato. The men composing the audience sat at their desks, or stood about in little groups, like those into which men collect at a caucus or town-meeting, each saying his prayers in his own way, without regard at all to the reader or to unity of effect, breaking out suddenly into shrill amens, and then drifting again into a steady monotone, broken occasionally by wails or groans. This discordant chorus in the gloomy old building half under-ground, the faint daylight creeping through narrow slits in the massive walls and mingling with the dim light of the swinging lamps, had a strange effect, and made up the most extraordinary religious service I ever attended.

Near the outer door sat an old man with a long gray beard falling on his breast, a broad-brimmed soft hat on his head, leaning on his cane, and muttering his prayers to himself without any book, with various shakes of the head and swayings of the body, breaking out occasionally, like the rest, into loud and mournful amens. In his dark corner, shrouded in gloom, except for the light falling on his face and white beard, he was a veritable and magnificent Rembrandt.

As it was a holy-day with the Jews, and service was going on in the synagogue, of course we could not examine the interior of the building, neither were we allowed to go into the old burial-ground. But the next day we came again and satisfied our curiosity, the priest or *Vorleser* of the day before going about with us, and displaying the treasures of the temple with great pride—the books of the law, written on yellow parchment, discovered in the old synagogue, etc. A large flag suspended from the vaulting and extending across the church was presented to the Jews by Ferdinand III., in recognition of their bravery at the time of the siege of Prague by the Swedes in 1648. No women are admitted to the service in this holy temple. The place assigned to them is an outside corridor, from which they look into the temple through narrow slits in the walls, which are of immense thickness.

The Jews of Prague have a singular malediction which they hurl at their enemies: "May your head be as thick as the walls of the Hradschin, your body grow as big as the city of Prague; may your limbs wither away to the size of birds' claws, and may you flee around the world for a thousand years!"

From the synagogue to the old burial-ground is but a step, and to-day the door was swung back for us to enter. Such a sight I never beheld. Heaps of graves and grave-stones crowded together in the greatest confusion, the stones jostling each other, so closely were they flung together, and



JEWISH BURIAL-GROUND.

upheaved by the frost and by time. They were lying about in all directions, overgrown with rank grass, creeping plants, and bushes, presenting a scene of utter desolation. The entire ground has been buried over three times, fresh earth being thrown on when there was no longer any space left, so that it has now grown into quite a hill, the top of which is far above the level of the floor of the adjoining synagogue. Some of the earlier stones are now only just to be seen above the ground, and are overshadowed by the tall stones of later times in close juxtaposition. The oldest stone is that of Sara Katz, wife of a rabbi, and dates from 606, the latest dates from 1784, since when no interments have been permitted. Many of the stones are furnished with a sign peculiar to the tribe, a pitcher denoting the tribe of Levi, two hands that of Aaron, who was himself of the tribe of Levi, while the grape is the general sign of Israel. The names are often indicated by figures of animals; thus, for Loewe, a lion was carved on the stone; for Hahn, a cock, etc. On some of the tombs were rows of little pebbles, placed there, according to the Jewish custom, out of respect for the deceased. Our guide laid a pebble on the tomb of Mordachai Meisel, who founded the Jews' hospital and erected two synagogues at his own expense, and pointed out a row of other pebbles that he had put there before out of respect for the character of the man.



PORTAL OF THE PALACE COURT.

Upon a flat table of stone near the entrance the coffin was laid in former times while the funeral service was performed. An inclosure surrounded by a wall was devoted entirely to little children. A stone of red marble marks the grave of a martyr, to the right of the entrance, where are also buried all the Jews who fell in the siege of Prague.

Tradition declares this burial-place to have existed a hundred years before the founding of Prague by Libussa, and it is not free from the spectres proper to such a place. Never was there a more eligible site for ghosts.

Altogether, though very interesting to visit, it is a wretched place, not calculated to make one in love with death—utterly unlike the beautiful gardens of our own land, where Christians rest in the hope of a blessed resurrection.

> "Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
> When shall ye flee away and be at rest?
> The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
> Mankind their country—Israel but the grave."

And what a grave!

From this strange quarter of the world, devoted to men among whom Christ is "despised and rejected," we drove across the city to its very opposite.

The Elizabethan Convent was founded by the Countess of Waldstein in 1720 as a hospital for poor women, who are here taken care of free of charge. It is an immense building, and we were led up and down through endless corridors by a stout and cheery nun, who explained every thing more to our satisfaction than our guide could do with his broken English, prefaced by the inevitable "*If* you please, madame." We were taken into the chapel first, or rather into the nuns' portion of it—a gallery from which they look through an iron grating down upon the chapel below, where the congregation is gathered, with whom they may not mingle. In this room were several nuns and some novices—the latter distinguished by a white handkerchief on their heads instead of a black one—kneeling at



OLD CORONATION CHAMBER IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

their devotions, one behind the other. As we passed through, the nuns looked at us out of the corners of their eyes, but the novices were absolutely motionless. Not a muscle moved, not an eyelid quivered; and as I watched them kneeling in the middle of the floor without support of any kind, I could not but marvel at the physical strength and power of will they must possess to enable them so long to maintain so difficult a posture. They might have been statues, for all semblance of life about them; and at the first glance I thought they were images rather better done than the other monstrosities scattered through the house, which the guide, with conscious pride, kept pointing out to our notice, and affirming that they were made and dressed entirely by the sisters themselves—entirely by themselves. It was at least a satisfaction to know that this branch of art was confined within the walls of the convent, but my Protestant conscience would not permit me to brighten that guide's mournful visage by any approval of the objects of his admiration. They were absolutely shocking—wooden figures of the Saviour in His dying agony, painted in tawdry colors, and decked with wreaths of the coarsest kind of artificial flowers. Nor did the equally hideous saints and martyrs and Virgin Marys, dressed in blue silk and tinsel, awaken any responsive chord of emotion in my breast. I found nothing to admire in them, but much to wonder at in the childishness and simplicity of the women who could be content to spend their lives in the manufacture and adoration of such wretched images.

Our breakfast next morning was a delicate attention on the part of the waiter to the supposed tastes of the *Amerikanerinnen*, and buckwheat cakes and ice-water were triumphantly produced. But, unhappily, though the intention was excellent, the Bohemian cook had failed in carrying it out, and we were obliged to leave the former dainty on our plates, a leathery monument to an "unfulfilled purpose," and soothe the waiter's wounded feelings by letting him suppose us indifferent to the merits of our national dish.

Our guide of the sorrowful countenance was lying in wait for us, and in a few minutes we were again driving out in the bright April day through the streets of the picturesque city. We drove across the bridge, wound slowly up the hill to the Hradschin, and stopped before the Damen-Stifte, or institution for noble ladies.

This institution was founded by Maria Theresa in 1755, and is intended to provide for the superfluous daughters of poor noblemen. It is confined to the very essence of the aristocracy, the *crème de la crème*, for no lady can enter here unless she can show her sixteen quarterings, proving an unbroken succession of eight ancestors of noble birth on either side. One *mésalliance* will debar eight generations from the privileges of the Stifte. By the laws of the institution the members of the order are not obliged to be in residence more than three months of the year. For the remainder of the time they are free to go where they like, except to travel in foreign countries, for which they must have permission. They go into society, are undistinguished by any peculiar costume, but wear the cross of their order on the left shoulder, and bear the title of "Madame." A suite of rooms is provided for them, and carriages and servants are at their disposal. There are about thirty ladies in the institution at present.

Having seen the newest, it was a point of honor with us to visit the oldest church in Prague, St. George's Kirche, originally a convent for Benedictine nuns, founded in 973 by Boleslar II., whose sister Milada was the first abbess. It is a queer old building, with a low vaulted ceiling, and the first object of interest pointed out was the tomb of King Wratislaw I., father of St. Wenceslaus, who was assassinated nine hundred years ago. At first sight it would seem a little superfluous for a man who had been dead about a thousand years to have an-

cestors, but there was the tomb, very substantial and well authenticated.

But the tomb of St. Ludmila, who met with very unfilial treatment at the hands of her daughter-in-law—was strangled, in fact, on account of her Christianity—is the chief thing to see in this church. It is of white marble, with an effigy of the saint on top. A large picture in compartments represents her as ministering to the poor and sick, her death, and her funeral.

We drove through several court-yards, through various winding ways, to the royal palace. After a few moments' delay a servant appeared, and we followed him up stairs and down stairs, through corridors upon corridors, till at last we stopped at the old banqueting hall used for the coronation of Bohemian kings, with a beautiful vaulted ceiling of stone, frescoed, and a trap-door in the floor to send up the courses from the kitchen below.' Out of this room is a smaller one, the hall of the old Bohemian peers, with the king's chair and those of the nobles. The portraits of Maria Theresa and her husband, Francis of Lorraine, adorn the walls, from which droop the banners from the battle of Aspern and the coronation banner of the kings of Bohemia. Again a never-ending lane of corridors, and then we found ourselves ascending the stairway to the old room of the senators on the second floor, memorable in the history of Prague.

It has been left exactly as it was on the 23d of May, 1618, when the imperial councilors Martinitz, Slawata, and Fabricius were so summarily hurled from the large window at the end of the room, after the old Bohemian custom of dealing with offenders, from which act of violence dates the beginning of the Thirty Years' War.

It is a very plain apartment for the use of kings. The ceiling is very low, and is formed of beams of very dark oak; the table is of plain wood, and the floor of rough and uneven bricks. The window is quite large enough to throw any one out very comfortably, but the height from the ground—thirty-five feet—makes it a marvel that they were not all dashed in pieces. Fortunately for them, however, they wore long full cloaks, which buoyed them up, and the fall was broken by an opportune heap of rubbish in the castle yard. A cross marks the spot where they fell. Martinitz and Slawata were thrown out first, but Fabricius, the secretary, when he saw the fate of his companions, endeavoring to save himself, fled into his cabinet and locked the door, or as our guide expressed it, "He flied to his cabinette and shut up." But all his "shutting up" was of no avail, for his furious enemies pursued him, burst open the door, and flung him out of the window after his companions in misfortune. In reference to this wonderful escape from death he afterward received the title of Hohenfall. He is said to have fallen upon Martinitz,



OLD ROOM OF THE SENATORS IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

and to have been sufficiently collected, even in the horror of the moment, to politely ask pardon for his involuntary rudeness.

He and Martinitz, quite unhurt, got up and ran away, but Slawata was fearfully shattered, and was carried into the neighboring house of the Princess Schwarzenberg, where he remained unmolested.

Two magnificent saloons in this palace, called the Spanish and German chambers, have recently been restored for the coronation of Francis Joseph of Austria as King of Bohemia. They are of immense size, one hundred and sixty feet long, eighty feet wide, and forty feet high. To warm them for an assembly, fires must be kept up for eight days previously, while four thousand candles are required to light them.

They were built by Rudolph II., who spent immense sums on the adornment of Prague, and when compelled by his people to abdicate in favor of his brother, exclaimed, as he looked down from his palace window upon the gorgeous city, "Ungrateful Prague! to me dost thou owe thy wondrous beauty, and thus hast thou repaid my benefits. May the vengeance of Heaven strike thee, and my curse light upon thee and the whole of Bohemia!"

I can not pass over without brief mention one of the most interesting churches in Prague, and the oldest save one, the Teynkirche, so named from the fact of St. Ludmila, the first Christian Duchess of Bohemia, going to the church by a secret passage connecting with her palace, secret being in Bohemian *Tyn*. Early in the fifteenth century John Huss preached as a reformer in this church, which remained in the hands of the Hussites until the battle on the White Hill extinguished the last spark of Protestantism in Bohemia. Huss is said to have prophesied, on the day of his death, "To-day you will roast a goose [the meaning of the word "Huss"], but a hundred years hence a swan that you will not be able to kill will appear." A few years later the wild fanatic Ziska was raging through the land, committing the most frightful excesses in the name of the Prince of Peace, and the Hussites, while bathing in torrents of German blood, were crying, "Here is the sauce for the goose you roasted!" During the Hussite possession a large chalice was placed on the front of the church, to denote that the communion is to be administered to the people in both forms —one of the doctrines for which Huss contended. For this reason the Hussites were called Calixtines—brethren of the cup—and their fanatical leader entitled himself, "John Ziska of the cup, captain in the hope of God of the Taborites." But after the church fell into the hands of the Catholics an image of the Virgin was substituted for the chalice, and still remains.

In this church are the tomb and monument of Tycho Brahe; on the latter is the effigy of the great astronomer, lines about the nose showing where he had a gold nose put on, the original member having been lost in a duel.

Our last morning was devoted to the purchase of remembrancers of our visit, in the form of photographs and specimens of the exquisitely painted Bohemian glass; and in the afternoon we went reluctantly back to Dresden, feeling that our glimpse of this most fascinating of cities had only given us a great appetite for more.



TEYNKIRCHE.

SAPPHO.

"Ahi! nell altro chi pianto al mondo duro."

IT was night in Naples; that is, as much of night as one can know in that gay, noisy, passionate city, where sleep seems to come tardily to those who would sleep, and to fly away from the pillow with the faintest glory of the dawn. At Santa Lucia there was a *festa* in honor of the patron saint of the *marinari*, and thousands flocked to that lovely spot to join in the merriment, to eat and drink, to sing and dance, or to row gayly to the sound of mandolins over the moonlit bay where Vesuvius flings his shadow or flaunts his banners of flame. At a table as far away from the crowd as possible sat a party of English people: Lord Lyndhurst—a fine soldierly-looking man, past the prime of life; Lady Lyndhurst, his wife—a delicate woman, with thin patrician features and haughty air; Florence, their only daughter; and Cosmo Lyndhurst, the orphan son of a younger brother of Lord Lyndhurst.



"HER SOFT EYES WERE FIXED ON THE DISTANT SEA."

"I really do not see what you can find to like in this place, Cosmo," said Lady Lyndhurst, fretfully, as she picked small particles from the dainty shell-fish before her. "Such a common, dirty crowd! why, I hardly think it safe to be here at this late hour among these beggars, lazzaroni, and brigands."

"Oh, aunt," replied the young man, laughing heartily, "they are not all lazzaroni and brigands. Why, the greater part of the nobility of Naples come here to see the merriment and to eat a fish supper on these *festa* nights."

"I think we are perfectly safe, my dear," said Lord Lyndhurst, in a grave, deliberate tone; "but I agree with you that it is a very disagreeable place, and not at all an improving scene for Florence to witness."

"Dear papa, don't say that," cried the girl, eagerly. "I am quite delighted; I never

was happier in my life; and Cousin Cosmo is so good to bring us here!"

The young man looked at her with a warm smile, and said, gayly, "You see, uncle, Florence appreciates my efforts for your amusement. I thought over every thing that was pleasant for this evening, and really nothing else seemed so desirable. I like to see these lazy, happy people just as they are; there is a genuine light-heartedness, a freshness, an *abandon*, that one will not find among the same class in any other city of Europe."

"In that you are right, Cosmo; but it is the freedom and *abandon* that I object to. I really can not remain any longer. Come, my lord, come, Florence, let us return to our hotel."

"Oh, mamma," said Florence, in a disappointed tone, "I am so sorry to go. Do not take me away so soon."

"Hush, my dear; I know what is best," replied Lady Lyndhurst, rising, while her husband followed her; and Cosmo looked disgusted and half angry as the poor girl gave him an appealing look.

"I can't help it, cousin," he said, in a low tone. "Of course you must obey your mamma, like a good child, and go with her, but I shall remain. It is too glorious a night to waste in the close rooms of a hotel."

He gave his arm to the young lady, and they walked toward the massive stone steps that led up to the Chiaja. A dense crowd had gathered there, and some one was singing in a rich soprano voice to the accompaniment of a lute. They paused a moment to listen, and Cosmo, leaning forward, saw a girl of about the same age as his cousin, surrounded by a good-natured crowd of peasants, sailors, and lazzaroni. She was dressed in faded pink silk, and a white lace scarf was carelessly knotted over her lovely hair, falling in rich waves far below her waist; her large dark eyes were full of dreamy sadness; her features exquisitely regular and haughty in their outline; her figure tall and graceful, and as beautifully rounded as the Diana in the Museo Nazionale. There was something strange about the girl—a mingling of princess and beggar in her air; in her face, youth and freshness with maturity and profound sorrow. As her slender white fingers struck the strings of the lute with force and fervor, strain after strain of wild, sweet melody broke from her parted lips with passion and enthusiasm. She was evidently improvising; for, as the words she uttered referred to the scene of the moment and the saint they were celebrating, shouts of applause burst from the excited crowd, which closed closer and closer around her. Near her, and watching her with a gaze of the most intense interest, stood a little old woman in soiled costume of rich and costly material, which originally must have been constructed for a stage robe. Her form was bowed, her hair as white as snow, and her pinched, haggard face was seamed and scarred with lines that only the grossest passions can give to age, while her eyes of piercing black lit up their hollow orbits with strange lurid light. As she stood by the lovely, graceful girl, her long lean fingers clutching her dress, and her fierce eyes fixed on the flushed, excited face, she looked an ill-omened bird of prey hovering near a white dove, ready to pounce upon it and destroy it at any moment.

As Cosmo leaned forward over the crowd from the steps he had mounted, still holding his cousin's hand, their figures were conspicuous above the others, and the young singer, raising her eyes, looked him full in the face. For an instant she gazed at him with a mingled expression of surprise and shame, then her lids fell, her lips trembled, and a ghastly pallor spread over her flushed face, while she raised her hands and looked wildly around as though seeking some refuge from the turbulent crowd.

"Good heavens! what a life for a young girl as beautiful as she!" exclaimed Lord Lyndhurst, endeavoring to push his way through the crowd, that, now the singing had ceased, were clamoring for more.

"Come, Cosmo," cried Lady Lyndhurst, sharply, "do not linger there with Florence; it is no scene for her to behold. Assist us to find our carriage."

Lord Lyndhurst's footman came to meet them, and conducted them to the carriage standing near. Cosmo seated his cousin beside her mother, and touching his hat, turned away hurriedly toward the spot where he had left the young singer.

There was a terrible uproar among the eager crowd. Pressing closely around the poor girl, they were shouting and gesticulating in the wildest manner, while the old woman, taking advantage of the confusion, extended her hand and solicited charity in a shrill, loud voice. With a bound and a sweep of his strong arm, Cosmo parted the dense mass and reached the side of the singer, who stood with her face covered with her hands, rocking to and fro like a sapling in a strong gale.

"Sappho! Sappho! I am here to protect you again," cried the young man, in a deep, passionate voice. "But, good God! how is it that I find you here in Naples, and in such a place? Did you not promise me, when I parted from you at Monaco, that you would never sing again in the streets?"

"I did; oh, I remember well that I did, and I meant it then," replied the girl, in tones of grief and despair, while her hands fell away from her white face and drooped helplessly at her side.

"Then why did you break your promise?"

"My mother and poverty drove me to it. We were starving. What could we do?"

"Starving! Good heavens! was it as bad as that? But come, let us get away from the crowd, and then you can tell me all about it." Passing his arm around her trembling form, he drew her away from the open-mouthed spectators, who had fallen back quietly when they saw the rich *Signor Inglese* come to the rescue. "What did you do with the money I gave you when I left Monaco?" he continued, almost sternly. "It surely ought to have lasted you longer than this."

"Oh, Sir, *I* am not to blame, and I beg that you will not blame my wretched mother. She gambled it away, or the greater part of it, only saving enough to bring us here. She thought, once here, through the influence of some friends whom she knew years ago, she might be enabled to gain my admittance to the Conservatoire. But, alas! no one remembered her; or if they did, how could they believe that such a wreck was once the celebrated *diva?*"

"Ahi! Santa Maria!" cried a shrill voice behind them; "the *canaglia* have no hearts. The poorest among them is not as poor as we, and yet they have given us nothing. They want our music, and yet they are not willing to pay for it. Only eleven *soldi*, not enough for a crust of bread and a bottle of wine."

"Hush, mother, hush!" said the girl, stepping out of the shadow. "Here is the young Englishman who befriended us at Monaco."

"God be thanked! I know he will not let us starve."

A hot flush passed over Sappho's pale cheek, and she raised her wet eyes timidly to the face of Cosmo. There was an appeal for the wretched mother in their glance.

"I understand," he said, in a low, kind voice. "Do not fear; I will assist you in your need. Here;" and taking some gold from his pocket, he laid it in her trembling, reluctant hand, saying, "This is for you. Take care of it, and buy what you need with it. Where do you live?"

"Two miles away from here, in a little cottage on the shore, with the widow of a poor fisherman. Oh, it is very simple, but it is lovely, with flowers and vines, and the blue sea always before us. I never had so sweet a home in all my life; but we must leave it, for we can not pay for it, and Giunta is very needy."

"Poor child! you shall stay there if you are happy. But listen to me. Now here, under the moon and stars, with only God's eye on us, take my hand, and, as you fear Him, promise me that you will never again go into the streets to sing."

She grasped his hand with fervor, and sobbed, "As sure as the Holy Virgin hears me, I never will. I will die a thousand deaths first. Neither my mother nor the pains of hunger shall force me to break my promise. You can trust me now."

"Come, Sappho, come," said the old woman, impatiently, returning from another fruitless attack on the generosity of the crowd. "It is of no use to stay here. I must find some bread and a drop of wine, for I am starving."

Cosmo took the girl's hand a moment in his—her slender, shapely hand, as fair and delicate as a lady's; and looking into her earnest eyes and lovely face, a strange sadness stole over him. A breath of orange blossoms was wafted across his face; the fair silver sea lay before him; the infinite blue hung above him, studded with countless stars; the balmy summer air floated around him; wild sweet strains of music called plaintively from the distance—in short, all that stirs the passionate heart of man into rapture influenced him in that moment, and he longed to take this lovely, unfortunate creature to his heart, and hold her there forever. But as he looked at her, so young and trusting, a strange pain wrung his soul and chilled his ardor. Stooping, he touched his lips to her hand as though she were a queen, and said, in a constrained voice, "Go now; I will see you to-morrow. You live with Giunta, two miles away, on the shore of the bay."

"Yes," she faltered, looking at him as she turned toward her mother; "but you will surely come?"

"I will surely come. You can trust me."

He watched her gliding away in the moonlight, her arm around her mother with a tender protecting clasp. "What a heart she must have, to love that wretched creature," he thought; then he added, fervently, "May God protect her!" When he turned again toward the gay crowd he felt, for some reason, years older, and life seemed to have changed for him. Instead of joining the merry throng, he stood for some time alone on the shore, lost in thought, listening in abstracted silence to the mournful monotone of nature, the plaining of Mother Earth, that even the sounds of joy can not smother. Suddenly some one spoke his name, and looking up, he saw before him a young Neapolitan noble whom he had met some years before in Paris, where they had formed a warm friendship which neither separation nor time had been able to chill.

"Why, Lyndhurst, how melancholy you look! What has the pretty *cantatrice* been saying to you? I observed from my table yonder your little adventure."

"Well, I do not object to your espionage," replied Cosmo, sharply.

"What! you are not angry? Surely there can be nothing serious in your admiration of this street singer?"

"I am serious in every thing I do, and I wish you to understand it," returned Cosmo, looking at him sternly.

"Well, I am surprised. 'Tis true she is a

picture of beauty, and has a voice like the angels in heaven; and they say that, though she is a beggar, she is as proud and unapproachable as a queen. I must tell you that a few nights ago when she improvised on the Toledo I was tempted to smile on her myself, but she returned it with such a look of scorn that I have never dared to attempt it again."

Cosmo made an angry gesture that was lost in the darkness, and his friend continued:

"But tell me, Lyndhurst, what is the secret of your success with women, be they princesses or peasants? I should like to know."

The young man turned his grave face upon his companion and said, in a voice loud and strong, "You would like to know? Well, I will tell you: I respect virtue, and I leave vice alone."

"Oh! is that it? However, your explanation is rather ambiguous. I must confess that I do not understand you. The pretty beggar surely can not be Virtue."

"Count Montalani, if you love me, and would be my friend, as you have been for these last four years, I beg that you will not make this unhappy girl the subject of your jests. I pity her, I respect her misfortunes, and I intend to protect her."

The young Italian gave a long, low whistle, and looked away across the sea with a significant smile, but said nothing.

"Now I pray that you will not affect to misunderstand me," continued Cosmo, very calmly; "for you know my nature, and you also know that I never jest on matters of importance. This poor friendless girl commands my respect and interest. She shall have both, and woe to the man who dares to offer her an injury."

"Bah! Cosmo, don't fly into heroics when there is no need. I had no idea you were serious. You know well that whatever interests you is sacred to me. I shall not molest the girl. But who is she, and where did she come from, and who is the wretched old woman with her?"

"The wretched old woman is her mother. Thirty years ago she was a famous *prima donna*, and in all the insolence of youth, beauty, and fame, she reigned a queen over the hearts of her devoted slaves. But she lost her voice, then her youth and beauty, and now what is she? You call her 'wretched,' and you are right. The poor girl whom you style a beggar is the child of a Russian prince. She inherits her father's beauty and pride, and her mother's shame. Six months ago I was in Monaco. One evening as I passed a *café* I noticed an excited crowd at the door. This poor child had been singing, and a drunken ruffian had insulted her. Her mother, in a frenzy of indignation, had attacked him with the fury of a hyena, while the girl, overcome with shame and fear, had fainted on the threshold of the *café*. I can not describe to you the impression her pale, unconscious beauty made upon me as I saw her lying senseless in the arms of the common woman who had saved her from falling under the feet of the crowd. When she opened her eyes, her first glance fell upon me, and her first words were, "Where is my mother?" The gendarme already had the wretched old woman in custody. I succeeded, with a bribe, in obtaining her liberty, and then escorted both mother and child to their miserable lodgings. On the way I exacted a promise from the girl that she would sing no more in the streets, and the next day I sent her a sum of money that would have kept her from want for some time, but the unhappy woman has, with her other vices, a passion for gambling, and she lost nearly all of it at the table. Then, with some hope of obtaining assistance from former friends, she came here; but, alas! no one would listen to her, and starvation drove Sappho again into the streets to sing. Now, Montalani, can I trust you? Will you prove the friend I think you to be, and help me to save this lovely creature from shame and misery? She has a wonderful voice, which, properly cultivated, will make her fortune. We must see Mercadante, and get her admitted at once to the Conservatoire. While she is pursuing her studies I shall see that she and her mother are provided with means to live comfortably. I am rich, and she has nothing. She has touched some chord in my better nature that responds to the needs of her desolate life. I will save her and make her happy, but I can not remain here to watch over her. Will you accept this trust? To-morrow I will arrange with my banker so that you may draw a certain amount monthly. It must be given to her in small sums that her mother may not get the control of it. I leave it to you to dispense discreetly for her best interests, and to advise and care for her as though she were your sister until I return from my three years' travels in the East. Will you do this for me?"

"My friend, I will," replied Montalani, clasping Cosmo's hand warmly.

"Thank you; this is the best proof you can give me of your friendship. To-morrow I will arrange all, and then I shall leave Naples, but I shall return in three years." For a moment the young man raised his eyes to the serene heavens above him, as though he could read in their infinite depths the mystery of his life; then he turned his calm, serious face full upon his friend, and said, "Look up, Count Montalani; yonder is the north star. When I return, may I find her as pure and bright, as far above the world with its sins and follies, as is that star? You understand me. I will con-

fess to you that, strange as it may seem, I love her. I leave her to you. She is young and beautiful, and with her I leave all that makes life dear to me. God help you to be true to yourself and me!"

The young Italian's handsome face turned pale, and a slight shiver passed over him, for the earnestness and solemnity of his friend impressed him painfully. However, he did not betray his emotion, but reiterated in a steady voice his assurances of fidelity and friendship. Nevertheless, long after Cosmo had left him he sat in a deep reverie; then he rose and paced the beach rapidly, saying in a low tone to himself, "She is so young and lovely! What a nature has he! what friendship! what confidence! But he is insane. It is too much to expect of a saint, and I am only a man."

The next evening, true to his promise, Cosmo sought out the cottage of Giunta, and found Sappho sitting in a little *loggia* shaded by vines and overlooking the bay. She had been reading, but now the book lay open on her lap, and the gentle wind fluttered the leaves, while her soft eyes were fixed on the distant sea with sorrowful wistfulness, as though she were asking of nature the secret of her destiny. Cosmo watched her for a moment with a look of loving admiration, and then, leaning over her, he said softly in her ear, "Sappho, I am here."

Instantly the sorrow faded from her face, and a vivid flush of joy replaced it, as, springing to her feet, she cried, "Oh, signore, I am so glad! I feared you would not come."

"Did I not promise you?" he asked, gently, still holding her hand, as he drew her down beside him. "Sit here, my child, for I have a great deal to say to you, and but little time to say it; for to-night I leave Naples."

"To-night? So soon!" sighed Sappho, looking away from him that he might not see her trouble.

"Ah, it is soon, too soon for me!" and Cosmo echoed the sigh that came from Sappho's heart. "But do not turn your sweet eyes away; let them beam on me with hope and joy while you listen to me." Still holding her hands tightly clasped in his, eye to eye, soul to soul, with the glory of the summer sunset bathing them in its golden light, the soft breeze around them, the blue sea below them, youth and love and peace infolding them, her face tender with the sweet dawn of hope, her cheek flushing and paling under his gaze, the wind drifting the rich waves of her hair across his face, the romance, the poetry, the passion of that Southern clime invading and overflowing his soul, what wonder that he forgot reason and discretion, and allowed the avowal that he had not intended to make then to pass his lips! He loved her, this poor waif on the great ocean of life. It was madness, it was folly; but he loved her, and his love forced from him the sweet story, as old as human joy or sorrow, as human life or hope.

She listened to him entranced, and her whole yearning, desolate soul responded to him; the genius, the poetry, the romance, of her nature had made him from the first moment she saw him her savior, her hero, her idol. What! he to love her, this tall, proud man, this grand English lord to whom every one bowed humbly—her, the poor street singer, the beggar, the child of her wretched mother—her, so mournful, so hopeless, so despairing! Ah! the angels in heaven, she thought, never heard a sweeter story than that which she had listened to under the vines of Giunta's cottage.

There were no outward demonstrations of rapture, no vehement protestations; only a solemn still joy filled the girl's heart, a sort of awe, a reverence almost religious, a faith and confidence holy and like that which she felt for her Creator. When he told her of his plans for her future, and that on the very next day she was to begin her studies under Mercadante, her gratitude could find no expression. Choked with emotion, pale, and cold as stone, she rose and stood before him, her features fixed, her eyes wide and intense, her lips parted to speak the words she found she could not utter, her hands extended toward heaven, like a priestess invoking a blessing from the deity she worshiped.

"Oh, my friend," she said at length, in a deep, impressive voice that he remembered always, "you see in me a resurrection, a new life. You have saved me. Now I am another being. I shall be worthy of you; I shall not disappoint you. You will one day see a multitude applauding me; the name of Sappho shall be on every tongue. I will succeed. My life, my soul, my religion, is music. I will pour it out in a living stream, and the world shall repay me with adoration. God, thee, and my art, these three I will write upon my heart, and my Creator and thou shalt read them there. Henceforth I live for fame and love. Oh, happy life that thou hast given me! In return I give my life and all it will be to thee forever." And throwing herself at Cosmo's feet, she clasped his hands in hers, and wet them with tears of gratitude.

Moved too deeply for words by her passionate burst of emotion, the young man raised her tenderly, holding her to his heart with mingled rapture and reverence. For some time he looked into her lovely face, on which trust, hope, and the ineffable bliss of loving were all plainly imprinted. If he had known it was his last look, he could not have gazed more fondly or lingered longer. At length he said, in a voice choked with deep feeling:

"My Sappho, I rejoice at your noble words. I love you. I trust you. In three years I shall return. Let me find you then what I leave you now. I am confident of your success. Your glorious voice will give you wealth and honor. I know your heart is strong, your soul pure. Live, as you say, for your God, your love, and your art, and in the moment of your triumph I shall be near you. Remember, no matter when or where, if I live I shall be with you to share the first applause that greets your ear, to bow with the multitude at your feet. I leave you in the care of my friend Count Montalani. Trust him as you would me. Through him I shall hear of your progress. In three years I shall return. And now I leave you in the hands of God. May He keep you pure and true for my love and life!"

A few more words of low, passionate farewell, a few more tender, clinging embraces, and they parted, these two ardent, loving souls, full of hope and trust in the future—they parted, and the shadow of night and sorrow fell between them, to be lifted no more forever.

Three years have passed, and again it is night in Naples. A gay, excited, expectant crowd is pouring into the San Carlo. A young singer, a favorite pupil of Mercadante, is to make her *début* in *La Traviata*. The royal box is filled; the king, with his brilliant suite, sits under the velvet hangings, surrounded by youth and beauty, life and mirth, the sparkle of jewels, the perfume of flowers, soft tinkling laughter of women mingled with the graver tones of men, the rustle of silk, the waving of lace, the fluttering of fans, delight and satisfaction in every face, eager expectation in every movement. The immense theatre is crowded; a blaze of light floods every corner, the grand orchestra peals forth in strains of divine harmony. The curtain rises amidst intense silence, and the young *prima donna*, in the glory of youth and beauty, stands before her first audience. There is no reception, only a murmur of admiration thrills the house; she is so lovely and so young that every heart warms toward her. An Italian audience is not overhasty in its judgment, but when applause is well earned, it is given freely and with the utmost ardor.

The first act passed amid silent attention, only at the *scena* "Ah, fors' è lui che l' anima" there was a murmur of restrained delight when the fresh, rich voice rang out on the perfumed air, as flexible, harmonious, and clear as the tinkle of a crystal bell.

In a box near the stage sat Count Montalani, surrounded by several young nobles, all eager, excited, and enthusiastic in their admiration of the young singer.

"Come, Montalani, tell us about her," said one, in an easy, familiar tone. "It is whispered that you are the only man in Naples who can."

"Bah! Lindo, it is more than whispered, it is said aloud, that the divine *cantatrice* is a *protégée* of our friend," added another.

"Is it true? Come, tell us, count," demanded a third.

Montalani turned pale and bit his lips, as though deeply annoyed at the careless banter of his companions, but said at last, in a grave, deliberate voice, like one resolved to make the deepest possible impression, "You are thoroughly well informed, gentlemen. I *am* the only man who can tell you what you wish to know. The young singer you have just listened to is a *protégée* of mine, and therefore you will understand how you are to speak of her in my presence."

Before either of the young nobles could reply, the door of the box was opened and another gentleman entered—a tall, elegant-looking young man, with a serious, handsome face, and fine gray eyes that seemed to be vaguely seeking for some one.

Montalani looked up, and an expression that was like a spasm of pain passed over his face, and was gone before it was fairly noticed.

"Why, Lyndhurst," he cried, extending his hand, "where in Heaven's name did you come from?"

"From Brindisi. I arrived an hour ago."

"And how did you know where to find me?"

"I naturally thought you would be here," he replied, in a low voice and with a warm smile. "Oh, I know all about it: I saw the announcement of her intended *début* in the Neapolitan journal, and I resolved to be here; so I have travelled night and day—"

At that moment the curtain rose on the second act, and again the house was hushed into breathless silence as Sappho appeared, exquisitely lovely, but pale and trembling with emotion, to sing the passionate farewell between Violetta and Alfredo. When, at the height of her sublime sacrifice and sorrow, she rendered, with power and pathos impossible to describe, the touching injunction to her lover,

"Amami, Alfredo, quant' io t' amo, addio,"

with one accord the audience arose to their feet, and shouts of applause, deep and long, burst like a roll of thunder on the ears of the young singer, who stood flushing and paling, bewildered and almost terrified at the greatness of her triumph. As she glanced around, with something of the timid appealing look that Cosmo had seen in her face at Santa Lucia, her eyes fell on him, and she recognized him with a glance that went to his soul. In an instant she seemed transfigured; her pallor and timidity vanished, and she stood before her enrapt-

ured audience the proud, triumphant queen of song, radiant, exultant, gloriously happy. At that moment there seemed to be some magnetic power in her influence; shout after shout rent the air; from the royal box came *encore* after *encore;* jewels and flowers fell around her, until the stage was carpeted with their splendor. Again and again she came forward at the call of the delighted multitude and bowed her fair young head humbly and gratefully, and all the while a sweet, tender smile rested on her lips and beamed from the depths of her lovely eyes. She was in complete sympathy with her audience, and yet she saw but one face, heard but one voice in the great wave of sound that surged around her, and that was the face and voice of her benefactor, her idol, her hero, her lover. True to his promise, he was there to share her triumph, to bow with the multitude in adoration at her feet. Ah, what joy! what exquisite reward! There was nothing more to desire; the pain and the sorrow of the past were blotted out forever, and her happy soul soared on the wings of song to the very gate of heaven.

Such a complete triumph was never heard of in the history of any *débutante.* Mercadante smiled serenely at the congratulations heaped upon him; he had always known that one day she would astonish the world. The *direttore* was decorously elated, the musical world jubilant over the rising of a new star.

In a small stage-box, quite alone, sat a little old woman, plainly but neatly dressed, with a face of such dreadful pallor that all the life in it seemed to centre in a pair of intense black eyes, which never for an instant quit gazing at the face of the young singer. When the audience was silent, she too listened with breathless attention; when it broke into shouts of applause, joy and exultation lit up her livid face, and standing upright, forgetful of her age and infirmity, she joined frantically in the tumult of approbation. Often the young singer's eyes turned toward the old woman with loving recognition. It was her mother, whose early hopes, ambitions, and triumphs were revived in her child.

There was one moment of that memorable night when the enthusiasm of the multitude seemed to reach a climax, for never, in all the annals of song, could there be found any record when a *débutante* had called forth such continuous and overwhelming plaudits. There seemed to be something prophetic in the words of the song, "Addio! del passato," for Sappho, with her solemn eyes fixed full upon Cosmo, as he leaned forward pale and breathless, sang them as though she felt the shadow of her destiny upon her. Every word, every tone seemed to come from the depths of a sorrowing soul with heart-rending anguish and pathos. It was her farewell to love, to hope, to life, although she knew it not.

Suddenly, as the fresh young voice wailed out the sad plaint,

> "Gran Dio! Morir si giovane,
> Io, che penato ho tanto!
> Morir si presso a tergere
> Il mio si lungo pianto!"

another sound blended with it; shrill, wild, weird, it seemed to float in the air, far above the singer's head, like the mournful cry of a lost soul.

Bewildered and astonished, the audience looked around to see from whence proceeded the strange voice, when a shriek from Sappho directed in an instant every eye to the stage; they saw the young singer spring forward with a ghastly face and pale lips toward the box where her mother had fallen cold and still. Amidst the wildest confusion the curtain fell on a death scene, but not the death scene of Violetta. It was the soul of Sappho's unhappy mother that went forth on that last wild strain of melody.

The next day Sappho sat alone in her little apartment where she had passed three happy years. She was very pale, and her eyes were swollen and heavy with weeping, but now she was calm and resigned, and as she looked at the peaceful face of her mother, and thought of her wretched life, she could almost thank God that at last He had given her eternal rest. She had wept the night away; sorrow had trodden close upon the heels of joy. For an hour, exultation, happiness, triumph; then death, darkness, and tears. Was that night to be the emblem of her life? One moment of perfect joy to be followed by slow hours of anguish? No, there was yet hope in her heart; in losing her mother's love, she had not lost all. Cosmo was near her, and when the morning came, it would bring him to weep with her. He had said three years before, "I will be with you in the moment of your triumph," and he had kept his promise. Would he not, then, also be with her in the moment of her sorrow? It was long after noon, and yet he had not come. Patiently she sat there waiting, hoping, longing for his presence. At last a knock at the door startled her amid the stillness of the chamber of death. "It is he," she said, pressing her hand to her heart to check its tumultuous beating. But no, it was Count Montalani who entered, pale and troubled.

Sappho took his extended hand without a word, but her eyes were full of eager inquiry.

"I would have come sooner," said her visitor, in the gentlest tone, "but I thought you would need rest after the terrible excitement of last night. Now, tell me, how can I serve you?"

She did not reply to his question, but

looking at him anxiously, she said, "Why did he not come? Where is he?"

"Ah! you saw him, then, in my box?"

"Yes, I saw him. Where is he now?" again demanded Sappho, sinking into a chair, pale and trembling. "Why is he not catastrophe. He is hurrying to England to marry his cousin."

"Great God! can this be true? Count Montalani, you can not deceive me in this moment, here by the side of my dead mother. Oh, tell me you are not deceiving me!"



"TURNING AWAY, SHE KNELT BY HER DEAD MOTHER'S SIDE."

here? Why has he left me so long to weep alone?"

"He only remained an hour in passing on his way from Brindisi."

"Only remained an hour? What! you do not mean to tell me that he has left Naples without seeing me?"

"Yes, he left last night, just before the

"Why should I deceive you? My friend has left Naples, and is now on his way to England to marry his cousin."

"And he left no message for me?"

"He wished me to present to you his congratulations and best wishes," said Montalani, looking down.

Paler than the dead before her, with part-

ed lips and staring eyes, Sappho sat looking into the troubled face of her companion, bewildered and speechless from the agony of the moment. At last a large tear forced its way from each eye and rolled slowly down her white cheeks. It was the only tribute of weeping that she ever gave to her dead heart, for her profound sorrow found no relief in nature's best cure.

Montalani looked at her, ill at ease; he knew not how to offer consolation to such mute anguish. At last he went to her side and softly took one cold hand in his. She withdrew it from his clasp firmly but gently, and turning away, she knelt by her dead mother's side and laid her face against her pillow. Trembling with the emotion he could not control, he knelt beside her and said, tenderly, "I am here, Sappho. Can not I comfort you? Do not turn to the dead, when my warm, living heart beats only for you. In the hour of your desertion and sorrow, why will you not let me console you with my tenderness? How can you be insensible to my devotion? He has deceived you; I am true. Reward me with your love."

Springing to her feet, she stood before him with flaming eyes and sternly compressed lips. "Go!" she said, in a voice of scorn; "you intrude upon my grief. I love you not. I never have loved you; I never shall. I love only the one who has deserted me—the one who once gave me hope and life, and who now gives me despair and death. Your professions are ill-timed and sacrilegious. Respect my sorrow, and leave me alone with my dead."

There was something in her words, in her voice, that he could not resist. Silent and awe-stricken, he turned and left the chamber, where the young girl stood like a statue of sorrow over the dead body of her mother.

If there is one spot more lovely than another about the bay of Naples, it is the island of Capri. Nature seems to have united grandeur and boldness of outline with scenes of quiet beauty and pastoral peace. Art, poetry, and romance linger lovingly around a spot fair enough to have been their birthplace, and even historians and antiquarians can reap a rich harvest among the ruins of a Cæsar's magnificent palaces that crumble in the valleys or crown the summits of the lofty hills. Near the Tregara, one of the most romantic spots on the island, in a little garden of orange, fig, and olive trees, stood a small cottage, with a deep *loggia* entirely covered by grape-vines, climbing roses, and myrtle. An old servant, in the picturesque costume of the place, usually sat on the stone steps knitting, while a young woman of remarkable beauty was often seen under the clustering vines of the *loggia*. Sometimes she read, but more frequently, silent and dreamy, sat looking out on the sea or sky with mournful eyes that seemed to have wept themselves dry of tears. The peasants, on account of her extreme pallor and the white dress she always wore, called her *La donna bianca*, and as they passed the cottage all bowed reverently, for they had a sort of superstitious awe of the lovely stranger. A year before, she had come to the island so weak and ill that she was unable to walk, and had been carried in a chair from the *marina* by two stout men. With her came a rumor that she was a famous Russian singer who had lost her voice after a fever brought on by the sudden death of her mother in the San Carlo on the night she had received an ovation from the public. This romantic story was enough to excite the sympathy and interest of the kind-hearted peasants, who treated her with the greatest reverence, often bringing her offerings of the fruits and flowers that grow so abundantly on the island. But the only one who had succeeded in penetrating her seclusion was a young Italian officer named Roberto, in command of the regiment quartered at the *certosa*. He was a handsome, gentle youth, with the soft dark eyes and fine features of the south of Italy, in which the Greek type so largely predominates. He had become interested in the lovely recluse by his occasional glimpses of her as he passed the little cottage day by day on his way to the village. At last fortune favored him with an opportunity of rendering her a slight service, when one day she had wandered down to the shore alone, and had lost her path among the rocks. Seeing her standing far above him on a point that presented no possible footing to enable her to continue her route, he climbed up to her, and taking her by the hand, led her safely to a path that had not been visible to her, and in this way terminated her difficulty. This little adventure ended in a friendship between them, which, with Roberto, soon ripened into a passionate love that he had never dared to express to the object of his adoration, for her deep sorrow chilled his ardor, and kept it within the bounds of a sort of brotherly affection.

One evening they sat together on the *loggia*. They were alone, the servant having gone into the town, and both were silent. Sappho seemed to be listening to the bugle-call that floated up from the *certosa* on the shore far below, while her eyes were fixed on the distant sea painted with golden tints flung from the rays of the setting sun, and overshot by the silver light of the rising moon that just lifted her white shield above the edge of the horizon. A nightingale in the orange-trees poured out a clear liquid strain of song, and Sappho covered her face and sighed heavily.

"Why do you sigh?" asked Roberto, anxiously.

"Happy bird! it can sing."

"And you will one day sing again."

"Never. There is no more music in my soul. How, then, can it find utterance through my lips?"

"When you are well and strong your voice will return. You are young, and so lovely. Why will you despair?"

"Because hope is dead, and I can not survive its loss."

"Tell me, my friend, why hope should be dead to one who has youth, beauty, and genius. What terrible calamity has blighted your life? Surely it is a greater grief than the loss of your mother, than your own illness."

"Yes, Roberto, you are right. It is a greater sorrow than those. One outlives the loss of friends, one recovers from physical malady, but who survives the death of the heart? What will cure the sickness of the soul? My friend, I will tell you the secret of my sorrow." And turning her eyes away from the troubled face of her companion, she told him of her love, its birth, its death. "For three years I worshiped him. I lived but for him; I was ambitious but for him. Ah! he was so good! He raised me from the depth of poverty and despair; he saved me from misery; and my heart and life were as nothing to give him in return. He was my world, and when I lost him I lost all. Now there remains nothing but death."

"He is unworthy your regrets; he deserted you cruelly. Why mourn for him?"

"Do not say he was unworthy. He did all a noble soul could do. For three long years he cared for us both, my poor mother and me. He gave us every comfort. I owe all I am to him, and I may be ungrateful if I say he deserted me. It is true he told me he loved me, and that I was to live for him; but he never spoke of marriage. Ah me! how could I expect him to ally himself to one so far beneath him? But I had my dreams, my hopes, and I loved him. Now all is over; he loves another, and there is no future for me."

"Live for ambition—live for fame."

"Alas, Roberto, I shall never sing again. Some chord is broken within me that can never be united."

"But if he should return and love you as before?"

"If he should return!" A new light came into her eyes, and a hot flush burned on her cheek. "Ah, if he should return, I should live again. Roberto, I sometimes feel that there is such a hope deep down in my heart that keeps life within me; and I sometimes indulge in the folly of thinking that perhaps even now he is not married; that there has been some mistake; that he still loves me, and will return again."

"But there can be no mistake. Count Montalani surely knew when he told you."

"Yes, he was his friend; he must have told him of his intention. Ah!"—with a despairing sigh—"there is no hope, no hope."

"Still you cling to his memory, while he does not love you, and disregard others who worship you. Oh, if you would but listen to me!" cried the young man, emboldened by her confidence. "I love you, I adore you. It is true, I have neither rank nor wealth to offer you, but I have a true heart that would live and die for you."

"Oh, Roberto! my friend, my brother, I pray that you will not speak of love again to me. It is cruel; it is useless. Do you believe that your affection can call my dead heart from its grave? I tell you there is no resurrection for a dead heart."

"Pardon me if I have distressed you. I will speak no more of this. Only let me remain your friend, that I may serve you when you need me."

"Ah! there is little that any one can do for me. Only God can cure with death the sick soul that is weary of life."

"But is there nothing I can do? Are you quite sure there is nothing you need?" he asked, anxiously. "I am not rich, but I have something. Let me share what I have with you."

"Ah, Roberto, you are good and generous. I thank you with all my heart, but I need nothing that money can give me; my wants are few, and I have enough. During the time that he made me independent I saved a little sum, and, besides, the managers insisted upon my accepting all the receipts of that night—that night which was to have been but the beginning of my musical career, the first step to fortune and fame. It promised wonderful things, but how sadly it has all ended for me! Oh, if you only knew how I long for the last hour! how weary I am of waiting! But patience! Some still morning or some holy night God will have pity on me and call me to rest and peace; and then it will be as though I had never existed, for there will be no one ever to remember me."

"You will never be forgotten by me. You will live in my heart until it ceases to beat," said Roberto, as he turned away sadly and tearfully, leaving Sappho alone in the shadow of the clustering roses. For a long time she sat there in deep thought, reviewing, as she too often did, the brief but blissful moments that she had passed with Cosmo. On the *marina*, far below her, she heard gay voices, laughter, and singing. In a neighboring villa some one was playing on a piano a dreamy nocturne, and the soft sweet notes blended harmoniously with the night bird's song. On a distant *loggia* a party of peasants were dancing the Tarantella, and the click of the castanets and whir of the tambourine mingled with the drowsy monotone of the fisherman, as he floated his

net close under the shadow of the cliffs. The moon was at her full, and flooding the distant hills with her pensive light. Sappho looked away toward the heights where lay silence and repose, and an irresistible desire to get above the world and its wearying murmur seized her. In the valley were laughter, life, and joy; above on the hills, amid the ruins of a glory long past, in the shadow of death and decay, brooded silence and peace, and perhaps oblivion to all sorrow. Even at that late hour and alone she felt an unaccountable attraction toward the solitary heights. Passing swiftly through the gate of her little garden, she hurried along the olive-bordered path that leads to the Villa Jovis; on and on she hastened, the world always below her and heaven and rest nearer and nearer. At last she reached the highest point of the mountain, and stood on the Salto, looking with strange wistfulness into the placid depths hundreds of feet beneath her. Alone and far above humanity, a strange exaltation filled her soul, and found utterance through her trembling lips. Almost unconsciously she sang to the night, the wind, and the sea the last passionate words of Violetta to Alfredo:

"O il crudo termine
Serbato al nostro amor!"



"ALMOST UNCONSCIOUSLY SHE SANG TO THE NIGHT."

Before her sweet tremulous notes had died on the night air a man sprang from the shadow of the ruins, and stood before her, pale and trembling, like one smitten with palsy. "My God! it is she!" he cried, in tones of mingled rage and pain. "I should hear and know her voice if my ears were dull in death."

In an instant she recognized him, and with a cry of delight sprang toward him, her face radiant with joy, her eager hands outstretched to clasp his.

But he drew coldly back, saying, in a severely restrained voice, "Sappho, why are you here at this lonely hour?"

The tone of his voice and the severity of his manner alarmed and bewildered her; she could not reply to his question; her trembling limbs gave way beneath her, and half fainting, she sank on the ground at his feet.

Raising her with a strong, passionate clasp, he held her in his arms for a moment, and then put her away resolutely, saying, "This is too much. What evil genius sent you here?"

"Oh, Cosmo," she moaned, "is it evil that we meet again?"

"To me, yes. I hoped never to see your face again on earth."

"My God! what have I done that you, who loved me once, should hate me now?"

Cosmo stood before her in the clear moonlight, calm and stern, with folded arms and severe face. "What have you done? Yes, what have you done? You know too well. Ah! what cruelty to one who loved and trusted you so. But you have suffered as well as I. Your face shows that you at least have felt some remorse and sorrow for ruining my life, my trust, my faith in every thing."

"Oh, Cosmo, I do not understand you. Speak plainly, I entreat you. What have I done? Of what do you accuse me? As God hears me, I know not what you mean." And as she spoke, she clasped her hands and looked imploringly into the stern, rigid face.

"Ah! you have beauty and talent, you are a famous singer and a clever actress, but you can not deceive me again. I believed you once. In the goodness of my heart I trusted you, and you were basely false," he replied, bitterly and proudly.

"Ah! I understand at last," she said, piteously; "you no longer love me, and you would accuse me of falsehood. It is not I who have deceived you, but you who have deceived me, or there is some terrible mistake, some terrible wrong."

A sudden doubt, a strange suspicion, flashed for a moment through Cosmo's troubled heart as he looked at her standing before him in the clear light of the moon outlined against the blue-black sky, her white dress falling in pure folds around her, her pale, passionless face lifted to his, her serene, mournful eyes looking into his soul, her thin hands clasped over her heart in patient resignation. Ah, she looked more a saint than a sinner, and the young man's voice softened as he said, "I wish to God I could believe you as innocent as you appear to be. But there can be no mistake, no wrong, only to me; your own weak, false heart ruined us both."

For an instant her clasped hands tightened their grasp, and her lips quivered with a spasm of pain, but only for an instant; then she regained her calmness and courage. She felt that all her future life, and death itself, hung on her words. In a few sentences, with no proof but her innocent soul, she must convince him of the wrong he had done her, and restore his trust and faith. "Listen to me," she said, "and listen well. As God hears me, I have never deceived you in thought or deed. I made you a solemn promise when we parted, and I kept it sacredly. For three years I lived for my religion, my love, and my art. I studied day and night to win your praise, and yours alone. The world was nothing to me, only that through it I could reach you. I conquered every difficulty with patience and courage, and at last came my hour of triumph and exultation, and it was when you smiled on me again. In all the vast sea of faces turned toward me I saw but yours, and all the mighty applause that greeted me blended in but one voice, and that voice yours. I never doubted you. I knew you would be there. I sang for you. I felt your presence even before my eyes saw you, and Heaven had no greater happiness to give me. Then came the terrible catastrophe that ended for me so suddenly. Alone by my dead mother I waited for you. I needed you then, and I was as sure of your sympathy in my sorrow as in my joy. Ah, I trusted you until the last, until the moment when your friend Count Montalani told me that in the first hour of my bereavement you had left Naples without a word to me. I had waited for three years. You had come, true to your promise; you had listened to the voice that sang only for you; you had smiled on me from your box; you had joined in the applause of the multitude; you had seen me fall senseless by the side of my dead mother, and yet you left me alone in my sorrow."

"Great God!"

"Hush! do not interrupt me. I have but a few more words, and my brief history is finished. When Count Montalani told me that you had gone to England to marry your cousin, my reason gave way, and for weeks I lay near to death; but I recovered, and was brought here for change of air, and here I have lived for a year alone with my sorrow. That is all I have to tell you. How, then, have I deceived you?"

"Oh, Sappho! oh, my poor wronged love! I believe you. Your simple words carry conviction with them. We have both been cruelly deceived, and I by my friend, the man whom I trusted as a brother. My God! it is too dreadful." For a moment Cosmo's reason seemed to waver; he pressed his hands to his forehead and groaned like one in mortal pain. "Ah! I remember all now—weak, credulous fool that I was—I remember his pallor, his agitation, his surprise,

when I came so unexpectedly into his box on that night. But he shall suffer; our ruined lives shall be avenged. How confident, how trusting, how happy, I returned to you! and he with one word ruined the fair structure I had built. I was eager to go to you after the second act; I arose to leave his box. We were alone, his friends having left us together. 'Wait one moment, Cosmo,' he said, in gentle, pitiful tones; 'I have something to tell you, and perhaps you had better hear it before you go to her.' Then, with lying lips, he told me that you had been false to me; that for a year you had been the mistress of a former friend of his—a rich young noble; and that during that time you had refused the money I had placed at your disposal, and would accept no further aid from me. And I—rash, credulous fool!—I believed him. Maddened with my pain and disappointment, I did not wait to see you, but rushed away at the very moment when you fell senseless on the stage. In an hour I had left Naples, my heart bursting with rage against you and all the world. I loved you then, and, O my God! I love you still."

"Thank Heaven for these words!" cried Sappho, springing forward and clasping his neck—"oh, thank Heaven, it is not too late! You believe me, you trust me again, you are returned, you will cure my sick heart, and all will yet be well. Dear God! am I not happy now?"

"Poor Sappho! poor child!" said Cosmo, and loosened her clinging hands from his neck with infinite pity and tenderness. "It is too late; we can not be happy. It is too late; I must leave you now, and leave you forever."

A low wail, like the cry of a wounded bird, rang out on the night air.

"It is true. I am married, although when I left Naples I had not thought of such a possibility; I went to England, and in my disappointment and despair I united myself to my cousin. She loved me, and we had been destined by our parents for each other from our childhood. On account of my mother's delicate health, her physicians ordered her to the south of Italy, and we came here only to-day. Ah! how little I thought to meet you here! In his last letter that base villain told me that you had gone to Russia with your lover. I never thought to see you again. Oh, Sappho, I loved you once, and, God forgive me, I love you still! I am not one of those who take away what they have once given. But I must leave you now forever. A cruel destiny parts us. We must obey. Farewell until we meet in eternity!"

At that moment sounds of advancing footsteps and a murmur of conversation broke the silence around them.

"Cosmo! Cosmo! where are you?" cried a happy young English voice.

"It is my wife. They are searching for me. I left them a few moments ago at the foot of the hill. I can not meet them now. O my God! help us both. Sappho, farewell!" and with one long, last embrace he tore himself from her clinging arms, and rushing away, in an instant was lost to sight among the shadows of the ruined palace of Tiberius.

Close to the brink of the frightful precipice Sappho stood for a moment, her hands and eyes raised to heaven, her lips parted in a low, despairing wail, then there was a flutter of white drapery, a gleam of golden hair against the blue sky, and then, far, far below, there was a sound of parting water, a splash, a shiver in the air, and then an awful silence.

Roberto, walking peacefully from the village near midnight, passed Sappho's cottage, wrapped in slumber and shadow, and instead of following the way she had taken toward the heights, he continued the winding route that led to the shore. The night was beautiful, and he felt no desire to sleep; so he seated himself on a rock where the incoming waves murmured softly at his feet, and fell to thinking of Sappho. A woman's voice, sweet and mournful, on the hills above him, sang a strain from *La Traviata:*

> "Alfredo, O il crudo termine
> Serbato al nostro amor!"

And he, taking up the refrain, replied:

> "Oh, mio sospiro, oh, palpito
> Diletto del cor mio!"

Again and again he listened, but no sound of song or singer broke the sweet silence around him. How long he sat dreaming in the enchanted night he never knew; but at last he was startled from his reverie by a low wail that seemed to fill the air above him, piercing his heart with a sudden pain. He looked around wildly, but seeing nothing, he thought it was the plaintive cry of a night bird. In a few moments he arose and continued his route to the *certosa.* In the shadow of a rock, where the moon's beams did not penetrate, a gleam of white caught his eye, and leaning forward, he saw the form of a woman softly cradled on the gently undulating wave, her golden hair falling away from a brow of exquisite purity, her hands clasped over her breast, and a smile of peace and sweetness on her parted lips. Borne toward him on the bosom of the next wave, the moonlight fell on her dead face, and with a cry of horror he recognized the woman he loved so dearly.

"Sappho! Sappho!" he moaned, as the friendly water gave her to his arms. "In life thou wouldst not come to my embrace, but in death thou art more kind."

At early dawn some fishermen creeping along the shore found the young officer kneeling on the sand, drenched, pallid, and wild-eyed, muttering unintelligible sen-

tences to the deaf ear of the dead girl he held closely pressed to his heart.

In the Campo Santo, on the highest point of the Castiglione, under the shadow of the old fortress, one can see to-day a small marble cross covered with convolvulus and myrtle, and inscribed with the name of

"SAPPHO."

There was a terrible excitement one morning in Naples. Some peasants crossing a deserted space at the foot of Vesuvius found the dead body of a young man pierced through the heart by a blow from a dagger that lay near him, while in his stiffened hand he held tightly grasped another weapon exactly like the one that had done its murderous work. There had evidently been a duel—a secret and most fatal duel—for the combatants must have come alone and on foot to the spot, as there was not the slightest sign of carriage wheels in the soft soil around them, and though their own foot tracks could be plainly traced from the highway, there were none to be discovered of either seconds or surgeons. Profound mystery enveloped the tragedy, and no clew could be found to the terrible opponent even after the body was recognized as that of Count Montalani, one of the wealthiest and most elegant of the young Neapolitan nobles. In the mind of the public there was not the slightest connection between the tragic death of Sappho on the island of Capri and the tragic death of Montalani in the deserted plain at the base of Vesuvius; for so fickle a mistress is the world that the very existence of the young singer had been forgotten months before. But one heart remembered her, mourned for her, and avenged her.

MIKE.

MIKE lived in Flynn's Court. There are plenty of just such courts in every large city, running away from wider streets as if afraid, narrow by nature first, and rendered more so by heaps of unexplored deposit afterward. Mike lived in a house with ninety-seven other souls, all packed uncomfortably close together, of many nationalities and scolding tongues. He was nine years old, and not a very good boy for his age. In the summer he wore a pair of trousers that were always too long—though by pulling them up to his armpits he did his best for them—and a jacket that made up for their excess by a corresponding deficiency. He wore no hat most of the time when he sat in the court hurling his whole vocabulary of slang and impertinence at boys up in the windows opposite, but there were days when he submitted to the conventionality of a straw ruin, whose brim hung low on his slim young shoulders. He was not a handsome boy at all, with the sole exception of his thick-curling hair, which had never been short within the memory of any one during the six years that he had been well known in his neighborhood. His nose turned up, and was sprinkled over with freckles on a foundation of tan; his mouth seemed loosely formed, as if not yet decided on its shape for life; and his eyes, light blue and wide apart, winked, glanced, blinked, leered, and stared in ever and surprising rapidity. He used to stand and dance a clog by himself, the brim of his hat flapping with each leap, his bare dirty feet moving quickly to the whistling of the undecided mouth, hands in pockets, eyes winking, trousers fluttering about his ankles, all alone with the rubbish heaps and the court mud, the sun, the dingy houses, one pet cat, and his own idle, ill-regulated thoughts.

Mike had a father, who worked with a pickaxe on city jobs during the day, and went to meetings of Fenian Brotherhoods, Wolf Tone Circles, and the like, at night. He was interested in the freedom of Ireland, theoretically speaking, and his family saw little of him. Perhaps, illiterate man though he was, he differed not greatly from those who go to clubs of a better sort, with projects more refined, who would never recognize any thing in themselves akin to Mr. O'Toole following blindly, impractically, that Irish chimera, that will-o'-the-wisp of her uneducated sons. Mike's mother took in washing when she could get it, and went out by the day when she could not. Coarse of skin, luxuriant and unkempt of hair, untidy of dress, she worked hard when she did work, but it hardly sufficed for her many children and her occasional allowance of liquor, her only recreation. Do not call her "as bad as a thief or a criminal:" we have finer tastes than hers, thanks to education, and can not easily put ourselves in her place.

Mike's older brothers and sisters idled, or worked by the day in different employments, generally coming home at night, and Mike, like them at his age, ran wild. He went to school, but his teacher sent him home every day to have his clothes mended and his hair brushed; but as he never could find the comb, he did not go back that day. Finally he went back no more; and at twelves in the multiplication table, while still vague about the map of South America, and wandering in the mazes of articles and pronouns, Mike's education stopped.

He was not particularly popular, but his social instincts were so strong that he would rather be with a cat or a dog or a very small boy than be alone. He sometimes played for one morning with some little boy with broad collar and bright buttons and clean hands; but Mike noticed that he never could get the same one twice: he had had orders not to cross the street next time.

Once a little girl with curls and long ribbons on her hat asked him to come and play under her steps. Mike was not diffident, and went readily.

"What makes you have your hair so short in front?" asked Mike, after sitting down comfortably.

"Oh, because," she replied, pleasantly.

"Comb it yourself?" was the next question.

"No," replied the little girl.

"Is your comb always round?"

"Mamma combs my hair," she answered; "don't yours?"

"No," replied Mike, slowly; "nobody does."



"NOT A VERY GOOD BOY."

"Don't your mamma brush yours when people dine with you?"

"Wot's *dine?*"

"Why, eat, of course."

"No, you don't," exclaimed Mike; "that don't go down. Don't you try that on me."

Just here a strong hand lifted Mike by the jacket collar, and hurled him into the street like a kitten. "Get out of here, you dirty little wretch, you!" from the servant's disgusted lungs, came after him. Then Mike turned and screamed out his whole list of imprecations, slang, and abuse at the door slammed in his undesirable face.

Once he taught a nice boy his entire stock of street slang, with its newest additions, and he never saw that boy again but once, and then the nice little boy ran as if Mike were the small-pox. Constant receptions of this kind made him lose some of his native independence with nice children. He grew to dread servants, to expect snubs, to accept coolness as his due, to be left alone, to be passed with no "hallo" of recognition to his own signal.

So he used to hang on the outskirts of a society of little ladies and gentlemen who drew aside their dress as they passed him with the cool stare of experience. He chased cats in the court sometimes; he hung on passing buggies till whipped off, climbed upon ice teams, took an interest in hacks standing for weddings or funerals, threw rotten fruit at the guardians of the peace and dodged, snow-balled every body, and smoked the ends of cigars. He never had any skates in winter nor ball in summer. He fished off the wharf sometimes, but seldom caught any thing. He grew accomplished in whistling tunes of the "Mulligan Guards" type.

Some one put him into a mission Sunday-school once, but he had to sit still and think, and he was not used to it, so did not go again. He was always ragged, and often hungry, and he mostly ate his bread and molasses in the street, when it was not too cold, for the sake of company. He did not have much of what we call *character;* he

was not original; he did not have indefatigable perseverance, or any thing of the kind; but then he was only nine years old.

He used to look into the windows of the periodical stores, and read the titles of the dime novels with delight; he reveled in the wood-prints of *One Eye, the Scourge,* and stood long before the fascinating pictures descriptive of *Snarleyow, the Dog-Fiend.* And so looking and dreaming in his own way, he decided that a trapper's life was the life for him. He had small conceptions of distance, and thought some hunting grounds might be found near the terminus of the horse-railway; so he made preparations for the work. One five-cent loaf, a jackknife with two blades, one piece of clothes-line, five feet long, for capturing deer, buffalo, or any thing of that sort, and six cents, comprised his outfit. He knew trappers had a tent usually, and a slouched hat and black mustache; but not being able to manage either, reluctantly left them out. One chilly, gray day, late in November, he wrapped up his possessions, confided his secret to the latest nice boy he knew, who recoiled with horror, and then, his father and mother being out, and his elder brothers and sisters scattered or quarreling, Mike set out on his travels. He took a car, and, by dextrous jumping off and on, managed to save his fare; and when the horses were unloosed at the end of the route, he ran. There were too many houses about there, but he saw trees in the distance, and went toward them. The street was long, but at last, by climbing up high on the rocks above the road, he found the trees. A rough country it was, Mike thought, and it was growing cold, but he walked on. It was lonesome too, and Mike wished he had brought his next younger brother, but it was too late now. It began to snow, and soon snowed hard. Mike looked round him, a little frightened. He fell, too, once or twice, for the rocks were steep and slippery. "I wonder where the deer are?" thought he. He had heard that a whistle would call them, so tried "Captain Jinks" and the "Mulligan Guards," but both failed of their object, and it was growing rapidly dark. Just then a canary, bewildered and evidently hurt, hopped close to him, then flew a little. Mike gave chase. Loaf under his arm, rope in hand, he ran farther and farther. The bird, though evidently weak, went faster than he. It was dark. He lost sight of it, saw it just ahead, dashed forward, and fell.

They did not find him for several days. The snow had fallen very thick for that time of the year, and it was bitterly cold. On the fourth day a party of gentlemen, walking out after dinner from the great house on whose grounds Mike had gone hunting, with cigars and light talk, came suddenly upon something half buried in the snow, amid bushes and stones, with high bare shrubs and trees above it—something lying so still that, though they hushed their tones, the loudest laugh would not wake it. The gentlemen lifted the childish figure in the ragged jacket and long trousers extended at the foot of the steep rock, and the dead canary near him. Such an unfinished little life to end so soon! Such an ignorant child to have gone so far on the long journey!

His parents mourned and buried him after their fashion; and that was all, except that one of the gentlemen, who was an artist, being struck with something picturesque in the circumstances, painted the picture as he saw it, and people praised it, as an expression of a phase of human life, very much. Finally a lady bought it, and it is seen by those who know mostly of lives like this through art, and they feel its pathos; often their voices tremble as they turn away.

The picture shows them a high rough rock and leafless shrubs, and at their base, half hidden under a large stone which has fallen upon him, a little boy with long heavy hair lies stretched, the rope and bread close beside him, and near by a dead canary. The artist calls his picture "Death."

There may be shown to Mike some grand meaning in his little worthless life here when he has grown to be a man, and looks back upon it from the great far country.



THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.



HOT SPRINGS CREEK NEAR THE ARLINGTON HOUSE.

THE now famous hot springs of Arkansas, like most of those of any value on this continent, were known and used by the Indians for centuries before the European advent. It was their tales of the wonderful rejuvenating and healing powers of these "waters of life," as they poetically called them, which, reaching the ears of the still valiant though aged discoverer, Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, after his removal from the governorship of Porto Rico, led him on his unsuccessful search for these springs, which resulted in the discovery, on that memorable Easter-Sunday, of the fair land of Florida. Thirty years later, in 1542, the noble Adelantado Ferdinand de Soto, while on his last, ill-fated expedition in search of that jack-o'-lantern of Spanish and Portuguese explorers, a new El Dorado, passed by the springs, and wintered on the banks of the neighboring Ouachita River.

These hot waters spring from the western slope of one of the foot-hills of the great Ozark Mountain range, and are situated in Garland County, about fifty miles to the southwest of Little Rock, the State capital.

Whether the would-be visitor to the hot springs arrives from the north, south, east, or west, he must, in the ordinary course of travel, pass through Malvern. As up to this point the general conditions of railroad travel as observable throughout the country have been kept up, and as, after leaving it, every thing will be found to bear a nearer relation to the hot springs, a description of the springs properly begins with the journey from Malvern, a station on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Great Southern Railroad. From Malvern the Hot Springs Narrow-gauge Railroad runs to the springs, twenty-five miles distant. But a few years ago the journey was made to the springs from Little Rock, fifty-five miles distant, by stage-coach. The railway was then extended through to Texas, and the hot springs brought thirty miles nearer to civilization, the stage-coach then running from Malvern to the springs over a rocky, hilly road.

The narrow-gauge road from Malvern to the springs was built by Colonel Joseph Reynolds, of Chicago, otherwise familiarly known as "Diamond Joe," who, having himself on an invalid journey suffered in the much-jolting coach, resolved that others should not suffer as he had done.

The diminutive little train pulls itself together, and away we go, dashing around a curve along the well-built road-bed, now up a steep grade and down another, now on the level, puffing through thick forests and long stretches of country covered with the growth of the majestic Southern pines, forming a canopy over the sweet, clean nature carpet spread by their fallen needles over the swelling land. At one point the track runs for a little way along the banks of the beautiful Ouachita River, seen just at sun-



THE "AVENUE," FROM NORTH MOUNTAIN.

rise. Running away from the stream, the Cove Creek station is passed, and a glimpse is had of the, among scientists, world-renowned Magnet Cove region, rich in its mineralogical treasures. Lawrence, the station near the sulphur springs, is the next stopping-place. The road now runs north to the Hot Springs dépôt, about five minutes' drive from the town. Here the scene is one of unparalleled confusion. Having successfully passed through the perspiring, shouting, excited crowds of hotel, boarding-house, and doctors' runners, hackmen, and porters, the traveller reaches his stopping-place by hotel 'bus, carriage, or by the democratic street cars.

At the foot of the mountain, rising 1060 feet below tide-water at the Gulf, on whose sides the springs gush forth, lies the town of Hot Springs, following the windings of the narrow rocky valley of the Hot Springs Creek. It consists of one long, irregular street called Valley Street, which crosses and recrosses the little stream. The valley of the latter runs almost due north and south, the Hot Springs Mountain rising to the east, and more thickly wooded hills to the north and west. At one part the picturesque little valley is so narrow that the street takes up most of the level, the houses on one side being built over the creek and almost into the mountain-side, which in many places has been cut into and blasted away to make room for the buildings and other improvements. The town broadens out considerably on the more level country at the south, toward the Ouachita River, and at the other end the houses are scattered for some little distance up the valleys of the two streams, which, joining at the northern end of the town, together with the waters from the mountain-side, form the Hot Springs Creek. This stream, after passing over its rocky bed in the valley, flows due south for some six miles to where it joins the historic Ouachita.

There are some fifty-six springs in all, said by some to be one spring with this number of outlets, ranging in temperature from 93° to as high as 148°, and situated at different elevations on the Hot Springs Mountain, and in the valley of the creek below, the highest issuing 180 feet above the Hot Springs Creek, and all rising within a space of 1200 feet long by 200 wide.

The majority of the springs are situated well up on the mountain-side, a few are distributed along the base, while others rise on the banks of the creek, and one springs from the bottom. The hot waters rise to the surface through a formation of milk-white novaculite rock, on top of which they have deposited a layer of calcareous tufa, in some places of very considerable thickness. They are supposed to derive their high temperature directly from the interior heat of the earth, either by passing over and through heated rock formations, or by thorough permeation with heated gases and vapors, rising far below from the molten subterrene.

The springs rising on the mountain are those used for bathing purposes, and are mostly covered over to prevent any pollution at the fountain-head, as well as to preserve as much as possible all the properties of the water until it is brought into use. The waters are carried by a system of wooden pipes to the tanks above the different bath-houses. They are still so hot on reach-

ing the bathing-tubs that cold water has to be added. Together these springs discharge some 344 gallons per minute, or nearly 500,000 gallons of hot water daily, having an average temperature of 136° Fahrenheit—certainly plentiful and hot enough for any number of invalids.

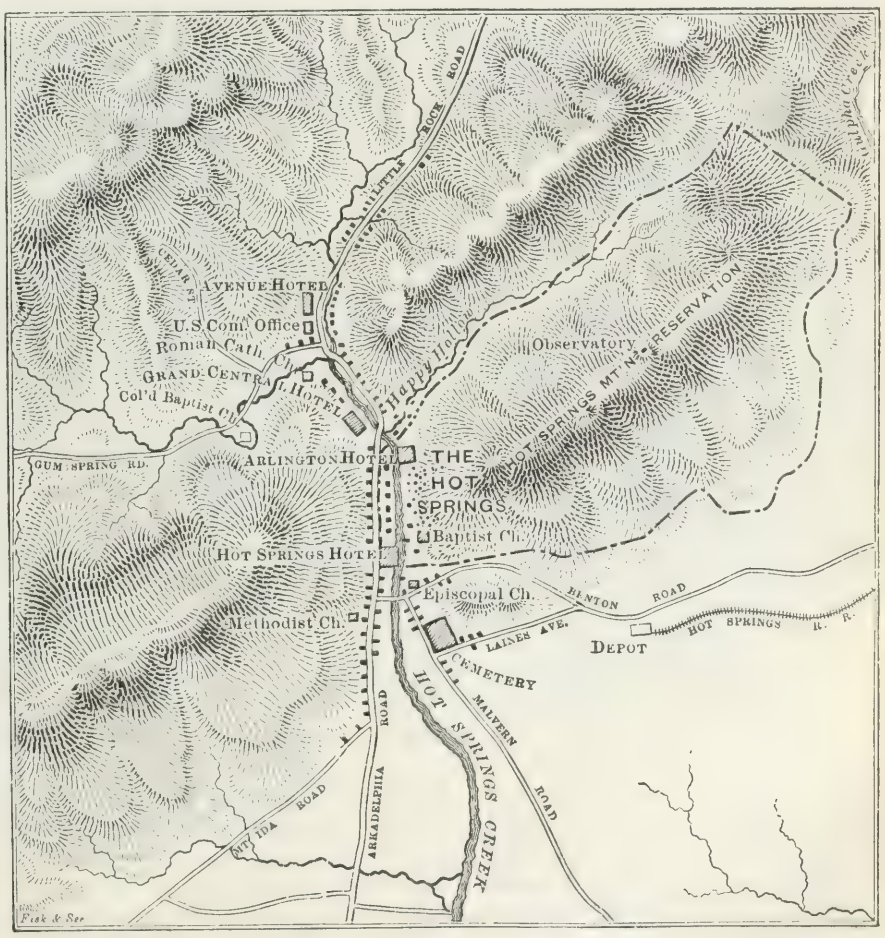
Hot vapor rises continually from the limpid waters, while carbonic acid gas bubbles to the surface. In the colder months the vapor, becoming visible, rises in such clouds that it looks like a fog hanging over the mountain-side. Day by day the springs are depositing the tufa, which forms incrusted basins for the clear sparkling waters. This is also found as a coating on the pipes and troughs, in the receiving tanks, and, in fact, wherever the waters pass. At the base of the mountain the ridge formed by the tufa hangs over the hot waters of the creek.

The diseases notably benefited, and in many cases cured, by the use of the waters of the Arkansas Bethesda are those of the skin and blood, nervous affections, rheumatism and kindred diseases, and the various diseases of women. In the case of acute and inflammatory diseases, especially those of the heart, lungs, and brain, the use of the waters is injurious, and in many cases very dangerous.

The treatment is by drinking and bathing in the waters and in their steam, producing in each case a profuse perspiration, which is an active agent in the elimination of the disease by natural channels. The advice of a physician who has well studied the effect of the waters on the system is necessary during their use, as they, if rashly used, are as powerful in breaking down the constitution as they are in building it up. In many cases the system has to be prepared for the treatment by a course of medicine.

The hot baths are usually taken once a day for three weeks, when a rest is necessary, the patient probably spending a week at the neighboring sulphur springs, near the Ouachita River. A second three weeks' course is then taken, followed again by an abstinence of some days from bathing. The duration of the treatment depends, of course, upon the nature of the complaint and its degree of severity. The usual stay at the springs is from one to three months, but many invalids stay a year and longer, and, in fact, some settle there. A large number of the permanent inhabitants, pursuing various avocations, came originally to the springs for treatment, and, being benefited, concluded to settle.

The springs rising on the banks of the little creek are those used for drinking purposes, and a group of visitors generally surrounds each spring, drinking the water out of their tin cups or filling the equally inevitable tin coffee-pot. Every patient owns a cup and pot, and at your first advent, as you walk along Valley Street, you, not knowing their uses, are dazed by the hundreds of coffee-pots, with tin cups hanging on to them, which, glinting in the sunshine, catch the eye at every turn.



PLAN OF HOT SPRINGS.

Curiously, the hot water can be drunk almost boiling, as it comes from the earth, without any feeling of nausea affecting the drinker. It is tasteless and odorless, and certainly drinking hot water would hardly seem to be a pleasure. Strange as it may seem, there is, however, a sort of fascination

about it, and you find yourself, even if not under treatment, drinking two or three cupfuls in succession.

According to Dr. David Dale Owen, the late eminent scientist, formerly State Geologist, the medical virtues of the waters are to be attributed mainly to their high temperature.

The waters of the different hot springs give, on qualitative analysis, about the same list of constituents, though, when quantitively examined, the proportions vary in each particular case. They hold in solution salts of lime, alumina, magnesia, iron, manganese, chlorides of potassium and sodium, various silicates, and it is thought lithia, iodine, and bromine. They leave a solid residue on evaporation of from 0.15 to 0.2 gram per 1000 grams of water. The waters also possess electric properties in a high degree, which may be a very important agent in their success, as, during treatment, the system takes up a good deal of the electric fluid.

The following analyses were made by Professor J. C. Wardlaw in 1877:

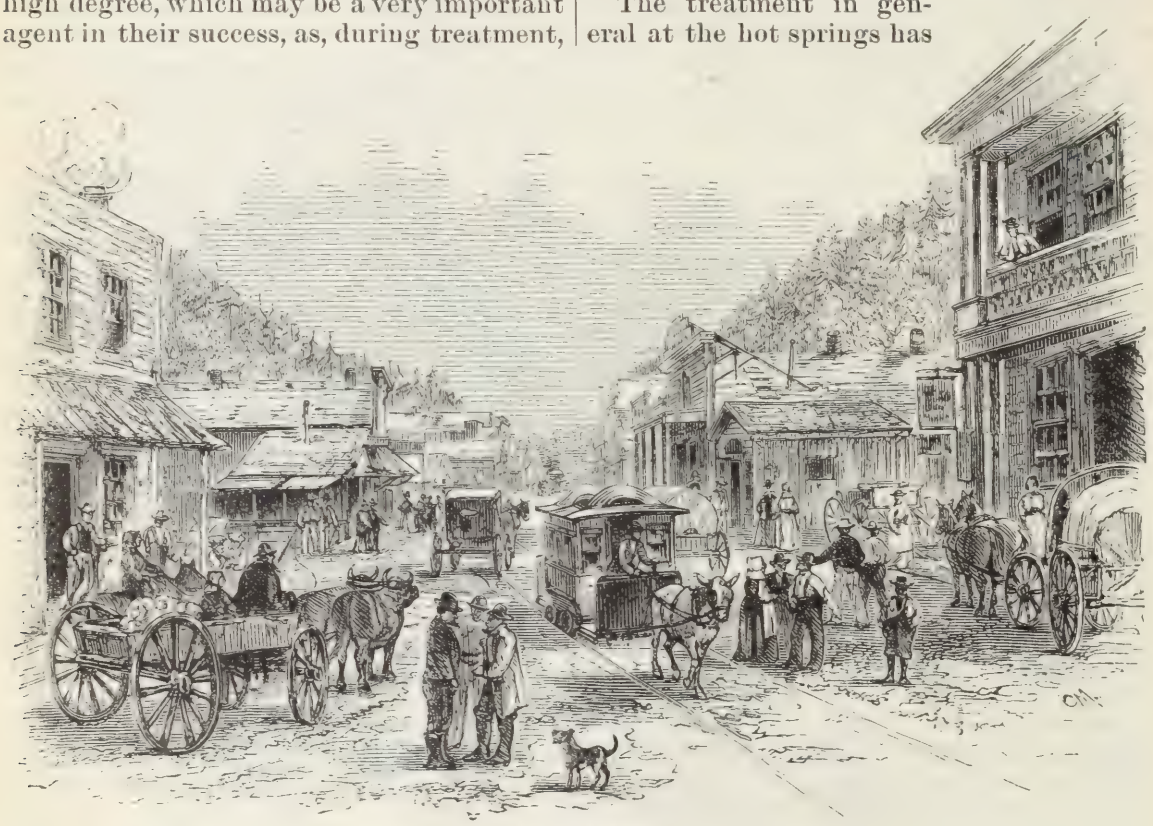
Dij Iron Spring. One gallon of water. Temperature, 148° Fahrenheit.	
Lime	28.81
Magnesia	0.75
Alumina	5.14
Oxide of iron	1.16
Silicic acid	23.87
Carbonic acid	21.41
Sulphuric acid	4.43
Soda	1.49
Potash	2.05
Chlorine	0.75
Organic matter	8.46
Loss, etc.	1.68
Total	100.00

"Arsenic" Spring. One gallon of water. Temperature, 134° Fahrenheit.	
Lime	30.60
Magnesia	4.57
Soda	1.79
Potash	1.94
Sulphuric acid	6.69
Silicic acid	23.36
Chlorine	1.67
Carbonic acid	22.38
Organic matter	5.12
Loss, etc.	1.88
Total	100.00

Both showed minute traces of bromine and iodine.

The above are the favorite drinking springs, the latter being in great repute among the fair sex, who fancy that it improves their complexions. There is, however, no arsenic in the waters of this spring, as was seen by the analysis, though the other contains a very appreciable amount of iron.

The treatment in general at the hot springs has a very rejuvenating effect, and the faded beauty blooms again after a short residence. Though the springs are visited by many *roués*, both young and old, who come to them to get rid of the effects of their wild course of life, they become very quiet members of society while doing penance at the hot springs.



VALLEY STREET.

The modern authenticated history of the Hot Springs settlement is rather uninteresting: a gradual, uneventful growth, a passage, when the place became of some little importance, from the days when justice was claimed at the muzzle of a six-shooter and the point of a bowie-knife, and when the various claimants varied their resorts to



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HOT SPRINGS.

law to prove their claims over each other with resort to short and long arms for the same purpose, to those when, as now, a more quiet, orderly, and better-governed little place can hardly be found. Of course it has its peculiarities, but the visitor soon accustoms himself to them, and they pass almost unnoticed.

There is record of a settlement at the springs as early as 1825, but not until 1839 was the first permanent structure, the present "Whittington House," built. The land had been claimed by three parties—one by squatter rights, another by pre-emption, and the third by a "New Madrid" claim. A long series of litigations ensued between these parties, who each held, *vi et armis*, a certain amount of land, varied, as before observed, by "personal encounters," and finally between all three in possession and the government, which latter, after much litigation,



GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

resulted in the Court of Claims at Washington deciding that, under the law of 1820, which provided that all mineral springs should be reserved to the government, the title to the springs and surrounding property was vested in the United States.

The town—now "city," by law—of Hot Springs is chiefly built of wood, and in a rather unsubstantial manner, due to the fact of the titles having been so long in dispute. The suits having resulted in a manner very fortunately for the best interests of the place, a more substantial class of structures will be erected as soon as the commissioners appointed by the government have done their work, a government hospital be established, it is to be hoped, and means taken to beautify a spot whose natural advantages are unsurpassed.

A great change took place in Hot Springs some four years ago, when it was incorporated as a city. A municipal government was organized by the election of a mayor and council, and order now reigns supreme. There is a steam fire department, and an efficient force of police. The lock-up or county jail of Garland County, of which Hot Springs is the capital, shown in our illustration, is a very crude, rather uncivilized, and cruel, but very efficacious place of incarceration. The unfortunate who for drunk and disorderly or more heinous offenses has been sentenced to confinement in this primitive jail, is taken up the steps to the door, situated some twelve feet above the ground. By means of a ladder, which is lowered to the floor inside, the prisoner is made to descend to the place of incarceration. The ladder is then taken up, the door is bolted, and the prisoner is as effectually dead to mankind as if in the deepest dungeon under the lake at Chillon. A rough pallet and a bench are the sole furniture, and his food is handed in at regular hours. Of course only the lowest class of offenders, male and female, are doomed to this place of confinement, but it still is a barbarous method, and savors more of mediæval cruelty than the humanitarianism of the present day.

The present Mayor, Dr. T. E. Linde, is spoken of very highly by all, and is a very efficient city official. A couple of very good anecdotes are told of him. Not so very long ago he was entertaining at his rooms a party of visitors to the springs, and before the evening was over, the whole assemblage became decidedly hilarious, so much so that the following morning the Mayor issued warrants for the arrest of the whole party, himself included. Previous to this the fine for a "plain drunk" was three dollars and costs. His Honor, however, on the case being call-



GARLAND COUNTY JAIL.

ed, took the ground that when respectable people like the Mayor of the city of Hot Springs and his friends got drunk, they should pay for their whistle. He then declared the fine to be ten dollars and costs in each case.

A grocery-man was brought before him under the charge of depositing filth in the city streets. The defendant pleaded "Not guilty." The following amusing colloquy then took place between his Honor and the chief witness for the prosecution:

"Officer," asked the Mayor, "what did the defendant do?"

"Threw rotten eggs in the street, Sir."

"How many eggs did he throw in the street?"

"Two," answered the officer.

"If he had had two dozen, would he have thrown them in the street?"

"I think he would, your Honor."

"That shows the intent to violate the ordinance. Ten dollars and costs."

Very amusing scenes sometimes occur in the Mayor's court, and it is much frequented by visitors.



BIG IRON BATH-HOUSE.

Hot Springs is well provided with excellent hotels, and any number of boarding-houses of all prices, restaurants, and saloons. The tables are usually very well supplied, game of all kinds being abundant, and splendid fish being brought from the neighboring Ouachita.

Stores of all kinds are abundant. Among the great institutions of the place are the bath-houses, which are of all degrees of comfort, from the "Big Iron Bath-house," with its fine bath and waiting rooms supplied with all the modern conveniences, including speaking-tubes and electrical annunciators, down to the rude board inclosure around the "Pool of Siloam" on the mountain-side. One of the principal occupations of the visitors, the great majority of whom are of course invalids, is the taking of baths. Bathing at the Springs is a curious operation. Shouldering his blanket, coffee-pot and cup in hand, the patient saunters down Valley Street to one of the bath-houses, which, with their long array of numbered doors, lie under the shadow of the mountain. With the help of the negro bath-man he is soon in a hot bath, whose temperature, carefully graded, is from 90° to 95°. A diminutive sand-glass, which the bath-man has placed on the edge of the bath-tub before leaving the room, soon warns the half-boiled bather that his three minutes or less are up. On leaving the bath, he, according to the course prescribed, either gets into a box filled with the dense vapor which rises from the waters, or sits on the top of the vapor box, wrapped in a blanket, allowing the vapor to play all over the body. If in the box, he stays there three minutes, his head being outside, the lids closing down around his neck. If the vapor-bath is to be taken in a milder form, the bather mounts to the top of the vapor box, placing himself on the closed lids, over the head-opening, and allowing the steam which issues from this to circulate inside the folds of the blanket. Whether in the bath, the box, or the blanket, the bather, from the nozzle of his coffee-pot, is also drinking the hot water, thus having at the same time internal as well as external application. The whole operation having lasted some eight to ten minutes, the state of perspiration induced can be easily imagined. The sluggish secretions are aroused, circulation is accelerated, and disease is thrown off. With the assistance of the bath-man, the bather, on finishing his day's bath, is well rubbed down and thoroughly dried. After dressing, and being well covered up with his dry blanket to avoid taking cold, the invalid, looking in his striped blanket like a half-civilized Indian chief, walks as briskly as his ailments allow to his quarters. The pores being open and the bath quite exhausting, a slight rest is needed,

and care must be taken to avoid catching cold. The bather therefore, on reaching his room, lies down for half an hour or longer, still keeping well covered up, until the body has somewhat recovered its normal temperature. Naturally a feeling of sleepiness manifests itself, but this must not be given way to, as it is considered dangerous.

The drinking of the hot waters produces in a modified degree an effect similar to that produced by the baths, and is indulged in to a great extent by the visitors.

On the Hot Springs Mountain there are several mud baths and pools of hot water, in which the poorer classes of patients, who are supported by the charity of the more wealthy invalids, bathe. These poor people formerly bathed in the open air, but a visitor to the springs a few years ago caused a building to be erected over one of the larger of the bathing pools. Around this is clustered during the milder season a little camp of rude tents and huts of boards and stone, where the bathers live, forming a little community drawn together by one common brotherhood of infirmity. The "corn hole" near by expresses its use by its title.



"POOL OF SILOAM."

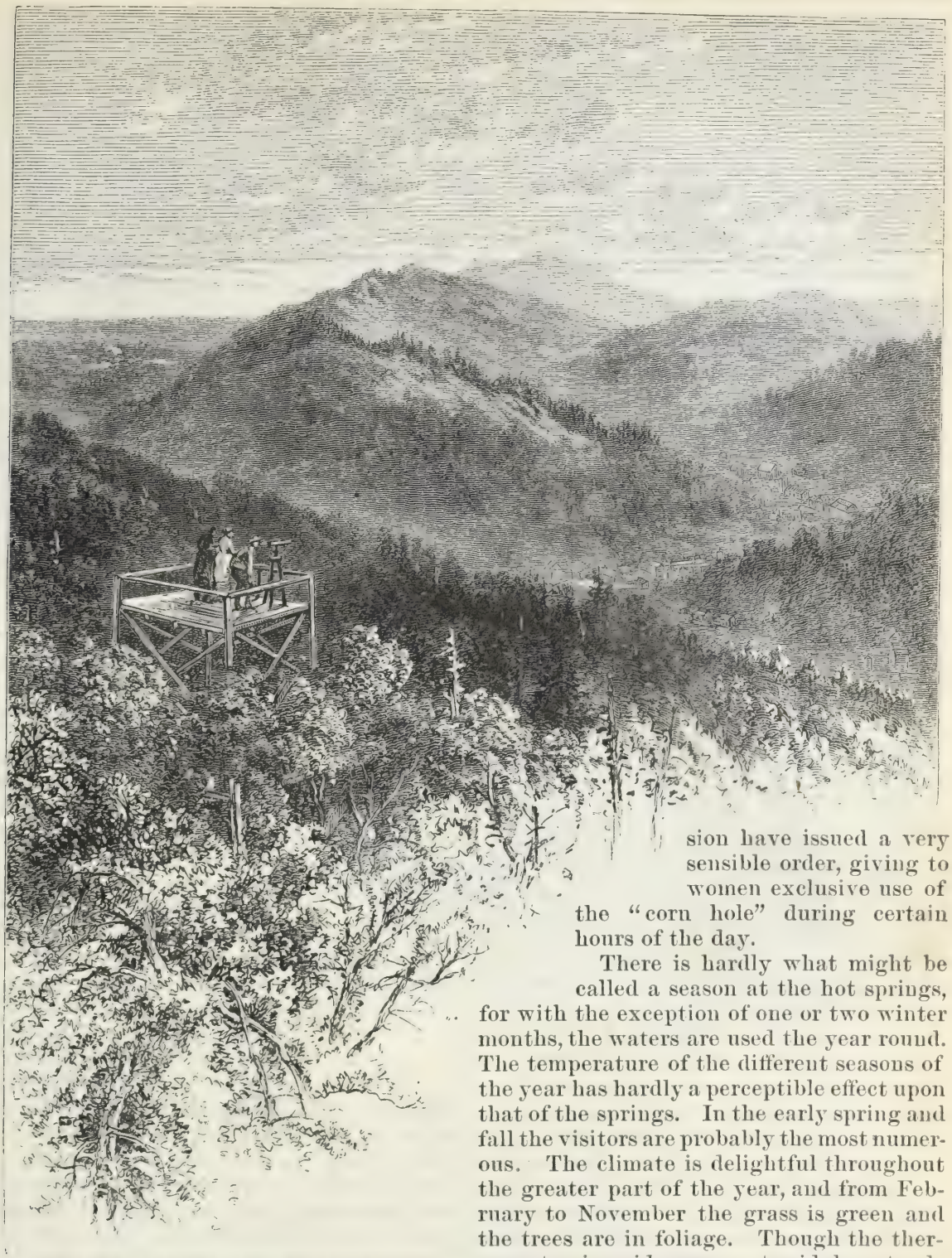
These "Pools of Siloam" were evidently those used before advancing civilization demanded bath-houses. When bath-houses were built, and the vapor treatment came in, it was necessary to have water of a higher temperature, and connection was made with other springs, leaving these as the inheritance of the lowly bathers.

So many extraordinary cures have been effected by a course of bathing in these pools, without the aid of medicine or a physician, that it has been pertinently suggested that what strikes every non-invalid visitor is true, namely, that the doctors give too much medicine in conjunction with treatment by the waters. The drug stores do an extremely thriving trade, and the amount of medicine seen in the rooms of your invalid friends is enough to sicken a well man.

The Hot Springs Commission have decided to remove the rather unsavory invalid settlement from its too conspicuous position on the mountain-side to the neighboring "Happy Valley"—a narrow little gulch running between Hot Springs Mountain and the one lying north of it. This is now the chief seat of the



"CORN HOLE."



VIEW WESTWARD FROM THE OBSERVATORY.

negro population, whose main industry is "washin'." While the women are engaged in this, the "men-folks" are employed in various capacities throughout the town, or, more agreeably to their instincts, hunt the congenial "'possum," or entrap the delightful centipedes and tarantulas, which are somewhat common, for sale among such of the visitors as desire to carry away such remembrancers of their trip to the springs. As the aristocrats of Happy Valley have, so far, rather looked down upon the inhabitants of the city on the mount, a mild "war of races" may be expected. The commission have issued a very sensible order, giving to women exclusive use of the "corn hole" during certain hours of the day.

There is hardly what might be called a season at the hot springs, for with the exception of one or two winter months, the waters are used the year round. The temperature of the different seasons of the year has hardly a perceptible effect upon that of the springs. In the early spring and fall the visitors are probably the most numerous. The climate is delightful throughout the greater part of the year, and from February to November the grass is green and the trees are in foliage. Though the thermometer in midsummer at mid-day stands well along in the nineties, a breeze springs up in the afternoon, and the nights are cool, a blanket being very comfortable. Sunset in the narrow valley comes early, and dawn breaks over the mountains as late.

That part of the mountain where the springs rise, and over which they flow, is barren, with the exception of a few hardy trees, shrubs, and lichens. There are a few dwarf iron-wood trees, and one solitary red maple. On the tufa deposited by the waters grow liverworts, mosses, and a variety of the beautiful maiden-hair fern. The growth is most abundant close to the waters. The plants grow so near that their roots are

in the hot water, and they seem to thrive best under these peculiar conditions.

From the observatory on the top of the Hot Springs Mountain a magnificent view can be had of the picturesque country surrounding the watering-place. The mountain itself, about a mile and a half in length and half a mile in width, runs from east to west, trending down on all sides away from you. To the east, one long line of bluff and crags, ranging three to seven hundred feet in height, while below runs the Gulpha Creek along its rocky bed, and on its way south to join the Ouachita. Down to the east are many cold springs. To the south,

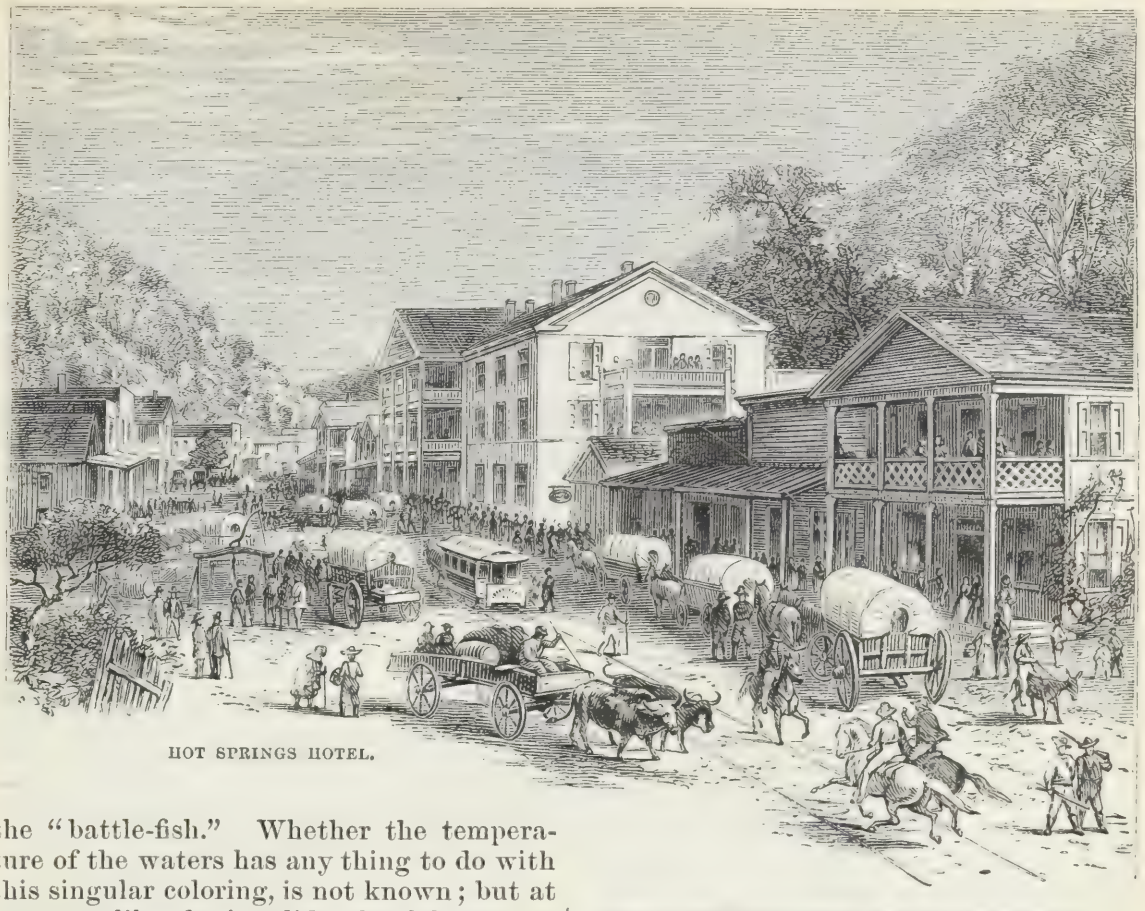


ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

the partly wooded, rolling country opens out toward the Ouachita, with mountains along the horizon line. Below, to the west, on the mountain-side, are the springs; further down in the valley, the town, following the windings of the creek. In front, rising and trending away, the well-wooded mountain which rises to the west of the springs, until it joins on the northwest the towering Hogsback; and finally, to the north, a broadening valley lined with mountains, those to the northeast with bold cliffs of novaculite rock. The Gulpha flows through a perfect wilderness of hog-backed hills, all dovetailing into each other, the general trend being to the south. The mountain-sides, covered with the thick, even growth of pines, give beautiful effects as the lights and shades from the sky play over them. When, as often happens in the fall of the year, the woods get on fire, the view from the observatory at night is a grand one, the fiery element making its fierce way around the amphitheatre of hills, now blazing forth with the wind, then smouldering up among the undergrowth, to catch and make a beacon on the hill-top of some grand old pine.

On an autumn afternoon the long straggling street of the town presents a curious picture. On both sides of the thoroughfare, which is half street and half country road, teeming with the variegated population, are ranged a heterogeneous collection of hotels, doctors' offices, stores, saloons, etc., while the bath-houses stretch in long rows on the other side of the creek. Here and there are the country wagons, drawn by gaunt mules or sleepy oxen, passing through the village, halted and bargaining with the hotel or store keepers for the sale of their load of cotton or produce, or making desperate efforts to get out of the way of the coming horse-cars. A youthful hunter has just ridden in from the country to sell the result of his morning's shooting. Slung over the back of his horse is a fine buck, while as pendants hang in front on either side a couple of wild turkeys. On his saddle-bow lies his rifle, and while from under his broad sombrero he glances curiously at a couple of Eastern dandies, his dog, trotting by his side, sniffs at the head and antlers of the deer. Near him an emigrant wagon train have halted; and every where the hogs, in every body's way and under every body's feet—the natural scavengers of the place. Invalids on crutches, and other invalids looking extremely healthy, are taking their constitutional, while a walking party of ladies and gentlemen have just stepped from the piazza of one of the hotels. Above them, from the balconies, more delicate invalids are enjoying the cool breeze which has just sprung up, and watching the curious scene below. A doctor passes up the street, sniffing nose in air as he encounters the patients of a rival, while a curious crowd gathers around a young darky who has killed a tarantula.

The waters of the Hot Springs Creek, which derives much of its volume from the overflow of the springs, and is the common sewer of the town, carrying off refuse of all kinds, are quite hot, and, like those of the springs, perfectly limpid. In the creek there are many species of fish, one of which, from its scales of red, white, and blue, is dubbed



HOT SPRINGS HOTEL.

the "battle-fish." Whether the temperature of the waters has any thing to do with this singular coloring, is not known; but at any rate, like the invalids, the fish seem to thrive by being half boiled. Above the bath-houses, from the balconies of one of the hotels, which overhang the creek, and from other points, the visitors do a good deal of desultory fishing for a species of small trout and sunfish.

Along the creek many picturesque bits of negro *genre* like those shown in some of the following cuts are seen. The chief industry of the place is washing, or at least the casual observer would judge so.

There are several churches in the town—Episcopal, Methodist, Roman Catholic, and white and black Baptist chapels. The grave-yard of the town lies not far from the Episcopal chapel, at the southern end of the village, and is a drear, unprepossessing spot, situated on a slope, and sheltered from the sun's rays by gloomy cedars and pines. Until a few years ago the grave-yard had no fence, but by means of "mite" societies held among the visitors, sufficient money was raised to inclose it. Rather a grim idea, dancing at a mite society and paying toward inclosing what might be your own last resting-place. "Dancing a fence around a grave-yard" is decidedly Southwestern in style.

Revivals are very popular among the colored "breddern" and "sistern" at the dark Baptist church, and on the long summer afternoons their church melodies are borne up the valley on the breeze. Among their favorite songs which we have heard we remember the following:

"Soul shall shine like a star in de mornin',
Soul shall shine like a star in de mornin';
Oh, my little soul's gwine to rise an' shine,
Oh, my little soul's a-gwine to rise an' shine.

"I'll meet my modder at de new buryin'-groun',
Waitin' to honah de Lord;
As I pass by de gates of hell
I'll bid ole Satan a long farwell.
Holy, holy, holy, my Lord,
Holy, holy, blood ob de Lamb!"

Physicians of all kinds abound at the Springs, from able practitioners to the veriest quacks. As a safe rule, never employ one whose agent has approached you, or whose circular has been handed you on nearing the springs. There is an immense field for quackery, and it is worked to its fullest extent.

The post-office is an object of greater interest at the Springs than at most other places, and long before the arrival of the mails a large crowd gathers on the platform in front of it and in the vicinity. The opening of the mail is an event of the day, for the letters and papers from home are very welcome.

Though formerly at the Springs there was seen a good deal of the rough gambling, drinking, and shooting life so common in border States, at present the town is as quiet and orderly as any watering-place in the East. In nothing else, however, does it resemble an ordinary watering-place. There is very little dressing done by the ladies, and the gentlemen lounge about dressed solely with regard to comfort. The hotels are good, and fair boarding-houses plentiful.



NEGRO SHANTIES.

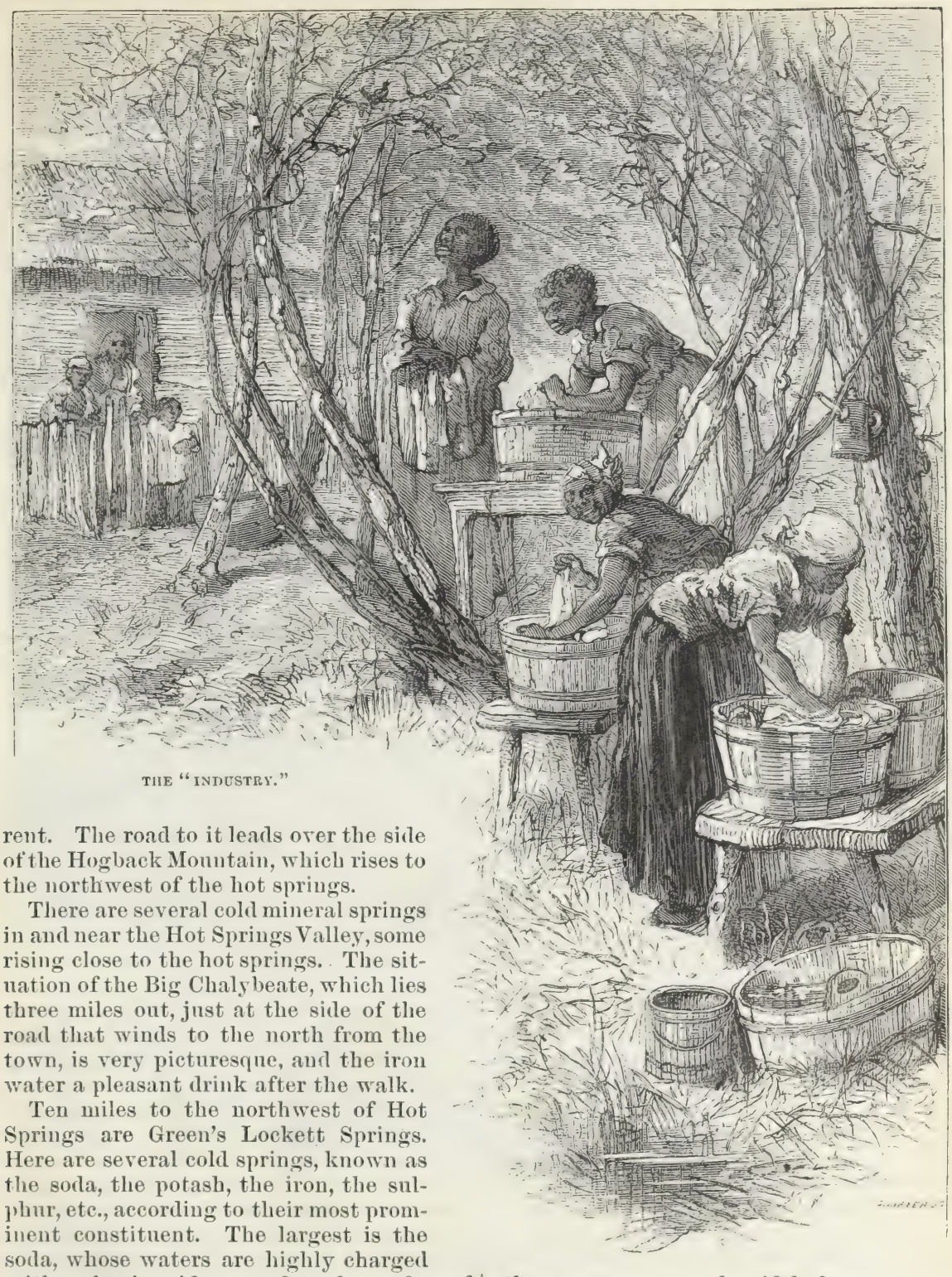
The surrounding country is very picturesque, and there are many interesting spots to visit, either on foot, or by carriage, or on horseback. Good shooting for quail, wild turkeys, ducks, and partridges is to be had, and deer are abundant within a few miles of the village. In the Ouachita the angler will find black bass, trout, a species of shad, cat-fish, etc. The diamond-backed turtles, of which the river is full, are excellent eating, and chasing them at night in boats by the light of torches, and with iron-pointed gig poles, is an interesting and exciting sport. Finally, a bear-hunt can occasionally be had by the adventurous.

The artist will find many picturesque bits in the mountain region and along the Ouachita River. In the woods which thickly cover the mountains and valleys of the surrounding country are found oaks, button-woods, cedars, hickories, ash and iron-wood trees, but the great picturesque Southern pines, rising to a vast height with bare boles, and then sending forth their gaunt limbs tufted with the dark green pine needles, are the trees of the country. Many tracts stretching for miles over hill and dale are but pine-barrens—ever the same evenly cylindrical columns, supporting the canopy of brush-like foliage, with the ground neatly carpeted with the light brown masses of dead fallen needles.

The marble-like novaculite country rock juts out at many points in the town and over the face of the country. It is as pure in color as Italian marble, has a finer grain, and is quarried and worked up in large quantities in the vicinity of the springs. In commerce, under the name of the Arkansas whetstone or Ouachita oil-stone, it has almost eclipsed its Turkish rival. The quarries, picturesquely situated on the brow of a mountain two miles to the north of the town, are well worth the walk and climb. At the whetstone mill, some three miles from the village, where the blocks are roughly cut and shaped, is a beautiful little lake formed by the damming of a mountain tor-



HAPPY HOLLOW.



THE "INDUSTRY."

rent. The road to it leads over the side of the Hogback Mountain, which rises to the northwest of the hot springs.

There are several cold mineral springs in and near the Hot Springs Valley, some rising close to the hot springs. The situation of the Big Chalybeate, which lies three miles out, just at the side of the road that winds to the north from the town, is very picturesque, and the iron water a pleasant drink after the walk.

Ten miles to the northwest of Hot Springs are Green's Lockett Springs. Here are several cold springs, known as the soda, the potash, the iron, the sulphur, etc., according to their most prominent constituent. The largest is the soda, whose waters are highly charged with carbonic acid gas, and on the surface of which accumulates and floats an oil, which is a strong cathartic.

The sulphur springs, eight miles to the southwest, on the railroad and on the road to the town of Rockport, and a mile from the beautiful Ouachita River, are a favorite resort of the visitors to the hot springs. The hotel, near by which are a few cottages, is famed for its *cuisine*, the game being shot almost at the door, and the fish fresh caught in the neighboring Ouachita. Deer* and other game are so plentiful that a visitor walking along the road is often startled by a fine buck bounding across his path, or at the whir of a covey of partridges. Along the banks of the Gulpha Creek, which empties into the river not far off, and on the river itself, are found many wild-duck, the beautiful plumage of the blue teal being often seen.

Clear as the crystals which lie imbedded in the neighboring Ozark Mountains, the beautiful river runs over its quartzose bed, breaking at every half mile or so over rocky dams and fords, forming a picturesque series of falls and rapids for many miles. Its bot-

* A merchant at Hot Springs has bought as high as 1800 deer-skins a year, all killed within fifteen miles of the village.



"RAL," THE CITY ON THE MOUNTAIN.

tom where it runs through this mountainous region is covered with huge bowlders of novaculite rock, which, as you paddle across, carefully steering through them, now rise to within an inch of the surface, then sink gradually from view, only to rise when least expected and put you upon your mettle to prevent a capsize. Looking down through the clear water as you paddle swiftly and softly over, down to the depth of twenty, thirty, nay, even forty feet, we see clearly the fishes tranquilly gliding or at rest, almost too well fed to heed a hook. Here a long, slimy, alligator-like gar, there a black bass, nearer us a shad, while further away a huge diamond-backed turtle stalks majestically along, accompanied by an army of minnows. A fish rises lazily to the surface; a sudden splash, a gurgle, and that sleepy-looking white heron which we had noticed on the bank yonder has swallowed its prey. As we with one swift stroke run the boat's nose into the bank, and, disembarking, fasten the chain to one of the trees which fling their branches over the water, we find that we have disturbed a company of blue teal ducks floating under the grateful shade of the trees. It is useless to raise your gun now. Before you have time to scramble up the slippery bank by aid of the swinging vines, the tantalizing "quaack! quaack!" is heard far up the windings of the creek opposite.

On the side of the river to which we have just crossed there is a hunting lodge belonging to a physician at the hot springs, a pack of deer-hounds are kept, and many a fine hunt is had by his guests. The sportsmen are placed by the keepers on stands near the favorite runs, the dogs are laid on a scent, and rousing the deer from the thicket, drive him past the stands. "Still-hunting" is indulged in to some extent, but the more exciting drive is to be preferred.

In the streams which flow from the north and south into the Ouachita are found large colonies of otters and beavers, and in the almost virgin woods to the south of the river are bears, panthers, wolves, raccoons, wild-cats, etc.

The country round about is very thinly settled—here and there log-cabins, two or

three miles apart, and surrounded by small clearings. On the south side of the river at this point it is for twenty or thirty miles almost virgin forest, one vast tract of pine-covered hill and dale.

The scenes along the Ouachita are very beautiful, pine-clad hills lining the shore, with here and there bold cliffs of rock, huge bowlders of fantastic shape lining the water; here smooth sanded beaches and an unrippled surface, and there a turbulence of waters dashing over a rocky dam; and over all, at the time I saw it, the golden seal of Indian summer.



ON HOT SPRINGS CREEK.

The country about the hot springs is to the geologist and mineralogist exceedingly interesting. The Hot Springs Mountain itself and the surrounding elevations are formed of the novaculite rock, less translucent but like in lustre and fineness of structure to chalcedony, which is a metamorphosed sandstone belonging to the age of the millstone grit. The strata are tilted somewhat out of their horizontal position, and having fissures of cleavage in them forming almost vertical joints, they look as if standing on edge. Under these are dark slates, which crop out at different points. At places near the springs, and more particularly at the Crystal Mountain and other parts of the adjoining county of Montgomery, this same millstone grit, having been subjected, though in a modified degree, to the same metamorphism by means of permeation by heated alkaline siliceous waters as the country rock at the hot springs, has in its crevices along the joints and lines of stratification, where the permeation has naturally been more thorough, large quantities of the pure, beautiful, crystallized quartz.

On the hill-sides near the hot springs beautiful clear quartz crystals are found lying among the grass blades, and a fine quality of serpentine is taken from the slate layers in the valley of the Hot Springs Creek. The famed "Crystal Mountain" above spoken of is some thirty miles from the springs, but at different localities in the vicinity of the town fine masses of pure white translu-

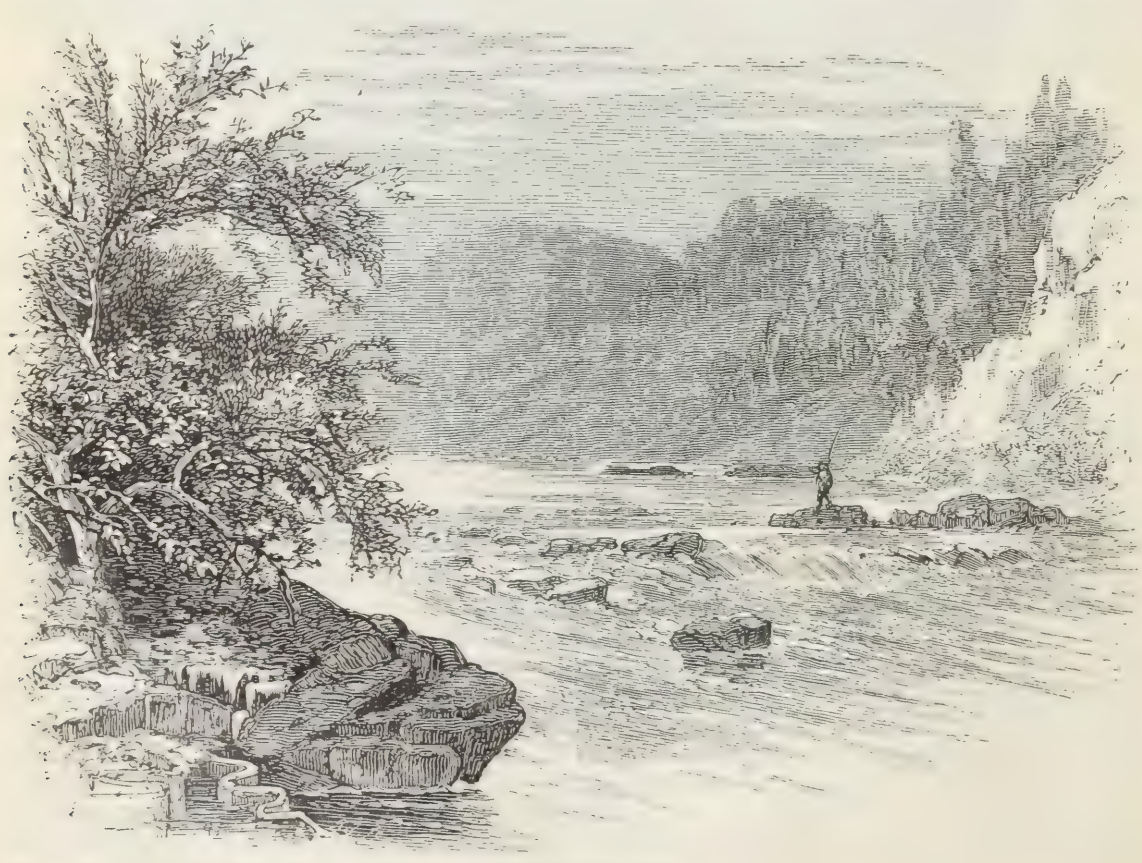
cent quartz crystals can be found incrusting fissures in the rocks. From the Crystal Mountain and other crystal mines nearer the springs the "crystal-hunters," as they are called, bring in wagon-loads of magnificent specimens. Some of the blocks, glittering with thousands of various-sized pointed hexagonal prisms, are as large as two or three feet square. These crystal masses of all sizes and single crystals are kept on sale at the stores in the town, and nearly every visitor buys or mines for himself some specimens of these Arkansas diamonds.

Magnet Cove, beyond Sulphur Springs, and some ten miles in a direct line from the hot springs, is one of the most interesting localities to the mineralogist in the United States. Here are found, strewn over the surface of the valley, rare crystalline forms of titanium, agates, red and black garnets, and a large quantity of magnetic iron ore. In the rocks which crop out on the mountain-side and in the cove are these and many other rare minerals, and the amateur mineralogist, cold-chisel and hammer in hand, can spend his time profitably in searching for them. The list of minerals found in a circumscribed area of less than two miles includes, according to the late Dr. David Dale Owen, crystallized black garnets; green, yellow, and red mica, crystallized; schorlite and quartz, crystallized; lydian stone, agate, pyroxene, and hornblende, crystallized; iron pyrites, crystallized and amorphous; strontianite (?); arkansite, crystallized and amorphous; elæolite, actinolite, epidote, aragonite, crystallized; talc and magnetic iron ore. Among the prevalent rocks are novaculite, quartzite, sienite, granite, milky quartz, chert, buhr-stone, kirselschiefer, hornblende rock, porphyry and slate, and schorlite rock.

This cove is one of the points where the "granitic axis" of the State crops out. The deposit of magnetic iron ore is quite large.

The rare crystals of titanium are so plentiful in the cove that they lie as thick as pebbles by the road-side, and when gathered, as many more are unearthed by each fresh rain. The higher ridges bounding the cove are of the novaculite rock. This crops out on the Ouachita at Rockport, south of the cove, in a very picturesque manner, forming a pair of natural bridge abutments.

Among the objects of the greatest interest to the visitors from the East are the people of the country round about and their habitations. To many the rough log-houses, in which the gaunt, long-haired, sallow-faced backwoodsmen live, are great curiosities. In a great many cases there is only one room, in which the family, often numerous, eat, live, and sleep. At one end of the room an open fire-place, at the other three or four beds, and in the middle a table and a few chairs. On the log walls are rifles, shot-guns, saddles, coats, pants, and women's dresses; and from the rafters hang dried herbs, strings of onions and other vegetables, deer hams, bacon, etc. The ordinary diet, year in and year out, of the poorer classes is bacon, corn-bread, occa-



FALLS OF THE OUACHITA.

sionally venison, and frequently bad whiskey. The result is a saturnine, bilious race not fair to look upon. The houses of the better and more thrifty class are built with greater care of hewn logs. They have from two to four rooms, divided in the middle by an open hallway, extending the whole width of the building. A gallery runs the length of the house on one or both sides, and the whole is under one roof. The walls are rarely plastered, being only chinked with mud, and the rafters form the ceiling. The farmers raise tobacco, cotton, grain, etc., but are unenterprising as a class.

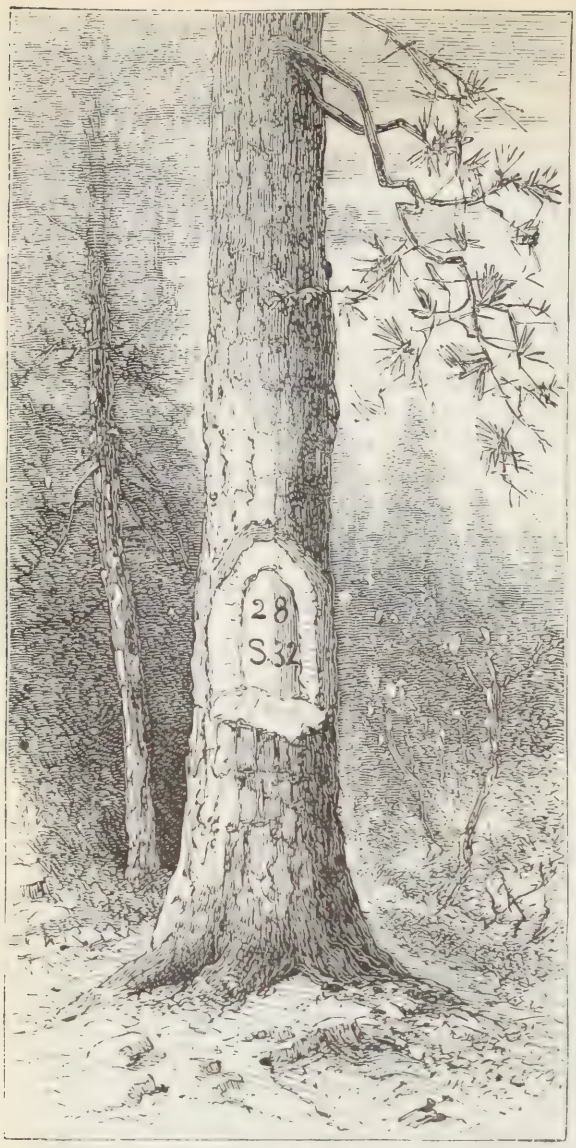
At different places in the neighborhood of the hot springs are found Indian relics of various kinds. These are chiefly implements of warfare, the chase, and the household, made of the novaculite rock. As this is a material of its kind hardly to be surpassed for the manufacture of arrowheads, hatchets, mallets, grinding-stones, etc., it is probable that the villages on the Ouachita and nearer the springs were inhabited chiefly by the arrow and other implement makers. At Rockport, on the Ouachita, where the rock, as before stated, crops out in huge masses at the water's edge on both sides of the river, the arrowheads, hatchets, etc., are abundant, and the ground in some places is perfectly covered with chips of novaculite. To judge by these evidences, this region must have supplied with arrowheads most of the tribes of the Southwest. Little artificially rounded flat stones are found, which were used in some of the Indian games. As the novaculite rock, though snow-white in the finest quality, is found in many colors, from white, through even rose, to black, some of the relics found are exceedingly handsome.

The "claimants," as they are called, are quite well-known characters at the hot springs. Their various claims, their well-known hostility to each other, and each new expression of it, form a staple subject of conversation among the visitors. First there is "ex-Governor R——," Governor of the State at the time of the war, who made the well-known profane concise telegraphic reply in response to President Lincoln's call for troops; then comes old Major G——, with his bevy of daughters; last, but not least, if he is crippled, is "Old man H——," as he is called, who rejoices in the honor of having been shot seventeen times in "personal encounters," as they are delicately termed in Arkansas.



CRYSTAL PEDDLER.

The title to the hot springs and immediately adjoining property having been decided in favor of the government, a bill was introduced in Congress by Senator Dorsey, of Arkansas, which became a law on March 3, 1877, and the signing of which was the last official act of President Grant, which provided for the laying out of the Hot Springs Reservation in squares, lots, and streets; the adjudication of the claims of persons who claim tracts of land by reason of improvements made thereon; and the determination of the rights of the present occupants to purchase the land they have squatted on at an appraised value. The act of Congress also provides that the portion of land embracing all the hot springs, *i. e.*, the Hot Springs Mountain and a por-



A "BLAZE" OF '38.

tion of the valley, is to remain government property. This tract will be placed under the charge of a superintendent holding his position under the Secretary of the Interior. The superintendent will fix a special tax on water taken from the springs, sufficient to pay for the proper protection and necessary improvement of the springs.

The commissioners appointed under the act, who curiously are to hold office but for one year, and without any provision being made for the continuance of their work or that of the survey under them, are ex-Senator Andrew H. Cragin, of New Hampshire, ex-Governor M. L. Stearns, of Florida, and ex-Congressman John Coburn, of Indiana. The corps of engineers and surveyors is in charge of Major Frederick A. Clark.

The commission reached the scene of their labors last spring, and issued notices that all having land claims should put in their papers within six months. They met again on the 1st of last October to adjudicate on the claims presented, and attend to other matters in connection with their duties. The work of surveying the property, laying out streets, etc., has been going vigorously on since last spring. The illustration shows one of the features of the work; a "bearing" tree has been blocked to get at a "blaze" made in the spring of '38. How the large amount of work laid out to be done under the superintendence of the commission is to be finished in one year is hard to see. It is said that the old "claimants" hope to "squash" the matter in Congress by proposing that the government take the Hot Springs Mountain Reservation, with the waters, and they the rest of the land.

If the work of the commission is not finished by the time appointed, Congress should make suitable provision for its continuance until fully and efficiently completed, so that the place, not hampered as it is now by numberless petty restrictions, can become each year more and more a boon to the afflicted of the world.

As soon as the work of the commission is finished, it is to be hoped that measures will be taken to have a government hospital erected and placed under the charge of competent physicians. The superintendent of the springs should, it would seem, also be a medical man, and not a local politician.

The journey to Hot Springs a few years ago was quite a serious undertaking for an invalid, involving as it did the long stage ride from Little Rock. Now, however, the visitor arriving at Little Rock by railroad from St. Louis or Memphis, or by steamboat up the Arkansas River, takes the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern Railway, and changing cars at Malvern Junction, reaches the hot springs in the cars of the Hot Springs Narrow-gauge Railroad.



THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.

ON THE WELSH BORDER.

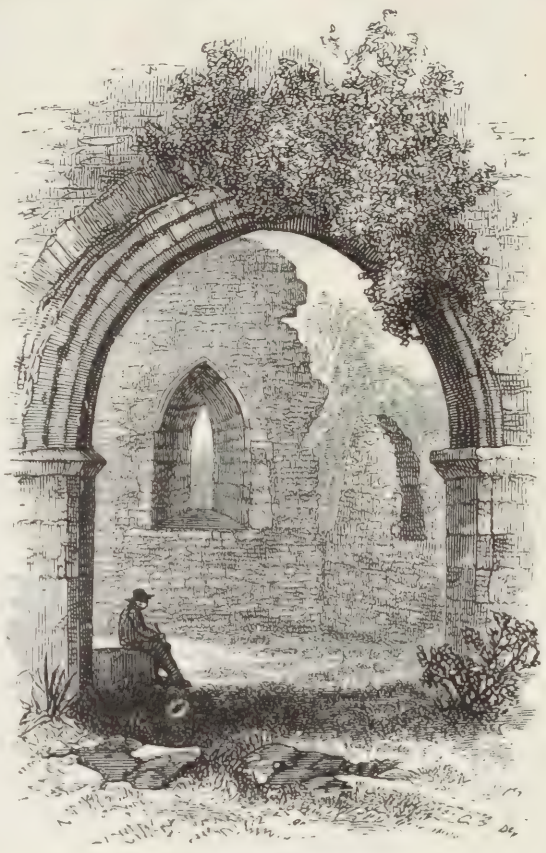
IN the days which reach back to the domain of fable, and which so mingle history with poetry that it is hard to separate the rugged but respectable truth from delicious but disreputable falsehood, there was in the island which is now Victoria's queendom a giant of the race of Ham. He was a son of Neptune Mareoticus, and a great tyrant, and Hercules slew him. His name was Albion, and this island was named after him. Subsequently Brutus, the grandson of Æneas, named it Britain after his own name, and Britain it was called until late in the sixth century, Cambria being a part of it. In 585 the Saxons named Cambria Wales, and the boundaries thereof remained undisturbed throughout the succeeding thousand years, mostly devoted to hard fighting. The river Wye, from its mouth at the town of Chepstow to the little village of Redbrook, fourteen miles straight north, forms this ancient boundary line between the Welsh domains and the English. On reaching Redbrook the river turns its back on Gloucestershire and the English, and goes winding into Herefordshire and the Welsh heart again, across the green and golden plains, and over the far-off hills up to its source among the crags of Plinlimmon. By driving over the iron bridge which at Chepstow spans the Wye—a graceful juvenile structure sixty years old—we pass out of Wales into old England. There is nothing in the aspect of things to tell the story. But the stones on one side the river were in the old days sacred in the eyes of the patriotic Cymry, while for those on the other side their scorn was measureless.

The border barons of Norman blood, who took possession of this region forcibly when William the Conqueror became King of England, were compelled to hem in the Welsh people by a chain of tremendous military castles. The Saxons were under a like necessity in their day, but the fortresses they erected to protect themselves from the Welsh were not very strong. They were usually of timber, with banks and palisades for further strength about the domestic offices, and a moat around all, with no other wall than the mound thrown up in digging it. These structures were not enough for the Norman lords marchers; in some cases they used the site of the Saxon fortress to build their stone castles on, but the site was all that had value to them. In order to keep what they had forcibly seized, they must intrench themselves in strongholds capable of defying the most terrific sieges, and which furthermore must be large enough to hold their families and retainers, as well as their warriors in enormous num-



THE WYE BRIDGE AT CHEPSTOW.

bers. Hence the prodigious strength and extent of the border castles, whose ruins now make the country picturesque, and which provoked from Dr. Johnson the remark that the court-yard of a castle in Wales is capable of containing all the castles in Scotland. Hence the extensive ruins of "huge Caerphilly" (described in a former paper), of Raglan, of Chepstow, and of many others which dot the landscape at intervals so frequent as to tell an eloquent story. It is difficult to comprehend, in these days of equality before the law, the state of society which existed in mediæval times, when an absolute monarchy was set up here in every little district, with a baronial castle for a centre; but one is amazingly helped toward such comprehension by roaming about from one ruin to another, and discovering that it is actually possible to visit several within the limits of a single day. It is the statement of a romantic historical fact to say that the border bristled with these feudal vultures' nests; but it makes the matter practical to a degree that is positively sensational—like a realistic stage effect—to set out on a tramp over this storied land of the border barons, and find that your first five miles brings you to Caldecot Castle, your second to Chepstow Castle, your third to Tintern Abbey (eloquent of the same tale the castles tell, though in a different way), whence nine miles carry you to Monmouth, and seven more to Raglan, and that you have passed *en route*, and without pausing to look at them, the ruins of Penhow, Pencoed, Magor, Llanvair, Dinham, Striguil, St. Briavels, and nameless others. In the small border county of Monmouthshire, which is not so large as Oneida County in New York (a centre of the Welsh in America), there are no fewer than twenty-five ruined castles, besides many priories and abbeys, each with its tale of battles, sieges, fortunes, during the centuries that stretch between the Norman Conquest and the days of Oliver Cromwell. Of the least of these ruins many interesting pages may be written. Magor and Pencoed stand within two miles of each other. Any where else but in Wales each would be a tourist's lion, which enthusiastic travellers would journey far to see.

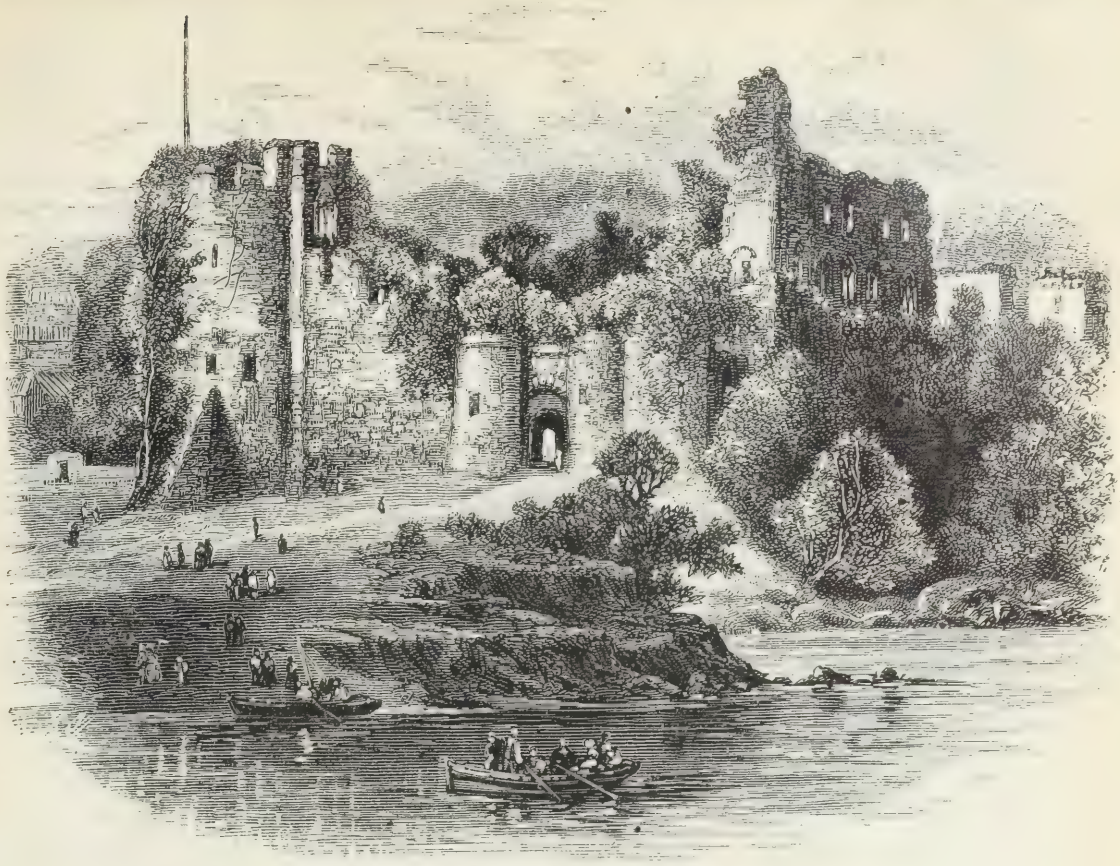


SUDBROOK CHAPEL.

From these numerous castles it was the pleasant wont of the Norman lords marchers to sally with their steel-clad warriors into the interior of Wales, and when they could catch the Welshmen—which was not always, for these wary people had an exasperating trick of fleeing into mountain fastnesses, and of hiding in marshy lands which the mounted knights dared not attempt to cross—to use them in bloody, ferocious, and cruel sort. Old writers tell how the Normans tore the quivering flesh from their enemies with iron talons; how they burned them, chopped off their heads, cut their bodies into small pieces, and committed other atrocities which may not be described. In return for these attentions the Welsh made inroads into the border districts of England, where they burned towns and slew people, and whence they bore home into Wales loads of spoil. Throughout many generations an almost perpetual warfare was waged, and small was the mercy shown on either side in the hour of victory.

But the Norman border barons, except when they sallied forth in armies accoutred for fighting, kept themselves pretty closely shut up within the walls they had erected; to quit them, save in force, was to be pounced upon by their watchful, restless, skillful, and ruthless foes. Their lives would have been but little worth the living, so dull and quiet must have been the routine thereof, had not they inclosed vast spaces of ground, with great halls and courts, kitchens, parlors, chapels, stables, out-houses and lawns, wherein to make merry with wine and wassail in the intervals between fights.

Near Caldecot stand two interesting villages, one on either hand—Caerwent, a decayed Roman city, whose story is similar to that of Caerleon; and Portskewitt, where Harold before he was king had a palace, in which he entertained Edward the Confessor with great splendor.



CHEPSTOW CASTLE, FROM THE BRIDGE.

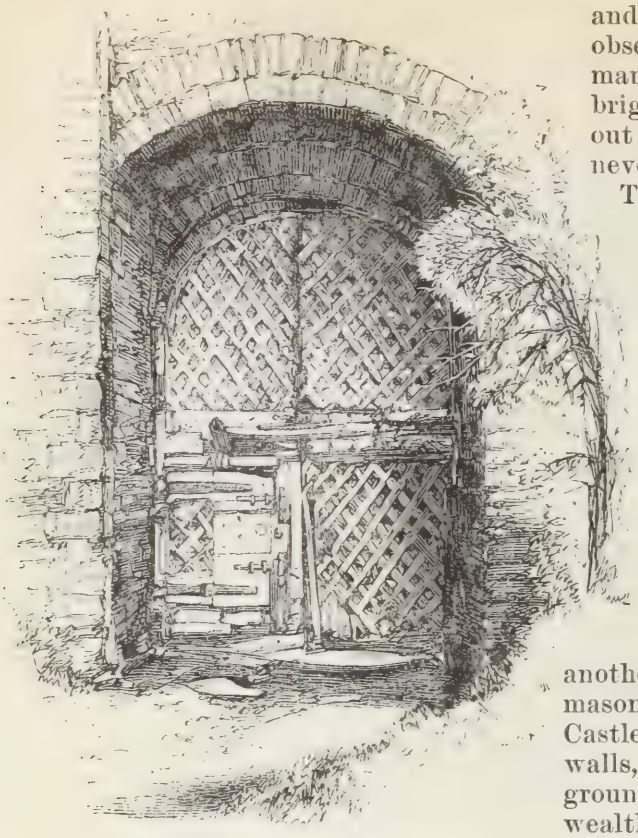
Older remains than those of Harold's palace are discernible at Portskewitt—those of a Roman camp, on the top of the cliff looking on the Severn. It was erected here for the protection of the vessels lying in the river under it. On the very brink of this cliff is an old ruin called Sudbrook Chapel, very picturesque to see, and which will probably not be seen much longer, for the sandstone of the cliff is here very soft, and the water year by year washes it away. In the day when the chapel was built it stood far from the edge of the cliff; but the tooth of time gnaws never so greedily as when it moistens its repast with water, and the day must be near when the ruin will topple over into the Severn. The structure was originally the chapel of a Norman mansion whose stones were thus swallowed up as the river encroached on the land.

Portskewitt is near to that crossing of the Severn which bears the name of the New Passage—a memorable point in the history of the Welsh border. In 1645 the unfortunate King Charles I. was pursued by his foes hither, and was ferried over the river, which is here two or three miles wide. Hot on his heels came Cromwell's Puritans to the number of sixty, and forced the ferrymen to take them over too. The mariners complied sorely against their will, but instead of conveying the soldiers to the English shore, left them on a reef of rocks, called the "English Stones," which stood high and dry, it being low tide. But before the soldiers could get from the rocks to the main-land, they were surrounded by the rising tide, the so-called river Severn being here really an estuary of the ocean, with a broad rocky beach, up and down which the tide creeps for many rods, at its ebb leaving dry land where at its flood rolls a deep sea. The soldiers were all drowned, and Cromwell abolished the ferry, which remained unused for nearly a hundred years thereafter. A large black rock which is seen here is asserted to be the precise spot where Julius Frontinus landed with his Romans in the reign of Vespasian, on his expedition against the fierce Silures.

Chepstow enjoys the special distinction, in a land where mere historical honors are easy, of sharing alone with Caerphilly in the poetic glory of "The Norman Horseshoe," Sir Walter Scott's rendering of an ancient war-song of the men of Glamorgan, "Cadlef Gwyr Morganwg."

"From Chepstow's walls at dawn of morn
Was heard afar the bugle-horn,
And forth in banded pomp and pride
Stout Clare and fiery Nevill ride;
They swore their banners broad should gleam
In crimson light on Rhymney's stream;
They vowed Caerphilly's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.
Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue
That for Nevill's war-horse forged the shoe."

The Clares held Chepstow through several generations. The special Clare referred to in the song was that lord marcher who



CHEPSTOW CASTLE GATE DOOR.

was otherwise called Gilbert de Strongbow. The Clares first became owners of these estates after the death of Roger de Britolio, who seems to have been an exceedingly high-tempered knight. The king having thrown him into prison for disloyalty, this obstreperous Roger let his tongue wag in a most offensive manner, and refused to eat humble pie of any man's baking. It pleased the king at Easter, however, to send the imprisoned Roger his royal robes, "as was then usual." This was no doubt a great condescension on the king's part, but Roger was not mollified by it; on the contrary, he "so disdained the favor that he forthwith caused a great fire to be made, and the mantle, the inner surcoat of silk, and the upper garment, lined with precious furs, to be suddenly burned, which being made known to the king, he was not a little displeased;" and by way of expressing his displeasure, observed, "Certainly he is a very proud man who has thus abused me, but, by the brightness of God, he shall never come out of prison as long as I live." And he never did, but died there.

The first object we notice on approaching Chepstow is a goodly portion of the old town wall, a long distance away from the castle. The ruins of the feudal fortress stand on a high perpendicular limestone precipice, whose base is washed by the waters of the Wye. The castle was so built on the edge of this cliff that the ponderous walls of the ruin seem to blend with the rock on which they stand. A peculiarity of many of these enormous Welsh castles is that, viewed from one point, they appear to spread out with great spaces between their various towers and halls, while from another they seem to be one solid pile of masonry. From across the river, Chepstow Castle displays long reaches of green ivied walls, which seem almost on a level with the ground, they are so hidden underneath their wealth of verdure; but seen from the bridge which spans the Wye just below, the ruins wheel together in a solid and imposing mass. The approach to the castle is on this side, up a gentle hill covered with velvety greensward. The grand entrance is guarded by two lofty towers, with a massive iron-plated door of curious and beautiful workmanship, the plate half fallen off now, through the crumbling of the oak beneath it—oak no



ARCHED CHAMBER UNDER THE CASTLE.

doubt as old as the castle itself, which was begun directly after the Norman conquest.

Seizing the four-pound cannon-ball which, hanging by a chain, serves as a knocker, we bang at it with a racket which wakes the echoes like the knocking you may have heard at Booth's Theatre in the play of *Macbeth*.

Huge walnut-trees are growing within the court, and beneath the deep shade of their spreading branches stand rustic tables and settees. The walls on every side are so richly and deeply hung with ivy that they seem great banks of green leaves against the blue sky. Turning to the right, we pass through several empty rooms once used for domestic purposes, and by the door of the warden's residence in one of the towers. Thence we go down a long, chilly flight of stone stairs to a chamber which is hallowed by a terrible story of blood.

It was in the last hours of the castle's history, two hundred and thirty years ago. Cromwell in person had come to besiege this stronghold, but was repulsed by a gallant knight, Sir Nicholas Kemeys by name, who held the castle with a handful of men. Cromwell retired, but left one of his officers in command of the besieging army, with instructions to starve the royalists out. The little garrison fought stubbornly for many days, but at last their provisions were exhausted. They were now promised quarter if they would surrender; but they had a boat lying in the river, just under this chamber, by which in the dead of night they intended to escape. One of Cromwell's soldiers, taking a knife between his teeth, swam across the river, and cut the rope by which the boat was fastened, and took it away. Still the proud Sir Nicholas refused to surrender. So the besiegers assaulted the half-starved garrison, forced the castle, and slew the knight and forty men, who fought to the last. In this chamber the last fierce struggle took place, and here the stubborn Sir Nicholas was cut down. The chamber is overarched with rafters of cemented stones to support the rocky roof, but it was evidently hewn out of the face of the limestone precipice. The only door is at the foot of the dark stairway by which we entered, and there is no other outlet except the window, which looks directly down upon the river. The huge iron ring to which the boat was fastened is still there in the stone floor.

Across the court stands the ruined keep, known in these days by the name of "Marten's Tower," because here was confined the famous regicide Henry Marten, and here he died in 1680, after twenty years' imprisonment. Marten was one of Cromwell's stanchest supporters, and signed the death-warrant of Charles I. On the restoration of monarchy he was condemned to death; but as he was one of the nineteen regicides who surrendered under Charles II.'s proclamation of mercy, the sturdy Roundhead pleaded that he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged for taking the king's word now. So he was let out of his cell in the Tower of London, and sent here under sentence of imprisonment for life. We climb about in the solemn old tower by the stone stairs which wind up in one corner, and pause on the various landings to look down into the great hollow shell. The floors have all tumbled down long ago, so that the view is unobstructed from cellar to battlements. Ridges in the wall show where the floors hung. Birds twitter and fly about the empty space, and the rich luxuriance of ivy from without flows in at the deep windows like a green snow-bank. There are fire-places visible in the walls, and in that one up yonder where the doves are billing and cooing once burned the fire which warmed the old



MARTEN'S TOWER.



FIRE-PLACE IN THE KEEP.

from its mouth the restless heavings of the sea, rising and falling, with a variation of fifty or sixty feet, under the influence of the spring-tides.

From the tower of Marten we walk out through a caseless doorway in the third story, or what was once the third story, on to the top of the castle wall, which has a sunken pathway below the battlements, now overgrown with ivy and with grass.

Carved in the stone of the threshold we observe the letters D. B., which are the monogram of his grace Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, Knight of the Garter, Lord of Raglan, Chepstow, and Gower. This worthy knight is the owner of ruins enough to break the heart of a poor man, for ruins, however grand and picturesque, are utterly unprofitable; and not only that, they must be kept in order in these days of reverence for antiquities, or their proprietor will not receive popular approbation. The Duke of Beaufort not only owns Chepstow, but he owns Usk (already de-

Puritan's chamber. Southey, standing here in sentimental mood, wrote of Marten thus:

"Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps as with even tread
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendor."

Better authority than the poet, however, tells us that the old regicide was not shut up in a cell, nor left lonely, but had his wife and daughters with him, and not only the range of the whole castle, but freedom to visit in the neighborhood. No doubt Marten led a happier and pleasanter life during his twenty years' residence at Chepstow than he did in his earlier and freer days.

The view from the castle walls on this side shows the river Wye where it winds to the broad bosom of the Severn, through a fair hedge-rowed land. The serpentine course of this river has been supposed to be the origin of its name; but wye is a Welsh termination constantly employed in naming the rivers of Wales, as Towy, the spreading river; Llugwy, the dusky river; Elwy, the sonorous river, etc. Like all the rivers which empty into this estuary, it shares for some distance



THE RIVERS WYE AND SEVERN, FROM CHEPSTOW CASTLE WALLS.

scribed) and Raglan and Oystermouth and Monmouth, and I know not how many castles more, and Tintern Abbey besides. All these he props and mends constantly, so that they shall fall to no further decay, during his life at least.

Chepstow is a pleasant old town, once a more considerable place than now. The streets are quaint and hilly, and wind about in strange fashion. There is an old church which was founded in the reign of King Stephen, and was a cell to the abbey of Corneille, in Normandy. The ashes of Marten the regicide lie under a stone in one of the aisles. The old Roundhead was buried in the chancel originally, but a bigoted vicar, whose name was Chest, caused the remains to be removed further off. On this personage an epitaph was written by his son-in-law in these somewhat irreverent words:

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The chest of wood was very good—
Who says so of the other?"

Upon the stone which covers Marten's grave is an inscription, in the shape of an acrostic, written by the regicide himself, which some have criticised as not being poetry of a high order. But then I never heard that Marten laid claim to be considered a poet at all.

Two miles from Chepstow you pass the quaint old church of St. Arven's, where you may rest, if you are tired, at a cozy road-side inn, kept, to all outward appearance, solely by a woman and a little girl. And standing in the grave-yard of St. Arven's, with the perfection of beautiful cultivated and hedge-rowed fields all about you, yonder in the distance looms before you a scene whose grandeur is almost worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the Yosemite Valley. Indeed, as I look upon it I can almost believe



THE WYND CLIFF.

myself standing once more on that rugged precipice which overlooks the mighty valley in the Sierras at whose bottom winds the silver stream of the Merced. It is the Wynd Cliff! "What a cathedral is among churches," wrote the antiquary Fosbroke, many years ago, "the Wynd Cliff is among prospects." But the cathedral will still possess the stronger charm for the lover of antiquity, though its hoary walls are youthful in comparison with the everlasting hills.

The region round about the Wynd Cliff is thick with the haunts of legend. There is a story for almost every rock in the whole five miles that lie between Chepstow and Tintern Abbey. Some of these are of the battles which have been fought along this border, as the legend of Wyntour's Leap—a precipice on which was fought one of the fiercest struggles of the civil war, and over which Sir John Wyntour was forced on horseback into the river below. But the preponderance of local story shows plainly the influence of the grand old abbey whose splendid ruins we are approaching—Tintern—where the white-robed Cistercian monks

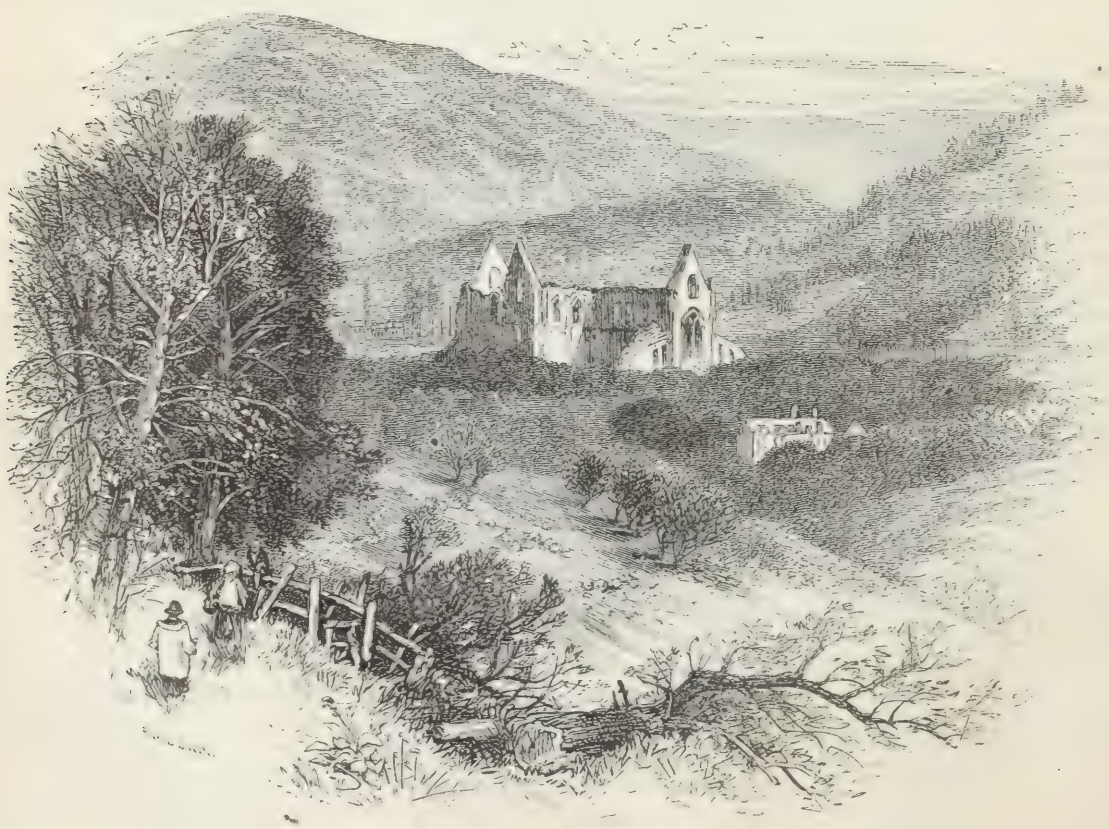
bore the cross of life throughout four centuries. About half-way between the Wynd Cliff and Tintern there is a jutting crag overhung by gloomy branches of the yew, called the Devil's Pulpit. His Satanic eminence used in other and wickeder days to preach atrocious morals, or immorals, to the white-robed brethren (who must have taken no little trouble to come so far to hear him) from this rocky pulpit. The story would not be creditable to the monks if it stopped here, so of course it continues. One day the devil grew bold, and taking his tail under his arm in an easy and *dégagée* manner, hob-nobbed familiarly with the monks, and finally proposed, just for a lark, that he should preach them a nice red-hot sermon from the rood-loft of the abbey. To this the monks agreed, and the devil came to church in high glee. But fancy his profane perturbation (I had nearly written holy horror) when the treacherous Cistercians proceeded to shower him with holy water. The devil clapped his tail between his legs and scampered off howling, and never stopped till he got to Llandogo, where he leaped across the river into England, leaving the prints of his talons on a stone; and if you doubt the story, there is Llandogo on the map before you to prove it.

The Cistercian monks arose in 1098, but were not introduced in Britain until thirty years later. One of the wealthiest edifices occupied by them was Tintern Abbey, which the Norman family of Clares, living in Chepstow Castle, founded on the spot where the Welsh king Theodoric of Glamorgan was slain by pagan Saxons in 600, while fighting for the Cross. This king had a palace hard by. There was also a temple on this

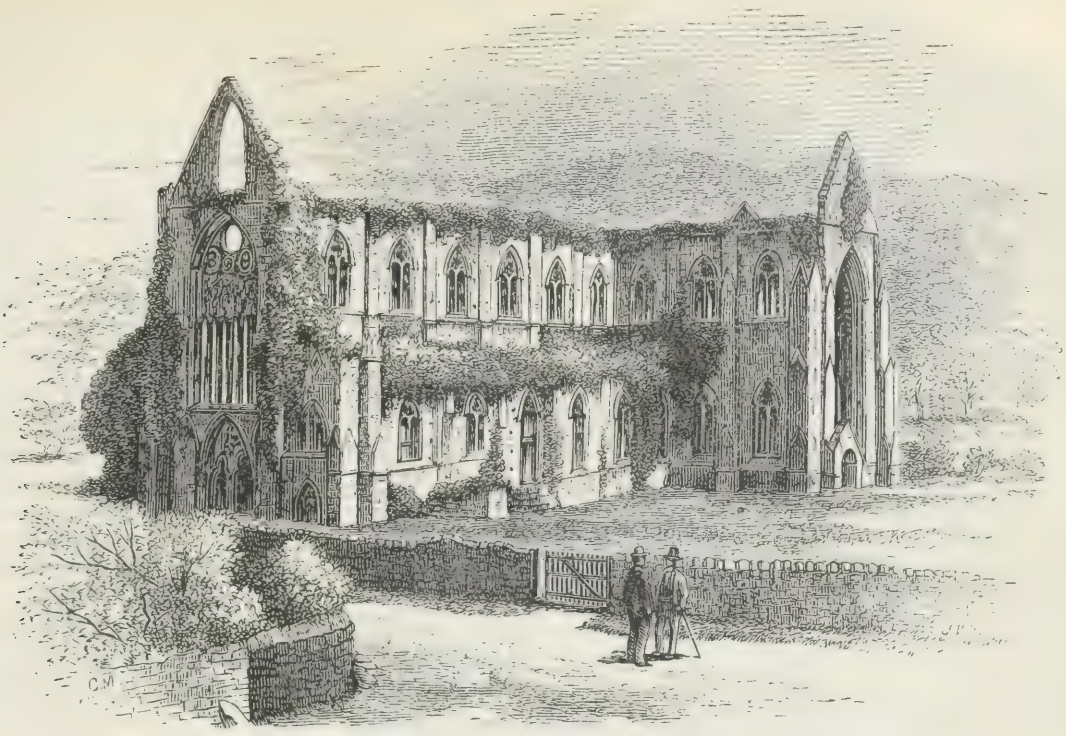


CISTERCIAN MONK.

spot in the Druidical days. At first the Cistercians were ascetics of the sternest sort, vowed to poverty, humility, toil, privation, and life in solitudes far from the haunts of men. But as time went on they grew rich, and with riches came luxury, good living, and bad practices. The community at Tin-



TINTERN, FROM THE HILL.



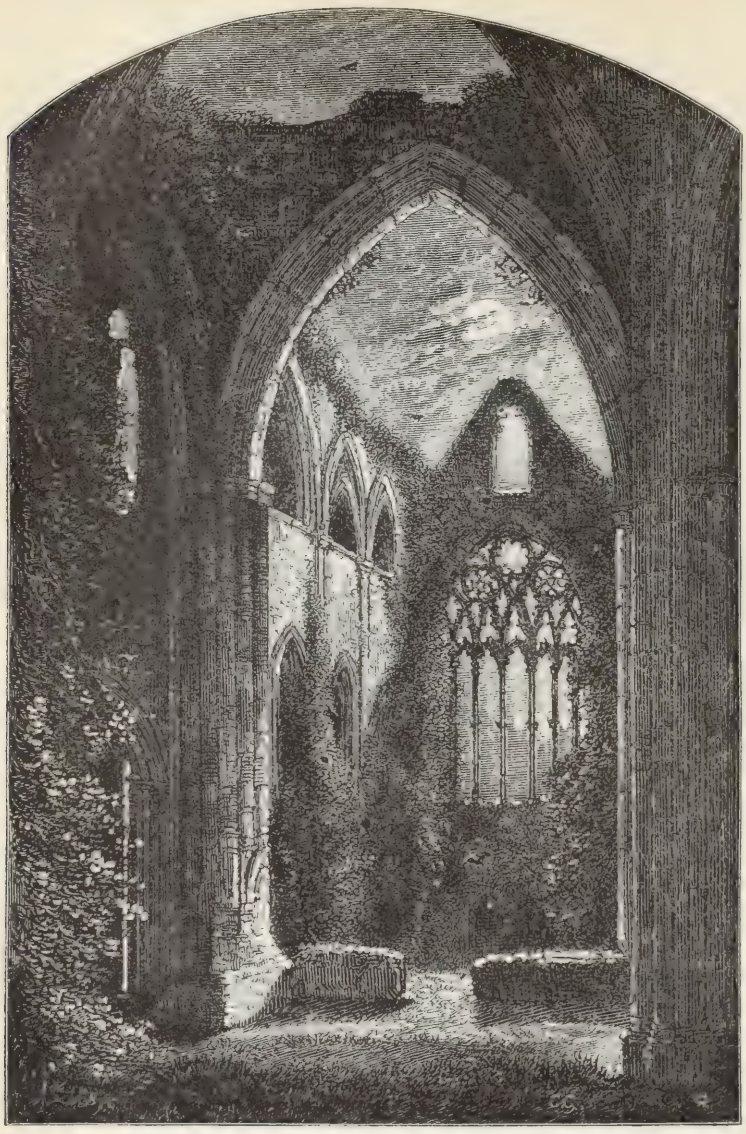
TINTERN ABBEY, FROM THE ROAD.

tern was only 150 years old when they built the magnificent abbey whose ruins now stand in lonely splendor here on the Welsh bank of the Wye. In this abbey they lived in princely style, dispensing the most sumptuous hospitalities, and more than once entertaining kings at their table. Their glories began to decline in the fifteenth century, and when the Reformation came, and Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries throughout Great Britain, there were but thirteen of the brotherhood remaining in Tintern. The ruins are now the property of the much-enduring Duke of Beaufort, and being his, are kept in the tidiest possible trim by a custodian who lives most comfortably in one of the corners of the old pile.

The first sight of Tintern Abbey from the hill on the Chepstow road almost warrants the claim which has been made for this ruin that it is the most picturesque in Britain. Yet the claim is made less on account of the exterior than of the interior. It stands in a secluded and romantic valley, close to the banks of the Wye, surrounded by cultivated hills and embowering trees. On drawing nearer you find that its immediate inclosure is a level, grassy lawn surrounded by stone walls, and with a wooden gate opening off the smooth highway which runs in front of its western façade. Here at a glance we are able to comprehend the ruin in its entirety; nothing is hidden, nothing covered up or left unexplored. The bright free sunshine bathes the ruin in one broad lake of pure golden light. No trees intercept the vision. There were trees in the grounds near the road a short time ago, but they so shut off the view that they have been cut down. The façade nearest us is the main entrance to the church, which is the part of the abbey now most complete, or rather least destroyed. On the other side are the ruins of the cloisters, parlors, dining-hall, kitchen, chapter-house, etc., much fallen to decay. The limb of the cross which juts out with its tall peak on our right is the south transept. The great window which occupies so large a part of the principal façade is an exquisite specimen of rich Gothic ornamentation.

It is not, however, until we have passed into the church that the really sublime effect of this grand ruin bursts upon us. The gaze sweeps down the entire length of the vast nave to the marvelously light and elegant window which lifts its graceful stone mullion at the opposite end of the church. Along the sides of the perspective stands a range of fine Gothic pillars, some rising completely to the arches, others quite crumbled to their base. Overhead the only roof is the high blue sky. Along the summit of the ruined walls we see a wealth of ivy, and paths where people, visitors like ourselves, are walking securely about.

Passing to the right, we stand in the south aisle, the entrance to which from without is now walled up. The view here is hardly less impressive and majestic than the other —a vista of crowding arches, walls, and windows, among which the ivy riots luxuriantly. Here within a railed space is a collection of encaustic tiles, relics of former elegance, bearing various designs, as flowers, animals, and the arms of the abbey donors. Halfway down this aisle we come to the south transept, where stands the mutilated statue



WEST WINDOW, TINTERN ABBEY.

of Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, who built the church—a strange, ghastly, broken figure, of gigantic proportions, with its head and members lopped off, as if it had been put through some hitherto undreamed-of refinement of inquisitorial torture, in which it had been literally broken all to pieces. It came to this lamentable state, however, through the freak of a drunken Welsh sailor, who, passing this way in the course of a spree he was occupied in conducting, mistook the effigy for a person on pugilistic purposes intent, and so proceeded to knock its head off its shoulders. It is needless to say this was a great many years ago, when the ruin was open to the incursions of any vagabond strolling by. The effigy is now propped up in a grim sort of fashion against the branches of a giant ivy. It is, perhaps, the most interesting relic in the abbey. It represents the doughty De Bigod in his chain-armor, with short sword and shield; and the probability is, it would have gone hard with his drunken assailant if the knight had been as much alive as the mariner took him to be.

Tintern Abbey has always been a favorite sojourning-place with artists as well as with poets. Wordsworth was a frequent visitor to the neighborhood, to which he was constantly returning in his poems when prevented from returning in the flesh; and many other poets have made Tintern their theme. It is sufficiently remote from any railway station to avoid the common fate in our day of certain abbeys more accessible to London, of being overrun by the excursionizing rabble; and even its striking beauty fails to lure to it the cockney whose taste, time, and money are all three somewhat limited. So the soft note of the soda-water bottle is not heard within its hoary walls, and the smell of the vulgar but convenient sandwich pollutes not the purity of its hallowed atmosphere.

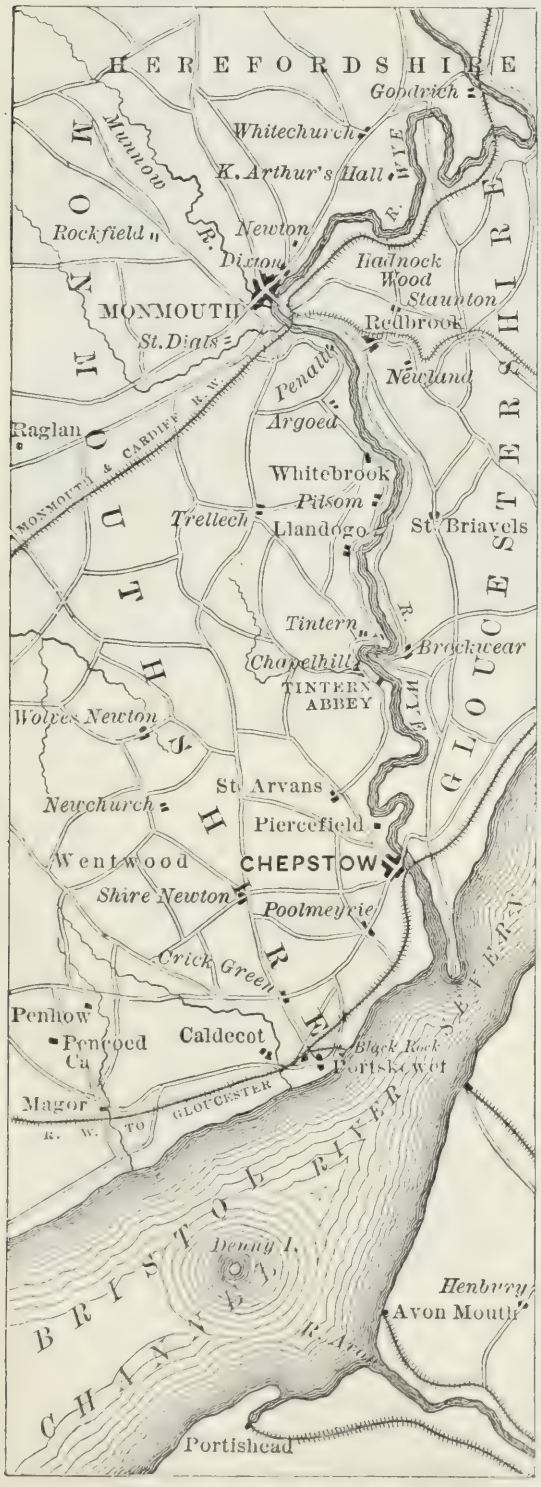
To visit the well-preserved ruins of one such castle as Raglan is to realize in the plainest manner, and as can be realized nowhere, perhaps, out of Wales, the very form and manner of the life led by the barons of mediæval times.

Ruined Raglan stands on a hill called by the Welsh Twyn y Ciros, by the English the Cherry Tump. Its outward walls were surrounded by an exterior moat, now filled up and overgrown with grass. Of the draw-bridge by which it was crossed there remains no sign, nor of the gate of entrance there. The second gate is the present entrance to the grounds. Two ivy-overgrown square towers stand sentinel at this great gate, and a tree is growing on the top of one of them, behind the beautiful open-work parapet.

The great stone bay-window which juts out into the court near by is probably one of the finest specimens of its kind to be seen any where in Wales. It is so massive in its proportions that the effect of its heavy stone frame-work is light and elegant, and with its rich festooning of ivy it is a beautiful picture. Opposite to this great window, within the banqueting hall it lighted, the baron's table stood; over his head the arms of his house sculptured on the wall. The carved escutcheon is still plainly visible, though its motto is nearly obliterated, for the hall is roofless now and open to all weathers. A beautiful geometrical roof of

Irish oak once covered it, with a cupola in the centre, rich with stained glass; and you may see up there the stone corbel heads, with grim carved faces, on which it rested for twenty years after the castle surrendered to Cromwell. Where once hung the gallery of the musicians, now yawns, high up in the wall, the doorway through which long ago they all passed into the shades.

Mounting the grand staircase, whose broad entrance invites me (and whose like I know of in no other Welsh castle), I quickly reach the open air at the top of the ivy-covered wall. From this height we look abroad upon a lovely landscape reaching away to the mountains beyond Abergavenny, and including villages, fields, forests, churches, repeated again and again over miles of fair distance.



THE VALLEY OF THE WYE.



EFFIGY OF DE BIGOD.

A moat with water in it is not a thing to be passed lightly by. I descend from the top of the donjon keep, cross the modern rustic bridge which spans the moat, and seating myself on a stone against the ivied wall there, linger long in reflection in this weird, romantic, beautiful spot. Nobody comes here to disturb my reveries; the silence remains utterly unbroken; the merry-makers of the *fête* are gathered on the green far from here, and not a sound of its brass-band is able to penetrate to me through the half dozen or more solid walls whose accumulated feet make a barrier that would muffle the noise of the Boston Jubilee were it next door. I am really in the moat now, though the waters of the moat lie far below me in a still deeper fosse. A broad sunken walk runs almost completely around the donjon keep. Behind me, perhaps a dozen feet above my head, rises a stone wall thickly overgrown with ivy. At the top of the wall is the level lawn of the terrace in front of the grand portal. Below me sleep the waters of the moat, with great lily leaves afloat on their bosom. A flight of stone stairs (broken in places, and protected with a stout wooden hand-rail) leads out of the moat up into the pitched stone court we first entered. At its foot is a dark archway leading to a range of vaults under the gate towers. To my left runs the sunken promenade in which I am sitting, shadowed by its high wall; and at frequent intervals I observe deep niches in this wall, ten feet high, which are empty and moss-grown now, but in the days of the castle's glory they were occupied by the effigies of Roman emperors that stared stonily down upon the water throughout many centuries.

Richard Strongbow, in the twelfth century, gave the domain and castle of Raglan to Sir Walter Bloet, in consideration of soldiers, money, and arms furnished by Bloet for Strongbow's expedition into Ireland. The story of most of Raglan's lords is a story of bloodshed and death by violence. Sir William ap Thomas, who owned the castle in Henry V.'s time, had two lusty sons, one of whom was that gigantic knight, Sir William Herbert, whose monument we have seen in Abergavenny Church, and who did such prodigious slaughter with his poleaxe at Banbury battle. The other son, who dwelt here under Henry VI., also espoused the cause of Edward IV., and also lost his head at Banbury. The next inheritor of Raglan was made justice of South Wales by Richard III.; and the next, who got Raglan through marriage, was beheaded at Hexham. And so these old knights went on fighting, marrying, and being beheaded, with tiresome frequency, until the day of the Earl Edward, Master of the Horse under King James I., who "died rich, and in peaceful old age —a fate that befell not many of the rest; for they expired like lights blown out, not commendably extinguished, but with the snuff very offensive to the standers-by."

Then came the reign in Raglan of the noble Marquis of Worcester, which period surpasses in interest all the preceding centuries of this stronghold's history rolled together; for not only is it the record of long and hard fighting throughout the Cromwellian wars, but it includes the story of the invention of the steam-engine by the son of Raglan's lord.

The fame of the water-works of Raglan in the seventeenth century was spread throughout the kingdom. Not only were there wondrous great fountains on the bowling-green and in the fountain court,



IN THE MOAT, RAGLAN CASTLE.

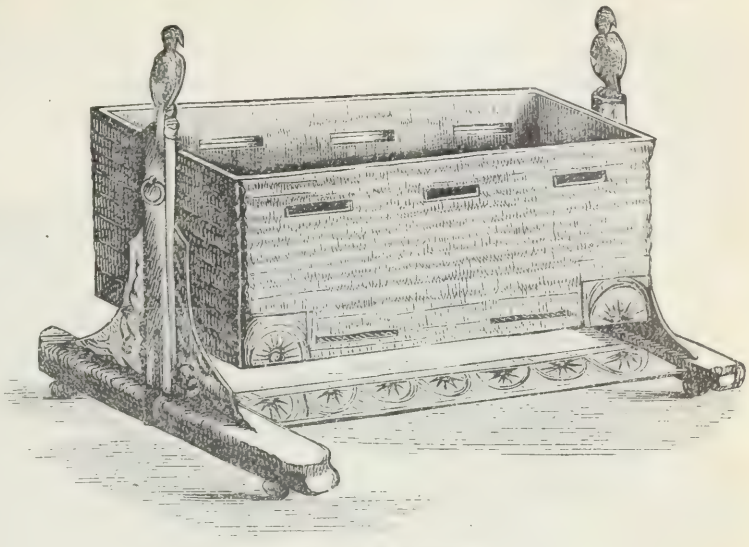
where stood a statue of a white horse and other figures, from which spurted fantastic streams of water, but in the moat there were amazing engines which threw a glittering spray clear to the top of the great donjon keep. At all *fêtes* within the castle walls these water-works were set in motion, to the delight and wonder of the knights and ladies, who looked on them as the vision of some fairy tale.

It is night when we enter Monmouth, a town renowned in history, but more renowned on account of its historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, perhaps the most delightful old liar who ever wove historical lore out of his inner consciousness. Henry V. was also born in this town, but Henry of Monmouth, by that name, is less famed over the world than Geoffrey of Monmouth.

That quaint old chronicler, Speed, in 1610, in his *Historie of the Kingdom*, wrote thus of Monmouth Castle: "But as all things find their fatall periods, neither may any more

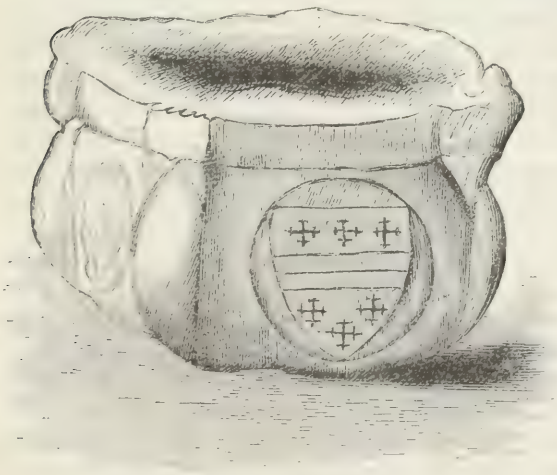
lament the losse of glorie then *Monmouth's* Castle, which Captive like doth yeeld to conquering Time. Her downe-cast stones from those lofty Turretts doe shew what beautie once it bare, standing mounted round in compasse, and within her walles another mount, whereon a Towre of great height and strength is built, which was the birth-place of our conquering *Henry* the great triumpher over *France*, but now decayed, and from a Princely Castle, is become no better then a regardlesse Cottage."

There are no vestiges of this tower now remaining. It was pulled down by Cromwell's soldiers. One Sunday, when the people were at church, some months after the place had been taken by the Roundheads, they were startled by the noise of a crash in the castle grounds: the tower had fallen, after long undermining. The stones were carried away soon after to mend the roads. But the oaken cradle in which the hero of Agincourt was rocked when a baby is still in existence, carefully preserved by descendants of a personage who held the responsible office of rocker to the prince. It is wider at one end than at the other, and there are holes at the bottom for cordage to pass through, on which was supported the royal baby's bed—a mattress of rushes, the best the land afforded.



HENRY V.'S CRADLE.

Monmouth Castle, of which the ruins are uninteresting by comparison with those of Chepstow and Raglan, formed one of the range of fortresses erected by William the Norman immediately after the Conquest,



STOUP FOUND AT MONMOUTH.

and was held through five centuries by various Norman lords of the border.

I should not have lacked for amusement in Monmouth had I arrived in the town a hundred years earlier. Not only had they theatres in the last century, but they had other entertainments, which are now obsolete. They had badger-baiting, bear-baiting, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting galore; and while the severer moralists condemned "the baiting of the bear and cock-fighting" as "no meet recreations," they held that "the baiting of the bull hath its use, and therefore it is commended by the civil authority." They had still other recreations, which put to shame that lonely, solemn billiard-table. They gathered every evening to play at quoits, fives, tennis, bowls, and archery. When Lord Nelson was here in the summer of 1802, the hero of Trafalgar did not go to bed at ten; on the contrary, he met a merry party at the bowling-green, and passed the evening till a late hour in great jollity.

Among the ancient relics of Monmouth there is one which was supposed to be the font at which the illustrious Harry was christened. It is a stoup which was dug up in a garden on that side of the castle nearest the church, and its surface is decorated with shields, which would seem to indicate that it was a vessel of some dignity. But the wisest antiquaries think it was the mortar used in the castle kitchen to pound up the mustard. Salt beef and bacon were the common food of the mediæval masses, and mustard the universal condiment eaten therewith. The stoup weighs fifty-six pounds, and is of a common gritstone peculiar to the Forest of Dean, the same which is used for corner-stones in the castle. I am perfectly willing to concede that it is not the baptismal font of the royal Harry, so long as I am left in the undisturbed belief that it was the mustard mortar of his cook; but I am determined to set my face as a flint against this modern crop of sharp-nosed wiseacres who, with cold, glittering, remorseless spectacles, peer into the sweet

heart of every pleasant belief, and tear that heart deliberately out, under pretense that they are getting at the truth. A murrain on the truth, when it dares to tell an unhappy world there was no William Tell, that Joan of Arc died in her bed an old woman, that Charlotte Corday was not handsome nor pure, and that Benedict Arnold led a comfortable and contented life in a foreign land after he had betrayed his own!



GEOFFREY'S WINDOW.

The feature of all others most interesting in Monmouth is the window which lights the room in which that delightful old Geoffrey spun his fairy web of history made wonderful. It is a great stone hanging window of quaint and curious aspect, and dark with the grime of centuries, and it is renowned throughout the land as Geoffrey's Window. Geoffrey was a Benedictine monk, whose surname was Ap Arthur, and who was archdeacon of Monmouth in 1151. It is a momentous reflection, as you look up at this window, that you here stand at the head waters of that glorious stream of historical fiction which has rolled its musical tide down the centuries, telling over and over with perennial delight the tales of Arthur and of Merlin. Had not Geoffrey of Monmouth written, there would have been no "Idyls of the King," the life of King Arthur would have come down to us barren of that wealth of story which now makes it peerless in the realm of romantic tradition. It was this Welsh priest who seized upon the faint records of an age which was ancient even to him, but to which he was nearer by three centuries than Caxton, who printed the *Morte Darthur* some 350 years before Tennyson's time. It was Geoffrey who made immortal the Arthurian romances embodied in the old Breton lays sung by the twelfth century harpers, and who wrote the life of the Welsh prophet Merlin.

The country surrounding Monmouth is no less rich in interest than the town. The author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was here in 1770, and writing of the Wye, said: "Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river in a vale that is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure." The town stands in a lovely valley surrounded by mountains whose very summits are cultivated like parks. On one of these heights there is a Roman camp within the spacious grounds surrounding the mansion of a private gentleman. From this camp half a dozen other military posts are visible, some near by, and others at distances of twenty miles off. According to traditions which we eagerly credit, and which the coldest judgment finds good reason to approve, the heroic Caractacus often occupied this camp during his nine years' struggle against the Roman invaders; and from its summit he could see the trees surrounding his clay-built home—at once a hut and a palace—in old Caerleon. The lofty height afforded him a secure retreat, with his half-naked and poorly weaponed warriors, when the mail-clad and well-armed Romans pressed them too hard; and it was no doubt owing to the opportunities for recuperation afforded by these mountain fastnesses that the sturdy Cambrian king was so long able to make war against an enemy so vastly his superior in numbers.



OLD MAN GRAM.

In little Gram Court lives old man Gram,
The patriarch of the place,
Where often you'll see his face,
Eager and greedy, peering about,
As he goes bustling in and out
At a wriggling, rickety pace—
Brisk octogenarian's pace.
He rattles his stick at my heels, and brags,
As he comes shuffling along the flags—
Brags of his riches and brags of his rags,
Much work and little play.
"You see where I am," says old man Gram—
"You see where I am to-day.

"I came to town at twelve years old,
With a shilling in this 'ere pocket"—
You should see him chuckle and knock it!
"The town to me was a big stout chest,
With fortunes locked in the till; but I guessed
A silver key would unlock it—
My little key would unlock it.
I found in a rag-shop kept by a Jew
A place to sleep and a job to do,
And managed to make my shilling two;
And that's always been my way.
Now see where I am," cries old man Gram—
"Now see where I am to-day!"

In his den atop of the butcher's shop
He lies in his lair of husks,
And sups on gruels and rusks,
And a bone now and then to pick and gnaw,
With hardly a tooth in his tough old jaw,
But a couple of curious tusks—
Ah, picturesque, terrible tusks!
Though half Gram Court he calls his own,
Here, hoarding his rents, he has lived alone,
Until, like a hungry wolf, he has grown
Gaunt and shaggy and gray.
"You see where I am," growled old man Gram,
As I looked in to-day.

"I might have a wife to make my broth,
Which would be convenient—rather!
And younkers to call me father.
But a wife would be after my chink, you see;
And bantlings for them that like!" snarls he;
"I never would have the bother—
They're an awful expense and bother!
I went to propose at fifty-four,
But stopped as I raised my hand to the door:
'To think of a dozen brats or more!'
Says I, and I turned away.
Now see where I am," brags old man Gram—
"Only see where I am to-day!

"I had once a niece, who came to town
As poor as any church mouse:
She wanted to keep my house.
'Tut! I have no house to keep: go back.'
I gave her a dollar, and told her to pack;
At which she made such a touse—
You never did see such a touse!
Whole rows of houses were mine, she said;
I had more bank shares than hairs in my head,
And gold like so much iron or lead—
All which I couldn't gainsay.

Men see where I am," grins old man Gram—
"They see where I am to-day.

"But if there is any thing I detest,
And for which I have no occasion,
Sir, it's a poor relation.
They're always plenty and always in need:
Take one, and soon you will have to feed
Just about half the nation—
They'll swarm from all over the nation!
And I have a rule, though it's nothing new—
'Tis one that I learned from my friend the Jew:
Whatever I fancy, whatever I do,
I always ask, Will it pay?
Now see where I am," boasts old man Gram—
"Just see where I am to-day!"



"I GAVE HER A DOLLAR, AND TOLD HER TO PACK."

The little boys dread his coming tread,
They are pale as he passes by,
And the sauciest curs are shy,
His stick is so thick and he looks so grim;
Not even a beggar will beg of him:
You should hear him mention why!—
There's a very good reason why.
The poor he hates, and he hasn't a friend,
And none but a fool will give or lend;

"For, only begin, there'll be no end—
That's what I always say.
Now see where I am," crows old man Gram—
"Just see where I am to-day!"

His miserly gain is the harvest grain;
All the rest is chaff and stubble;
And the life beyond is a bubble.
We are as the beasts; and he thinks, on the whole,
'Tis quite as well that he has no soul,
For that might give him trouble—
Might give him a deal of trouble.
The long and short of the old man's creed
Is to live for himself and to feed his greed.
The world is a very good world indeed,
If only a chap might stay:
"Only stay where I am," whines old man Gram—
"Stay just where I am to-day!"



"THE LITTLE BOYS DREAD HIS COMING TREAD....AND THE SAUCIEST CURS ARE SHY."

LIFE ON BROADWAY.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive, and witness their wax-laying and honey-making and poison-brewing and choking by sulphur. I see it all. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather; there, top-laden and with four swift horses, rolls in the country baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lame soldier hops patiently along, begging alms: a thousand carriages and wains and cars come tumbling in with food, with young Rusticity, and other raw produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with produce manufactured. That living flood, of all ages and qualities, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? From Eternity, onward to Eternity."—*Sartor Resartus.*

LIFE on Broadway is pretty nearly every thing. It is the broadest farce, the heaviest tragedy, and the most delicate comedy; it is tender, severe, sad, and joyous—an available text for the satirist, the moralist, the humorist, the preacher, and the man of the world. No ambition, passion, or creed may not be studied in its magnificent parade, which puts together things that by nature are widely apart, and effects a grand *ensemble* of vividly dramatic contrasts.



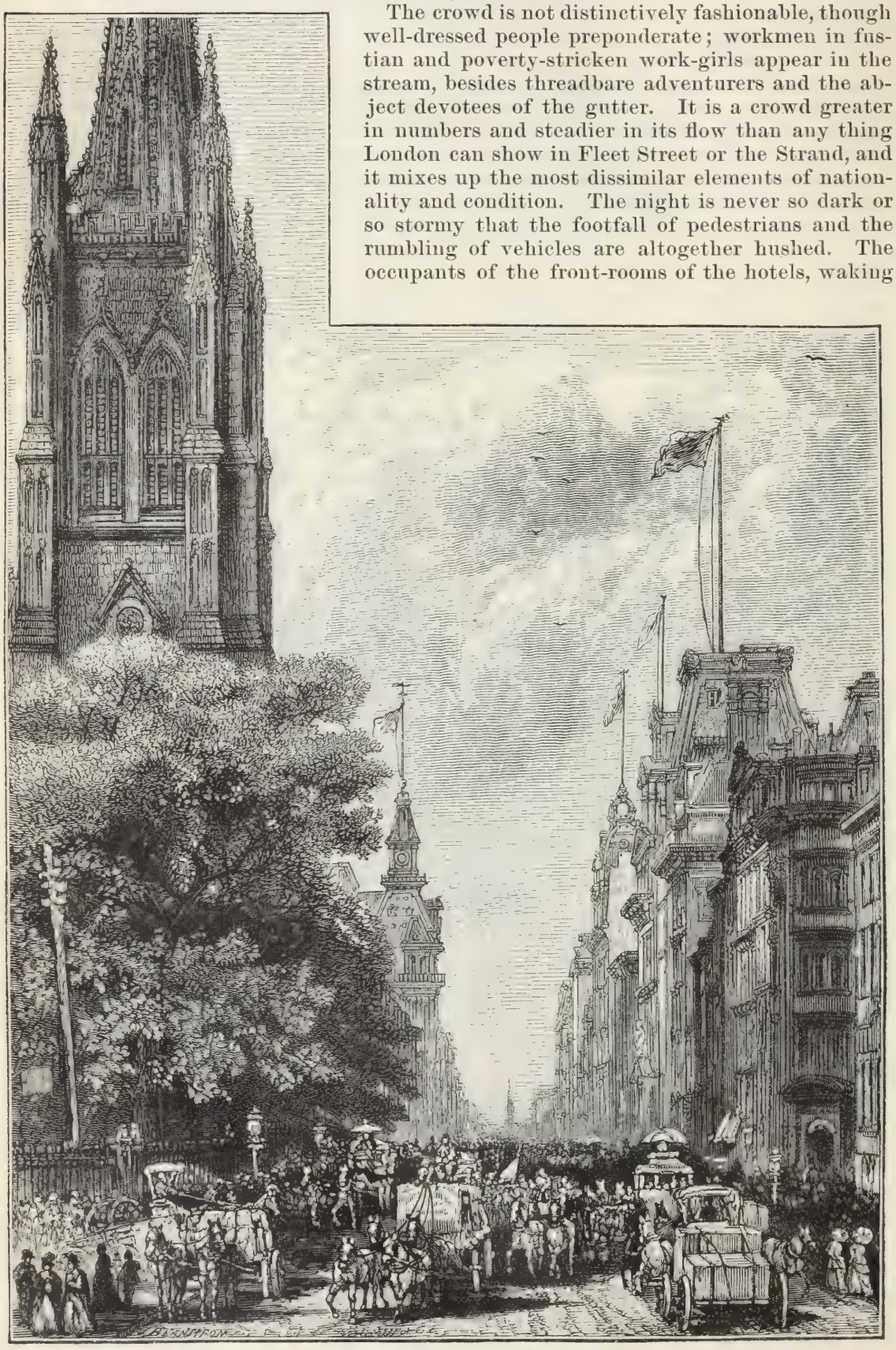
SCENE ON UPPER BROADWAY.

Topographically, as well as by the selection of traffic, the street is the main artery of the city. The best way of finding out the inside of an orange is by cutting it through the middle; and if, in a sort of geographical vivisection, a scalpel should be drawn down the middle of New York, it would fall into the channel formed by Broadway. The effluence is at the southern extremity of the city, and the affluence is on the borders of Central Park, the street coursing almost due north and south for a little less than four miles.

On account of its centrality and directness, it is touched by nearly every moving inhabitant of the city in his daily walks: if he is going from north to south, he pre-

fers it to the other avenues, because it is straight and its pavement is good; and if he is going from any quarter east to any quarter west, he must intersect it at some point in gaining his destination. The country visitor coming from the Jersey and Long Island ferries feels secure when he reaches Broadway, and while he keeps to it he can not go very far astray, no matter what his destination is. It is not only a channel of commercial traffic, but a favorite promenade of the idler and pleasure-seeker, and though the acquaintances of a man may be few, a walk up or down Broadway is sure to confront him with somebody that he knows.

The crowd is not distinctively fashionable, though well-dressed people preponderate; workmen in fustian and poverty-stricken work-girls appear in the stream, besides threadbare adventurers and the abject devotees of the gutter. It is a crowd greater in numbers and steadier in its flow than any thing London can show in Fleet Street or the Strand, and it mixes up the most dissimilar elements of nationality and condition. The night is never so dark or so stormy that the footfall of pedestrians and the rumbling of vehicles are altogether hushed. The occupants of the front-rooms of the hotels, waking



LOWER BROADWAY.

at any hour, can still hear the reverberations of the traffic, which swell toward morning into a deafening roar, and continue without lull throughout the day. The procession is endless. When all the rest of the city is asleep, Broadway is awake, and looking through its vista between the two bead-like strings of lamps, we still see some pedestrians plodding along on various missions of crime, industry, pleasure, or charity.

Whence come they, whither go they? asks Carlyle's German professor from his look-out tower. It is apparently the same crowd from day to day and from year to year; the faces are the same, and so are the passions shadowed in those faces. Individuality is subverted. If we stood under the portico of one of the hotels yesterday and watched the procession, we may stand there to-day and see it over again without detecting any great difference, its recurrence reminding us of the band on the wheel of a machine. But the individuality subverted in externals is strong enough in the minds of the crowd. When we apprehend that the least intellectual and the least important of the human beings who are passing before us has his own pet scheme of life, his own secrets, his own theories—that he is a veritable microcosm in himself—how profoundly significant the procession becomes!



ONE OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD.

Our point of view is not introspective, however, for it would be vain and aside from our purpose to attempt an unravelment of the psychological complexities underlying the faces of the throng. What we are after is the surface glow of the picture—the superficial episodes, the exhilarations of the traffic—the light and shade and the dramatic spirit of the thing. There is cheeriness, impetuosity, vehemence, and brilliancy in a Broadway crowd. We have said that London shows nothing to equal it, and Paris itself can hardly surpass it. It has a Champagne sparkle even in the parts where business is supreme; its tread is elastic, buoyant, and almost rhythmic, as it follows the rattle and roar of the vehicles; and that rattle and roar, made by the pressure of hundreds of wheels and hoofs on a resonant pavement, are like the *crescendo* movement of a heroic symphony. Nervous people and people from the country can not enjoy it; it is bewildering, painfully so, to them; but the active citizen whose nerves are in good condition finds stimulation in the friction and the noise. Visions of Broadway and its throng have appeared to the writer in the mountain pine forests of the West, when the retrospect has added brilliancy to the well-remembered scenes, and it invariably leaves an indelibly vivid impression on the stranger, no matter how short his stay may be.

Let us stand near Trinity Church at about eleven o'clock on a fine morning, or, as a beginning, let us ascend the steeple. The

street is straight for nearly two miles, when it turns slightly to the northwest, the slender gray spire of Grace Church marking the turning-point. Its name is unjustified by fact: the breadth is inconsiderable, being farther reduced apparently by the great height of most of the buildings, and the surface is depressed as far as Canal Street, where a gentle ascent begins. The variety of architecture is extraordinary. Every material has been used in every style—brick, iron, glass, marble, granite, brown stone, yellow stone, wood, and stucco. Small, modest dwellings of a much earlier period, with old-fashioned dormer-windows projecting from the upper story, and modern plate-glass show windows inserted in the lower story, are threatened with suffocation by buildings twice or three times their height.

The Sierras are not more serrated than the cornice lines of Broadway, and the effect is not at all satisfactory to an artistic eye. Sign-boards hang out and flag-staffs rise from nearly every building. On a gala day, when all the patriotic bunting is unfolded, the view is more brilliant and ragged than ever; but what engages us most is the crowd—that uneasy mass of black dots which resemble the pen-and-ink kisses of an amorous correspondent. Has the reader ever noticed a swarm of flies buzzing on the outside of a grocer's window? That is another resemblance which the crowd has. The black dots seem to eddy, to rise and fall in constant commotion. There are hundreds of them, and whatever their actual dress may be, they appear from a great altitude to be black, which, excepting Sunday-school festivals, is the case with all American and English crowds.



INTERIOR OF A BROADWAY STAGE

The steady progress made by each shows that the confusion is not quite hopeless, and if we fix our attention on a particular one, our interest is immediately enlisted, and we follow its course with the patient eagerness of an astronomer who devotes himself in constancy to one only of the alluring heavenly bodies. We can form no idea out of



A BENCH IN UNION SQUARE.

the varied possibilities as to what manner of man the speck upon which we have set our gaze is, nor as to the errand upon which he goes, nor as to the thoughts that occupy him. It may be an exquisite with a lordly, leisurely strut, or a shabby clerk with bent shoulders and a family of six to support on as many dollars a week, or an observant literary man with eyes wide open to suggestion, or a pickpocket with no less strong powers of observation in another direction, or a commercial drummer with samples in hand. It glides slowly along, in and out among the other specks, and after a while it is lost, and we seek for it again in vain.

Mankind will not bear looking at from an elevation. The thin partitions of social classifications melt in the distance; sumptuousness of dress and grandeur of person are of no account; the millionaire and the beggar are indistinguishable. A communist might gaze happily on the world from Trinity steeple; for while all others would be reduced to a common level of insignificance, he himself would be above them all, and that is communism of the practical sort.

As we come down to the street again, the chimes burst into the strong melody of a hymn, and ring out the promise of the Eternal Rock in tones that the uproar of the traffic can not drown. The grand old church there, amid the busiest turmoil of commerce, embodying centuries of suffering and victories in its Gothic architecture, is an appeal to veneration which few can resist; and as the music of the chimes breaks upon the din, the most abstracted of the passers-by glance up at the historic sanctuary. How utterly absorbed most of the faces that we see are! Money-making is a strong passion, and money-making in this neighborhood is a game of chance. A few doors from Broadway, on Wall Street, is the Stock Exchange, where scores of men are striving for wealth with the fierceness of maniacs. Other men flit by us on the street whose eyes are fixed with feverish intensity as they ponder over their schemes. In times of panic the fever reveals itself in wilder faces and more hur-



A FLOWER GIRL.

ried steps, and the student who complains of the intellectual drain that is put upon him, might find consolation in the overwrought and exhausted condition of the men whose brains are occupied in the apparently easy problems of the markets.

Bank messengers with actual bags of gold and packages of paper convertible into gold; office-boys with saucy faces and no less sau-

cy manners; shrewd detectives with quiet, unobtrusive ways, altogether unsuspicious; telegraph boys in neat uniforms, carrying yellow envelopes that contain words penned ten minutes previously in California; railway magnates more important than many kings; spruce clerks and laborious porters —are included in the throng which passes before us in an almost solid body.

All is not toil and trouble with the merchants, however. Across the way is the white marble façade of a celebrated restaurant, where, after a successful stroke of business, a lucky handling of wheat or Erie, the masters of the situation make merry over the costly vintages of Champagne and Burgundy, sometimes prolonging their revels to an hour when all the adjacent streets are dark and vacant, and Trinity spire points solemnly to the deep blue night sky.

Soon after six o'clock the high pressure of the traffic down town abates, the offices are closed, a single lamp being left burning in each to reveal the interiors to the policeman, and the tired-out workers seek their homes. By nine o'clock the street is quiet.



ANIMATED SANDWICHES.

A few pedestrians pass to and from the Brooklyn ferries at Whitehall. Between midnight and four o'clock the telegraph and newspaper offices send out their wearied operatives. The street is never quite empty, but the rapid change that takes place at night-fall, previous to which every stone and flag has seemed to have a voice, suggests a visitation of palsy.

A short distance north of Trinity, Park Row slants off from Broadway, being separated from the latter thoroughfare by the new Post-office and City Hall Park. Lights are burning over there all night. Men smirched with ink and pale with toil are coming and going constantly. Those high buildings are the offices of the great morning newspapers—the *Herald*, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Sun*, and the *World*. The upper stories, in which the editorial and composing rooms are situated, blaze with light, and on the ground-floor a paler beam shows the advertising-rooms, where a few sleepy clerks await the last advertisements. The imagination can not encompass the nervous reach and power of the influence which those steadily burning lamps symbolize. Sitting under the trees of the Park, which is an agreeable break in the high-walled street, we are passed from time to time by reporters hurrying to their offices with rolls of "copy" bearing on every current topic—lectures on evolution, sermons, theatres, fires, murders, receptions, funerals, and weddings. An hour or so later the same slaves of the lamp pass us again as they go home; later the editorial writers are seen, and later still the proof-readers and compositors. The editor-in-chief drives home in a *coupé*. The lawgivers and law-makers—people in themselves mighty, but not as mighty as he—have waited upon him in humility, and accepted a moment's audience as a boon. He is the incomparable planet of American civilization, although the lustre of the satellites sometimes outshines the planet itself, and as he composes himself in the corner of his modest carriage, his brain reflects in epitome the history of the world for a day. On a calm evening we can hear the roar of the presses on our bench in the Park, and in that roar we fancy that we can make out the articulation of the power which the myriad white sheets are to have in the morning.

While the lower part of Broadway is filled during the day with urgent business men and is deserted at night, the upper part is chosen for purchases and promenade by a much more brilliant throng, and is busy both night and day.

About two miles from the foot of the street the northward-bound traveller finds himself emerging from the close quarters of the street into one of those verdurous squares which lend a great charm to the city. In the mornings and afternoons the benches and the asphalt walks of this bit of country in town are crowded with white-capped nurse-maids attending prettily dressed children; more or less disagreeable idlers, varying in distinction from the tramp to the slightly overcome tippler; and the pedestrians, who are glad enough to vary the monotony of the flag-stone sidewalk with a glimpse of the smooth grass-plats and the

shelter of the trees. In the evenings lovers in pairs take the places of the *bonnes*, and the club man does not wholly despise the opportunity for meditation afforded by the common benches, which are inclosed by grass and foliage, and near the tranquilizing murmur of the fountain. The lamps hang among the foliage, and the square is bounded by high buildings; the bells of the horse-cars and the rattle of other vehicles are half subdued, and the trees give one a sense of sequestration, although a few strides would bring us back to the street again.



SCENE IN UNION SQUARE.

Looking out from Union Square, as this oasis in the desert of buildings is called, we get an idea of how interminable a Broadway crowd is.

About a quarter of a mile farther north Madison Square relieves the confinement of the street with fountains, grass, shrubs, and trees, and between the two such a parade may be seen on fine afternoons, especially Saturdays, as no other city in America, and few other cities in the world, can show. The great retail houses of the Stewarts, the Tiffanys, the Arnolds and Constables, and the Lords and Taylors, are concentrated within these limits or in the immediate neighborhood, and woman in her most elegant attire appears in quest of new additions to her already voluminous apparel.

Woman out of the house is always magnificent, and she is never so elaborate in her toilet as when, with the plea of nakedness on her lips, she sallies out on a shopping expedition. On such occasions she surrounds herself with an atmosphere—or we had better say incense—through which she looms in proportions not altogether her own; a spirit of imperativeness and supremacy invests her, and the men among whom she mingles drop into a sort of nebulous inferiority. A masculine spectator is quite apt to overlook the presence of men; the men are there inevitably, but they wriggle helplessly and insignificantly in the feminine sea of furbelows.

So much in the way of generalization; and now to be more specific. It is the writer's unbiased opinion, well fortified by the comments of others, that more pretty faces and



MADISON SQUARE.

exquisite costumes are to be discovered between Twenty-third Street and Union Square on a fine afternoon than a month's investigation will reveal in any other city. This is not to be interpreted as praise of any particular type of American beauty. All types are aggregated in that fluttering stream of feathers and petticoats. The looker-on passes through a confliction of ecstasies in the contemplation of all the varieties. Constancy becomes an impossibility when all that is dark and sensuously melting in woman flits by in a compact brunette, to be succeeded by all that is fair and heavenly in a *spirituelle* blonde—when Perfection seduces us one moment in the *petite*, and the next moment embodies herself in a voluptuous amplitude of rosy flesh.

Though all the women we see are not pretty, an entrancing proportion are, and a still larger proportion are attired with a discriminating liberality of taste which employs vivid color without a suggestion of gaudiness. Another characteristic is the vivacity of manner, and the abundant use of flowers, both natural and artificial, as a decoration. In the time of violets and roses the air of this overheated city street is as fragrant as a garden. Nearly every woman wears a bouquet in her breast, and a perfect legion of sidewalk peddlers add to the sweetness with small bunches held out for sale in baskets and on trays.

Most of the commodities visible are those which women buy. The dry-goods stores preponderate, and after these are the glove stores, where plaster arms display the monstrous absurdity of twenty-two-button kids; the stationers', where the last fashions in note-papers and cards are revealed; the fancy stores, whose windows are filled with miracles of tortoise-shell and ivory carving and expensive ornaments for the house and the person; the photographers', where pictures are sold of the last idol of the hour; and the confectioners', whose sweetmeats are put up in the daintiest and most extravagant packages. Even the hawkers seem to understand the sex from which they are to expect patronage, and adapt their wares accordingly. An effectual appeal is made to woman's softness by the sleepy Spitz pups which are temptingly held out in the palms of a fancier's hands, where they resemble balls of wool; and a stronger appeal yet is made by the one-armed soldier, whose barrel-organ has a hard time in making itself heard above the noise of the vehicles. Other vendors offer pressed ferns, toys, plants, and photograph-holders. It may be imagined from the presence of the sidewalk merchant that the crowd is not *par excellence* fashionable, and it is not; but it is prosperous, gay, and animated.

When the business of her brief hour is partly over or finished, the outer woman having been provided for, the inner woman refreshes after her own fashion and in her

own haunts. No man with a grain of proper feeling in him can be at ease in Purcell's during the women's shopping hours. It is singularly and unaccountably unpleasant to see a room full of women eating, no matter how dainty the food may be. At Maillard's a mild infusion of the male element makes the sight more endurable, and there we may learn what a stickler for the minor elegan-



SPITZ PUPS.

cies of life my lady is. The plate, the linen, the crystal-ware, are all flawless. The *menu* is on satin paper in gold and delicate tints, wrought into suggestions of cherubs and paradise.

A tenet exists in the unwritten constitution of the polite world which prescribes an early hour after which women shall not be seen unescorted on Broadway, but they remain beyond it and until the iron shutters of the dry-goods stores are drawn down, and the commercial men appear on their way home or to their clubs. Approaching darkness is most effectual in driving them home—they can not resist the terrors of that; and when night is come, another phase of "life" is uncovered by the glare of the many hotels, billiard halls, saloons, and supper-rooms which are situated between Twenty-third Street and Thirty-fourth Street.

The lights are so numerous and bright that we have no difficulty in making out the faces and dresses of the nocturnal promenaders; the doors of all the public resorts are thrown wide open to us, and if we are not disposed to moralize too much, we can enjoy the excitement of the billiards, or the solace of coffee and cigars in a snug little alcove window, which is like the private box of a theatre, and from which the Vanity Fair outside is like a grand performance prepared for our own particular amusement.

Carriages go by in which we discover opera and ball dresses; the men on the sidewalk move along saunteringly, nearly every one with a cigar in his mouth, and the crimson tips of the weeds glow in the air like so many setting suns. The entrances to the hotels are filled with loungers and gossips. These are the men who, in their own estimation, make the world—the men who act in it, and talk about it, and take pleasure out of it.

The night-birds hover about the scene until the day-laborers begin to appear again, and the lights in some of the places of entertainment are not put out until sunrise.

What we have aimed at, and all that we have been able to obtain, in our superficial glance, has been a few of the more salient phases of the street. All the episodes of a walk on Broadway could not possibly be described in the space to which our article is limited.

There are the show windows, which make a complete international exposition of industries; and it would be difficult indeed to think of any thing that could not be bought on Broadway. If in some way the rest of the city should be demolished, Broadway could supply the survivors with every necessary and luxury of life, from dinners at Delmonico's to marmoset monkeys, from Cashmere shawls to household furniture *à*



THE TOY-WOMAN.

la Eastlake, from colossal bronzes to silk stockings, and from cigarettes to refined lard.

Taking the curious exhibits only, what a variety there are! Here is a little oyster saloon with two windows. One window is filled with moist dark green moss, upon which a stock of live frogs have flattened themselves underneath the sign of "fried frogs' legs," and just inside the shop a glowing range and frying-pan are ready to finish the business for the captives. In the other window several groups of lobsters have been made by a few touches of paint to resemble card and dinner parties with such verisimilitude that we wonder why so simple and available a disguise is not used oftener in this lying world. Around another window a crowd are watching a bulbous-headed child who is demonstrating the action of a patent swing called the "Baby Walker," which has a diabolical tendency to produce some brain disease in any infant sacrificed to it. Next door an athletic salesman is exhibiting an adjustable chair, which is susceptible of so many complicated twists and turns that its possessor must be constantly in danger of involving his limbs in its machinery; and a little lower down the street the attraction is a hive of uncomfortable-looking bees, which are sailing in and out among the crowd, and making honey for a summer drink, dispensed by their owners at five cents a glass. Here a toy-shop window has been converted into a miniature lake, upon which tiny steamboats are puffing about, and there a pretty girl is fingering a piano-like machine which obviates the use of a pen in writing. The dramas which reproduce Broadway scenes are always successful, however destitute they may be of intrinsic merit, the exhilaration of the reality diffusing itself into the pasteboard mimicry.

But the crowd and the show windows are not the only diversions. Besides these there are the street vendors, who often offer interesting studies. The eloquence of the vagabond whose commodity is small tablets of grease-erasers, and of his twin brother in humbug, the man with the dentifrice, brings a laugh into the most serious face. Neighbor to these is an ambiguous foreigner in a Turkish cap, with odorous Tonka-beans for sale; and the next peddler is a philosopher, who is apparently quite oblivious of every thing except the patent threader with which he threads and rethreads a needle while he mumbles the advantages of his invention.

A few years ago a precocious youngster attracted large audiences by his drawings on the sidewalk. His materials were a few bits of chalk hoarded in a torn trouser pocket, and with these he rapidly drew political and legendary characters on the flag-stones. No policeman being near, he fell earnestly to his work on his knees, and a life-sized



SHOW WINDOW.

figure soon appeared in plethoric blotches of red, blue, and yellow. An amused crowd gathered and silently watched the swift motions of the little vagabond's hand. Whose portrait would it be? In the earlier stages of its progress every body thought he could detect Captain Kidd, but an unforeseen touch quickly dissipated that notion; then it seemed to be bold Ben Butler, and then the late Mr. Eddy as Ingomar the Barbarian. Thus exciting the curiosity of his critics, and holding a dozen faces spell-bound, the artist completed his subject, working several more blotches of yellow into the legs, and mixing a little brown with white over the face. It was only "a Turk," indisputably crude; but was there no zeal and cunning in its execution? We fancied that we could see both, to say nothing of the brighter light in the none-too-clean face of the artist as he rubbed the colors on the flags. Besides, if this lad had no gift or love for his occupation, why did he choose it? His father was a cartman,

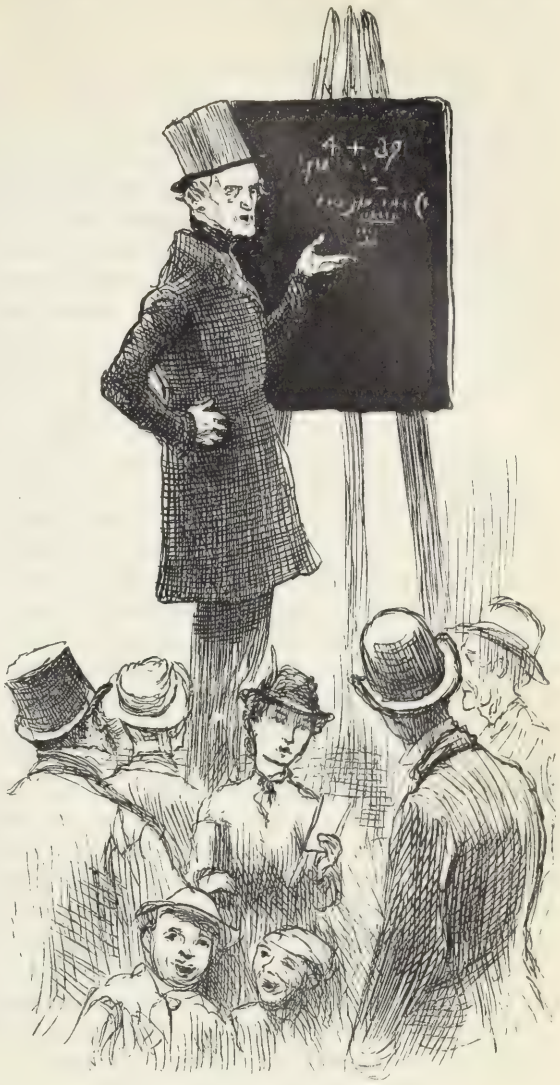
and his mother sold apples at a corner; his brothers and sisters were shoe-blacks and news-vendors. Why did he not follow their example? We might ask a string of questions, but we do not like the interrogative way of putting things. It is simpler to postulate. The lad was allured to his occupation by his love for it, his love for it grew out of his sympathy with it, and his sympathy with it was inborn and co-existent with an ability to master it. That is our case related in the manner of the "House that Jack Built," modified.

Recently two new-comers appeared among the street exhibitors—an old man and a little girl, who illustrated and offered for sale a new system of lightning arithmetic. The man had a pale, intelligent, studious face, and wore a threadbare suit of black. The girl, who was about fifteen or sixteen, spoke in a modest but business-like manner, and was dressed in a tasteful suit of gray—an attractive, womanly little body, who won the hearts of all spectators. The father carried a small blackboard and an easel, and when the inexorable policeman was out of the way, a convenient street corner was selected for an exhibition.

The Broadway police belong to a special squad, and are noted for their intelligence, politeness, and military bearing. It is a picture to see one of these Apollos in buttons escorting a timid lady through a maze of vehicles, or carrying a school-child across the street in his arms, and sometimes the picture is heroic.

Many odd characters drift in the crowd; advertising handbills without number are thrust upon us; our ears are assailed by the deafening tramp of feet and the crash of the wheels; misery and merriment, pomp and poverty, in various shapes, file before us. What a matchless pageantry it is!

Then there are days when the whole aspect of the street is changed, as in a rain-storm,



LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

when the pedestrians almost disappear, and the sidewalk and pavement shine with smooth moisture; and as in a snow-storm, when the fleecy white plays miracles with appearances. But to even glance at all the phases of Broadway within the limits of a magazine article is, indeed, impossible.

THE FIRESIDE.

With what a live intelligence the flame
  Glows and leaps up in spires of flickering red,
  And turns the coal, just now so dull and dead,
To a companion! Not like those who came
To weary me with iteration tame
  Of idle talk in shallow fancies bred.
  From doleful moods the cheerful fire has led
My thoughts, which now their manlier strength reclaim;
And like some frozen thing that feels the sun
  Through solitudes of winter penetrate,
The frolic currents through my pulses run;
  While fluttering whispers soft and intimate
  Out of the ruddy fire-light of the grate
Make talk, love, music, poetry in one.

HOW BARRY BECAME A HERO.

AT the unripe age of thirteen, Barry Munson and Tom Finch were fast friends. Social differences did not trouble them. Their interest in base-ball was equally intense, and their antipathy for algebra was equally deep-rooted. Tom worked out Barry's mathematical problems, and Barry wrote Tom's compositions, and either would have made any reasonable sacrifice to secure for the other admission to a circus.

When Barry Munson's sister Louise said that Tom Finch was not "a proper associate," her brother defended his friend stoutly.

"I guess he knows more'n you do, or that goggle-eyed Maynard either."

This was a doubly cruel thrust. Miss Louise Munson had finished her education —had any one doubted it, she might have produced her diploma from the Raritan Seminary—and, moreover, Miss Louise Munson was an ardent admirer of Mr. Frederick Maynard. This latter gentleman, whom the incorrigible Barry persisted in designating "goggle-eyed," was the son of a respectable tanner, who had amassed a fortune by industry and hides. I presume he began life without a dollar. That appears to be a necessary condition at the outset of every rich man's career. However, Josiah Maynard had been for twenty years a prominent man in Barborough, and a new generation did not stop to question how he obtained his money. His son Frederick knew nothing of hides, and even less of the struggles which his father had undergone years ago. This lucky myope looked upon the world through Brazilian pebbles, and found it fair. He grew into manhood with a decided predilection for gold-rimmed eyeglasses and gorgeous cravats. To these, somewhat later, was added a profound admiration for Miss Louise Munson.

When Barry presumed to elevate Tom Finch to a higher plane than that occupied by Fred Maynard, his sister became properly indignant. Tom Finch was the son of a mechanic, who was permitted to live chiefly through the gracious indulgence of Barry's father. Had there been no Barborough Iron-works, it was reasonable to suppose that the Finch family could not have existed; and certainly there would have been no Barborough Iron-works without a Munson. The Finches, therefore, owed the Munsons a debt of gratitude which they could hope to pay only negatively, that is, by preventing their Tom from associating with Barry.

That is the way in which Miss Louise Munson looked at the matter when she protested against her brother's intimacy with Tom Finch.

Now Barry himself, at the unripe age of thirteen, stubbornly refused to give up Tom's companionship merely because Tom's father was a mechanic. Tom himself was a first-rate fellow. He could play short-stop better than any boy in Barborough. He could make kites that would soar heavenward to the limit of two balls of twine. He was especially good at leap-frog, and without him algebra would have remained forever an unknown quantity. It mattered very little in those days whether Tom wore patches on his coat or not. After he thrashed big John Roper, because big John snatched an apple from Bessie Charlock's desk in school, he became at once a hero in Barry's eyes. And at thirteen heroes are worshiped more devoutly than in riper age. At twenty the worship is apt to turn to heroines.

As boys, then, Tom and Barry were the best of friends. They had but one quarrel, that is, of a serious nature, and that was caused indirectly by Bessie Charlock. On his thirteenth birthday Barry gave a party, to which, in spite of many protestations from Miss Louise, Tom Finch was invited. When it came to supper-time, Barry offered to escort Bessie Charlock to the dining-room. Bessie refused to go; she "had company." Barry was at first astonished and afterward indignant. Not, however, at Bessie. It was perfectly right that she should keep her word, and go with the somebody else, as she had promised. Barry's indignation turned upon that somebody else, who proved to be Tom Finch.

"I wanted to take Bessie Charlock to supper," said he, later in the evening.

"Why didn't you ask her, then?" rejoined Tom.

"'Cause you got ahead of me!"

"Well, if she would rather go with me, I s'pose it's all right, isn't it?"

This was more than Barry could stand.

"She wouldn't rather go with you," he said, feeling the blood mount to his face. "She went because she knew nobody else would go with you."

"Oh, wouldn't they, now?" demanded Tom, indignantly. "I guess any girl would have gone if I'd asked her; and if she hadn't, I wouldn't go blubbering 'round to the fellow who got the best of me."

"You just wait till to-morrow!" said Barry, as he moved away from the corner where this unpleasant dialogue had been held.

Now Barry Munson hated girls in general, and cared very little about Bessie Charlock in particular. Basing his opinion chiefly on what he knew of his sister Louise, it appeared to him that girls were nuisances, and that their mission in life, if they had any, was to interfere with their brothers' plans. Could Barry have had his own way about it, he would have invited only boys to his birthday party. And yet he felt that some girls were less objectionable than others; Bessie Charlock, perhaps, the least so of all. If it became necessary to take a dose of medicine,

Barry's preference was decidedly for sugar-coated pills; and if he found himself compelled to escort a young lady to supper, he naturally desired that she should possess all the saccharine qualities possible. Helen Boughton had nothing about her of a sugary nature. Her face was suggestive rather of chalk, and her stupidity was simply amazing. Barry, who, upon Bessie's unexpected refusal, was forced to offer his company to Helen, felt that he had taken an allopathic dose of castor-oil. And this may have accounted for his tiff with Tom. For three days after the party the boys were open enemies. Then Barry relented.

"What's the use of getting mad about a girl?" said he. And this conciliatory overture effected a perfect reunion. Tom and Barry became closer friends than ever.

All this, remember, at the unripe age of thirteen.

At seventeen Barry went to college, and Tom went to work. Then it was that they began mutually to appreciate the dissimilarity of their lots in life. When Barry came home at the end of his Freshman year, he treated Tom kindly, but with a certain patronizing air, which was more offensive to the young mechanic than insult direct. The lusty friendship of their boyhood was at an end. They met no longer on that plane of pleasant equality where leap-frog and base-ball made them peers. Barry had become thoroughly conscious that he was the son of Abner Munson, the owner of the Barborough Iron-works, and Tom had been made to feel the difference between a patched coat and broadcloth. At the end of another year Barry's college training began to make itself conspicuously manifest. His sister Louise, now Mrs. Frederick Maynard, had no need to caution him against the impropriety of associating with Tom Finch. Along with his Æschylus and calculus, he had learned some other things not laid down in the college curriculum.

"Tom Finch is a good fellow, but fresh—exceedingly fresh."

This was the opinion which Mr. Barry Munson expressed concerning his former companion. The hero of his school days appeared to his finer and more refined vision very common clay, and he worshiped him no more than he did Robinson Crusoe or Gulliver.

In good time Barry came home to Barborough with the aroma of the freshly fledged alumnus about him. It was sweet to the nostrils of his sister Louise, but it was not agreeable to people in general. He wore eyeglasses now, which he removed when he wanted to see, and put on when he wished to be seen. He sprinkled his conversation with slang, and emphasized it with a frequent "deuced." The most obvious results of his liberal education were presented in the marvelous skill with which he could tie a cravat, and the deftness with which he shuffled cards; also in his extravagant love for cigarettes and his worship of heroines. Among these latter were included a number of actresses, whose photographs adorned Barry's room, and whose charms he had seen once, possibly twice, on the stage. Engravings, likewise, of Juliet, Haidee, and the Maid of Athens were hung on the walls; while in one corner, between a blonde-haired opera-singer and a black-eyed ballet-dancer, was a picture of Bessie Charlock.

It was apparent that time had effected a striking metamorphosis in Barry Munson. This same magician, with gentle touch, had wrought also a change in Bessie Charlock. He had moulded her girlish figure into outlines of symmetrical beauty, crowned her with a wealth of luxuriant brown hair, deepened the rich color of cheek and lip, and freshened her with the vigor of perfect health. She was amazingly pretty. Barry said, "Deucedly charming." He met her, not many days after his return to Barborough, at a croquet party. They were antagonists in the game, but the best of friends between shots.

"I hoped you would come up to Commencement with Louise and Fred," said he, twirling his mallet over his fingers, as his *alma mater* had taught him to twirl a cane.

"I should have enjoyed it, I am sure," answered Bessie. "Your oration, I suppose, was the best of them all. What was it about?"

"The effect of Platonic philosophy upon modern thought," replied Barry, with an unmistakable consciousness of the depth of his subject.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Bessie, raising her curved eyebrows. "How interested I should have been in that! Can't you repeat some of it now, Mr. Munson?"

In spite of himself, Barry felt his cheek grow hot. This girl of nineteen knew nothing about Platonic philosophy, of course. Yet her ridicule made the self-satisfied bachelor of arts wince not a little.

"You would find it deucedly stupid, Miss Bessie," said he at last.

"Oh no, I shouldn't! How could anything be stupid that comes from your pen? And then Plato—how nice it must be to tell the world all about his philosophy! Let me see. Was he the one who loved good things to eat? No, of course not! That was Ep—Ep—"

"Epicurus," suggested Barry.

"Yes. How ignorant in me not to know! Why didn't you write about the effect which *his* philosophy has had on modern thought? I am sure you are qualified to treat that subject, Mr. Munson."

Before Barry could interpret this remark the young lady was at the other end of the ground, driving an obtrusive "rover" out of the way.

The croquet party seemed "deucedly dull" to Mr. Barry Munson. Bessie, on the other hand, enjoyed the game keenly. The players were still on the ground when the six-o'clock whistle at the Barborough Ironworks broke upon the stillness of the summer air. A few minutes later Tom Finch, with his coat thrown over his arm and a tin dinner pail in one hand, came up the street. It was necessary for him to pass the lawn where Helen Boughton's friends were engaged at croquet.

"Why, there's Tom!" exclaimed Bessie. And straightway she ran toward the street, mallet in hand.

"Odd sort of girl Bessie is, isn't she?" observed Barry to Miss Helen Boughton.

"I hope she won't invite him in to play!" exclaimed the young lady, filled with horror at the possibility of such an event.

"Is Tom still one of Bessie's admirers?" inquired Barry, carelessly.

"Perhaps she could answer that question better than I," replied Miss Boughton.

Acting upon this hint, Barry put the question bluntly to Bessie herself when she had returned from her conference with Tom. As bluntly Bessie answered it.

"I think he is," said she.

The people of Barborough began to suspect, before the autumn had crimsoned the leaves, that Barry Munson was in love with Bessie Charlock. That same suspicion assumed the form of conviction in Barry's own mind. Albeit she vexed him at times, and wounded his vanity, and even caused him to bite his lips with irritation, he was still forced to admit that Bessie Charlock was a most charming girl. Never, perhaps, had he been more deeply impressed with this truth than on a certain October afternoon, when they walked together under the overarching elms that gave grandeur to the quiet Barborough street. The mellow, autumnal sunlight falling upon her brown hair turned it to shimmering gold. From under the shadow of her broad-brimmed hat the blue eyes looked out dazzlingly bright. The straight nose, the dainty curve of the nostril, the ripe lips a trifle parted, the delicately turned chin and throat—all about her seemed perfect. And so Barry, walking by her side, drank in her beauty and found speech a burden. He had taken off his eyeglasses that his vision might be clearer; and now, after a somewhat protracted silence, he said, beating the red leaves with his cane,

"Bessie, would it surprise you very much if I told you that I loved you?"

She did not answer at once; but when she did, her voice was clear and unshaken.

"No, it would not surprise me very much to hear you say so; but I should doubt your words."

"Suppose you were convinced of their sincerity, might I hope that you would accept the love I offer? Might I hope that you would promise to become my wife?"

"No, Barry; I do not love you well enough for that. When I promise a man to become his wife, I must feel for him a deeper respect than I do for you."

She turned her wondrously truthful eyes toward him, and kept them fixed upon his face. The steady gaze brought the color to his cheek.

"What have I ever done to forfeit your respect?" he asked, after a painful pause.

"Nothing. And you have done nothing to gain it. You have brains, education, opportunities—every thing to fit you for a noble life. You ought to win a name among men. Instead of making the effort, you choose to do nothing—to spend the money which somebody else has earned, and to waste the time which might be put to good account. Your mind seems to be occupied chiefly with thoughts of your personal appearance. You never did an hour's work in your life. Barry, you have not grown into the manhood you ought. You have no purpose, no aim, no ambition. I hate a man without ambition."

Bessie Charlock uttered these words rapidly, and with a touch of defiance in her tone. Perhaps she fancied that her listener would take offense at her speech, and she was determined to finish what she had to say while the opportunity presented itself. Whatever Barry's thoughts may have been, he showed no signs of anger. Stooping to pick up a yellow leaf, he said:

"What is a fellow to do, Bessie? The war is over; there isn't any chance to become a hero nowadays. And I don't know that there is any work for me to do, unless I go into the law, which I detest cordially. You wouldn't have me become a machinist like Tom Finch, would you?"

"I would have you become any thing," answered she, "to show yourself a man."

In the glory of the autumnal sunset Barry Munson made his way homeward with those words ringing in his ear. What, in sooth, had he ever done to show himself a man? Won the Rexford Prize in oratory, and declaimed upon the effect of Plato's philosophy on modern thought. Somehow these performances did not appear to him as remarkable as they had six weeks before. He began to wonder whether his life was really without an aim; whether he himself was really without ambition. Possibly he would have become despondent had not vanity helped him over the slough. Bessie, at least, did not love another; he felt assured of that. She would love him when he

had proved himself worthy of her. Henceforth his life should not be without a purpose. He would become a famous lawyer, or he would write a book, or he would go to Congress. He would do something, at all events, to astonish the world—which meant the people of Barborough—and to win the respect of Bessie Charlock. In short, he would show himself a man.

The fall of 1873 brought with it disaster to the Barborough Iron-works. First came the failure of Gaylord and Co., by which Abner Munson lost sixty thousand dollars. Then followed the sudden decline of Raritan Railway stocks, and the closing up of the Four-ply Mills; then depression in business throughout the country, and distrust and panic. Abner Munson bore up bravely, and fought adversity single-handed. Half the men at the iron-works were discharged. The wages of those who remained were reduced twenty per cent. Still there was no demand for the iron wheels and boilers, the piston-rods and beams. These things are the concomitants of industry, and industry was paralyzed. One morning the clocks of Barborough struck seven, but the whistle of the Barborough Iron-works did not echo the hour. The whir of machinery was hushed, the fires in the furnaces were out, the works were closed. Men stood about the smoky doors, anxious-eyed and moody. No fault of theirs made them idle; it was labor that they sought, and found not.

And while Barry Munson was still dreaming of what he should do to astonish the world, behold, the world astonished him. He awoke to find himself not famous, but poor. And before he could fully know what poverty meant, a great sorrow fell upon him, whose black shadow darkened his life and chilled his heart.

The body of Abner Munson was found, stark and lifeless, in the office of the Barborough Iron-works. On the floor, by its side, lay a pistol. A coroner's jury declared that temporary insanity had led to the rash deed; but there were not wanting those who believed that ceaseless anxiety, and struggles not temporary, had caused Abner Munson to covet the mystery of death.

In the terrible days that followed this crushing blow, Barry found no mind for thought. To others was left the task of investigating his father's affairs. It was discovered that the heavy losses of three months had swept away the rich savings of thirty years. A just settlement of the claims against the estate left the family of Abner Munson without a dollar.

"We must give up the house, the furniture, every thing, Barry," said his mother. "We have nothing left now."

Then Barry, pressing the hand of his mother, said:

"I have my youth and your love. Let them take all else. I can provide for us both."

The Barborough Iron-works passed into the hands of a joint-stock company. A superintendent was needed; one with practical knowledge of the business, and competent to raise the works to their old level of prosperity. For this responsible position there were fifty applicants. The directors were pleased to select a man who had made no application.

This was Tom Finch.

"He's young," said the president of the board, "but he's reliable as—iron."

The portly president intended to make the comparison "steel," but iron struck him as more appropriate.

Within a week after this action of the directors, the Barborough Iron-works were again thrown open, and the shrill whistle sounded the welcome call to labor. Once more the din of the hammers echoed through the shops, the machinery clanked and whirred, the furnaces hissed and roared, and the great chimney sent forth dense volumes of black smoke, as though to herald the glad tidings of awakened industry. Capital touched Labor, and now, no longer paralyzed, Labor stood erect, swinging the sledges, turning the wheels, blowing the fires. There was music to a hundred ears in that din and clatter. It meant food and raiment.

To his old school-fellow went Barry Munson in search of employment.

"I should have sent for you," said Tom, "but I didn't suppose you would accept the place. You shall take charge of the books, if you will, and help me in many ways. The position will pay you thirteen hundred dollars a year only, but that is better than nothing."

"Infinitely," said Barry.

And with that he threw away his eye-glasses, gave up all thoughts of astonishing the world, and went to work in his father's old office for the moderate compensation of twenty-five dollars a week. It is to be presumed that book-keeping was not altogether to his taste, but nobody ever heard him grumble; and he applied himself so diligently to his work that Tom Finch declared from the first that without Barry he should have made a miserable failure of the superintendency. As it was, he made a complete success. The Barborough Iron-works weathered the storm, and found smooth waters ahead.

Bending over his books, Barry Munson recalled often that memorable afternoon when he and Bessie walked side by side under the overarching elms. He saw her but rarely now. The sudden changes which a year had wrought, the sorrow and responsibility which had come to him since that October

day, had driven thoughts of self from his mind. Yet ever in his ears rang those words, "I would have you become any thing to show yourself a man!" What triumphs could he hope to achieve in the narrow confines of that office? What chance for heroism over those musty books? What hope for fame, adding long columns of figures? What noble aim in life, beyond caring for his dependent mother?

Something of all this he said to her in the twilight of another autumn day, walking again beneath the Barborough elms. And she, turning her truthful eyes upon him, made answer, saying,

"Barry, you have shown yourself a hero. You have won my respect."

"I have nothing to offer you now, Bessie, but my love," he added, quietly.

"And if you had all the world to offer me," said she, "I would prize only that which now you give."

And thus it came to pass that Barry Munson, the book-keeper, wedded the girl whom Barry Munson, the declaimer on Platonic philosophy, wooed in vain.

POPULAR EXPOSITION OF SOME SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

PART VIII.—ON THE CAUSE OF THE FLOW OF THE SAP IN PLANTS AND THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD IN ANIMALS.

IT is necessary for the life of every organized being that a liquid should circulate through all its parts. In plants that liquid is called the sap; in animals, the blood.

When the distance through which such a liquid has to pass is but small, there seems to be little difficulty in assigning the cause of its movement; but how shall we explain the rise of the sap in the great sequoia-trees of California, some of which attain a height of more than four hundred and thirty feet? To force a column of water to such an elevation would require a pressure of more than two hundred pounds on the square inch. Yet we can not doubt that the power which overcomes these enormous resistances is the same as that engaged in the most insignificant transudations.

Even in the case of solid mineral substances the particles are not at rest. Boyle, in his tract on "The Languid Motions of Bodies," has collected several interesting instances.

He says: "But, what is more extraordinary, a gentleman of my acquaintance had a turquois stone wherein were several spots of different colors, which seemed to him for many months to move slowly from one part of the stone to the other. And having the ring wherein it was set put into my custody, I drew pictures of the spots at different times; and by comparing several of the draughts together, it evidently appeared that they shifted their places, as if the matter whereof they consisted made its way through the substance of the stone. And as far as we observed, the motion of these spots was exceeding slow and irregular. An experienced jeweler, likewise, assured me that in a few turquois stones he had observed two different blues in different parts of the same stone, and that one of these colors would, by slow and imperceptible degrees, invade and at length overspread that part of the stone which the other before possessed. And the same gentleman who lent me the spotted turquois also showed me an agate haft of a knife, wherein was a certain cloud which an ingenious person had for some years observed to change its place in the stone."

Some years ago, having occasion to make an analysis of certain Roman silver coins which had been long buried in the earth, I found that much of the alloying copper had made its way to the surface, constituting the green patina of antiquarians, and that the silver had become comparatively pure. An interstitial movement in these denarii must therefore have taken place—a movement so slow that it had required many centuries to yield the observed result.

If one end of a porous substance, such as a sponge, be dipped into water, the liquid very soon percolates in all directions through the mass, which becomes charged with as much as it can hold. If a piece of glass having a crack in it be put into water so that the end of the crack is immersed, the liquid instantly runs spontaneously to the other end. And if from the crack other smaller ones branch forth, along these also the water rapidly finds its way.

These effects have long been studied by using slender glass tubes, which operate in the same manner as cracks, but permit the phenomena to be observed in a more convenient and exact manner.

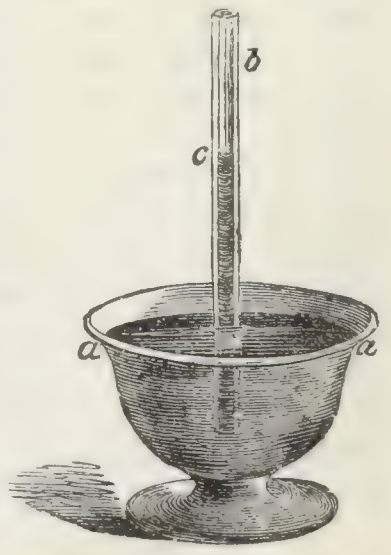


FIG. 1.

If such a slender glass tube, *b* (Fig. 1), be dipped into a liquid capable of wetting its surface —water, for example, contained in a cup, *a a*—the liquid at once rises in the tube to a height, *c*, greater in proportion as the diameter of the tube is less. The term *capillary attraction* is derived from this,

because the effect is best seen in tubes as fine as a hair (*capillus*).

Water will pass through a crevice the width of which is less than one-half of the millionth of an inch. The proof of this is readily obtained experimentally. If we take a convex lens, *a a* (Fig. 2), of long focus, and

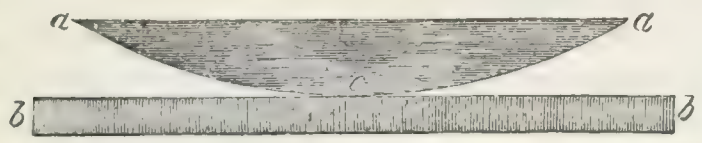


Fig. 2.

place it upon a glass plane, *b b*, there will be seen at the point of apparent contact, *c*, on looking down, a black spot surrounded by a series of variously colored concentric circles, the appearance being well known among optical writers under the name of Newton's colored rings. At the point *c* the lens and the plane are, as Newton has shown, a distance apart of about one-half of the millionth of an inch; and from this centre, proceeding outwardly, the distance between the glasses of course increases. If any where at the outer portion a drop of water be introduced, it extends itself instantly across all the colored rings, reaching even across the central black spot.

If a tube of such diameter that it could lift water ten inches be broken off so as to be only six inches long, we might inquire whether the water would overflow from its top, or simply remain suspended there.

Mathematical considerations as well as direct experiments prove that in such a case there would be no overflow. A capillary tube under these circumstances lifts the water, but does not produce a continuous current.

But if a removal of the liquid at the top of the tube take place in any manner, as by evaporation or by being dissolved in another liquid, a continuous current is produced.

As illustrating the production of such a continuous flow we may cite the case of a spirit-lamp, the wick of which may be regarded as a fagot of capillary tubes. Between the fibres of the wick there are interspaces that answer as tubes. If the cover of the lamp be taken off, all the spirit will eventually pass up the wick and escape from the reservoir by evaporation. Or, in an oil-lamp, the wick of which becomes readily saturated with the oil, but never exhibits an overflow, on the lamp being lighted, the oil is burned off, a current is established, and after a time the reservoir is emptied.

If a slender glass tube, *b* (Fig. 3), be dipped into a liquid, *a a*, such as mercury, which can not wet it, the liquid will be depressed, as at *c*, below its proper hydrostatic level, or perhaps altogether refuse to enter the tube.

The phenomena of capillary tubes are connected with the adhesion of surfaces. Clairaut showed that if the mutual attraction of a solid and liquid amount to less than half the cohesion of the latter, the liquid will be depressed in a capillary tube made of the solid; if it be equal to half, the liquid will stand level in the tube; if it exceed half, the liquid will rise.

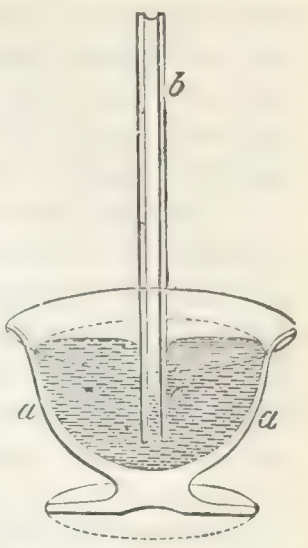


Fig. 3.

I published a paper in the Journal of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia for September, 1834, its object being to show that the adhesion of surfaces, whether solid or liquid, to each other, and the rise or depression of liquids in capillary tubes, are strictly electrical phenomena.

When a glass plate is laid on the surface of quicksilver, a considerable force is required to separate them. On the separation being made, if the substances be examined by the electroscope, the glass will be found to be electrified positively, the mercury negatively. Their attraction or adhesion is, therefore, a necessary electrical result. So intense is this electrical development that if during the act of separation the mercury be in connection with a gold-leaf electroscope, the gold leaves are commonly torn asunder.

In like manner, if some melted sulphur be poured into a conical glass and permitted to solidify, on making the separation the interior of the glass and the solid sulphur cone will be found to be in opposite electrical states. And the same occurs when surfaces of various kinds are parted from each other. There ought, therefore, to be adhesion.

But if a glass plate be laid on a surface of water, there is no apparent development of electricity on separating them. And the reason is obvious, for the glass has brought away with it a layer of water, and there has been no true separation of the solid from the liquid, but only of water from water. The force of adhesion of the glass to the water has exceeded the cohesion of the water for itself.

If a plate of polished zinc be laid on mercury, there will, again, be no electrical development apparent on separating them. For, owing to the conductibility of the zinc, there is nothing to prevent the opposite electricities from uniting, and all electrical manifestations must cease.

Whatever can disturb the electrical relations of a solid and a liquid, will disturb their capillarity. On wetting the interior of a glass tube, so as to form a temporary tube of water, and placing some mercury in it, the mercury will be depressed below the

hydrostatic level. But on connecting the mercury with the negative pole of a voltaic battery, and the water with the positive, the mercury at once rises, their mutual attraction being increased.

I derived these conclusions from the following experiments:

1. In a watch-glass (Fig. 4) place a quantity of pure mercury, *a b*, and upon it a drop of water, *c*. Bring the water in contact with the positive platinum electrode of a voltaic battery, and touch the mercury with the negative. The moment the contact is made the drop of water loses its spherical

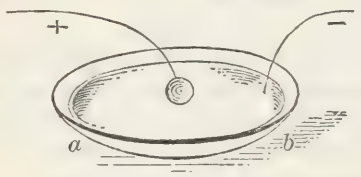


Fig. 4.

form and spreads out into a thin circular disk, wetting the surface of the mercury. The diameter of the disk seems to be greater in proportion as the battery is more powerful.

Under ordinary circumstances water does not wet quicksilver; a drop of water remains on the surface of quicksilver in the same manner that a drop of oil remains on water. As soon, however, as their electrochemical relations are disturbed by the aid of a voltaic battery, the phenomenon of wetting at once occurs.

2. Take a tube (Fig. 5) in the form of an inverted siphon, one branch of which, *a*, is about half an inch wide, and the other, *b*, not more than the tenth of an inch. Fill the siphon to a given height, *a b*, with mercury; the metal, of course, does not rise in the narrow branch, *b*, to its hydrostatic level, for mercury is depressed in a capillary tube, inasmuch as it can not wet glass. Introduce a small column of water, *b c*. The mercury may now be regarded as being in contact with a tube of water, because that liquid wets the sides of the glass, intervening between it and the mercury.

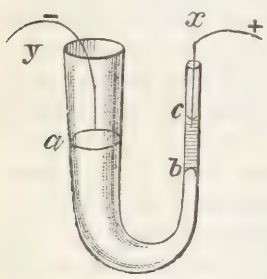


Fig. 5.

Pass a slender platinum wire, *x*, down the tube, so as to touch the water; let it be in communication with the positive electrode of the voltaic battery; with the negative electrode, *y*, touch the mercury in the wide branch of the siphon, *a*, and in an instant the metal will rise in the narrow tube, and fall again to its former position as soon as the current is stopped.

If into a watch-glass fifty or sixty grains of mercury be poured, and over that as much water acidulated with sulphuric acid as is sufficient to cover the surface of the mercury, on the mercury being placed in contact with the negative pole of a battery, and the water with the positive, currents are produced both in the water and the mercury, as was first observed by Erman and Serrulas.

If the wires be on opposite sides of the mercury, as shown in Fig. 6, the metal in-

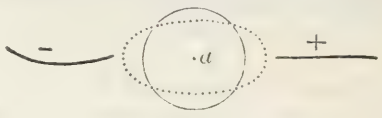


Fig. 6.

stantaneously elongates, as indicated by the dotted line, and currents also are seen playing in the water. If the negative wire be introduced into the centre of the metallic globule, and the positive be brought on one side, as in Fig. 7, the mercury will bulge out



Fig. 7.

elliptically at both sides, nearest and farthest from the positive pole. If now the negative wire be cautiously raised from its position, so as to be just out of contact with the surface of the metal, the mercury is immediately convulsed, its whole surface being covered with circular waves. On lowering the negative wire to its former position and advancing the positive, the moment it comes to the edge of the mercurial ellipsoid, intense convulsions are produced, which increase until contact of the mercury and wire takes place.

At the same time that these movements are going on in the mercury, the surface of the water is ploughed by gentle currents exactly resembling those that might be produced by directing a stream of air from a blow-pipe slantingly across the surface (Fig. 8).

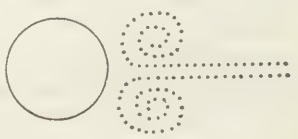


Fig. 8.

The following experiment illustrates the nature of these effects:

A platinum needle, *a c* (Fig. 9), is suspended by a thread of unspun silk from a stand, *b b*, in a cup filled with acidulated water as high as *d d*. The needle hangs horizontally, its ends being about one-fourth of an inch distant from the platinum polar wires, *p*, *n*, of a battery. Now the wire *p* being positive and *n* negative, the extremity *a* of the suspended needle would be negative and *c* positive by induction. The conjoined effect of the forces thus brought to bear on the needle causes it to move on its centre, and

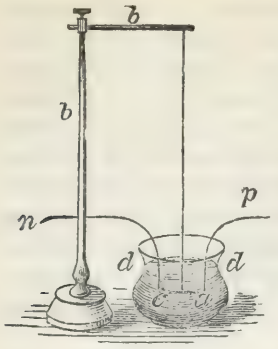


Fig. 9.

take up a position of rest between the polar wires. To this, if it were turned aside, it would return after a few slow oscillations.

From this it appears that though the polar wires are plunged in a conducting medium, and the current is passing, they still act as centres of attraction.

When a globule of mercury in water is brought in presence of a point of attraction, *p*, situated at a short distance from its surface, two tides will be formed on the globule; one, *a* (Fig. 10), directly in front of the point of attraction, the other, *b*, 180° from it. In the quadrantal regions, *c*, *d*, there will be an ebb. If the point *p* be moved round the globule, both tides will follow it, keeping the same relative position that they had at first. These motions imitate on a small scale the effect which takes place by the action of the sun and moon in producing the tides of the ocean, and the explanation is the same as in the case of those tides.

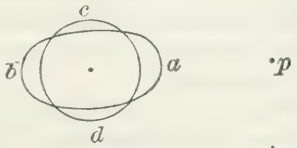


Fig. 10.

If a spring-tide were formed on a spherical ocean, and the sun and moon then annihilated, the elevation must sink, pressing the under waters aside, and causing them to rise where they were depressed. But the motion would not cease when the level was reached, for the water would arrive at that position with an accelerated velocity. It would, therefore, pass that position and form a high water where it had been low, and low water where it had been high. And this would be repeated again and again.

Now this theoretical case may be imitated with the globule of mercury, for on approaching the positive wire to it, a position will be reached at which contact will take place between the protuberant tide on the mercury and the wire. At that moment the cause of attraction is annihilated, the whole current of electricity now passing along perfect conductors, and fulfilling the supposed case of an annihilation of the sun and moon at the time of high tide. And the same reasoning that held in one case applies equally in the other—the mercurial tide falls with an accelerated motion, and the line which before was the transverse axis of the ellipse becomes the conjugate, tides being produced at right angles to the former ones. But here the strict comparison ends, for as the mercury ebbs from its protuberant position, the metallic connection breaks, and the wire is again put in action as a point of attraction; the motion of the ebbing tide is checked, it flows once more; once more the metallic contact is complete; and when the tide falls, it is only to flow again as long as the battery current passes; tides take place at right angles to each other, in a series too rapid to be counted, and the whole surface of the mercury is worked into those various and beautiful undulations which have been before referred to.

With respect to the currents that are observed, as if a gentle wind were playing over the surface, the explanation is obvious. We have seen that when a voltaic current is passed through mercury and water, the pressure on the surface of contact is changed. Newton has shown (*Principia*, Vol. II., B. ii., Pr. 41) that if the particles of a fluid do not lie in a right line, a pressure propagated through that fluid will not be in a rectilineal direction, but the particles that are obliquely posited have a tendency to be urged out of their position. So the particles *a*, *a* (Fig. 11), pressing on the particles *b*, *d*, which stand obliquely to them by reason of the shape of the mass of mercury, M, have a tendency to be urged from their places toward *e* and *c* respectively, and the motion thus produced in a fluid diverges from a rectilinear progress into the unmoved spaces; and such a pressure taking place in a liquid free to move, continually returns the moving particles to their first position, after making them describe an elliptical orbit.

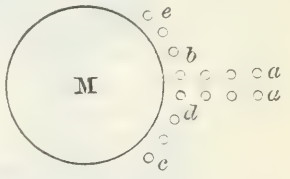


Fig. 11.

Such is the nature of the evidence that may be brought forward in proof of the hypothesis that the adhesion of surfaces and capillary attraction are electrical results. We may now pass to an exposition and explanation of the more interesting instances of motion in the cases of liquids and gases. If in the lapse of centuries metallic copper can part itself from silver with which it has been alloyed, coming forth from the interior of a coin to form a new compound on the surface, such movements, it might be expected, would more readily occur in liquids, of which the cohesion is but small, and in gases, in which cohesion perhaps does not exist at all.

And first as respects liquids:

The phenomena of endosmosis, first brought to general notice in the case of liquid substances by M. Dutrochet, may be explained as follows: If some alcohol be placed in a bladder, the neck of which is

tightly tied, and the bladder be sunk into a vessel of water, percolation ensues, so that the bladder distends to its utmost capacity, and might even be burst. Or if, instead of tying the mouth of the bladder, a glass tube open at both ends, and a foot or two long, be fastened into it without leakage, as the water introduces itself through the pores of the bladder to mingle with the alcohol, the liquid rises in the glass tube, and, when it has reached the top of it, overflows. To express this inward passage of the water the term endosmosis was introduced, and since a little of the alcohol simultaneously passes outward to mix with the water, it is said to exhibit exosmosis.

In Fig. 12 is represented the endosmometer of Dutrochet. It consists of a small



Fig. 12.

bladder, *a*, tightly tied to a tube, *d*, open at both ends, and bent as seen in the figure at *c*; the bladder being completely filled with alcohol, and the tube to some such point as *d*, the arrangement is placed in a vessel of water, *e e*; almost immediately the level of the liquid will be seen to be rising, the bend of the tube is reached, and one drop after another falls from the open end into the receiver, *b*. And this continues until the liquids inside and outside of the bladder are uniformly commingled.

In these results there is nothing more than should take place on the ordinary principles of capillary action. The pores of a bladder are only short capillary tubes, into which water readily finds its way, because it can *wet* the substance surrounding the pores. If the bladder be distended with air, and sunk under water, although the water will fill the pores, it will not exude from them and accumulate in the interior of the bladder; for, as we have seen, a capillary tube can not establish a continued current or flow. But the case becomes totally different when the bladder is filled with alcohol; for then as fast as the water presents itself on the inner end of each pore it is dissolved away by the alcohol, and the necessary condition for a continuous flow is complied with. Meantime through the pore itself a little alcohol passes in the opposite way by infiltrating through the incoming water, provided that the current be not too strong, and so the endosmosis of the water and exosmosis of the alcohol take place; the current of the former greatly preponderates over that of the latter, and an accumulation of liquid in the interior of the bladder ensues.

That in all this there is nothing specially dependent on the organic texture employed is obvious from the fact that the same results arise when any inorganic porous body is used. Vessels of unglazed earthenware, pieces of baked slate or stucco, answer the purpose very well, as will also a glass vessel with a minute fissure or crack in it.

An incorrect representation of the conditions under which endosmosis takes place is often made. It is said to depend on the relative specific gravities of the liquid, and that the lighter liquid always moves toward the denser more abundantly than the denser toward the lighter. But water endosmoses equally well to alcohol, which is lighter than it, and to gum-water or salt-water, which are heavier.

The force with which a liquid will thus pass through a pore to mingle with another liquid beyond is, as we shall presently see, very great.

We may next turn to an examination of analogous phenomena in the case of gases. I found that on blowing a little bubble of melted shellac on the end of a glass tube, and putting some reddened litmus water in its interior, ammoniacal gas to which it was exposed could almost instantly permeate the thin texture or barrier, and gaining access to the inside of the bubble turn the litmus blue.

When the pores of such barriers are of sensible size, it is plain that the passing material is influenced by the substance of which the pore consists only on those portions that come in contact therewith. Through the central parts of the pore the material will pass by mere leakage. If, then, we desire to determine the physical conditions under which these movements take place, we must make use of barriers the pores of which are not of sensible size.

I therefore closed the top of a glass tube, A (Fig. 13), otherwise open at both ends, with a disk of paper placed at such a distance down the tube as to permit a stratum of water, *a a*, one-eighth of an inch thick to be laid upon it. Conveying the tube to the pneumatic trough, I filled it in succession with

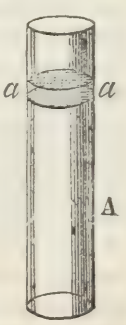


Fig. 13.

various gases, and watched their passage through the water roof, for so it might be called, into the air. In such an experiment a column of hydrogen gas half an inch in length had escaped in twenty-four hours.

But experiments of this kind may be much shortened by using very thin films instead of a thick stratum. A glass bell, *a a*, was filled with hydrogen gas, and by the side of it was placed a small bottle, *b*, containing atmospheric air. A finger dipped in soap-water was passed over the mouth of the bottle, so as to close it with a thin film, and the glass bell of hydrogen was then placed over it, as in Fig. 14. In the course of two minutes the film, which was at first horizontal, had become convex, and eventually swelled into a large spherical bubble, *c*. In sixteen minutes it had become so thin that it was of a dark metallic lustre.

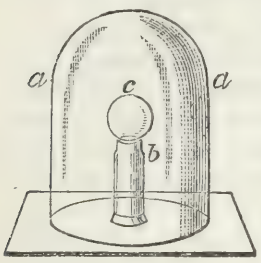


Fig. 14.

But the action is much more speedy if, instead of these horizontal films, soap-bubbles are used. Such films are at first too thick, they expose too small a surface to the atmosphere to which they are subjected, and it is not until the close of the experiment that the action becomes very rapid. But a bubble at once exposes a large surface, and by using proper precautions there is no difficulty in preserving it for an hour, or even much longer.

I constructed an apparatus (Fig. 15) for exposing gases to each other with the intervention of a soap-bubble, and subsequently measuring and analyzing them. *a a* is a tin saucer about three inches in diameter and half an inch deep; into it water can be poured; it also serves as a platform to support a small bell-glass, *b*. Through its centre at *c* passes a glass tube, *f*, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, the upper extremity of which is cemented into a hole of the same size in a round thin piece of copper, *d*, about half an inch in diameter; the other end of the pipe opens into another small bell-glass, *k*, through a perforation in its top, the communication being capable of being cut off by means of a stop-cock, *g*. The apparatus is used as follows: The upper bell being taken off the platform, is filled with any gas to be tried—oxygen, for instance—and is placed aside on the shelf of the pneumatic trough. The lower bell-glass is then filled with water by depressing it in the trough; and the stop-cock being closed, five hundred measures of hydrogen, for instance, are thrown into it. After seeing that the copper plate *d* is free from moisture, a drop of water rendered viscid by soap is placed upon it, exactly where the orifice of the tube *f* opens. The upper glass containing the oxygen is now placed upon the tin saucer platform as in the figure. The lower glass is next depressed in the trough, and as soon as the cock is opened a bubble of hydrogen containing five hundred measures expands, the spare oxygen escaping from the edge of the upper glass through the water in the tin saucer. The cock is next closed, and the apparatus placed on the trough shelf as long as the operator desires the experiment to continue. Keeping that position, when the cock is once more opened the gas passes into the lower bell until the bubble has entirely collapsed, when the cock is again closed, the contents of the bubble being now ready for measurement and analysis. As the gas was passing from the bubble into the lower bell, the water rose from the tin saucer into the upper bell, confining the gas that was outside of the bubble. This, by the common mode of manipulation, is to be transferred from the tin platform to the shelf of the trough for inspection.

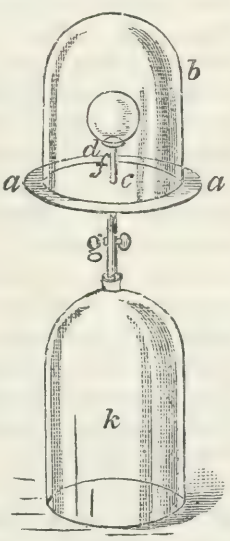


Fig. 15.

By this apparatus it was found that one thousand measures of atmospheric air exposed to atmospheric air underwent no change either in volume or composition. The exposure in some cases lasted an hour.

One thousand measures of hydrogen in the bubble were exposed to atmospheric air in the bell. In five minutes there remained only four hundred and seventy-two. (It will be understood that the numbers quoted in this and other succeeding experiments are for the purpose of illustrating the general principle. They change with the relative proportion of gases inside and outside of the bubble.)

A reverse action ensues when nitrogen is substituted for hydrogen. The bubble swells instead of diminishing. Thus one hundred measures of nitrogen in half an hour became one hundred and seven and a half.

Oxygen decreases in bulk. Two hundred and fifty measures in ten minutes became one hundred and fifty-three. This gas passes more rapidly through the bubble than nitrogen.

Carbonic acid passes through the bubble very rapidly. When five hundred measures were used, the bubble collapsed almost as fast as it had expanded. Under a water roof half an inch thick and two inches in diameter, five thousand measures escaped into the air in forty-eight hours. In its place there were found two hundred measures of

atmospheric air, which had passed in the opposite direction through the water roof.

By this apparatus it was proved that these motions through soap-bubbles continue until the gases on both sides of the bubble have the same chemical composition.

It has long been known that liquids and gases pass through porous structures though resisted by considerable force. Thus, if over the mouth of a cylindrical jar, *a* (Fig. 16), a

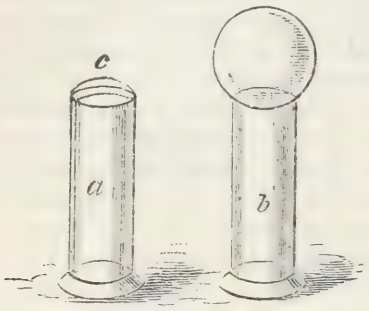


FIG. 16.

thin sheet of India rubber, *c*, be tied, and the jar exposed to an atmosphere of ammonia, that gas will force its way through the rubber, and mingle with the atmospheric air in the jar, the rubber will be pressed outward, as at *b*, and eventually may be burst. I found that ammonia would thus force its way against a pressure of ten pounds on the square inch.

The same holds good as respects liquids. Thus water will readily pass through animal membrane to mix with alcohol against a pressure of fifteen pounds on the square inch.

In making experiments for determining the effect of such pressures it is to be borne in mind that there are certain disturbing circumstances which may vitiate the results. Among these is that general leakage which happens through the open pores of all tissues. Thus in the experiment first referred to (Fig. 12) it might be supposed that the force with which water passes through animal membrane into alcohol is not greater than one atmosphere, whereas in truth it is much more; but as soon as the pressure within the vessel had amounted to about one atmosphere, the alcohol escaped from the vessel by general leakage from the whole surface of the membrane as rapidly as the water entered. It is obvious that in a pore of sensible size those parts alone of a passing liquid in contact with its substance are subjected to its influence, and those situated in its central regions are ready to be influenced by any extraneous pressure.

In an experiment made on the passage of ammonia into atmospheric air through India rubber, it was found that though the passage of the gas was resisted by a pressure of seventy-five inches of mercury, or upward of two atmospheres and a half, it took place apparently as readily as if no such resistance had been opposed. The question at once arises, Whence is this powerful impulsive force derived? Clearly not from the action of one gas on the other. To the porous tissue or barrier alone we must refer the seat of this power.

It is well known that porous solids of all kinds and fluids absorb gaseous matter very readily, in volumes varying according to circumstances. Water, for example, absorbs its own volume of carbonic acid, and four hundred and eighty times its volume of hydrochloric acid gas. In the latter case, therefore, an extremely great condensation takes place. So, too, a fragment of porous charcoal absorbs nearly ten times its volume of oxygen, and ninety times its volume of ammonia. These gases, therefore, exist in the absorbing substance in a state of very high compression. And the reasoning which here applies, applies also in the case of two gases separated by a tissue. If, for example, we separate by a medium of this kind a certain volume of ammonia from a like volume of nitrogen gas, though at the outset of the experiment both the gases might be existing under the same pressure, this equality would very rapidly be lost. Ammonia being absorbed more rapidly than nitrogen, would be presented to this latter gas not under an equal pressure, but in a state of great condensation. Under such circumstances the transit of a gas is not analogous to the case in which it flows under common pressure into a vacuum, or into another gas, but the tissue continually acting as a perpetual condensing engine, brings the two media in contact with each other under extremely different conditions, the one in a compressed state, but ready to exert the whole of its elastic force, the other in a state perhaps little varying from its normal condition.

Moist membranes and films of water, by reason of their affinity for gaseous substances and their consequent condensing action, become the origin of great mechanical power. I have seen carbonic acid pass into atmospheric air through India rubber against a pressure of ten atmospheres, and sulphureted hydrogen against a pressure of twenty-five atmospheres.



FIG. 17.

The apparatus with which these results were obtained may be thus described. A strong glass tube, *a b* (Fig. 17), seven inches or more in length and half an inch in diameter, is hermetically closed at one end, through which a pair of platinum wires, *b*, *c*, pass to the interior, parallel but not touching. The other end, *a a*, has a lip or rim turned on it. Between the

platinum wires a gauge tube, *d*, is dropped. On the top of the gauge tube a small test glass, *f*, is placed, to contain a reagent suited to the gas under trial, as lime-water for carbonic acid, acetate of lead for sulphureted hydrogen, litmus water for sulphurous acid. Sometimes, instead of this test tube, a piece of paper soaked in the proper reagent was employed. The large tube was then filled with water to the height *e e*, and over its lip a thin sheet of India rubber was tightly tied, and over this again, to give strength, a very stout piece of silk. Every thing being thus arranged, the projecting wires *b c* were connected with a voltaic battery; decomposition of the water ensued, oxygen and hydrogen being disengaged, and a condensed mixture of atmospheric air and those gases accumulated in the space *a a*, *e e*, the gauge tube showing the extent to which the condensation had gone. Now if the little cup *f* had been filled previously with lime-water, and the whole arrangement introduced into a jar of carbonic acid gas, the upper part of the lime-water presently became milky, and after a time a copious precipitate of carbonate of lime subsided. This would readily take place when the gauge was indicating a pressure of ten atmospheres. In like manner, when a piece of paper covered with carbonate of lead had been introduced, and a pressure of twenty-four and a half atmospheres accumulated, on introducing the instrument into a vessel of sulphureted hydrogen the paper quickly became brown. So sulphureted hydrogen can pass through a sheet of India rubber, and diffuse into an atmosphere of oxygen, hydrogen, and atmospheric air beyond, though it is resisted by a pressure equal to that of eight hundred feet of water.

The method of condensation here employed, because of its freedom from mechanical concussions, enabled me to continue these researches up to pressures of fifty atmospheres, without leakage, in comparatively slender tubes, and even under these circumstances gaseous diffusion seemed to take place without any restraint.

In passing, it may be remarked that when water is inclosed hermetically in a vessel, and a voltaic current passed through it, decomposition ensues, a portion of the gases making their appearance in the gaseous form, filling the small space occupied by the decomposed water, and the remainder being absorbed by that liquid as fast as it is given off. When the pressure is high, the dimensions of the vessel become sensibly greater, and the little bubble of air accumulated exceeds in bulk the volume of the decomposed water.

If, as it thus appears, no pressure we can command is sufficient to restrain one gas from passing into another, we next inquire what obstacle the condensed gas presents. There is abundant evidence to show that this medium bears the same relation to the percolating gas that a vacuum would do, inasmuch as the rate of discharge into it is the same as it is into a vacuum. If the particles of different gases possess no repulsive tendency as respects each other, if the presence of one makes no difference in nor produces any retardation in the particles of the other, then it is immaterial how many of such particles are condensed together in a given space. The vacuum is not less a vacuum because it is contained under smaller dimensions, any more than a Torricellian vacuum is less perfect when the mercury is made to rise nearly to the top of a barometer tube than it was when there was a vacant space many inches in length. This would therefore indicate that these diffusions will take place under all pressures, provided the gaseous condition subsists; and this conclusion is abundantly borne out by the experiments herein detailed.

The explanation we thus give of the action of condensing barriers rests upon the fundamental principle of dynamics, that when the moving force and the matter to be moved vary in the same proportion, the resulting velocity will always be the same. Thus, if a cylinder filled with air and fitted with a piston communicate with a vacuum through an aperture, it is immaterial whether the air be allowed to flow into the void without any pressure, or whether it be urged by a direct action on the piston, its velocity, as it goes into the void, will be the same in both cases; for if it be compressed, the action of the piston is to reduce the air to such a density that its elasticity is equal to the compressing force, and because the elasticity varies as the density, the density of the air increases with the impelling force. The matter to be moved is increased, therefore, in the same proportion as the pressure, and therefore the final velocity is the same, and the same takes place in the case of a tissue which is compressing a gas.

Such is the case while the gases are engaged with each other in the tissue, but as soon as they pass from it, the condensed gas, being no longer under its compression, expands freely, and, when measured, gives a result differing from that which it would have been had not the tissue compressed it.

Accordingly, when carbonic acid and air are separated by a screen of stucco, which absorbs each to a very small extent, they diffuse according to the law of the square roots of their density, one volume of air replacing 0.8091 of carbonic acid, the volume on that side of the screen where the carbonic acid was increasing in quantity. But if a thin sheet of India rubber be used as a screen, since it can condense one atmosphere of carbonic acid while it does not act upon

the air, though the same rate of exchange ensues, there is a diminution of the gaseous matter on the side containing the acid, and one volume of air replaces 1.6182 of the acid.

In every plant two prominent operations are carried forward—(1) the production of organic matter, (2) its distribution through the various parts of the vegetable system.

In 1844 I published a work under the title of *A Treatise on the Forces that produce the Organization of Plants.* It was a monograph chiefly devoted to the illustration or investigation of those operations, and combated the existence of the Vital Force of physiologists as a homogeneous and distinct power.

The progress of science shows plainly that living structures, far from being the products of one such homogeneous power, are rather the resultants of the action of a multitude of material forces. Gravity, cohesion, elasticity, the agency of the imponderables, and all other powers which operate both on masses and atoms, are called into action, and hence it is that the very evolution of a living form depends on the condition that all these various agents conspire. Organized beings and organized bodies spring forth in those positions only to which the rays of the sun have access. They are therefore limited to the atmosphere, the sea, and the surface of the earth.

If we expose some spring water to the sunshine, though it may have been clear and transparent at first, it presently begins to assume a greenish tint, and after a while flocks of green matter collect on the sides of the vessel in which it is contained. On these flocks, whenever the sun is shining, bubbles of gas may be seen, which, if collected, prove to be a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, their proportion being variable. Meantime the green matter rapidly grows, its new parts, as they are developed, being all day long covered with air bells, which disappear as soon as the sun is set. If these observations be made on a stream of water the current of which runs slowly, it will be found that the green matter serves as food for thousands of aquatic insects which make their habitations in it. These insects are indued with powers of rapid locomotion, and possess a highly organized structure. In their turn they fall a prey to the fishes which frequent such streams.

Thus by the influence of the sunlight organic matter is added to vegetable systems, the action being accompanied by a variety of chemical decompositions and interstitial diffusions. The substances arising are such as are necessary for the uses of the plant, and in order to distribute them mechanical motions have to take place. This in the more highly organized plants goes under the designation of the flow of the sap.

The flow of the sap in plants and the circulation of the blood in animals are probably due to the same physical cause. And bringing into view the experiments already related respecting capillary attraction, I considered the conditions necessary for producing a continual flow, such as evaporation, decomposition, solution, developing the general law of those movements, and illustrating the great force with which they are accomplished. I showed that these motions depend on this physical principle: "That if two liquids communicate with one another in a capillary tube, or in a porous or parenchymatous structure, and have for that tube or structure different chemical affinities, movement will ensue; that liquid which has the most energetic affinity will move with the greatest velocity, and may even drive the other liquid entirely before it;" and that this is due to common capillary attraction, which, in its turn, is due to electric excitement.

Applying this principle to the case of plants, the liquid of which the ascending sap is constituted is derived from the ground by the action of the spongioles, and consists of water holding in solution the different saline bodies necessary to the plant, along with carbonic acid, etc. This passes upward by the woody fibre and ducts of the alburnum, making its way to the leaf, on the upper surface of which, in common cases, a change in its chemical constitution occurs through the influence of the sunlight. It obtains a quantity of carbon. This elaborated sap, or latex, now returns to the bark, and descends through its cellular tissue and intercellular spaces, finding its way by the route of the medullary rays to all parts of the plant. During its descent the different vegetable principles necessary for the economy of the plant are removed from it, and a certain quantity goes down to the roots, partly to aid in their growth, and partly to throw new quantities of ascending sap into the tree. In this descent the elaborated sap moves through a system of vessels which anastomose with one another in the same manner as the capillary vessels of animals.

There are, therefore, two points in this circulation which require attentive consideration—the spongiole and the leaf. The spongioles are nothing but the young succulent extremities of the roots, which have been recently formed from portions of the descending sap, and that sap is itself a species of mucilaginous solution. Precisely, therefore, as water will pass through the tissue of a bladder the interior of which is filled with gum-water, so will moisture from the ground flow through the spongiole. There is no difficulty in thus accounting for the rise of the ascending sap on the principles of capillary attraction, and indeed this is the explanation generally received by vegetable physiologists.

Guided by the principle above laid down, I offered the following as an explanation of the action of the leaf. The ascending sap, which we may assume to be a weak, watery solution, rises to the upper face of the leaf. It there obtains carbonic acid from the air; of this the sunlight effects the decomposition, with the production of gum, the result being a change from water to a mucilaginous solution. In the tissue of the leaf we have, therefore, two liquids engaged, water and a mucilaginous solution. On the principle above indicated, the water will drive the mucilaginous solution before it and force it back along its proper vessels into the stem.

What, then, is the reason that the light of the sun controls the rapidity with which the ascending current comes? Because it controls the amount of carbonic acid reduced, and therefore the amount of elaborated sap formed. Why is it that the upward flow diminishes when changes are befalling the leaves, and why does it stop in the winter? Because the mucilaginous solution made by light diminishes in quantity or ceases to be formed altogether.

There are, therefore, two sources of force in a flowering plant—the spongiole and the leaf—and they derive their power from ordinary physical principles. Whatever has been said respecting the movements of sap in exogenous plants applies also to the case of endogenous, and indeed to flowerless plants too.

It has been clearly established by the researches of comparative anatomists that the presence of a circulatory mechanism is determined by the centralization of the nutritive and respiratory apparatus. In exogenous and endogenous plants, from the circumstance that liquid and solid materials are introduced at distant points, channels of communication from one to the other, and indeed to every part, are required, and hence the introduction of a circulatory apparatus. In the lower tribes of vegetable life, where the separation of function does not exist, the circulatory mechanism is correspondingly absent. Sea-weeds absorb on their whole surface, and nutrition is directly carried forward at the points of reception. In lichens there is the first appearance of a transfusory mechanism, arising from the circumstance that on those parts which are shaded from the light, absorption most rapidly takes place: here probably, however, the channels of movement are the interspaces between the cells, and the cause simple capillary attraction. In mushrooms there is a closer approximation to the mechanism more fully developed in the higher plants, for in them the rootlets absorb nutrient matter from the soil, from which it passes by capillary action to every part of the system.

The cause of the movement of the sap in flowering plants, both of the rise of the crude sap and the descent of the elaborated sap, is the light of the sun, which effects the decomposition of carbonic acid.

From this explanation of the causes of the movement of sap in plants, I turn to the circulation of the blood in animals.

In man there are three chief circulations —the systemic, the pulmonary, the portal. Bearing the above-mentioned general principle in mind, I presented the following explanation of these circulations:

1. *The Systemic.*—The arterial blood which moves along the various aortic branches, and is distributed to every part of the system, contains oxygen which it has received during its passage through the lungs. Its color is crimson. As soon as it has reached its destination in the minute capillary vessels it begins to carry on its proper process of oxidation, attacking in a measured way the tissues through which it is flowing. The direct result of this operation is an evolution of heat. But while this chemical change in the tissues is going forward, the arterial blood itself is also suffering a change in giving up its oxygen and gaining in exchange the results of combustion. From being crimson, it turns dark; from being arterial, it changes into venous blood.

Now, under these circumstances, what must take place in every capillary or each small portion of a porous structure? On the arterial side we have the crimson arterial blood, on the venous side, dark venous blood—two different liquids. What, then, is the relation that obtains between each of these liquids and the walls of the tube or the substance of the parenchyma in which they are placed? Must it not be that the arterial blood bearing its oxygen has an intense affinity for those structures, but those affinities being satisfied, that which was arterial passes into the condition of venous blood? The affinities it had for the structures with which it was in contact are satisfied and have come to an end. The arterial blood presented a highly energetic force, which in the venous has diminished down to zero. Under these circumstances, in accordance with the general principle, the arterial blood must press the venous blood before it, and the flow must be from the artery to the vein.

2. *The Pulmonary.*—In this the venous blood presents itself in the air-cells to receive oxygen. The systemic circulation deoxidized arterial blood, the pulmonary oxidizes venous. The latter, therefore, is the converse of the former. The venous blood has an affinity for the oxygen dissolved in the tissues with which it is in contact, and the arterial blood has none. Movement, therefore, must ensue; but as the conditions

of the affinity are reversed, so also is the direction of the motion, for now the venous blood drives the arterial before it, and drives it to the heart.

3. *The Portal Circulation.*—In this the same physical principles apply. The blood which flows toward the liver along the portal vein has been obtained by that vein from the chylopoietic viscera; it has, therefore, the same relation to the blood furnished from the different and corresponding aortic branches as has the general systemic venous blood. The arterial blood, therefore, drives it before it in the same way that the general systemic circulation takes place, and passing along the portal vein, it is now distributed to the liver. In this organ it also receives the blood which has been brought by the hepatic artery.

The process of biliary secretion now takes place, and compounds of carbon and hydrogen with soda are separated as bile, and pass along the biliary tubes. In its final effect, therefore, the chemical action of the liver closely resembles the chemical action of the lungs. Compared with the blood which passes along the branches of the hepatic veins and finds its way into the ascending vena cava, the portal blood differs by containing the elements of bile.

Two systems of forces now conspire to drive the portal blood out of the liver into the ascending cava.

First, the blood which is coming along the capillary portal veins and that which is receding by the hepatic veins, compared together as to their affinities for the substance of the liver, obviously have this relation: the portal blood is acted upon by the liver, and there are separated from it the constituents of the bile, the affinities that have been at work in producing the result have all been satisfied, and the residual blood, over which the liver can exert no action, constitutes that which passes into the hepatic veins. Between the portal blood and the substance of the liver there is an energetic affinity, indicated by the circumstance that a chemical decomposition takes place and bile is separated, but that change once completed, the residue, which is no longer acted upon, forms the venous blood of the hepatic veins, and hence the portal blood drives before it the inert blood which is in those veins.

But in addition to this the blood of the hepatic artery, after serving for the economic purposes of the liver, is thrown into the portal plexus; hence arises a second force, which, conspiring in its resultant with the former, produces movement in the same direction. The presence of the arterial blood in the hepatic capillaries is not only sufficient to give a force toward that in the capillaries of the portal veins, but also to give it a pressure toward that in the hepatic veins. No regurgitation can take place backward through the portal vein upon the blood arising from the chylopoietic viscera, because along that channel there is a pressure propagated in the opposite direction arising from the arterial blood of the aortic branches. This pressure conspires with that of the portal blood, and both together join in giving rise to motion toward the ascending cava.

On the same principle we may explain the circulation of the blood in other types of life; for example, in the case of the model adopted in fishes, the aorta of which has long been recognized as bearing a strong resemblance to the portal vein of the mammalia. To any one, however, who reflects on the principles here laid down, there will arise no difficulty in explaining the circulation in any particular case, if this plain precept be constantly kept in mind: that in consequence of the physical principle which has been assigned, a pressure will always be exerted by the liquid which is ready to undergo a change upon that which has already undergone it—a pressure which, as there is no force to resist it, will always give rise to motion in a direction from the changing to the changed liquid.

I then continued the investigation to a determination of the uses and action of the heart, heretofore considered as the sole cause of the circulation, the action in asphyxia, the case of obstructed trachea, local inflammation, etc.

By regarding the affinity between the blood and the tissues with which it is in contact as the primary cause of the circulation, we assign a reason for those various phenomena which can not be accounted for in Harvey's doctrine: the motions in the embryo; the periodic and local variations; the portal circulation; the changes in the current as seen under the microscope; the movement in the capillaries after the heart is cut out; the empty condition of the arteries after death; the phenomena of acardiac monsters; local inflammations and congestions; the gangrene of parts while their capillaries are pervious; the retardation of the current on the application of cold or of carbonic acid gas; the results of asphyxia and death by drowning or hanging; the changes of pressure in the arteries and veins respectively during a check on the respiration; the vis a tergo of the veins; the effects of a ligature on those vessels; the action of irrespirable gases when breathed, and the opposite conditions when oxygen gas or protoxide of nitrogen is used.

A doctrine which accounts with simplicity for such a long list of miscellaneous facts commends itself to our attention at once. There are, however, considerations of a still weightier character which must compel us to adopt it. The affinity between the blood

and the parts with which it is in contact is a chemical fact beyond contradiction. The pressures and motions I have been speaking of follow as the inevitable consequences of that affinity. We therefore can not gainsay their existence in the living mechanism, and the only doubt we can entertain is as to whether they are of competent power to produce all the effects before us. But after what has already been said respecting the energy of endosmotic movements against pressures of many atmospheres, we may abandon those doubts; and since we have here a force of universality enough and intensity enough, and in every instance acting in the right direction, it would be unphilosophical to look farther, since such a force must, under these conditions, exist in the physical necessity of the case.

WITHIN A YEAR.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"HEEL AND TOE."

TEN o'clock of a fine June morning. A close-clipped, English-looking lawn, dotted here and there with daisy heads, glimpses of the Hudson now caught, now lost, through the waving branches of trees old as the river itself. Long French windows, with muslin draperies, opening on to a broad stone coppice. Within, a pretty domestic scene, worthy of the modern French school. A breakfast table daintily set out with rarest porcelain, fragile glass, and shining silver. A lady, still on the better side of thirty-five, in a muslin *peignoir* and lace cap, with a fine handsome face, somewhat marred at this moment by a fretful drawing together of the usually calm brows, is reading a letter, which she holds in a long-fingered thin white hand. Opposite to her a small boy of five years, with the loveliest eyes of seraphic blue and a shower of golden curls, is quietly and systematically abstracting the fruit from its basket, while a Blue Skye and diminutive pug utter shrill yelps and yaps for a small portion of the morning dainties. A more prolonged cry from the latter, owing its origin to the boy's tormenting way of holding a bit of meat just beyond reach, brings forth an impatient exclamation from Mrs. Carew.

"Reg! what are you doing? It is impossible to have one moment's peace, with you and the dogs about. Ruffler! Spider! come here to me!"

Reg folds his guilty little hands, and looks at her sorrowfully. "I was dess a-tinking as how I loffed you!" he replies, reproachfully.

"Oh, you arrant little humbug!" cries a new voice. "That's an awful cram. With your pinnie full of fruit, too! Do you know what becomes of some little boys, Reg?"

"Ess," says Reg, in no way disconcerted; "dey goes up the yiver, and dets their hairs cut, and has tousers"—this last with a deep sigh. "I wis I had tousers."

"Good-morning, Julian. What brings you so early? A dearth of patients, or a new subscription list for me to head?"

"Neither, Mrs. Carew;" answers the young man who has come in unannounced. "I was passing, and stopped, thinking perhaps you might have more definite news from Aunt Marie."

"In fact here is a letter from her unopened; it came by this morning's mail."

"And you have not already devoured it? Oh, Mrs. Carew!"

"It is dreadful, is it not, Julian? But unfortunately *this* lay uppermost, and though I knew the writing, I must needs read it first. It has spoiled my breakfast."

And Mrs. Carew, with a little pettish movement, pushed back her untouched plate. Reg, taking this as a sign that breakfast was over, ducked his little golden head down into his plate, folded his hands, and, surreptitiously kicking the dogs meantime, repeated in a low and flute-like voice: "For yat we haf yeceived, de Lord make us tuly tankfou. Mamma, may I go now?"

Reg gone, followed by the dogs, Mrs. Carew regained somewhat of her lost equanimity.

"Will you have some berries, Julian, and a cup of coffee?"

"Thanks, don't trouble; I will help myself. Might one inquire why you leave your breakfast untouched? Are you in love, Mrs. Carew?"

"You saucy boy! If with any thing, it's your handsome face, I fear. No, I am put out because I have a letter from Katharine Carew."

"And who is Katharine Carew?" asks Julian, crunching a strawberry between his strong white teeth.

"My troublesome niece," answers Mrs. Carew, solemnly; "and what is still worse, she is coming here for a month. Only listen to what she says." And Mrs. Carew takes up the letter, reads murmuringly to herself, with little oh's and ah's, interspersed with "This would not interest you, Julian. Where is that sentence? Really the girl does write too abominably. Oh, here it is: 'So, my dear Tantinette, I am coming at once, *sans cérémonie*, to make you a visit of a month. But let me beg you, if you have any pet or particular favorite in the way of a man, send him off at once, for I warn you I am more dangerous than ever. Your affectionate niece, K. Carew.' Now I ask you, Julian, is she not alarming?"

"In what way?"

"Oh, in every way. In the first place,

she is clever, and that is a bore; and, above all, every man she meets is sure to fall in love with her; then, when she has drawn them to the very verge of despair, she comes to me to help her, and is 'so sorry, but how could she know?' I am glad, Julian, that you are already engaged, for I am sure Marie Amant would never like you to fall in love with Fly."

"I am not entirely bound to Aunt Marie's fancies," answered the young man, flushing slightly. "But what did you call her? I thought her name was Katharine."

"So it is really, only no one ever calls her so; every one has his own name for her. Reg calls her Bobbins; and I named her Fly, because she is never still, and always hankering after sweets."

"Is she pretty?"

"No; a small brown face, a goodish figure, and twenty-three years of life. Come, I am tired of the subject. If you have finished your berries, we will go into the garden, and you shall look at my roses, while I read Marie Amant's letter."

Mrs. Carew was a widow. She had married, at twenty-seven, a man much older than herself—self-made, and rich by successful speculations. He had not lived long enough for his wife to grow tired of him, and when he died she really mourned him. He left her sole heir to all his possessions; so at thirty-three Mrs. Carew had her life before her, set in a framing of wealth and luxury. Reginald was her only child, and spoiled, of course.

Katharine Carew shall speak for herself. Suffice it for me to say that she was a half-orphan, Mr. Carew's only niece, and that her father had always been as unfortunate as his brother was the reverse.

Julian Vane, the young man who came in so abruptly, was the rising physician of Roseleigh-on-the-Hudson—a tall, good-looking fellow, who walked into most people's affections, and inspired confidence in a wholesale way altogether his own. He was one of a large family, without any means of his own, but brought up to consider himself the particular favorite and probable heir of his aunt, Miss Marie Amant, an American of French extraction, under whose will and rule he had passed his younger days, and of whom he stood considerably in awe.

Marie Amant and Eleanor Carew were old school friends, and still wrote each other weekly letters worthy of Madame Récamier in point of sentiment and length. Not very long ago Julian Vane had become engaged to a young lady of wealth and position, much to Miss Amant's satisfaction. It was to meet this same Miss Aliene Crowell that Miss Amant had accepted Mrs. Carew's invitation to spend a month at Crow's Nest; and to this same fact was owing Mrs. Carew's displeasure at the advent of her troublesome niece. Had it been in her power, she would have sent Julian Vane away for a six weeks' holiday; but it was past all reason to invite a young man's *fiancée* to one's house for an idle summer month, and then ask the young man to absent himself because another girl, of whom you were both fond and afraid, chose to accept a general invitation at a particular time.

"I shall never be so rash again," sighed Mrs. Carew, after Julian had ridden off on his brown mare Flirt. "Next time I will fix the date. Upon my word, I sometimes think that Fly has a familiar who tells her just where she can make the most mischief. I have warned Julian, however; and I shall tell Miss Fly to keep her fascinations to herself where he is concerned. Only to think of Marie Amant's displeasure, should any thing come between Miss Crowell and Julian, makes me creep."

A week later Julian Vane rode up the avenue of maple-trees to Crow's Nest. Reg met him near the door, and begged so earnestly for a ride on Flirt, Vane had not the heart to refuse; he flung him up into the saddle, his short white skirts and bare legs fluttering through the air, and, warning the groom to be careful, saw the three march off triumphantly, Reg sitting very straight, his short legs only reaching half-way over the saddle, but dignity itself written on every feature.

Vane crossed the green lawn and entered one of the open windows of the breakfast-room; it was empty, but glancing further on, into a little apartment known as the Eastern Room, and especially consecrated to cigars and cigarettes, he caught a glimpse of feminine drapery. As he entered, hat in hand, the half-formed "Mrs. Carew" on his lips was checked by the sight of a little bronze slipper, carefully balanced on a pink silk toe. A little girl in a pink and white frock, with ruffled brown hair, was evidently the owner of stocking and slipper; but she was so deeply interested in her book, she apparently neither saw nor heard Dr. Julian Vane. He gazed, fascinated, at the slipper gently swaying backward and forward, for a moment or more; then said, in a half-apologetic tone, "I beg pardon, my dear: can you tell me where I can find Mrs. Carew?"

The slipper stopped swaying, tottered, fell down on the floor; the little girl rose in some confusion. "You want my aunt Lena?" she said, vainly striving to recover the slipper by a sideward movement of the pink silk toe. "She is in the rose garden with Miss Amant." Then, with a little wicked, mutinous look, "Are you Dr. Vane?"

Julian bowed, still watching her unsuccessful manœuvres to get possession of her truant property.

"Then I am to tell you that Aunt Lena and Miss Amant want you immediately—

immediately; and I am to say nothing more." Whereupon she drew back the pink silk toe, and gazed wistfully at the slipper.

"Allow me," said Julian, gravely going down on one knee, picking up the slipper, and putting it on the little foot. "Miss Carew," he added, still holding the small foot a prisoner, "pardon my rudeness—I thought you a *real* little girl when I first spoke; and if you love yourself, don't go walking about in such unchristian things as these," tapping with his finger the Louis Quinze heel of Miss Carew's slipper.

At this moment of moments Mrs. Carew and Miss Amant walked in through the bay-window. "Julian!" cried both ladies in a breath; while Miss Amant added, "What are you doing?"

"Giving Miss Carew a lecture on health," said Vane, rising to his full height. "We find—Miss Carew and I—that we are only renewing an old acquaintanceship," he went on, reckless of the truth, his only thought to shield the girl, on whom their unlucky interview would be likely to rebound later. "Why didn't you tell me, Mrs. Carew, that your niece and I were not altogether strangers?"

"Julian, you are talking nonsense," said Miss Amant, superbly.

"Nothing surprising in that, Aunt Marie."

As a welcome break to them all came Reg's shrill voice: "I say I 'ill! Dr. Dulian said I might!" and then a more piercing shriek brought them one and all to the windows.

Master Reg was lying on the grass, rolling over and over in a fit of passion, while Ruffler and Spider, their tongues hanging out, their tails down-fallen, looked on commiseratingly. In the distance was the groom leading Flirt to the stables.

"What in the world is the matter, Reg?" cried Mrs. Carew, while Katharine cleared the window-sill and coppice with a bound, and had the little grieved face close to hers, kissing, petting, scolding, by turns. She rose to carry her burden off to some more congenial retreat. As she passed Julian she glanced up at him for one half second, and said, beneath her breath, "Thank you very much for your pretty little fiction." Then she was gone. But Vane kept recalling that look all day; it came between him and his patients; it looked up at him from his book; it smiled at him from his letter to Miss Crowell, until he threw down his pen in despair.

Truly Miss Carew was waxing dangerous.

CHAPTER II.

"DUCK ON THE ROCK."

"Now, once for all, Katharine, I will not have it! You are to leave Julian Vane alone. It certainly is very provoking that Miss Crowell should choose to defer her visit for two weeks. I wish the girl would come and look after her own lover."

The speaker was Mrs. Carew, the morning after Dr. Vane's lecture on French heels.

Katharine shrugged her pretty shoulders at Mrs. Carew's admonition.

"*I* don't want Julian Vane," she answered. "Aliene Crowell is more than welcome to him. But now, Aunt Lena, I ask you was it my fault that he went on his knees to me the first time he saw me? I told him you and Miss Amant wanted him immediately."

Mrs. Carew smiled and sighed. "What it is, Fly, that all the men see in you I can't find out. You are not so pretty?"

"No," answered Fly, plaintively.

"Your face *is* brown, decidedly."

"Yes," still more plaintively.

"And yet you never come near any thing in the shape of a man that he doesn't give way at once."

> "'I fell the bearded men at a breath,
> And the youths that grow between,'"

sighed Miss Carew, sorrowfully.

"What did you say, Fly?"

"Only two lines from Longfellow, Aunt Lena," answered Miss Carew, demurely. "Have you any thing more to say to me, Tantinette?"

"No; only remember I will not have you flirt with Julian Vane. He is too good for you to interfere with."

"Ah, bah!" cried the girl, and rushing from the room, came in contact with Dr. Vane.

"Miss Carew!" he exclaimed.

"I'm in disgrace," she cried; "sent to Coventry; you must not speak to me—and it's all your fault. Another time, Dr. Vane, allow my French heels to take care of themselves."

Julian was conscious of a whirlwind of white muslin, gray eyes, and brown hair, and then was left lamenting.

Not very long after, as he crossed the large hall that ran the entire length of the house, he was attracted by the sound of voices in the Eastern Room. Pushing the door cautiously open, he discovered Miss Carew on the floor near the window, Reg by her side, his yellow head in dire confusion. Miss Carew was evidently putting the dogs through their morning exercise, for Spider, the pug, lay on the floor, his tail curled in happy satisfaction at his task done, while his stubby black nose sniffed daintily at a bit of seed-cake held out by Reg. Not so happy was Ruffler; his work was yet to come.

"Attention!" cried Miss Carew, in comic imitation of Boucicault as Conn.

Ruffler raised his little fat body in mid-air, balancing himself unsteadily on his back legs, cocked one ear jocosely, and waved his yellow paws languidly.

"Good doggie!" cried Miss Carew. "Give him some cake, Reg."

"Dood doggie," echoed Reg, cooingly, holding out the cake temptingly.

"You may come in, Dr. Vane," laughed Miss Carew. "I have finished my drill, and regained my temper."

"Did Mrs. Carew scold you?" asked Vane, wonderingly.

She nodded her head for answer, looking up at him from her seat on the floor, the sunlight, catching her hair, brought out sudden golden lights hidden before. Vane felt a sudden thrill pass through him.

"What about?"

"Oh, my ill conduct, my extravagance in having silk stockings and French heels, when I own less than nothing a year." Then, with a sudden brilliant smile, "Dr. Vane, let us play 'duck on the rock?'"

"And what is 'duck on the rock?'"

"You don't know? Why, how your education has been neglected! Why, 'duck on the rock' is Reg's and my favorite pastime. It is far ahead of polo, pallone, lawn tenis, or Aunt Sally; it's less expensive, and does not require much brain power. Come and be initiated at once." She sprang to her feet, caught up Spider by the tail, and vanished through the window, followed by Vane, Reg, and Ruffler. Miss Carew led the way to a shady spot on the lawn, whence the silver Hudson was visible lying asleep in the summer sun. "The first thing to do," she said, earnestly, "is to find a rock and a duck, also some smaller stones—not very easy things to find here, where Norton regards all 'sticks, stocks, and rocks' as his especial enemies. Ah! what do I see?—the very thing!" and running round a large spreading oak, Miss Carew appeared, triumphantly drawing Reg's garden cart full of stones. "You will let Bobbins have these, won't you, Reg?" she said, persuasively.

"Ess," said Reg, rather regretfully.

"Now, Dr. Vane, put this largest stone on the grass—so; that is our rock; now this smaller pointed one on the top of it; that is our duck. You see, we are each to take a stone, stand off as far as you like, and aim at the duck. If you succeed in knocking it off, you must run and get your stone and be back at the home before the duck is placed in position, or else you miss another shot until I have failed. Of course the further away you send the duck, the better chance you have of getting home in time. We will make Reg duck and rock keeper; he is so slow he will give us a little more leeway; and we will make the game twenty-five points."

"And the prize, Miss Carew?" asked Vane.

"Oh, make it what you choose; but I shall win it, and as you are a beginner, we will say *place aux hommes*."

Julian hurled his stone violently at the target; it sped on its way, but left the duck sitting uninjured on its rock.

With a little low laugh, Miss Carew took her position, gave a quick glance over the distance to be passed, bent down, and with a sudden movement sent her missive on its way; the next moment there was heard a sharp crack, the duck was spinning some rods off, and Miss Carew was flying over the grass, rescuing her stone, and back again before poor Reg had mounted the duck on its throne. Amid much laughter, and furious barking of the dogs, the game continued, and at the end of fifteen minutes Vane had become an ardent admirer of "duck on the rock" and his fair instructor. During one of their pauses for breath he said:

"Bob Lawrence is coming to stay with me, and I want you to promise to be good to him, Miss Carew. Bob is an awfully good fellow, rich to no end through his uncle's will, but down on all women. He will bring Banjo and Kentucky with him; so we might have some jolly rides, if you like."

Miss Carew was holding her stone in her hand, ready for another shot. As he mentioned his friend's name, a sudden shiver shook her from head to foot, and it was well another voice than hers broke the silence, or Vane must have noticed her confusion.

"Might one inquire the nature of this amusement?" It was Miss Amant who stood before them, her drapery of finest muslin and billowy lace trailing behind her over the grass; her golden hair, in which the silver was already mingling, parted over her broad, well-shaped head and brow in even waves, was gathered in a heavy knot low in her neck. All the merriment died out of the group as she spoke.

"Miss Carew has been kindly teaching me 'duck on the rock,'" said Julian, answering the questioning look in Miss Amant's eyes.

"Indeed!" in her slow, measured way. "Do you find it amusing, Miss Carew?"

"Very," answered the girl, shortly. Then, with a wicked glimmer in her eyes, "Its chief charm lies in its being a classical game. You know it is traced back to the Greeks," she went on, innocently. "Helen introduced it into Troy after she was taken captive, and she and Paris used to indulge in it centuries ago. Dr. Schliemann, in his late discoveries, found one of the identical stones, bearing Helen's name and the score of the game. It makes one feel so learned, Miss Amant, to have even one's amusements date back for ages."

"Yes, it must," said Miss Amant, simply, unable to make up her mind as to Miss Carew's veracity. "Luncheon is ready, however. Shall we go in? Julian, are you coming?"

"No," he answered, his face crimson from suppressed laughter; "I am to bring Bob Lawrence over this evening."

As the two ladies moved away, Miss Amant a little ahead, he seized Miss Carew's hand. "You are a perfect—duck," he said, rapidly, and pressed the little brown hand to his lips. Then Reg, the dogs, and the two women disappeared within the door.

Some hours later, as Miss Carew came leisurely down the stairs, she was met by Julian.

"How long you have been!" he said, crossly; "and— Why, you look pale! Are you ill?"

"No," she answered; "it's the after-effects of 'duck on the rock.'"

"Come," he said, impatiently, "I want Bob to see you."

In another moment Miss Carew was in the softly lighted drawing-room, and Julian Vane was mumbling out an introduction to some one. She raised her eyes. What she saw was a slight, well-made man, with the head and face of the young Antinous of the Vatican come to life, only with an intensified languor and melancholia in every feature. If the sight was not a new one to her, she made no sign; not even a ripple of color passed over her face.

What he saw was a slender girlish figure clad in some soft thin black gauze, through which her shoulders and arms gleamed dangerously, a great bunch of Jacque roses at her waist, a mutinous "primrose face," soft brown hair, and two wistful gray eyes. If to him the vision was not a novelty, so, too, he made no sign, and not a ghost of recognition echoed in his voice as he remarked of his happiness in knowing Miss Carew.

The evening passed rather tamely. Miss Amant had not forgiven Miss Carew's classical impudence. Mrs. Carew was sleepy, while Katharine seemed to have suddenly succumbed to a fit of depression, and sat idly in the window, with the moon shining upon her, picking her roses to bits.

At an early hour Vane and Lawrence left. As Katharine stood at her dressing-table that night, she took from her neck a slight gold chain, to which was fastened a tiny folded square of silk paper. She touched it lovingly with her fingers, and finally put it to her lips.

When she fell asleep there were tears upon the brown cheeks.

CHAPTER III.

"OLD THINGS ARE BEST."

JULIAN VANE was in love with Katharine Carew. It was not that calm, even affection that had made him find Miss Crowell a pleasant object to his eyes, and Miss Crowell's money a welcome adjunct to the woman he proposed to make his wife; but a wild, passionate rush of emotion that swept all lesser feelings aside, and made him miserable when away from her, more miserable still when with her; for even to his eyes Katharine seemed blind to what to those about her was evident enough.

She had from the first treated Vane as a good comrade; and now when every word he spoke, every look he gave, had an undertone of love, she alone seemed unconscious of it, and kept up her little tricks of voice and manner to a maddening degree.

Miss Amant saw it, smiled her slow, superb smile, and—waited. Mrs. Carew saw it, fretted herself half ill over it, but did not dare to find fault again with Katharine. Bob Lawrence saw it, and his pale face grew paler; while Banjo could have told of many a long mile of hard riding in those soft summer days. And still Miss Crowell's visit was put off indefinitely.

Much to Julian's disappointment, Miss Carew and Lawrence failed to be the friends he predicted; their manner to each other was marked by a distant politeness, and Katharine always lost somewhat of her brilliancy when under his influence.

The summer days sped on; days full of perfect beauty came and passed, and saw the little comedy working itself out, the *finale* unknown even to the actors. They were idle summer days, filled with the pleasures that come so easily to the more fortunate ones of this world. They rode the country over. Miss Amant was a fine horsewoman; and as Katharine said of herself, she knew nothing of the science of riding, but she had yet to find the five-barred gate that could stop her, or the horse that would refuse her mount.

The first day, as they all gathered on the piazza to see them off, the horses sleek and shining in the sun, Katharine came down a little late; she ran out from the dim hall into the sunshine, buttoning a Jacque rose into her habit, just as the groom led up Kentucky. With a sudden sharp cry she drew back within the door. Both Julian and Lawrence sprang to her.

"Are you hurt, Miss Carew?"

She smiled faintly. "I pricked myself with this rose." Then, almost passionately, "You do not mean me to ride *that* horse, Dr. Vane?"

"Bob and I thought she would suit you wonderfully, Miss Carew; but you shall not ride her unless you like. Flirt is quite at your service, and I can take Happy Thought."

"Thank you," she said; "I much prefer Flirt."

Lawrence turned away, biting his lips. "Take Kentucky to the stables," he said to the groom, "and never bring her up again."

In all these excursions it was Vane and Katharine that kept together, and Lawrence and Miss Amant. Katharine has since said that never in her life did she feel so desper-

ate, never did she so put forth the whole battery of her fascinations to please any one, as she did then for Julian Vane; and yet she did not want his love, and her very existence was a misery and torture to her. She was made of brave stuff, however, and if she suffered, it was within her own four walls, and no one was any the wiser.

"Julian," said Miss Amant, very softly one afternoon, meeting him in the hall, "I want to speak to you."

"But I have promised Miss Carew," began Vane.

"Never mind your promise, Julian. Miss Carew has forgotten it, for I saw her but five minutes since walk off with Bob."

"With Lawrence?" said Vane.

"Yes; though I don't think she cared to go, for they stood arguing together some time first. Now, Julian," continued Miss Amant, after they were seated in the library, the door closed, and only a murmur of outside life coming in through the windows, "what is to be the end of all this?"

"Of what, Aunt Marie?"

"Don't beat about the bush," she said, impatiently. "You know what I mean. What is to be the end of all this nonsense between you and Miss Carew?"

The young man was quiet for a moment, then, flushing, said, eagerly, "It can mean but one thing to me, Aunt Marie, and that is to ask Katharine to marry me. I am honorable at least."

"Oh, you are? I am pleased to know that. Then it is no dishonor to fall in love with one girl, while you are engaged to another? It is no dishonor to break one girl's heart for the sake of another, who cares nothing for you but as one more trophy to add to her list? I am glad to learn your definition of honor, Julian."

Vane started up. "You shall not speak to me in this way, Aunt Marie. I am a man, and can manage my own affairs. If we love each other, what does any thing matter?"

"Yes, if you do. My silly boy, do you think Miss Carew would marry you? Try her; only remember this—you must provide your own home; no penny of mine shall ever go to a willful flirt."

Miss Amant left him as she spoke, and Vane sat on brooding over her last words. As the shadows lengthened, he became aware of voices outside beneath the window—Lawrence's and Miss Carew's. Said the former:

"Then you *do* love Julian Vane?" To this question the answer was inaudible, the voices growing fainter. Then again it was Lawrence that said, "Then let me beg you to end this farce at once. I, for one, am tired of it."

Julian sprang to his feet to avoid further eavesdropping; on the threshold he met Bob. "Is Miss Carew with you?" he asked, shortly.

"No," answered the other, no less sharply; "she has gone to her room."

"It will rain this evening," said Katharine, as she stood, after dinner, in the open door. "Do you see the clouds gathering over Lookout Mountain? That means thunder and lightning."

She ran down the steps as she spoke, her pale gray draperies trailing after her.

"Where are you going?" cried Vane.

"To pick a posy for my belt. Will you come?"

Only too willingly he followed her. Their walk was a prolonged one; for when they returned, the little new moon was trying its best to shine through the heavy clouds fast settling into denser masses.

"Don't go in, Katharine," pleaded Vane; "I want to talk to you."

For answer she seated herself, facing the moon, in a low swinging chair. Julian drew another to her side. For a moment there was silence; all nature seemed held in an intense, fearful hush, full of the coming storm. Katharine lay back in her chair, a rapt, quiet look holding her face as in a charm.

"Listen to me," said Vane, in a whisper, bending over her, and taking one of her small hands in his. "Katharine, I love you."

A tinge of sadness crept over her face and into her eyes.

"You have no right to say this, Dr. Vane."

"No right!" he cried, passionately. "No, I know I have no right. I know I can not offer you any thing worth the taking. My destiny is marked out for me; but, oh! for God's sake, let me have a little happiness before I sell myself body and soul! Katharine, tell me you love me!"

Still the quiet, tired look in her eyes.

"To what end, Dr. Vane? Would it, do you think, do either of us any good to indulge in a few moments' folly? You say you are bound, that I am free. Is it likely I will give my love to another girl's lover?"

"I will give her up; I will—"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, in a piteous, sobbing voice. "Have I fallen so low as to listen to love from one who ought to have no love to give? Dr. Vane, come with me," she went on, in a low, quick tone, "and I will show you why I will not listen to your love."

She rose from her seat and walked, followed by Julian, into the brilliantly lighted drawing-room. As she entered, Lawrence rose to meet her.

Standing by his side, she looked at them all for a moment with a half-shy, half-triumphant air; then, with a low, sweeping courtesy toward Miss Amant, she said,

"Dr. Vane, *this* is my answer: Bob Lawrence and I have been married a year!"

"Katharine!" cried Mrs. Carew, aghast.

"Yes, Aunt Lena. Don't get dramatic, and I will tell you all about it. A year and more ago, while you were abroad, Bob came down to our poky little hole of a village for some fishing. He fell in with father, and—well, you know what father is. Within the next two hours Bob was installed in our box as one of the family. Of course we were always together. Bob had his horses with him, and we rode the country over. That's why I just could not get on Kentucky the other day. She was *mine* in those days, you see. Well, when the parting came, we found it harder work than we supposed. Bob, in a moment of madness, declared I should marry him. I was equally crazy, for I could not say no; and it was only when all was over that we remembered Bob was still under age, and his family might object to his marrying a girl two years his senior, and, worse still, poorer than poverty. But in spite of all that, we managed to have two very happy weeks, when one unlucky day we quarreled. Bob lost his temper; I lost mine; and it ended in our saying we were mistaken in thinking we loved each other, and agreeing to separate, for a time at least. In two months I was more than repentant; but Bob's uncle had died in that time, and left him rich. I was too proud to go to him then; other people might call my feeling something less kind than love. I came here with the very best intentions, Aunt Lena; but then I never counted on meeting Bob here, and his seeming so indifferent and contented. If I have done any mischief, Aunt Lena" (rather wickedly), "I am *very sorry; but how could I know?* Bob, have you liked this year any better than I have?"

For answer he turned the dear "primrose face," full of love, upward, and bending, kissed her sweet lips.

"Here is my ring, Bob; put it on," she whispered, and drew from its hiding-place the folded silken paper.

And so, after all, there were two weddings at Crow's Nest in the golden autumn weather; for Mrs. Carew could not get over the lack of ceremony, trousseau, and fuss that accompanied Katharine's primitive nuptials; so she was introduced with great state as the bride Mrs. Robert Lawrence on the same day that Julian made Aliene Crowell his wife.

And I am happy to state that Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Vane are the dearest of friends, Julian and Bob inseparable, while Reg has three homes, in which at present he rules supreme.

A TURKO-RUSSIAN WAR.

1828–1829.

THE European and Christian races everywhere, the races which account themselves the greatest, wisest, and bravest of the earth, have watched with amazement the spectacle of invalid and semi-barbarous Turkey contending on even terms with gigantic and organized Russia.

At the outbreak of this struggle the civilized world supposed that it would be pitiably unequal; that, without the assistance of some one of the "great powers," the Moslems would be crushed in a single campaign; that the advance of the Muscovite armies would be little more than a triumphal promenade. It was commonly supposed that the superiority of Russia in soldierly disposition, intelligence, and education at least equalled her advantage in wealth and numbers. It had come to be an accepted credence, almost equivalent to a military maxim, that Asiatic and semi-Asiatic troops could not stand before Europeans.

We have seen enough during the summer of 1877 to lead us to question all these beliefs. Whatever may be the termination of the contest, the Turkish generals have showed formidable capacity, and the Turkish soldiers have exhibited heroic courage. They have not only defended intrenchments with their historic tenacity, but they have assaulted them with impetuosity, and sometimes with success. Embodied, they seem to be the equals of the Russians, and man to man, their superiors. What is the meaning of this wonderful uprising and resuscitation of a people whom all Europe looked upon as decadent and effeminated?

The truth is that there has been no change in the character of the Ottomans. We have not read their history thoroughly and with discrimination. Arguing loosely from their military disasters, we have not done justice to their martial qualities. They have always been brave, even in their overthrows. Their most unfortunate wars, the wrestles in which they have suffered defeat on defeat, have been illustrated by signal instances of heroism such as the most warlike nations might glory in. If they have lost territory, it has never been through lack of valor, nor altogether from want of good generalship, but mainly from defect of preparation.

In proof of this statement, I propose to examine briefly the most disastrous and degrading of all the Turkish struggles against Russia—the war of 1828–29, in which Diebitsch led an army of 20,000 men almost to the gates of Constantinople, the war which finally drove Sultan Mahmoud II. to concede the independence of Greece. Of the operations of Paskevitch in Asia, by-the-way, I shall take no note, because, brilliant and

prosperous as they were, they did not form a decisive feature of the contest, and had no instant influence in bringing about its result.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1828.

Russia chose her time for attack when Turkey was weaker than she had ever been before, and, it may be added, weaker than she has ever been since. The Greek war of independence, commencing in 1821, occupied for eight years the forces of the Porte, and exhausted its treasury. On the 20th of October, 1826, the battle of Navarino annihilated the Moslem navy, and enabled Russia to secure command of the Black Sea, with what freedom she liked in the Mediterranean. During the same year, impressed with the urgent need of civil and military reorganization, Sultan Mahmoud dissolved and destroyed the Janizaries. The extinction of this ancient and powerful order not only deprived him of his regular army, but spread dissatisfaction and even open revolt throughout his dominions. The formation of the Nizam commenced immediately, but under incredible difficulties—the officers foreigners gathered from all the nations of Europe, and drilling in all sorts of tactics; the soldiers mere boys, for the sake of securing docility.

Thus Turkey was without a navy, without a disciplined army, entangled in the Greek war, overwhelmed with debt, and festering with tumults, when Russia marched to complete her disasters. Her territories were larger than at present, for she still held Moldavia and Wallachia; but they merely paid a moderate tribute, and added nothing to her military strength. Her army, the beardless youngsters of the Nizam, amounted to 70,000 men, chiefly stationed in Europe. Her regular cavalry had Tartar saddles, French stirrups, and English sabres; the men were absurdly awkward in their seats, and held their weapons in contempt. The field artillery, very insufficient in numbers, was drawn by bullocks, and could only move at a snail's pace. The main reliance of the Porte during the coming struggle must be in the local militia, in the ever-heroic but undisciplined mountaineers of Albania, and in the irregular troopers called Dellis.

The disproportion of force between the two empires was enormous. Russia had not far from 800,000 trained soldiers; the Emperor Nicholas ordered a new levy of one man in every five hundred; the southern frontier already gleamed with 216,000 sabres and bayonets. It is true that the right flank must, as now, be guarded against Austria, and that a part of this advanced army had therefore to be held in reserve; nevertheless Russia was able to begin the offensive with a force which some authorities carry to 130,000 men, and which the lowest estimates place at 100,000 effectives. Meantime so disorganized was the Turkish army, and so formidable was the spirit of revolt in Constantinople, that not until the last moment could the Sultan attend to his frontiers. While Count Wittgenstein commenced crossing the Pruth on the 7th of May, it was not till early June that Hussein Pasha was able to collect a field force of 20,000 infantry and 13,000 cavalry. In 1828, even more than in 1877, it looked as though Turkey must go down at once.

Unchecked in the field, the main invasionary column poured through the Dobrudscha, besieged Brailow and several minor fortresses on the lower Danube, invested Silistria, on the middle Danube, and Varna, on the Black Sea, and occupied Hussein Pasha by demonstrating against Shumla. The whole interest of the campaign of 1828 lies in the sieges of Brailow, Silistria, and Varna, and in the single indecisive battle of Kurtape.

Brailow (or Ibrail), standing on the left or Roumanian bank of the Danube, was first attacked. It was a fortress of antiquated construction: eight bastioned fronts, with revetted scarps and counterscarps; on the western or exposed front, a castellated citadel with round towers; no outworks any where, and no casemates. The armament consisted of 278 guns and mortars, some of the latter throwing shells of 200 and 150 pounds. The powder was stored in temporary excavations, and carried loose to the ramparts. The garrison, including citizen militia or volunteers, amounted to 8000 men. The besieging force, commanded by the Archduke Michael, was 18,000 strong.

The investment commenced May 8, and with it an incessant musketry and skirmishing, the garrison even building fires by night on the ramparts in order to see and attack the working parties, and the besiegers losing an average of ten or fifteen men a day. On the 25th the first parallel was completed, and others immediately followed. The Russians made no use of ricochet batteries, but depended entirely upon explosive mines for breaching purposes, and worked subterraneously with persevering industry, carrying their galleries beneath the counterscarp and ditch, clear under the main fortifications. All this labor was accomplished amid a continual dropping, or occasional fierce showers, of shot, shell, and bullets. From time to time, also, violent sallies flamed out, small parties of fifty or one hundred rushing across the ditch to attack the trenches, every man carrying a loaded pistol in each hand and a dagger between his teeth, soldiers and citizens fighting desperately in single combat.

June 15 two pairs of mines were ready, and two storming columns were formed. One explosion failed, owing to the fall of the officer in charge, but the other sent a section of wall into the air and opened a

breach. The left-hand column found no entrance, but, with characteristic Russian stubbornness, refused to retire, and remained patiently under the ramparts until it was entirely shot away, with the exception of one man. The other column poured into the smoking ruins, but the guns of an adjoining bastion checked its advance and formation; the Turks attacked, sword in hand, and made a terrible slaughter of the survivors. The Archduke finally ordered a heroic remnant to retreat. The loss in this repulse was four generals, 118 minor officers, and 2251 men.

It was the last feat of arms in the defense of Brailow. Two days later, other practicable breaches having been opened, the garrison capitulated on honorable terms, retaining the right to serve. It was reported at the time that the surrender was brought about by bribing the commander. The investment had lasted twenty-seven days, and had cost the Russians 4000 men, or, according to the Turkish estimate, 5000.

About the middle of July operations were commenced around Shumla, with a view to opening a siege. But here the invaders had to encounter a respectable field force, and they made no progress. Their heavy cavalry was constantly beaten by the light Dellis, who were better riders and far better swordsmen. One Turkish column stormed a Russian redoubt at midnight, killed 600 men, and carried off six battering guns. Another column, taking part in the same great sortie, routed an encampment of Cossacks, and broke through the investing lines at Marash. The first success was followed up by two divisions of Nizam, who rushed through the gray of dawn upon the Russian reserves with thundering hurrahs. Canister and musketry played upon them in vain; they were not checked till the hussars charged them in flank. A second assault, made with both infantry and cavalry, broke a battalion square, and nearly cut it to pieces, only two of its officers escaping. The column was finally repulsed, but carried off a gun.

Such combats were too numerous to be here described. The Russians were defeated quite as often as the Turks. The final result was that the operations against Shumla were reduced to a distant and imperfect blockade.

Meantime the siege of the sea-port fortress of Varna was being pushed with great energy by both the fleet and army. The city then had 25,000 inhabitants, of whom at least 3000 were arms-bearing men, willing and able to fight effectively in defense of their homes. Besides this militia, there were 3000 kilted Albanians, and several thousand infantry, artillery, and marines. The whole garrison might amount to 10,000 combatants, and was re-enforced at will during the siege. The works consisted mainly of a chain of low bastions, surrounded by an unusually spacious dry ditch, at the bottom of which was a deep trench, or cunette.

The first operation of the attack had not been successful. Immediately on the arrival of the leading Russian division the Capudan Pasha marched out with 7000 men, and assumed the offensive. After two days of skirmishing came a furious charge, led by a dervish. The besiegers were defeated, with the loss of 300 men, and a cart-load of infidel heads was sent to Constantinople; for the Turks had not yet learned, as they did later, to content themselves with the salted ears of their enemies as trophies. A second sortie drove the Russians to retreat, and broke up the investment for a time. It was not until the 3d of August that Prince Menschikoff arrived with sufficient force to recommence operations.

A chain of redoubts was built, a parallel commenced, and a bombardment opened, in which the fleet joined. The Turkish flotilla was destroyed by a boat attack, but no impression was made on the fortifications. On the 8th of August the Albanians stormed out with pistol and sabre, killed some 200 Russians, and retired with little loss. On the 21st came another burst, which was repulsed with great difficulty, the prince himself being wounded. An attempt to carry the exterior redoubts of the town failed. The garrison continued its impetuous sorties, and kept up an effective sharp-shooting from the ramparts.

August 29 the Albanians flamed out with unusual energy, leaping through the embrasures of a redoubt, cimeter in hand, and holding on stubbornly until dislodged by a supporting regiment. Two days later came a series of attacks and counter-attacks, the two parties alternately flanking and repelling each other. Toward sunset the garrison had five standards flying from a knoll on the Russian right; but during the night the besiegers regained the position by dint of bloody fighting, at the same time carrying one of the Turkish lunettes. Next morning they were stormed out of their conquest by a sortie.

The construction of a second parallel, with additional redoubts and batteries, filled up the time to September 8, when re-enforcements arrived for the Russians, raising the assailant force to 20,000 men, exclusive of 5000 at Galata Bournu, just south of the city, and a strong column at Pravadi, on the road to Shumla. The investment was soon nearly complete, the greater part of the land front being surrounded by trenches and parallels, the batteries thundering almost incessantly, and working parties pushing forward saps and mines. The garrison still held some of their outer lodgments, and kept up an ef-

fective fire of close musketry. But on the 15th of September a powerful mine opened a breach in the bastion of the easternmost angle. Fresh batteries were planted to enlarge it, while a new sap was carried under the counterscarp on the right, and another under an adjoining tower.

The defense of this tower was remarkable. More than half destroyed by the cannonade, it was still held unflinchingly by the Turks and Albanians, who fought at close quarters with musketry and hand-grenades, at times silencing the most advanced battering pieces. They occupied the ditch also, and maintained there an incessant bloody warfare, combating hand to hand with shell, pistol, and sabre. The Russian mines were met by the mines of the defenders, and a part of this furious struggle went on under-ground, as though the very demons were engaged in battle.

On the 26th, the Russians stormed two exterior lunettes, capturing a gun which had been worked there up to that time. Next day a section of counterscarp was blown in by globes of compression, but without filling the sub-ditch, or cunette. Accordingly a deeper mine was commenced, and carried under every thing as far as the foundation of the main works. Guessing what was going on, the Albanians blazed out again. Embroidered jackets, white kilts, and whirling cimeters swarmed wildly up and down the trenches. The contest between the audacious mountaineers and the stubborn covering parties lasted two hours. The Russians now set up blinds in the ditch to cover the sappers, but the Turks soon destroyed them with fire-pots and other combustibles. Gabions were next resorted to, and with better success. On the 28th of September the besiegers succeeded in entering a bastion which had been breached for no less than thirteen days.

Scarcely were they in before they were driven out again. The garrison brought a gun to bear, cleared the ruin of its occupants, broke in the face of their gallery, followed up with musketry and hand-grenades, and dislodged every thing. On the following morning the indefatigable assailants opened fresh mines in the face of the bastion, only to be expelled from their excavations by the indefatigable defenders. October 1, in the midst of a dense fog, came a furious sally. The Turks and Albanians stormed into the ditch, slashed out both laboring and covering parties, seized the lodgments, burned the materials, carried off a falconet, and held their ground for three hours under the fire of the Russian redoubts.

Next day the sappers repaired their works under protection of a large force of sharpshooters. Night brought another sortie, but the supporting division was too strong to be beaten, and the Albanians merely succeeded in burning a few fascines. A second sortie, made by daylight, was met with canister and musketry, and repelled in thirty minutes. At last, after a deadly wrestle of eighteen days, the Russians succeeded in springing a mine in the face of the mutilated bastion, and completing a perfectly practicable breach.

Six hundred men rushed to the assault and easily occupied the shapeless ruin. But the Turks had built a new work within, and poured from it a withering fire. Unable to stay in the bastion, and unwilling to retreat, three hundred of the stormers dashed by the redoubt and entered the city. It looked for a moment as if Varna might be carried in a panic. But a Kurd of Bagdad made a stand in the street opposite the breach; citizens and soldiers gathered rapidly around him and fought desperately; the Russians were driven into a blind alley and slaughtered to the last man. One of them, like King Pyrrhus, was killed by a woman with a stone. Meantime the Capudan Pasha, waving a cane amid the storm of bullets, encouraged his men to battle, and directed the filling of the gap with sand bags. The Kurd who had stayed the retreat was made a captain on the spot.

During the two following days the Russians pushed forward mines against another bastion. To get their breaching powder across the ditch under the musketry and fire-works of the garrison, they constructed a huge mantelet of planks and fascines, pierced with embrasures for seven guns and with loop-holes for musketry, and advanced by means of rollers and levers, under a dreadful fire, with heavy loss of laborers. The mines were charged and exploded, completely cutting off the bastion from the main fortifications. A storming party swarmed in with fixed bayonets, and the defenders, unable to escape, died sword in hand.

The next day a sortie carried the ruin, killing and wounding 400 Russians. The latter sent in a fresh column, which retook it; but the Turks kept their hold on the shattered gorge, lurking within a few yards of their foes. On the 7th, they attacked again, and were repulsed by hand-grenades. Fresh mines and batteries finally cleared this narrow field of battle. But the Turks still occupied the houses in rear of it, the adjoining curtain and ditch, and even a lodgment or two outside of the ditch. It was hard to tell what ground belonged to the besiegers and what to the garrison, so strangely were their lines intermingled, and so near did their parties lie to each other.

It was an extraordinary situation. There was a wide gap open into the city. It seemed as if the Russians might march in whenever they pleased. But the breach had been practicable for twenty-seven days. Eight thousand of the garrison were still under

arms, as confident of success and as unshaken in courage as ever. It was perfectly certain that forcible entrance could not be had without a frightful expenditure of life.

A parley, secret negotiations, bribery perhaps, or some dissatisfaction of Yussef Pasha with the Sultan, brought about a surrender. Thus terminated a siege of eighty-seven days, in which the Russians had lost 6000 men by sickness or the sword, and expended 37,000 shot, 8600 shells, and 2500 rounds of case.

Meantime there had been some desultory field operations, which resulted in nothing but indecisive though spirited combats. Late in September the Grand Vizier advanced with 20,000 men, about one-half Albanians, to the relief of Varna. But instead of attacking the covering forces vigorously, he took post himself with 2000 men on the Kamtchik, and sent Omar Vrione forward with the remainder to Hassanlar. Both generals then curled themselves up in field-works, after the usual hedgehog fashion of Ottoman commanders, and waited calmly for the day of judgment.

But as Omar Vrione was only about three hours' march from Varna, the Russians judged it necessary to dislodge him. A reconnoitring column of 1500 men, under General Hartung, advanced upon Hassanlar, discovered the Turkish position in a thick wood, and opened upon it with artillery. The response was a charge of Dellis, and the Muscovites retreated in great trouble, over 700 men and officers being killed, and their leader wounded and captured.

Now came a rapid concentration of Russians from Varna, Pravadi, and the vicinity of Shumla. Bistrom with 6000 men, Suchosanet with 5000, Gollowin with 5000, and Prince Eugene of Würtemberg with 7000, threatened both flanks and the front of Omar Vrione. On the 27th of September Suchosanet drove the Turkish advance from Hassanlar upon the main body at Kurtape, made an imperfect reconnoissance of the intrenchments there, and reported a force of only 6000. Deceived by this information, Bistrom assaulted the Moslem right, and found himself involved in a furious struggle of four hours, during which he repulsed three attacks, but was glad enough to retreat.

The Emperor Nicholas, who directed the operations in person, still credited Suchosanet's estimate of the pasha's strength, and ordered another dislocated, insufficient attack. Prince Eugene was to storm the left flank of the position, while Gallowin and Bistrom threatened it on the front and right. The prince, who had learned Omar Vrione's true force from the Bulgarians, transmitted his information to the Emperor, and asked re-enforcements, but without avail.

On the 30th of September, therefore, about two in the afternoon, the assault was delivered. Eugene advanced in two columns, over most difficult ground, intersected by wooded ravines, very confusing to infantry, and almost impracticable for artillery and cavalry. The Turks did not wait to be stormed, but dashed out a swarm of swift Dellis, and followed up with Albanians. The Ukraine regiment stood firm; ten twelve-pounders were brought up, and served murderously. At last the front was cleared for an assault. A battalion of Body-Guards made a rush upon the intrenchments, rallied again and again with the most heroic perseverance, and lost 500 men uselessly. Two battalions of the Azov regiment were repulsed by a charge of irregular cavalry. The troops got up slowly over the broken ground, dribbled into action by detachments, and suffered terribly, without gaining a foot.

An encouraging note from the Emperor incited Prince Eugene to fresh exertions. The Azov regiment returned to the assault in splendid style, and persevered until it was nearly annihilated. The Dragoon Guards and a regiment of Cossacks attacked the left flank with equal obstinacy and equal ill success. The reserve column—five Ukraine battalions and some riflemen—came up at last, charged with extraordinary vehemence, and entered the intrenchments, only to be flanked by the Albanians and driven out again. Prince Eugene, wounded himself, and his supports all shattered, fell back upon Hassanlar, with a loss of 1400 officers and men, including two generals. The Turks remained in possession of the field; but they did nothing to follow up their success, and Varna, as we have seen, was left to its fate.

Nowhere during this campaign were the Russian field operations conducted with noticeable cleverness, except afar from a willful and overconfident autocrat, who knew how to domineer over his officers without knowing how to direct them. General Geismar, who had been left with about 10,000 men to take care of the western part of the field of war, gained two victories over superior forces. Opposed to him were the Pasha of Widdin, with 10,000 men, and Kuchuk Hamed, at Rustchuk, with 8000. Geismar stationed himself at Crajova, in Wallachia, almost equidistant from the two Turkish fortresses, and kept their garrisons in check during the whole campaign—not without some perilous fighting.

On the 3d of June the two pashas fell upon him, and were got rid of by adroit skirmishing. July 8 they crossed the Danube again with 5000 cavalry and 4000 infantry, fought an unlucky battle, and were driven back through Kalafat.

In the latter part of September the Pasha of Widdin tried his hand alone, bringing

with him twenty guns, 1000 Nizam, 2000 Albanians, and 10,000 irregulars, both cavalry and infantry. Geismar, who was able to concentrate only 6000 men, advanced from Crajova, and received the Turkish onset at Bailisk. The pasha commenced his battle about four in the afternoon, stormed in furiously with his Dellis upon the Russian squares, battered a little with his bullock artillery, and inflicted much damage. The regiment Tomsk, in particular, was badly cut up, and there might have been a rout but for the coming of night-fall.

Geismar, anxious to retreat, but not knowing how to effect it, was in great trouble and anxiety, when the happy thought occurred to him of making a night attack on his undisciplined antagonists. It was the best conceived, the best managed, and the most brilliant field movement of the campaign. As the sun set he doubled his artillery fire, and under its protection slowly withdrew his infantry, like a beaten general manœuvring to save the remnant of an army. Deceived by this simple trick, the Moslems encamped and commenced preparing supper, without organizing a pursuit or even posting videttes.

Immediately after dark Geismar formed his remaining troops in three columns, and swept back upon the field of battle with all possible expedition. Meantime some Turk's pipe had set fire to a quantity of forage; the flame had caught rapidly from tent to tent, consuming even that of the pasha; the camp was brilliantly illuminated and in wild confusion. The Russians, unseen themselves, and seeing their enemies distinctly, poured in a storm of bullets, and followed up with the bayonet. Every thing went to pieces at once, except a body of the boyish Nizam, who formed and fought for a few minutes. With the loss of 300 killed, 410 Albanian prisoners, and seven out of their twenty guns, the Moslems rolled in panic back to the *tête-de-pont* of Kalafat, lost that also after a brief resistance, and ended ingloriously their invasions of Wallachia.

The final event of the campaign, however, was more favorable to the Porte. Ever since the 21st of July a furious siege had been carried on against the fortress city of Silistria. This town, situated on the southern shore of the middle Danube, contained at that time some 24,000 inhabitants, nearly all of whom appear to have been Moslems. The works were on ten fronts, each with a long curtain and two small bastions, the scarp and counterscarp scarcely fifteen feet high, the former surmounted by a hurdle parapet along the outer edge, and a palisade along the inner one. The glacis was low and very imperfect, and the only exterior defenses were six inclosed redoubts. On the east the Bulgarian hills reached within eight hundred paces of the works, and on the west within five hundred. The garrison, aside from the crews of twelve gun-boats, consisted of 6000 armed citizens, and not far from the same number of Albanians.

General Roth, commanding the Sixth Corps, commenced operations by assaulting some of the neighboring heights, carrying them after a protracted combat, and intrenching himself. The Russian siege-train was still on its way from Brailow, but a large flotilla of gun-boats lay before the town, and furnished pieces for a few batteries. Sallies were made on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of July, with the usual dash and spirit of the Albanians, but without breaking up the lines of the besiegers. By the 18th of August Roth had completed a chain of redoubts, investing the place at a distance of three or four thousand paces.

As the defenders, however, still held the nearest heights, and so retained large freedom of exterior action, they kept up sorties on the scale of field movements. On the 28th of August, for instance, 3000 troops and five guns pushed out and skirmished for twelve hours, losing 600 men and killing 400 Russians. September 11 came another burst, more formidable in numbers, but less vigorous. Four days later, the Second Army Corps having arrived with the siege-train, the garrison swarmed out again as if in defiance, and was only repulsed after a bloody struggle.

Then came the sickly season. Hundreds of the besiegers died, and thousands were in the hospital; there was a month of languor, during which little progress was made. After the fall of Varna, the investing army was raised to 30,000 men; but the rains and mud of autumn had set in, and as yet there was no practicable breach. As a last resource, trenches and gun-boats poured in a bombardment of forty-eight hours, and then, no submission being offered, the Russians, with a loss of some guns and prisoners, recrossed the Danube.

Such were the principal events of the campaign of 1828 in European Turkey. The Russians had won and lost two or three minor battles, taken Brailow, Varna, and several smaller forts, and failed before Silistria and Shumla. The sword, sickness, and hardship had cost them the lives of 40,000 men and 30,000 horses. Considering their superiority in numbers, armament, and organization, the campaign had proved a failure and a humiliation rather than a triumph.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1829.

The Russians were now fully awake to the difficulty of overcoming even an unarmed, impoverished, and semi-revolutionary Turkey.

They opened the second campaign with 142,000 infantry and cavalry, 540 pieces of artillery, 2000 camels for the carriage of

provisions, vast stores in Varna and Wallachia. One powerful fleet swept the Black Sea and threatened Constantinople, while another domineered along the Levantine coasts, and blockaded the Dardanelles. The Emperor withdrew his rashness and Wittgenstein's dilatoriness from the direction of the army, and left it under the sole command of Diebitsch, hitherto chief of staff, a general capable of brilliant audacities.

To oppose this superb force, Sultan Mahmoud had in Europe about 50,000 of the Nizam and from 75,000 to 100,000 irregulars and armed burghers, the latter mostly in garrison. The field army amounted to 35,000 or 40,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, with 100 guns, drawn by bullocks; 12,000 men were in the positions immediately around Constantinople, and the war with Greece still taxed the resources and watchfulness of the empire. On the whole, and especially for the purposes of active service, the Russians were as superior in numbers as they were in discipline and material. The sole advantages of the Turks lay in their fortresses and in their mountainous country.

The first movement ordered by Diebitsch was a naval attack upon Siseboli, a fortress on the Black Sea, south of the line of the Balkans. The feeble garrison was overwhelmed, the works rapidly enlarged and strengthened, and 3000 men posted there. It was not until all this had been done that the seraskier, Hussein Pasha, was able to collect 5000 or 6000 troops for the purpose of recovering the place. His stormers gallantly entered the defenses, sword in hand; but Turkish tactics knew nothing of supporting columns, and, after a severe struggle, the assault failed. The Russians were thus provided with another stepping-stone and dépôt of supplies for their advance on the Ottoman capital.

The plan of Diebitsch was to take Silistria, then Rustchuk, and having thus cleared his ground, to hold the line of the Danube until spring, advancing upon the Balkans and Constantinople the following year. It was a far more cautious, methodical, and rational project than the one which we have seen go to ruin under a flank attack during the last season. If he subsequently abandoned it, and substituted audacity for prudence, it was only under the temptation, the urgency even, of unexpected favoring events.

The siege of Silistria was opened, May 18, by 21,000 men and eighty-eight battering guns, in conjunction with a large force of gun-boats and bomb vessels, while Diebitsch, with 65,000 men and 240 field-pieces, covered the operations by threatening Shumla and confronting the army of the Grand Vizier. The garrison consisted of 2000 regulars, 8000 Albanians, and a considerable number of armed citizens. There was also a flotilla of gun-boats, but very inferior to that of the besiegers. The commander, Serot Pasha, a man of seventy, had little heart for desperate resistance, but his second, Muhammed Pasha, was resolved to defend the place to the last extremity.

A sharp skirmish of several hours, in which the Moslems lost 800 men, placed the Russians in possession of the heights. To their surprise and amusement, they found their redoubts and trenches of the previous year in perfect condition, so that they were able to open a bombardment within an hour after the arrival of their cannon. Then came the usual sallies, men in kilts and men in loose trousers swarming into the trenches, and fighting there until they were driven out by sharp-shooters and bayonet charges. On the 19th, the 21st, and the 28th of May furious overflows of this sort took place. During the night of June 4 another sortie was made, which cost the besiegers 118 men, and the Turks many more. It was noticed that the latter dragged off their wounded by means of hooks and cords, as if they were so many inanimate bundles.

Meantime the Russians pushed on parallels and mines, and poured in a storm of shot, shell, and rockets. The guns of the fortress were nearly all silenced, and the defense of the ramparts reduced to little more than musketry. Between the 17th and 20th of June the glacis was crowned, and the counterscarp opened by explosions. There was a determined sortie on the 21st, but the besiegers succeeded in seizing the ditch. Next day came another sortie, part of the garrison storming out with sabre and pistol, while their comrades on the wall threw all sorts of missiles, including stones and fire-pots. The bursting of these combustibles drove the Russians out of the cunette, and the Moslems immediately followed up their advantage with great vigor, breaking into the galleries, and penetrating as far as the glacis before they were repulsed. For several days there was an extraordinary contest, largely subterranean, in and around the cunette and the mines under the counterscarp.

Next occurred a curious coincidence, the result, no doubt, of accident. A Russian mine and a Turkish countermine exploded at the same instant, blowing down the whole front of one of the long, narrow, salient bastions. The besiegers immediately seized the ruin and beat back an attempt to retake it. The Turks, however, calmly occupied the *débris* in the rear, and continued to defend themselves with musketry, stones, grenades, and fire-pots, besides building an interior breastwork and running fresh mines under the cunette. For twenty days the assailants remained in the ditch, subject to sallies, lurking warfare, and missiles. The

fuses of the Turkish grenades, by-the-way, were cut so long that the sappers sometimes picked them up and threw them back again, exploding them among their unscientific owners.

We have not space to narrate in full the clumsy but heroic defense of Silistria. At last ammunition grew short; moreover, there were five breaches, two of them practicable for assault; and on the 1st of July, after a siege of forty-two days, Seret Pasha surrendered: 9000 men laid down their arms, and 5000 more had fallen. The Russians admitted a loss of 2681, but this is supposed to have been much below the fact, and some authorities estimate their casualties as high as 8000.

Meantime there had happened in the field an event which changed the plans of Diebitsch, and tended to an abrupt close of the war. At the opening of the campaign the Grand Vizier, Reschid Pasha, had posted himself, with such troops as could be spared for field service, before the great and important fortress of Shumla. In his front was the superior army of the Russian chief, stretching in a long line of posts from Turtukai on the Danube to Pravadi, with the intention of covering the siege of Silistria from both the garrison of Rustchuk and the Grand Vizier, and also of protecting Varna from any attack by the latter.

Although these posts were covered by field-works, it seemed not difficult to overwhelm them in detail. The Vizier decided to assault Roth at Eski Arnautlar, then to march upon Pravadi by the rear, while Hussein Pasha should attack it from Shumla, subsequently to recover Varna, if possible, and eventually to relieve Silistria. Had this brilliant design been vigorously executed, it might have been decisive of the campaign.

General Roth had four battalions and eight guns posted in a redoubt open to the rear. Instead of surrounding the position with an overwhelming and properly constituted force, the Vizier undertook to storm it with 5000 cavalry, supported by a few field-pieces. The Dellis made a splendid dash, but were repulsed with considerable loss. Confident in the strength of his works, Roth ordered a flank movement of two battalions and four guns, with the intention of cutting off the Turkish retreat. The Dellis turned upon their pursuers; the latter formed in two large squares, and opened fire with their cannon; and then came a struggle in which both parties showed extraordinary courage and endurance. Nine times the Vizier led his horsemen to the charge. Artillery played on the squares and on the swarms of riders. The tenth assault broke one of the battalions, and only a few men escaped the cimeter. The other was shaking, when Roth arrived to the rescue at the head of his remaining force, and the Grand Vizier moved off with four captured guns and a few prisoners.

But the movement against Eski Arnautlar had so far failed as to lead to no farther movements. Moreover, the Cossacks having intercepted the dispatches requiring Hussein Pasha's co-operation, the garrison of Shumla remained quiet, and no attack was made upon Pravadi. The plan of breaking the Russian line and reaching Varna must be recommenced from the foundation. Meantime precious time had been lost. The invaders, perfectly informed of the Vizier's intentions, rapidly strengthened the fortifications of Pravadi, and increased its garrison to 8000 men. Surrounded by a wall, protected on the west by a horn-work, and on the north by an inundation and batteries, the little city, notwithstanding its situation in a deep valley, was perfectly defensible.

Drawing out nearly the whole garrison of Shumla, and thus raising his army to 34,000 men, the Vizier encamped on the heights southwest of Pravadi, and commenced an irregular siege, cannonading the horn-work, and making dashes with his Dellis. Thus occupied, and without producing any impression whatever, he remained immovable for a fortnight or more. The one result, but a very notable one in its consequences, was an opportunity for Diebitsch. It was improved with a dexterity, a boldness, and a rapidity which have given this general a respectable place among strategists.

The siege of Silistria was dragging on with little prospect of an early termination. Diebitsch, already dissatisfied with a campaign of bombardments, and anxious for decisive operations, conceived the idea of concentrating an army from his scattered divisions, throwing it between the Grand Vizier and Shumla, and forcing a battle. Leaving three corps before Silistria, he pushed rapidly southward with a considerable force, aiming for the deep valley of Kulewtscha, west of Pravadi. Meantime orders were sent to Roth and Rüdiger to occupy the defiles in rear of the Turks, and to join the main army as soon as it should be in position.

The movements commenced on the 5th of June, and were continued in breathless anxiety for six days. They were complicated, conducted through a perplexing mountainous region, and led within easy striking distance of a concentrated foe more numerous than all the Russian columns combined. It was necessary to get Roth and Rüdiger around the Vizier's left flank, and a detachment from Pravadi around his right flank, in order to unite them with Diebitsch on his rear. Had the Turk learned his situation on the 9th, and marched directly for Shumla with all his force, he would have

found the Russians scattered over a line of twenty-five miles, and would have been able to give them a crushing defeat.

Roth only joined the main body by a perilous flank march, effected almost under the eyes of a greatly superior foe, abundantly supplied with excellent cavalry. Kuprianoff, moving from Pravadi, had a still feebler column, and ran an equal risk. But the Turkish general learned nothing and suspected nothing until the toils were closing around him. Not until the 10th of July did information reach him from the commandant of Shumla that there were Russians in his rear.

Even then he merely supposed that Roth and Rüdiger were attempting to turn his left flank. Instead, therefore, of manœuvring southward for a retreat, he gathered his army on the direct road to the west, and set off to chastise the disturbers. It is a curious fact that for some hours the Vizier and Kuprianoff marched on parallel roads, only separated by a low mountain chain, without guessing each other's proximity. This serious—yes, absolutely tragical—blind-man's-buff continued until the morning of July 11. Then, in the deep valley of Markowtscha, inclosed by mountains some 2000 feet in height, the Vizier discovered a strong body of cavalry, six field-pieces, and a support of infantry. He supposed it to be Rüdiger and Roth just arrived from Eski Arnautlar, but it was the detachment from Pravadi, which had marched around him by the south.

Kuprianoff, trusting to a strong position, and inspired with the soldierly purpose of giving Diebitsch time to complete his concentration, resolved to make a stand. The Turkish advance was led by Ibrahim, surnamed Kara Djehennem (Black Hell), a famous artillery officer, who had distinguished himself in the overthrow of the Janizaries. This adroit and audacious fighter played a clever trick on the Russians. He pushed forward what seemed to be merely a swarm of mounted irregulars. Kuprianoff, giving up the advantage of his position, ordered his cavalry to charge. The Dellis, opening to right and left, unmasked five field-pieces, which blew a hole through the advancing squadrons. Then down came Kara Djehennem's troopers, routing the Russian horse with a loss of 400 killed, and taking their four pieces of mounted artillery. Kuprianoff could only save the survivors and his infantry by changing front with all possible speed and gaining the protection of a neighboring wood.

The valley of Markowtscha being thus cleared, the Vizier clambered over a mountain some 1500 feet high, and descended into the deep narrow valley of Kulewtscha. Here, no doubt greatly to his astonishment, he found the advance of the main Russian army, under General Ostrochenko. It occupied a wooded plateau, or rather a succession of wooded knolls, divided from each other by sharp ravines, and flanked by the villages of Tschirkowna and Kulewtscha. Even yet the complicated and hazardous concentration of Diebitsch was by no means completed. The greater part of his troops were still on the march from Kalugri and Madara, two or three miles away to the northward. The Grand Vizier could only see before him five battalions drawn up in squares, with field-pieces in the intervals.

At this moment he was not more than twelve miles from Shumla. Had he chosen to change front and make a prompt movement westward, he might yet have reached the unconquerable fortress without risking a battle. But he had fifty-six guns, fourteen battalions of Nizam, a fine body of cavalry, and militia enough to make up 33,000 men. Thinking, perhaps, that he could beat the Russians in detail, or possibly not suspecting that Diebitsch had 30,000 men and 146 pieces in hand, he decided to fight.

The five squares had received orders to hold their ground, at no matter what cost, until re-enforcements should arrive. Presently a battery began to play on them from a neighboring crest, and then they heard a roar of "Alla hu!" from the advancing Moslems. Up the defiles and over the wooded knolls came a swarm of cavalry and infantry, with the clamor and impetuosity of a billow. Two of the Russian squares were broken. One of them, 1600 strong, was cut to pieces in its ranks. A drummer wrapped the colors around him under his clothing, and escaped almost alone. Six guns were taken. The remaining squares staggered, and showed symptoms of retreat. General Arnoldi, commandant of artillery, threw away his wooden leg, and called to the soldiers: "Look at me. I can't run. Will you leave me?"

They closed their ranks around him, and fought on with the long-suffering of Russians. But the Turks stormed away perseveringly; the two villages were presently carried; the plateau was almost cleared.

In this extremity Count Pahlen arrived with the hussars, disentangled the hardly beset infantry, and drove the assailants down the slope. The Grand Vizier brought forward more cavalry, and slashed back the hussars behind the squares. Had he attacked with his reserve at this juncture, he might have ruined the Russian right and won a victory, or at least opened an easy retreat to Shumla. But he contented himself with re-establishing his line on his original position, while Diebitsch gathered in re-enforcements and organized an attack.

The Hulan division, with twelve pieces of horse artillery, came up on a trot from Madara. Regiment after regiment of in-

fantry followed. Ere long General Budberg, at the head of the Hulans, thirty-five guns and fourteen battalions, advanced against the Grand Vizier's left wing. The Ottoman artillery, drawn by oxen, and consisting chiefly of lumbering siege pieces, fought at a great disadvantage, and could do little toward quelling the Russian fire. But although the Turks and Albanians suffered considerably from shot and case, they succeeded in forcing Budberg to recoil. Then came a period of comparative quiet, during which the remainder of Diebitsch's force arrived and took position, outflanking their antagonists on both wings, and strongly holding the Shumla road.

The Vizier had pretty well used up his cavalry and artillery, but he still had his Nizam in reserve, and most of his militia. About noon he sent a large body of the latter against the Russian right, with the purpose of opening the way to Shumla. The irregulars dashed forward with spirit, veering to the left adroitly, and very nearly turned the plateau. But the columns of Roth and Rüdiger had just arrived from Madara; they deployed rapidly in support of the troops who guarded the coveted road, and the assailants, disordered by artillery and musketry, were driven back into the ravines.

Diebitsch, who now had all his troops on the ground, prepared for a decisive movement. He formed two strong lines, took especial pains to outflank the left of the Turks, and sent one division to secure a position in their rear and impede their retreat. Then he launched Arnoldi, with six battalions, twenty-four guns, and part of the hussars, against the front. But the Moslems stood firm, and the Russians made no progress. Indeed, after the first furious onslaught of the morning, both parties seem to have attacked cautiously, and shrunk from close fighting, the result, perhaps, of the difficult ground and the strength of the two positions.

The battle degenerated into a struggle of artillery. But here the Grand Vizier was at a fearful disadvantage. An overwhelming storm of shot dismayed the undisciplined ranks of the Ottomans, and silenced or dismounted their clumsy batteries. Two caissons in the centre exploded, and then two more. It was the critical moment of the battle. Confusion ensued, and soon turned to flight. The Vizier struggled in vain to rally the panic-stricken fugitives. The panic caught even his reserve, the fourteen battalions of Nizam, and those beardless boys ran away with their comrades the irregulars. The entire army dissolved into a rabble, and escaped with the dexterity of a rabble. The loss of the Turks in this blindly conducted and feebly contested battle was probably not above 4000 men. The Russian casualties, according to their official statement, amounted to 2563.

The battle of Kulewtscha decided the fate of the campaign. Diebitsch had showed the adroitness of genius in dropping his scheme of bombardments the moment that he saw a chance for effective field operations. He now proved that he knew how to use a victory. Disregarding the siege of Silistria, which was not yet finished, and the siege of Rustchuk, which was not commenced, he resolved to cross the Balkans and advance upon Constantinople. Ten thousand men were left to watch the 25,000 or 30,000 Turks and Albanians whom the Grand Vizier was still able to concentrate around Shumla. With an effective force of about 30,000, and with four days' rations in the haversacks, and ten more in the regimental wagons, the Russian general set forth on his audacious and frightfully hazardous march southward.

On the 18th of June, only one week later than the victory at Kalewtscha, the advance began. On the 20th of August, after many marches and manœuvres, but no battles, he was in possession of Adrianople, 120 miles from the Ottoman capital. Twenty thousand Turks, the only field army which the Porte could gather to oppose his march, had retreated before him without even a vigorous skirmish. But he had suffered fearful losses; the Balkans and fever had come near to ruining his army; 10,000 men had fallen before hardship or fever. At Adrianople, notwithstanding the arrival of some minor detachments, he was able at first to review only about 21,000 bayonets and sabres. And as yet the Sultan showed no signs of fear, made no overtures for peace.

What should Diebitsch do? To retreat was failure, and might be ruin. To advance looked like simple madness. There was not the slightest hope of carrying the three successive strong positions which, stretching from the Euxine to the Sea of Marmora, guard the front of Constantinople. If repulsed there with loss, his only choice would be capitulation, or flight through a land which might annihilate him, unless indeed he could reach the Black Sea and embark his army. If he remained long where he was, the Pasha of Scodra might unite with the Grand Vizier, and the two descend upon his rear with 50,000 men.

This last possibility was probably Diebitsch's greatest peril. It did not become a fact merely because the Pasha of Scodra was a bitter Moslem of the old school, who wanted to utterly humiliate Mahmoud II., in order to compel a re-establishment of the Janizaries. But his disposition and purposes were not then known. The Russian general was in great anxiety. So was the Emperor. Nicholas ordered a new levy, made

arrangements for a fresh loan, and directed Baron Muffling to negotiate.

The Sultan showed little disposition to accept the terms which were offered him. Eighteen days passed in Adrianople with no other result than to diminish, rather than increase, the Russian columns. Diebitsch decided to try once more the effect of audacity. Spreading reports that his army was 60,000 strong, he commenced with about 21,000 sabres and bayonets a demonstrative advance, extending his wings over a wide reach of territory.

On the 7th of September his extreme left, aided by the fleet, occupied Midiah, on the Black Sea, sixty miles from the mouth of the Bosporus. The day following, his right reached Enos, on the Mediterranean, and opened communication with the western squadron. The same day the centre entered Eski Baba, and the Cossacks pushed on to Loule Bourgas. The line covered 140 miles, and was too weak to fight. It lay within seventy-five miles of the Seraglio, but it was perfectly helpless for attack, and its peril was extreme.

Meantime Constantinople was in a turmoil; the populace threatening an outbreak to restore the Janizaries; the foreign ambassadors trembling lest Russia should obliterate Turkey and destroy the balance of Europe; England, especially, imperative for peace. With tears of rage and shame, Mahmoud signed the treaty of Adrianople, giving up Greece, paying heavy indemnities, and perhaps saving the Russian army.

Such, leaving out the campaigns in Armenia, were the principal incidents of the most successful and brilliant war that Russia ever waged against Turkey. It will be observed that the circumstances under which it began were altogether favorable to the greater of the two empires. Turkey was exhausted by the Greek contest; she had lost at Navarino both the Mediterranean and the Euxine; her Janizaries were destroyed, and her Nizam not yet organized; a large part of her people was in a state of angry discontent; her finances could hardly be said to exist. Yet, notwithstanding her unprepared, demoralized, insurrectionary, and altogether ruinous condition—notwithstanding that the defensible nature of the country helped her less than usual, because there were not troops enough to man the Balkans—the successes of the struggle were by no means all on one side.

The extraordinary fighting qualities of the Turkish population made up on more than one occasion for lack of material, lack of discipline, and lack of educated officers. Diebitsch, leader of 150,000 thoroughly drilled and well-provided soldiers, could only bring one-seventh part of them to the vicinity of Constantinople, and certainly did not retain any thing like the strength necessary to lay siege to it.* Moreover, his final triumph was due to a strategy which resembles feinting and trickery rather than sound common-sense warfare, worthy of imitation. A moderately strong opposing force, handled with vigor and adroitness, would have converted it to his ruin. Of course, however, we must not forget, in our judgment of him, that the disorganization and incapacity of a foe are legitimate elements of military calculation.

Our natural conclusion would seem to be that Turkey is a difficult country to conquer, and that Russia probably has many battles before her ere she can hold, or even reach, the Bosporus. Still, no one can see clearly into the future; it is a land of strange chances and great surprises. As we discovered during our civil war, a resistance which is Herculean one year may in the next turn to a shadow. "Every thing happens, even the expected."

BREAK OF DAY.

Cruel white waves in sad under-tone
Break at my feet with desolate moan.
Far in the distance as eye can reach,
Only a long strip of sandy beach.
Backward and forward, to left, to right,
Blacker the darkness upon the night.

Rugged and silent the mountains loom,
Pitiless shadow of coming doom!
Is there no herald of dawning day
Over the ocean so cold and gray?
Waiting, I watch on the shore in vain:
Fast throbs my heart with its bitter pain.

Turn from the desolate moaning sea;
It hath no part in thy life or thee.
Dreary the path where no flowers bloom
By rugged shore through the mountains' gloom.
Thine is the burden: with weary feet,
Brave, not despairing, thy Fate go meet.

From pain no longer a coward shrink;
Though the cup is bitter, thy lips must drink.
Earthward no more turn thy tearful gaze;
Who works in earnest, in earnest prays.
The rough dark road thou wouldst fain forget?
Upward and onward! The end is not yet.

Lo! the mountain's crown, on the ebony night,
Glows with a glory of rosy light!
Dark is the valley; the sea is gray;
But the hill-top burns, the beacon of day.
A fiery shaft from the golden East
Enkindles the altar where God is Priest.

Rosy lights creep down the mountain-side,
Flushing the slow heaving, swelling tide.
Rainbow of promise high overhead
Tells of Day coming with silent tread.
Slowly the curtain of night is furled;
Softly the Light of God blesses the world.

Through the shimmering gold of breaking day
A white-winged sail is speeding its way.
Ah, blessed Day, full of hope new-born,
That brings my Love in its happy dawn!
Shine out in the sky! O glorious sun!
The end is not yet. Life has just begun.

* The loss of the Russians in this campaign, from sickness and the sword, was variously estimated at from 50,000 to 80,000 men, besides 20,000 horses. The Turks, suffering less from fevers, etc., lost many less, and perhaps not more than 16,000 or 20,000 men.

A YEAR OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

(CONCLUDED.)

WE were in the most delightful season of the year; no rains, no heavy dews; the wild oats were ripe, and gave the soft look of ripe wheat fields to all the hill-sides; the wild cattle were feeding about or resting under the evergreen oaks, which looked so like orchard trees that one was disappointed not to find the apples on the ground beneath them; the sky was a deep blue, without a cloud. We were all young and full of health, and in all the exhilaration of sudden wealth which would enable us to realize all our greatest wishes. This continued life in the open air night and day in this balmy climate completely healed my lungs. Mr. Fremont knew the country thoroughly well, and we made our camp each evening at some place where he was sure of good water, as well as trees and a good view. I am very sorry that in the burning of my father's house all my letters home at this time were lost with every thing else: one can not give afterward the freshness of impression that belongs with the actual day's experience. But I was charmed with every detail of my camping life. To be sure, it was in an unusual form, with most unusual people, in a most unusual country and climate.

Knight, one of Mr. Fremont's old guides—a man almost the equal of Carson in fine qualities—came down from his ranch to see him again, and we took to each other so kindly that it was nearly two months before he left us. Like Captain Tucker, he had thought I would prove a fine lady, and unable to live in the unusual way; but he too gave me his hearty approval.

These, with myself and my little girl, made the party. We had the two Indian men, Juan and Gregorio, who knew exactly what to do, as they had crossed and recrossed the continent with Mr. Fremont. They were Indians, but they were men, and the presence of a lady in the camp kept them all the time in their best clothes and best behavior. The old California dress was very like that that we know in Spanish pictures; they looked like figures out of the scene of an opera. They rode well ahead, following Mr. Fremont; then came the carriage, all its curtains rolled up, freighted with youth and health and happiness and hopefulness; after us, at a little distance, was our baggage train—a string of mules packed with our cooking apparatus, our grass hammocks, and such clothes as we could pack in square leather paniers, which the Spaniards call *alforjas*.

The general and Mr. Knight—Old Knight, as we called him—rode ahead, looking out the best road for the carriage, or going back to ride beside it. We used to make a very early start. My early cup of tea was brought to the carriage to me at dawn. We always camped by the side of a brook, and a dressing tent was quickly made for me with a pair of blankets; I had a barber's tin basin, plenty of towels, plenty of French soap and Cologne-water, and running water in plenty. Diana never had such advantages. We were usually on our way as the sun rose, and we travelled along, very often at a good gait, until eleven, when we always stopped for the long noon halt. Then was our breakfast, and this we made exceedingly good, notwithstanding the scarcity of fresh provisions in the country. "An army travels on its stomach." Many years of camping experience taught our little party how to provide for this. From the ranches we passed near would be procured half a sheep and green corn, some of the large Spanish onions, and such vegetables as could be had, and always an abundance of sweet red pepper; of these the guisado of the country would be made, which answers to the *pot au feu* of the French, only more warmly flavored with this pepper. The grass hammocks would be spread out on the ground, on them the morocco carriage cushions piled into a good seat for me. My share of the duty was to take the result of all the other's preparations—to eat with all the appetite I could gather, to grow well, and be happy. After some hours of rest we would go on, stopping before sundown to make our camp for the night. This was always well chosen in advance.

Here the carriage made an admirable sleeping-place for myself and my little girl, while the gentlemen stretched their hammocks to the trees, and the supper was a duplicate of the breakfast. They had excellent claret and coffee and tea, and the best French sweet things for the little one. The camp fire lit up the whole scene with a beauty that only those who have seen it can realize. What talks we had around those camp fires! Knight was a mighty hunter, and Mr. Beale, midshipman as he was, had the same vocation. Each of the three had had large experience of a kind only known to me through books: from Indians, from wild animals, and from war; while I formed the opposite element of society. About nine o'clock all would be still; only the sounds of the logs and boughs as they crackled and burned, and the steady munching of the animals over their feed, with occasionally a disturbance from a coyote that would come and try to steal his supper; but a coyote is only a little wolf at best, and though they would stay off at a little distance and howl and bark, yet the noise was only laughable, not like the strange howl of the wolf of the prairies; nor were the circumstances the same.

I was left at San José for a week at one

time, as it was found that each visit to San Francisco renewed the irritation of the lungs. It was here I saw something of the local life of the people. Before we brought taxes and litigation upon them, the Californians were a wholesome and cheerful people, going about their pleasures not sadly, as is the inherited wont of our nation, but making a joyful noise.

I found in their folk-music a connecting link between themselves and the Panama street people; in the swift yet plaintive airs so characteristic, which the Spaniards kept, together with many other things belonging to the Moors—irrigation, for example, which they did not originate, but for which they get credit.

The voices of the Panama street people had a slow, almost melodious, accent that was very agreeable. They used to collect on the square in the nights and sing, accompanied by a sort of tambourine, which kept up a low drumming rhythmed movement. One air and some of its words I heard so frequently that they fixed themselves in my memory as part of Panama, evidently of Moorish origin, coming through Spanish channels across to this people. In the *Traviata* Verdi has introduced a Spanish folk-song, which is the polished twin of my Panama street song. I only know the words of one verse, for I could get no one to give me the rest, the servants saying that it was not for a lady to know the words.* (Evidently there was no *opéra bouffe* there to educate that public.) It is a minor key, and its abrupt turns and vague unterminated effects are eminently Oriental.

Even the educated people in South American countries drop much of the Castilian nicety of pronunciation, giving the hard sound to the *d* and *c*, which so altered the language to me that I had almost to acquire another in order to feel at home with the Spaniards I met there. In addition to that, the illiterate people drop and misplace the *s* exactly as a London cockney does the *h*; for example, the first line of this verse, "A los frailes no me quiere confesar," they give, "A lo fraile no me quiere confear." This was evidently their favorite song, to which their strongest expression of excitement fitted itself.

The night the two steamers got in together, not only the Americans flocked to the ramparts, but the whole Indian population were out in the bright moonlight, and the sound of the deep rub-a-dub-dub and that constantly recurring chorus of "Cumaña!" "Cumaña!" filled the air until sunrise.

Another of these Moro-Spanish airs, not so vivacious or clean in its outlines, had grafted itself among the Californians, and had, as all gypsy music has, the governing qualities of swiftness and sadness combined. This last I could not choose but learn: I heard it whistled, sung, played upon guitars and violins, wherever Californians were.

During this time I was in San José I saw in perfection the good riding of the country. From my hammock, swung under the open gallery of the house where we were fortunate enough to have a room, I heard and saw the festivities of a California wedding. These lasted three days. It was a wedding among the vaqueros, and attended, therefore, by good riders. The bride's house was not much of a building, but extensive temporary shelter had been put up for dancing-rooms, covered over with green boughs—a *ramada*.* But the point of rivalry among the guests was more in riding than in dancing, though after riding all day they would dance all night; and all day and all night that one air was repeated by violins, guitars, and voices, until the drone of it got into the air, and made as much part of it as does the whir of locusts in the autumn months. The first day the procession started for the church where the marriage was to take place—to go down and along the Alameda, a beautiful double avenue of willows, three miles in length, planted by the early fathers. The first day was to go to the church for the marriage ceremonies; the second, to take out the bride for a general *pasear* through the town; and the third, a series of contests and rivalries in feats of horsemanship. There were about five hundred horses; the riders were more. In many cases they had with them a woman mounted on the horse; the woman sat on the man's saddle, while behind her, with his arm around her waist, and holding the reins, sat the man—just the reverse of our country habit. They advanced in regular order, eight abreast, the musicians, also on horseback, playing their violins and guitars as calmly as though they had a floor under them. The bride sat alone on her horse, under an arch of flowers and ribbons, which was carried by a groomsman on either side, the ends of the arch resting on their saddles, and on either side of them her bride-maids; the bridegroom, on an exceptionally fine horse, surrounded by his friends; and then the rest of the company, most of the men riding singly, but many riding as I have described, with a girl on the saddle—a bright glittering mass of ribbons, flowers, bright beads, gold-lace; the women in satin dresses and slippers, the men in the dress of the time in California, which is exactly that we see in Spanish pictures—short velvet jackets covered with braid and gold

* "A los frailes no me quiere confesar,
Porque se enojan que me guste bailar,
Bailar!
Bailar!
Con Francico, mi Francico,
Francico Cumaña."

* *Ramada* is bush arbor.

embroidery, the velvet trousers open over full white drawers, while a string of bells down the seam jingled even more than do the bangles of ladies in church.

The starting-point was almost facing my place of observation. They would form in great order and quiet, the horses knowing the order of the proceedings evidently as well as their masters, and the signal for starting was the exploding of fire-crackers by the hundred boxes under the feet of the horses. What with the sparks and noise, it looked as if the whole thing had gone up like the end of a pantomime.

It was a point of honor to show which horse behaved best under these circumstances. The horses were trained in the way that has always been favorite with Spanish people, to make any number of dancing movements in imitation of progress, while in reality they do not go forward at all. I think they are trained to this by having weights tied to their legs.

Each one was a perfect horseman. Each man did not simply ride his horse, but was in the habit of living with it and upon it, and was consequently in perfect *rapport*. Each one of these put in force every art known to him to exhibit the spirit and the beauties of his horse. As they passed down the one street of the town the correct thing was for people from the side to advance and throw fire-crackers in mass under the horses' feet; the firing of pistols was of course; no end of little shrill screams, laughter, voices in every varying intonation, couplets sung to the air which was being played, and taken up with shouts of laughter; the chorus by every one who took the local allusions. With all this the musicians played with as much steadiness and animation as though seated on a platform instead of the saddle.

The third day I feel myself incompetent to describe. They had their field-sports for that day on the large open green just by my perch in the hammock. And here the evolutions in a small space—the rush with which they would go, as though shot from a bow, across the plain; the bringing up all standing, without any slacking of the speed, leaving them motionless as an English Horse-guard on duty; the continuous whirls in a small circle, winding nearer and nearer in toward the central point, until it seemed as though man and horse must fall from sheer dizziness; the mounting of a vicious, screaming young horse, which would spring like a cat into the air, with all its legs stiffened out and its back bowed, making one jump this way, another that, until it would seem as though every thing would dislocate in its rider—were a part of the exhibition which perfectly fascinated me.

We travelled about in this delightful manner, putting into San Francisco for news, or San José for soft weather. We made one halt at San José to get our clothes washed. We thought this could be done there because there were a number of emigrant families; but they were rolling in their own money, and none of ours was a temptation to them. Juan and Gregorio undertook to find some Mission Indians who could do it for us. When these women brought the things back, they came in a body as a family, the relations and men of the family lounging in the rear and looking on; they were evidently proud of the work, and wanted to see the impression it should make. It made a decided impression on me. Their only method of washing was to put the clothes in a brook and pound them between flat stones, using as soap a native bulb called amole. Every thing looked very white and smelled fresh, but they had been merely washed and dried; there was no starching, no ironing, and a very distorted-looking lot of garments they were. I made them my compliments, seeing that was expected, and asked when they would be ironed, and found that ironing was neither known nor would it be attempted. "Every thing was clean," that was enough in their ideas; nor could any bribe or persuasion make any difference. They accepted their fee and went off gravely, with the usual "Dios te le paga, señora" (God will repay you, madam). Rough-dried lingerie is not comfortable, nor is it pretty. We looked so crumpled and askew that we could not forget the subject, and it was with delight that we accepted the offer of a negro woman to wash and iron for us; but when with this was coupled the obligation to buy her, we gave her up. It required no thinking or effort to make this decision; it was simply following out the habit of mind which came from my education and the example shown me at home. All the necessary thinking and deciding had been done a generation before, when my mother gave freedom to her slaves because of her conscientious feeling on the subject. I have always thought it one of the most unusual of the many unusual high qualities in my father, that while he did not share these ideas from the same religious and logical thoughts that made them obligatory on my mother, he yet made it thoroughly easy for her to carry out her feelings. My father himself had refused two large inheritances because he would have had to take the slaves with the lands. It was not an open question, but one that had been settled, and I merely followed in the home ideas and example; and it was not merely as a domestic but a political question that I had often heard it gone over. The more intimate friends, John Randolph, Chief Justice Marshall, and many Virginia gentlemen of great estates, were united in their intention to

bring slavery to an end. Some, as the Fairfax family and my mother, put this intention into force, and not only gave freedom to their inherited slaves, but maintained them and their children until they were self-supporting, sending others to Liberia and maintaining correspondence with them.

I go into this laundry incident a little fully because, simple as it seemed, it soon after became of political importance. The Convention had met at Monterey to settle the Constitution of the State, and the question whether slavery should or should not be admitted was, as every one remembers, the exciting feature. With slave labor there would be no delay in opening up the mineral wealth of the country, and to the fabulous profits of the owners. Slave-holders and speculators in slaves only waited the decision to bring them overland in great droves. Paid labor must necessarily be scanty in numbers, very expensive, and equally unreliable. There was also the consideration, which is strong when you are made to feel it, that it would put an end to the great discomfort of being without a class to attend to the daily necessities of life. The want of proper food, proper clothing, were the sources of ill health as well as discomfort, and there seemed no way to get at a class to attend to this where no one would work for wages, for they could be too independent in other ways. Of course, with time, this would be righted, but to people suddenly possessed with great wealth the impatience to enjoy it without care is equally great. These were a troublesome class in the Convention. To these might be added nearly every woman in the country, who lifted up her voice and wept over her discomforts. The government patronage was on the side of slavery.

Every one knows the important part of a good dinner in diplomacy. The great Napoleon knew and acted on this. The very badly prepared food with which the members of the Convention had to be content during their work made them ready to cry out for cooks at the price of any principle. Here it was my good fortune to be of service, and come in aid to the serious work being done by men opposed to slavery. Our rooms in the Castro house were very pretty, with their French and Chinese fittings. My army and navy allies helped me to keep them orderly; and although I had then only the two Indian men, we managed to be very comfortable. We had the grand wood fires; every body sent me birds and squirrels of their shooting, and these are never so good as when broiled on the coals. Each of our travellers was capable of directing, and the men of making, the Spanish *pot au feu* "guisada." We had every good thing in fruits, vegetables, and sweets that France puts up for transportation, and all served on beautiful Chinese and French china and glass (I had to get used to Juan and Gregorio breaking a great deal of this).

Old Knight, who believed in me, brought in his friends to be convinced from myself, by talking with me, that I really did not want slaves, and would never own them. Our house and table were open, after the hospitable fashion of a new country, to all who had been, or would like to be, friends, and they saw for themselves that it was quite possible for the most cheerful hospitality to exist without the usual working forces. Here, again, I got credit for what was no effort. I was not to do any thing that would fatigue me. Ideas and decorative touches I was allowed to give—draperies and "effects" were my department —and the two Indian men had perfect good-will and eagerness to serve me in every way. I should have liked my clothes ironed, otherwise I felt the need of nothing. In short, my pretty rooms were the headquarters of the antislavery party, and myself the example of happiness and hospitality without servants. I did not mind about the housekeeping, for all that would right itself, and I was really to have no cares and no fatigues. But we did think and consult over this question of slave labor because of a far greater which it involved. Our property was chiefly in mines, by this time proved to be of the richest quality. The difficulties of working them by paid labor or bodies of men working on shares had been experienced and were fully understood. Only a slight portion of the gold taken out could be counted on as ours in this way of working them. We could not often hope for such honor as our Sonorians had shown. With slaves in the mines, as our Southern friends constantly urged upon us, we would have certain and immediate wealth by millions. We had just come through the ordeal of want of income. It had involved separation from each other, from home, exposure to many forms of danger to health and life. This *was* a subject for serious consideration. Our decision was made on the side of free labor.

It was not only the question of injustice to the blacks but of justice to the white men crowding into the country. Here was a field where labor was amply repaid, where a man's energy, his physical as well as mental strength, could bring him a great return. We were in the rebound from our own plan of patient waiting and slow gains to all the immediate happiness and power given by the new order of things. Slave labor would shut off this happiness from those who had only their labor to depend upon. It would have been a very poor return for the good fortune that had come to us if we had taken part in shutting it out from these. I was going over this with an

English officer whom I knew very well when I was at Nassau; it came up in connection with our talks over the war. He was thoroughly English, thoroughly antislavery; but when I finished, he sprang up and walked about the room, exclaiming, "He ought not to have done so! He ought to have let the blacks wait another thirty years; they were used to it!" With Mr. Fremont it was the abstract idea of justice and equal rights, but with me only the following a habit of mind in which I had been nurtured. I think I may claim—as I have said to our Northern friends—to belong to the "aristocracy of emancipation," for with my people it has always entailed voluntary sacrifices—moneyed, political, and social; not as with most emancipationists at the North, where it was a local strength and advantage.

We went into San Francisco shortly before the rainy season—about three months after I had first seen it. Already it was changed out of recognition by the crowds of people added, and the buildings which had gone up. Houses were rapidly going up for the winter; night and day and Sundays the sounds of hammers never ceased. Ready-made houses were to be had, and some very pretty little ones from China. One of these was gotten and put up for me on a lot we had in what was then called Happy Valley, next to where is now the Palace Hotel. It was put up without nails, except the shingling on the roof, all the rest fitting in together like a puzzle, and was of pretty smooth wood, making a very good temporary lodging. Forty-eight hours at the chief hotel had convinced us that it was neither a pleasant nor safe place for a lady. The partitions between the rooms were only of thin cotton cloth stretched on a light frame. Thirty-six thousand a year was given as rent for this building.

Our little house had but two rooms, but they were large and clean, and we had what were luxuries—a wood fire burning in front of the cottage, and clean food well cooked. We did not attempt furniture, for we were only going to stay ten days. Two bundles of unused shingles made a very good table, while I was absolutely clear of unpleasant sights and sounds inevitable from such a crowd as there was in the town. A friend thought this was too rough for me, and much to my regret made us exchange it for a house he had recently built and furnished in the usual expensive, commonplace way.

Now my open fire was a luxury counterbalancing carpets, curtains, and finery, and our men, who knew exactly how to roast meat on sticks before the wood coals, or between hot stones, and in hot wood ashes, and who were at home in making guisada—swinging in its kettle from a tripod of green sticks in true gypsy style—were lost when confronted with a cooking stove. There was a great slamming and banging of the iron doors, and many a "caramba!" So we fell back on supplies from a French restaurant. We were all pleased when the word was given for another start. The drive back from San Francisco to Monterey in the loveliest October weather, through a country now so familiar to San Francisco people as the San Matteo Road, was the last of our charming out-door life. After the rains began I had to remain at Monterey; not only the rainy season, but the approaching elections, interfered with our ownership of our time. We lingered over this part of our travelling, knowing it was to be the last, for the political duties claimed now the first place.

Rien n'arrive que l'imprévue. We had planned to stay in California about seven years, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, our first object to live our lives in independence, and with the animating motive and object, to me, that in about seven years I should return to my people. The "unforeseen" in this case was the discovery of gold. That delightful factor changed our calculations, abolished all our plans, and substituted a power to live where we pleased and do as we pleased, when close upon this came another unforeseen force which made it impossible to put our own will and pleasure first.

What we had done in Monterey when the State Constitution was being framed there, had enrolled us on the antislavery side. It would have been deserting not to go through with the work. Mr. Fremont could have been either Governor or first Senator from the State. As Governor he could have overlooked his private interests to the greatest advantage—in certain ways have been of most use to the State; but, on the other hand, as Senator he could defend the interests of the State in Congress. To me the overruling consideration was that what I so much wished myself would be rendered obligatory, and that we should have to return to Washington, and our old home life be restored.

It was foreseen that the antislavery clause would be opposed, and need a positive defender, but no one foresaw the prolonged opposition and bitterness of the contest which did follow, Mr. Calhoun leading the opposition.

The first Legislature met in San José, but I was taken back to Monterey because of my comfortable rooms there; they and the climate there would keep the good health I had gained. Some rain had already fallen, and the creeks were up on the broad plains, so broad that there would be scarcely an undulation in twenty miles, but occasionally seamed by a creek bed or "gulch." Even in the dry season these dry creek beds and gulches had been a trial to nerves only ac-

customed to regular roads. The last camp we made was on the Salinas River, after crossing the Salinas plain. There was not much timber here, and we had only a thicket of tall brush for shelter. The carriage was well closed with its strong leather curtains, and made an admirable shelter; but they were wise in leaving me in Monterey, for camping in wet weather is very different from the summer travel we had had, and this was not yet heavy weather, only the gathering for rain. It had its own picturesque elements, too, and I remember giving them that night the substance of George Sand's *Mare au Diable*, of which the place reminded me.

Even the little rain that had fallen during the night had so swollen the Salinas River that it was found I could not remain in the carriage. The animals and the pole were taken out, the harness and cushions securely lashed on the roof, and strong ropes passed around the carriage to lower it properly into the stream. Other strong ropes were attached to it, together with the men's lariats; the men themselves, swimming their horses across, took their places on the opposite bank, which was nearly upright, ready at the word given to start the horses off. The carriage lowered, off galloped the horsemen, shouting and cheering their horses, and so the equipage was whipped through the stream and up the bank.

So few horses swim level that I was not put upon one to cross. Our midshipman took soundings by walking across the river at a point that promised something of a ford, and found the water nowhere above his waist. Fortunately I weighed but little then, and Mr. Beale carried me across on his outstretched arms; and we accomplished our object of outriding the storm, and were safe in the comfortable rooms at Monterey before night, housed, dry, warm, and well fed—the four luxuries of travellers. Our Englishwoman was a most efficient housekeeper: we had sent an Indian ahead, and she had had some hours to prepare. We found every thing thoroughly warm; a great wood fire; dry clothes laid out for each one; the round table, with its gleaming damask and glass and china and delightful good food, ready for us. We thought this the best camp we had made yet. After a little rest I was left alone here; politics and business belonged in the busy American towns to the north.

The rains set in furiously, and I was completely house-bound; but I could see the bay, and even through the closed windows I could hear the delightful boom of the long rollers falling regularly and heavily on the beach. Near by I had my wood fire, and plenty of reading, such as it was: a collection of the *Merchant's Magazine*, five bound volumes of the London *Times*, including the period of the Spanish marriages and the political history of Europe for as many years, and an "unabridged Byron"—the whole library of a great flour merchant, who said he "had no time to read himself, but thought I might find some of those interesting." The *Merchant's Magazine* was tough reading at first, but I did read it, and gained a great deal of knowledge that has since fitted itself into more than one occasion of my life. Also, I had the first solid experience in the more usual feminine pursuit of sewing. A large part of my wardrobe had been left in San Francisco at the company's warehouse, all the heavier things that had been needed in leaving New York, and would be required again for the return voyage; in one of the many fires this warehouse went, and while my loss was comparatively small, it was important to me, for it obliged me to make up some warm dresses. That I had never made a dress did not trouble me; I had done so many things that I had never done before that a new sense of power had come to me, and I had no hesitation in undertaking that. But the only stuffs to be had were Chinese satins and the harshest English merinoes. I got these in the darkest colors that could be found, and ripping up a faithful old black silk, made a *fac-simile* of it in the new stuffs. We knew an old lady at home who never shaped the stockings she knit, but knit straight in one size to the heel, saying it was a badly shaped leg that could not shape a stocking: I think my dresses were somewhat on this plan. I was in the happy age when figure graced the dress, and queer as they must have been, they looked very well when once on. And I gained another warm gown by cutting off the extra length of my riding-habit. But even with reading and sewing and writing, the time would have been too still, if there had not been some human voice to break it. The heavy rains made getting about impossible, and I had practically no carriage, as there was now no one to drive me. Mrs. M'Evoy, my cook and prime minister, had lived in Australia with the wife of the Chief Justice; it interested me very much to have her tell in detail the domestic life of that new country. She was an intelligent woman, who had been in a position to see a great deal, and when the evening closed in I made it a regular custom that she should bring in her own sewing, and her pretty, clean baby had its evening roll on the great grizzly bear skin that was stretched in front of the fire; my own little girl played herself into early sleeps. The other wing of the house was occupied by Madame Castro herself, and her very nice little girls made charming playmates for mine.

Some years before, I had read in *Littell's Living Age* the account of a trial before Sir

Joseph Forbes, the Chief Justice with whose wife my woman had gone out to Australia. The sentence of the judge reviewed the case, and dwelt especially upon one statement of the man who was being sentenced, and whose own chief view of his crimes seemed to be that they were so easy to commit that therefore they were matter of course. We had talked this over at our dinner table at home—"a table round" over which every thing of interest was discussed. Among us it was the family habit to keep for the dinner table subjects of interest, and equally forbidden ever to allow any disagreeable topic to come up; this was a law of my father's, to which we had complied so long that the mind obeyed it unconsciously.

The man under sentence had committed eleven murders before being detected; there was no escape for him, and he confessed, and described the first murder. He had a way-side stopping-place, and victims easily came in his way. He said that this first man he meant to rob only; but he let him leave his house and get to a certain point on his journey, where he knew he would have to stop and water his horse. He was there before him, in hiding, and as the man leaned over to get water for himself, he gave him a blow on the back of the neck; this quite killed him. He made no movement, and was dead. Then this murderer said he "*had not known before how easy it was to kill a man; he didn't think it was so little trouble.* After that he always killed them when he found they had money with them." But eleven such murders brought on the investigation which terminated his career. Mrs. M'Evoy knew all about this case, and many incidents belonging to it and to the great excitement it created.

It is one of the odd things that come up in life that I should have found here a living link with what had been heretofore only a matter of reading and family discussion.

The time was monotonous, and seemed long. The *Merchant's Magazine* is instructive, but not exciting or amusing when one is young. One evening of tremendous rain, when we were, as usual, around the fire, Mrs. M'Evoy, with her table and lights, sewing at one side, myself by the other, explaining pictures from the *Illustrated Times* to my little girl, while the baby rolled about on the bear-skin in front of the fire, suddenly Mr. Fremont came in upon us, dripping wet, as well he might be, for he had come through from San José—seventy miles on horseback through the heavy rain. He was so wet that we could hardly make him cross the pretty room; but "beautiful are the feet of him that beareth glad tidings," and the foot-marks were all welcome, for they pointed home. He came to tell me that he had been elected Senator, and that it was necessary we should go to Washington on the steamer of the 1st of January.

At daylight the next morning he was off again, having to be back in San José. A young sorrel horse, of which Mr. Fremont was very fond, brought him down and carried him back this one hundred and forty miles within thirty-six hours, without fatigue to either.

The few intervening weeks went by quickly now, and we were all ready for the 1st. Mrs. M'Evoy grieved to lose me, but Saunders was there, happy, with more than money enough to buy the freedom of his family and secure them a home also.

When we heard the steamer's gun, New-Year's night, the rain was pouring in torrents, and every street crossing was a living brook. Mr. Fremont carried me down, warmly wrapped up, to the wharf, where we got into a little boat and rowed out. I have found that it changes the climate and removes illnesses to have the ship's head turned the way you wish to go.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

We had on board some of our fellow-passengers who had made the journey up with me in June, six months before—Dr. Gwin, who was elected the other Senator from the State, and Mr. Ward. Our first stop was at Mazatlan. At Chagres, at Panama, at San Francisco, the getting to and from the steamers was very unpleasant and even dangerous: queer boats with undisciplined boatmen, no wharves or steps; but at Mazatlan we found the solid stone pier with proper steps, such as the English are sure to build wherever they establish themselves. An English man-of-war was at anchor, and learning that the newly elected Californian Senators were on the steamer, she paid us the compliment of a salute of honor, and put the captain's gig at our service. In place of the dangerous landing and heavy swell, as at the mouth of the Chagres, or being carried through the water on the back of an Indian over the reef, as at Panama, or in the same way up the mud bank, as at San Francisco—here the tide being so out that the boat could not quite reach the steps—the sailors jumped into the water and laid their oars in a compact bridge from the bow of the boat to the steps, standing on either side with their elbows out, making a living parapet to the improvised bridge. I felt that we had already returned to civilization. On the pier waited the barouche and fine horses belonging to the English consul-general. His were orthodox harness horses, and I could enjoy my drive. His house was interesting. There were accumulations made during many years' residence of beautiful things, modern as well as old Mexican curiosities, and interesting things from both shores of the Pacific. Even

the well-served dinner and trained servants had their own charm, from my long absence from such things. The house was of stone, and the walls many feet thick, making it delightfully cool. We had felt the heat before reaching Mazatlan, and to do honor to Mr. Forbes (and also because I distrusted the effect of my Monterey gowns on ladies) I took off warmer clothing, and dressed myself in one of my best white gowns, in which I felt orthodox, as my Englishwoman had put these and all my "frills" into lovely condition.

We met a norther in coming out of the Gulf of California, and had some days of great discomfort—waves breaking on deck, every one having to remain below under closed hatches. Each of us had taken cold from the imprudent change of dress at Mazatlan. Added to this was the bad air from the necessarily closed hatches.

As I am fortunate enough not to be subject to seasickness, I have the corresponding disadvantage of being awake to every thing that goes amiss; in this case the consequence was an illness which took a form that put me in danger of dying. Here again my usual good fortune showed itself. There was a regular ship surgeon, for whom I could have no deference; but among the passengers was a really good physician—a navy surgeon who had made his studies in Paris. Dr. Bowie had me immediately moved up to the captain's state-room on deck, where his skill, aided by the great physician, pure air, kept me alive.

There was no stewardess, and only one woman passenger; no ice. Perfect quiet and freedom from all motion was the first requisite for me. This was, of course, impossible; but, against all disadvantages, I lived on, although when we reached Panama I was too exhausted to make the land crossing. There was only a monthly steamer at that time. No one would tell me that I should have to miss this and stay in Panama over the next month; on the contrary, little sketches were made of ships' hammocks on stretchers, and all devices for getting me across without danger or fatigue were constantly talked over to me, and I believed that I should go straight through. "English Tom"—a big quiet-faced old man-of-war's man—carried me down the gang-plank, and took me ashore without a rough motion. I noticed that Saunders was not about, nor Mr. Fremont, and asked for them; but my physician had taken the precaution to give me an opiate, and I slept for a long time, waking to find myself again under the hospitable roof of Madame Arcé, who claimed me as hers.

Mr. Stephens (generally known as "Central America Stephens") was in Panama attending to the affairs of the future Panama Railway, of which he was vice-president. We had known him well in Washington. On learning that I was on board and so ill, he knew I would be unable to cross, and had at once told Madame Arcé, who said that I belonged to her by right. When I waked it was to find myself again on a sick-bed, with her kind face near me; but in the next room was another sick person, over whom the doctor was standing; and then I learned for the first time that Mr. Fremont was perfectly crippled with rheumatic fever. The thorough chilling he had received in Mazatlan had brought on rheumatic fever in the leg which had been frost-bitten the winter before. This turned my mind from my own disappointment.

Our good friend and physician remained with us until the last moment in which he could connect with the steamer at Chagres, and would have remained the month if we had needed him. It was hard every way to give him up, but we were where we could have very good care, medical and personal.

Madame Arcé had moved into the house of a daughter who had recently died, and the views were quite different this time, looking across the garden of an adjoining convent to the open blue sea. The early church buildings in Panama were in keeping with the wealth of the Spaniards and their need for repentance; but many were now roofless, and all except the cathedral itself in a state of decay. The roof and spire of this great building were completely inlaid with mother-of-pearl shells, which gave out wonderful colors under sunlight, especially when sunshine followed rain, and they had the added beauty of water in the shells. The convent buildings, which made the nearest foreground, were only the more picturesque from being in decay. The bell tower, with its crumbling arched openings around the bell, through which showed the background of deepest blue sky, made a beautiful frame for the picture one saw when the bells had to be rung, especially at vespers, the time at which I saw it oftenest. The machinery for ringing the bell was gone, and it was sounded by striking it with stones. The laughing young Indian girls who went up to do this wore the usual fluttering loose ruffled garments of Panama, and they were near enough for us to see the glitter of their eyes and teeth as they were pounding away at the bell in their unorthodox and unmusical fashion.

This was a picture of which I never got tired, and it grew to be a mixture of reading and realities which, when the fever was on me, would take shape; the "unabridged Byron" which had been lent me at Monterey had given me the story of Parisina, and the execution of Hugo framed itself in this convent tower.

In California we were well off when we

had one room, and luxurious with two. Here Madame Arcé had given us the largest and coolest rooms in her house, and my cot was placed in the large ball-room, which opened from the bedroom where Mr. Fremont lay. In that warm climate very little furniture is used. This ball-room was eighty feet long, and high and wide in proportion, and the chairs and sofas were set in compact rows around the room. The floor was of dark polished wood, and the walls and ceiling painted darkish blue, to which the furniture corresponded. There was one sofa, or rather a sofa-divan, on which I lay in the day, while a linen cot, with one sheet under and one sheet above, made all that was necessary for the night. There were no glass windows; great doors, like barn doors, slid back and left huge openings which let in the view, and, from the height we were above the ground, I was in the neighborhood of the bell in its tower, and of the tops of the thicket of young cocoa-nut-trees, which kept waving and fanning to and fro between me and the waters of the bay. Stephens was the first to notice the effect of these trees upon me, seeing my eyes follow their balancing movements from side to side. He came every day, and often during the day, to be with us; sometimes putting his chair where he could command both of our positions, saying, in his cheerful way, "I have come to take my chill with you," and proceeding to shake with those violent chills which he had contracted there, and which not long after killed him.

I astonished them one day declaiming the execution of Hugo, which had gradually come out from its place in my memory, and embodied itself with the vesper ringing of this bell and the general sunset and tropical effect of the whole view before me:

"The convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the gray square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living who shortly shall be so!"

My illness had taken the form of intermittent fever, as most things do in the ague climates, and regularly as the fever hour came, Hugo came up with it.

Although not well enough to sit up, we saw very pleasant people, among them the Governor of New Granada, and the officers of one of our men-of-war, while the old servants Narcissa and my former favorite, Candelaria, dosed and petted us and brought us nice things, as though we were babies that had to be brought back to life by unremitting care.

Every day the kind nuns from the convent sent me over some delicate preparation of fruits. A smiling Indian girl, with soft drawling accent, would give the little message with it, which was always to the same effect, "that they prayed I might not die so far from my own country." It was some delicate preparation of preserved fruit, and the pretty china plate on which it was sent was always surrounded by blossoms of some white flower, orange or jasmine; from these they would take away every green leaf and stem, and set the flowers around thickly, one against the other. We saw here a flower called the "variable," or "mujercita" (young woman), because it changed three times a day—in the morning pure white, at noon rose-color, and at sundown deep red, which a botanist once told me was nature's mourning.

There was a man-of-war in the harbor, and its captain planned for me a palanquin in which I could be taken across in perfect safety from any jarring or the weather; this was a ship's cot swung to two poles, and carried by four men, with a light awning over a frame, and its white duck curtains could roll up or lower at pleasure.

Stephens, the Governor, and Mr. Fremont had many talks over the Isthmus railway which was just then being built, and over the future railways across the continent, which are now completed, but which then were only believed possible by the few who were working for them. I had seen enough of the suffering of the emigration, when I crossed the Isthmus in going out, to be able to realize the terrible loss of life required to build this Isthmus road. The first eight miles go over marsh ground which gave very poor foundation. The difficulty of planting the piles was just then the uppermost subject. I remember Stephens saying that as yet they stood only on human bones. This was not literally but figuratively true, for the climate cost many lives. The terms of agreement on which laborers came out were three months' work, and their passage back to New York or to California free, as they chose. Only about thirty per cent. claimed this passage, and almost all of those went back to New York; the rest were buried where they had fallen, from the climate; and Stephens himself contracted such a deadly form of chills and fever that he lived but a few years after this. He is best known by his writings and travels in Arabia and Central America; but his friends knew also how far-sighted he was in practical matters. His was one of the impelling minds toward building the Croton Aqueduct. When we were first in New York, in '48, he drove us to what was then a country spot surrounded by trees and open meadows—the reservoir on Forty-second Street—and from the top of it pointed upward to the fields and rocks that lay beyond, telling us that he was so convinced that the near future of New York lay there that he had invested in lands which would make the fortune of some one else;

that he would not live to see it, because, naturally delicate, his health was too broken for him to look forward to any length of life. He told us of the contempt with which his idea was received by the wealthy citizens of his acquaintance, who scouted the idea of entering into any such "wild speculations" as that; told us of calculations they had made how the interest on the money which he had expended would overbalance any profits before those lots could be built upon. He said that he had made his will, giving that property to young relations, who would certainly have the benefit of his foresight—as they had.

The steamers were then a month apart. We were both comfortably well long before the time for starting came. I was not strong enough to leave my room, but Mr. Fremont, in spite of prophetic warnings in regard to the influence of the climate, made daily excursions in the neighborhood with Saunders, searching about the country, with its new and interesting botany. We had not a bad time at all. February is one of the best months in the tropics. We had lots of books, and saw intelligent and pleasant people; every thing about us was beautiful and comfortable, and our minds were entirely content with our own affairs, and it was a novelty to be quietly together, without a separation in prospect.

My palanquin was ready and was brought up for me to see. It looked like the illustration to "Madagascar" in an old-fashioned geography. We had to time starting so as to avoid being detained in Chagres, and we had also to have a sufficiently strong party to meet a new danger which had grown up with the travel on the Isthmus—a regular banditti force, which waylaid and robbed, and sometimes murdered, passengers; this was recruited from California, Australia, and especially Jamaica.

It had never come in my way to meet a man entirely without personal courage. It was such a matter of course to me that men took care of women, and could not be frightened by any thing, that it came to me, as a young friend of mine says, "A rev'lation, a perfect rev'lation," to come upon such an instance of want of courage as we met at this time. Our party had been carefully chosen; competent persons had looked out for every belonging—good men to carry my hammock, and good reliable men for the baggage; and, in short, a good fighting as well as travelling force had been put together.

The California steamer was in, and one of its passengers, having his gold with him in a small trunk, actually came to us not only to ask us to take him across in our party to protect this gold, but to keep it for him until the following day, when we were to start. He was an entire stranger to us, but was an educated man, and appeared to be, what he said he was, a physician. He said he heard of my being ill there, and of the strength of our party, and that he thought he could go as my physician, and not be suspected of having treasure with him. He was in an anguish of terror about his gold. Mr. Fremont let him join us. We were only to cross the plain a few miles, and make our camp at the foot of the hills that first night. I was put in my hammock and carefully carried down into the street, after a leave-taking with our dear kind friend which left me shaken. Her hospitality and motherly goodness and care had been vital to me now on two occasions, and she herself was so intelligent and charming that it had been a pleasure to know her, apart from this. Mr. Fremont and herself had had long talks on all subjects, and it was a pain to each to lose the other. My men were very proud of my new equipage, the first of its kind ever seen there, and the people flocked around to look at it as they would to any other show; the men would halt to explain it, and expatiate upon its merits, while equally free explanations of myself were asked and given at the same time. Among a colored race I would have seemed fair at any time, but now, whitened by long illness, they thought me dying, and said so. They hardly offered bets that I would not reach the other side, but something to the same effect, while the compassionate women would make prayers over me that I might at least get to my own country before dying. "La pobrecita! morir tan lejo de su pais!" (Ah, the poor young thing—dying so far from her own country!).

When we came to our halting-place for the night, I was already so excited that an opiate was given me; this had only the effect of making me quiet and dumb, but did not make me sleep. I lay in my hammock watching all things; I wanted to rouse some one to take care of a white horse which had a great vampire bat upon its neck, fanning it with its wide wings and sucking its blood, so that next day we could not use it, but I was tongue-tied.

The next day we had a longer pull, and here the physician who had asked our protection could in turn have been of some use by keeping near me, and seeing that I received at once any care that might be needed; this he offered to do, and so was put nearest me in the file when we started. I fell asleep, and they made a little halt that I might have my sleep unbroken; the baggage escort was at some little distance, so as not to disturb me. "The doctor" thought too much time was being lost, and that his dear trunk would be exposed to more evil chances as dark fell, so he gave an order to the men to go on with the baggage; and they, not doubting his authority, went on,

leaving us just the palanquin and its bearers, with Mr. Fremont and my little girl, to follow through the most dangerous part of the route, all defiles and thickly wooded mountain-sides; also, he carried off with him my medicines. Saunders had been charged not to lose sight of the baggage, and, suspecting nothing, was giving his whole attention to that, so was off with it.

Our punishment to the doctor was not to let him have our care on the descent of the river. We left him to take his chance there. They told us at Gorgena of the recent murder of thirteen persons, the whole of a party, by the Jamaica negroes who had brought them up. We took care this story should be repeated, with details, to him, and then refused him the protection of our boat, which he shamelessly begged for.

Going down the river was much easier than coming up it; we had only to float, and keep the boat off from the sunken trees and points of land; occasionally the men used their long sweeps. It took but two days, as we went with the stream, and we had in that way but one night on the river. We took all the best precautions of thorough shelter from the night dews, and a great fire to purify the air about us, and kept to our quinine and coffee. The heat did not seem very great, and I was absolutely comfortable in my hammock, which made a sort of gondola of our canoe, and the Scotch plaid stretched over it made a cool shade beneath. We were in such content that the beauty of the tropical growth, with all its strange shapes and splendid coloring, its giant creepers and masses of blossoms, gave us the delight that we ought to have had in them, but which I could not feel fully when I was going up the river. I saw it all now with new eyes.

Toward the close of the second day, as we neared the mouth of the river, across a bend which stretched before us, green and feathery with its palm-trees, I caught sight of a dark straight line pointing upward. If I had known what I was doing, it would have been unpardonable, but too much fever had unhinged me, and in my excitement at recognizing the mast of a steamer, I sprang up, crying, there was the ship that was to take me home, and so undid all the good work that had been done by the month of quiet at Panama. This time the fever set in for good. The climate had told on us, too, and even the one night on the river was sure of bad results. But here I came on one of my best pieces of good fortune. At that time this steamer line was officered from our navy. The percentage on the treasure carried gave them each month more than their usual year's pay, while the owners of the steamers and treasure had the certainty of brave as well as honorable men to protect their property. After all, it was not so long since the Gulf had been the scene of a great deal of piracy, and with this new stream of gold pouring into that lonely region, there were rumors of a renewal of the old pirate business.

Commodore Porter, father of the present admiral, had distinguished himself so much in the Mediterranean by his services in helping to put down piracy there that he was sent to the West Indies to stop it in those waters. Lafitte's men were then (1824) the terror of commerce. He succeeded in doing this thoroughly. There was more than suspicion that it was connived at by the Spanish authorities in the West India Islands, and at one of these ports—Porto Rico—the resentment for disturbing their profits took the form of an insult to our flag; this Commodore Porter compelled them to atone for. But even then we had a habit of studying Spanish feelings first, and our national feeling after; so Commodore Porter was court-martialed on some point involving the letter of the law. The finding of the court-martial was against him.

One can imagine the feeling of an officer who knew that he had performed unparalleled services, and been of greatest benefit to his country. He must have looked at this sentence by the light of the eighty odd whale ships which he had burned in the Pacific Ocean, inflicting immense loss on British commerce, and making the streets of London "burn dark for a year," as was said in Parliament; there must have crowded on him the memories of years of isolation and separation from home, all the weary, unshared hours that go to make up the hardest side of a naval officer's life, his joy and pride in his service to his country; and then to strike, as it were, on a sunken rock in this cold, bloodless interpretation of a treaty stipulation discriminating in favor of the enemy! It was no wonder that the old officer broke his sword and threw it away, vowing never to draw it again in defense of a country that would let him be treated in that manner. This was under the administration of Mr. Adams.

Diplomatic relations were opened with Turkey in General Jackson's administration. It was necessary to send some one who should be suitable in all respects. Commodore Porter's name was already known there from his exploits in his young days; it was synonymous with the power and the dignity of our flag. This led to looking into the reasons for his resigning from the navy, and renewed the indignation which those who had followed the court-martial at that time felt at its cold, ungenerous treatment of one of the country's most efficient officers.

My father was a born redresser of wrongs, and General Jackson was not the man to bother over a technical detail where the honor of the flag was concerned. With him

the honor of the flag came first, after that the sensibilities of other nations.

Commodore Porter, then living on the Mediterranean, was old and broken with exile and many cares when there reached him the respectful and flattering request to be our first representative to the Turkish Empire. He made the long journey to the United States—by sail then—to give his thanks in person to those who had done him this late act of justice. Finding that my father, who had never seen him, had most information regarding, and the keenest interest in redressing, this wrong, he gave him his warm friendship. During the time he remained in Washington he was constantly with my mother as well as my father, and in this way an intimacy was commenced which lasted through his life.

It was his eldest son who had command of this steamer, with a staff under him of his young naval friends, among them a good surgeon, who said I must have at least some hours of absolute repose. The ship was light, and out of coal, and rolled heavily in the swell off the mouth of the Chagres. The coming on board of the passengers would necessarily make a great noise. The captain was not then, any more than now, a laggard in his decisions. He steamed down to Portobello, where the waters were calm, and gained for me the freedom from all motion and quiet on the ship. The passengers were furious at being delayed, and having to come that distance on the little tender. After the fashion of our people, they immediately held a public meeting, passed a vote of censure on the captain, and adopted resolutions recommending the company to remove him, under penalty of the displeasure of the California travel. Having done this in their haste, they immediately undid it as soon as they learned the reason for the captain's conduct, and followed another and better fashion of our people in undoing an injustice, and did all in their power to help him take care of me. In every part of my journey I came upon proof upon proof of this manly kindness and care for women among our American men. To travel alone in Europe is impossible; even travelling with one's children and a maid you do not receive the respect or attention that you have if there is a gentleman in the party. But in our country it is exactly different. The need of attention or assistance draws out that instinctive sense of protection which seems to be innate in our people. To be in mourning, or look ill or sad, or to be encumbered with children, is a sure appeal to the exercise of this instinct.

A part of the main cabin had been portioned off with sheets and table-cloths tacked to the ceiling and floor, and to keep me from being thrown off I was lashed to a sofa, for it was now March, and we were already in a norther, and continued in one gale after another until we reached New York. When I was able to understand again, I found myself tightly lashed to this sofa, the ship rolling and pitching tremendously. The officers would come to look after me often—sometimes in their "rain clothes," icicles on their beards and eyelashes, and very glad at last to find me not only alive, but able to ask questions and understand every thing again. I have been told since that by all the laws of medicine I should have died then, but the greatest physicians maintain that there are more resources in nature than are yet dreamed of in their philosophy, and this was a case in support of that idea. Mr. Fremont also was extremely ill; perhaps we had all been undermined by the month's stay on the Isthmus and the river travel, and the anxieties about my illness added the feather's weight.

A beautiful English copy of Lane's translation of the *Arabian Nights*, with fine English illustrations, was among the books that had been put up for my little girl. Grown people were very thankful for it on the ship going up from Panama, and then, and later in our camping life, when it was read aloud to her, fragments of it interwove themselves with our daily experience, and it was the child's idea that when we reached home we should relate to her grandfather our voyage, as Sindbad related his; we too had had our dangers by sea, and seen strange beasts and birds; we had found our "valley of diamonds," and the alternations and sudden transitions in climates, languages, people of every varying rank and dress, our unusual modes of travel—all belonged nearer to fiction than to the formal routine life to which we had belonged, and which shortly before had been to us the only way of living.

During the Mexican war, a Mexican who had brought through secret dispatches at great risk, in telling my father of the difficulties he encountered, said he had to leave ordinary travelled routes, and make his way as he best could by mule or horse, or at times on foot, through to Vera Cruz—as he put it in his broken English, "On horse-back or mule-back, and many times on foot-back." We could include this last mode of travel among the many ways in which our year's journey had been made. Starting by railway from Washington, then the ocean steamer, then the little whale-boat on the Chagres, then the mules of the land crossing, with again a steam-ship, followed by such experiments in carriage-horses that driving became a novelty, always walking in hard troublesome places, and then with my ship's hammock as a palanquin; on the return across the Isthmus, together with the varied peoples we had seen, ranging from the high-

est to the lowest in intelligence and cultivation, differing languages, color, and any number of new and startling phases. Of social observances and want of observances we had a great deal to tell—talks that were never to end, for we were not to go back to California; *that* was settled. The risks to health were too certain and too great; the trial of separation unnecessary, now that Mr. Fremont's place as Senator would keep him in Washington through the winters.

Having just gone through the experience that all our best-laid plans had gone agley, and that it was of no use for man to propose when the whole chapter of accidents lay open to dispose of you otherwise, I would lie contentedly making plans for the long peaceful time ahead of me in Washington. This was early in March. In October of that year I was again at sea, had again a touch of fever at the Isthmus in crossing, and it was three years before I again saw any of my home people. But it is only the Immortals who read the Book of Destiny. Fortunately for us we live our lives only as we see the days.

We were a sorry-looking lot when we landed; even my little girl had had some of the fever of the Isthmus. Her splendid hair had been cut close, and its loss, with a silk handkerchief knotted about her head to take its place, altered her almost beyond my own recognition. When we reached our rooms at the Irving House, we laughed at our own appearance: we looked as though we had been taken off a wreck, so thin and haggard were we, and in such odd dress. Jenny Lind was in her progress through the country at that time, and we had the rooms that had been beautifully fitted up for her at the Irving House, then a fashionable uptown hotel opposite Stewart's Chambers Street warehouse. How good it was to get to regular things again!—the warm, carpeted rooms, the large bath, the white roses and my dear violets, with which Mr. Howland never failed to welcome me to New York.

Of all my carefully prepared outfit, fire and the accidents of travel had left me only this ridiculous toilet which I saw reflected in the long mirrors on every side—my dark blue cloth riding-habit, cut short, and hanging as straight and shapeless about my ankles as the clothes on the women in a Noah's ark; black satin slippers; a Leghorn flat, tied down with a China crape scarf; doubled and folded about me, the faded Scotch plaid which had served as a carpet in camp and an awning on the river Chagres. Just opposite, at the door of Stewart's, we saw a match girl dressed very much in this way, except that her shoes were better for the weather.

We took two days of needed rest and refitting. There were not the resources in New York then that we have now, but forty-eight hours restored us, and sent us on our way equipped like other people.

As in the old ballads, I "had been gone but a year and a day," when I was again back to my father's house.

THE SCHOLAR'S SWEETHEART.

All day he toils with zeal severe
On something learnedly polemic.
From Harvard he returned last year,
With bounteous honors academic.
His parents name him but in praise,
His little sisters quite adore him,
And all the loving household lays
Allegiance willingly before him.

What forms his labor, week by week?
They could not understand—oh, never!
'Tis something eminently Greek,
'Tis something intricately clever.
But still his task, unfinished yet,
He shapes with industry unflagging,
And writes his treatise that shall set
The heads of noted pundits wagging.

Is it of Homer's doubtful lines?
Or yet some question, subtly finer,
Of whether certain famous wines
Were first obtained from Asia Minor?
Is it of dialects impure?
Is it some long-fought rule of grammar?
Is it old Sanscrit roots obscure?
Is it that wearisome digamma?

But whether this or whether that,
Through fragrant fields, when work is ended,
While darkly wheels the zigzag bat,
And all the west is warmly splendid,
He steals to meet, in loving wise,
With eager steps that do not tarry,
A rosy girl, whose shining eyes
Grow tender as she calls him "Harry."

What altered thoughts can she awake,
This pearl of sweethearts, best and fairest!
And what a contrast does she make
To "Comments on the Second Aorist!"
So strongly round him can she throw
Her dazzling spells of sweet retention,
'Tis doubtful now if he could go
Correctly through his First Declension.

For while near mossy meadow bars,
With spirit thrilled by sacred pleasures,
He lingers till the dawn of stars,
He lingers by the girl he treasures,
This grave young scholar scarcely knows
If Hector was a fighting seaman,
If lofty Pindar wrote in prose,
Or Athens lay in Lacedæmon!

CHRISTMAS IN VENICE.

AS the winter approaches, the color dies out of the Venetian streets. The rosy autumnal tones fade away from the cold gray palace fronts. The sculptured monsters and the leering heads take on a look of stern, hard purpose. The flowers disappear from the balconies, and the fair girl faces from under the window arches. The vapors with which the jealous lagoon veils the blossoming domes grow dense and gray and cold, and droop like mourning robes about the stately white towers. From every cornice and spout falls a slow-gathering tear, as though Venice were weeping for the loss of her lover, the sun.

The beggars cower on the thresholds and on the white stairs of the bridges, with their rags dropping off their wan bodies. The old women totter through the fog, with a prayer for charity on their lips, and little earthen pots filled with live coals hanging on their arms. Jets of flame flash out from against the sides of the houses where the old men crouch on the pavement behind their small stoves, on which are simmering weird sea-monsters that are to be dispensed to the groups of hungry-eyed gondoliers.

From the cook shops bright reflections are thrown out into the gray fog from the roaring fires. Gigantic shadows dance on the white walls from the lithe figures that crowd about the long tables, with the pitchers of wine and the fried fish and the mountains of *polenta* upon them.

At the edge of the lagoon the fishing boats are drawn up against the *riva*, like birds of bedraggled plumage, their bright sails drooping languidly under the gay pennons of the mast, the masses of brown net hanging in dark relief against the tawny canvas, the monks and angels painted on the prows gleaming bravely through the murkiness. The fishermen, in tall red caps and wooden shoes and great brown cloaks with pointed hoods, saunter along the *riva*, smoking and shouting.

Along the narrow streets stride strong, graceful figures with broad hats poised on their proud heads, with dark eyes and sculpturesque features beneath. They wear long cloaks thrown across their shoulders, and carry themselves like kings of the earth. Lovely pale faces gleam out through the fog—fair heads with black knitted veils over them, and thoughts of hard-working times and fresh young hopes of future holiday stirring within them.

As the twilight deepens into dusk, lights begin to shine out from the dingy shops and grated windows. At the street corners piles of vegetables and fruit, green and scarlet and orange, gleam through the darkness with the flickering reflections cast over them by the three-cornered brass lamps that hang in the doorways above the heads of the patient old women.

From the dark houses come forth pale women who have been sewing all day long in their garrets high up among the red-tiled roofs. They have children clinging to them, and their hearts are heavy with the thought of the husbands who are coming home to their suppers with curses on their lips.

Through the fog and the dusk the voices of the bells rise, one after the other, from the towers all over the city, choked by the heavy atmosphere into groans full of human despair. It is the call of the Ave Maria. The poor untutored souls of the women who hurry along the narrow streets, buying their scanty suppers, find in it some deep-toned sympathy, some far-reaching forethought of sorrow, that bids them pray for mercy upon all mother hearts.

Light gleams from within the churches when the leather curtains of the doors are lifted. The deep chanting voice of the priests and the sweet sonorous roll of the organs echo across the fog-filled *campi*. The women press their children closer under their dingy shawls. They enter the warm bright temples, and kneel low in the incense vapors, and are filled with dim, unconscious intuitions of the mother love and the mother suffering.

The pillars and the columns are draped with crimson, and from the walls hang *arazzi* of the glowing red, deepening in shadow. Lamps of wrought bronze catch the reflections of the tapers, and shoot them back into the dusk of the naves. Against the columns and on the altars are old canvases that were painted centuries ago, and hung up in the churches in token of gratitude—pale girl saints with fair hair and faint draperies, boy martyrs with curling locks and ingenuous brows.

The women gather most closely about the shrine of the Madonna. She bears the Child in her arms, and chanting angels nestle at her feet. She is one of themselves, this simple young creature, with the clear, shy eyes that are so young, and yet have the shadows of weeping about the heavy, conscious lids. She wears her black shawl bound loosely across her brow, like the women who kneel to her. She has the long, taper, work-worn fingers of her worshippers. Over the face is cast the veil of maternal prophecy, as though the future of the wide-eyed Child lay unrolled before her.

The women wind their arms closer around their children, for the sorrow on the young mother's face is the sorrow in their hearts. The perception of futurity that fills her eyes with unshed tears finds an echo in their thoughts of the drunken husbands and the half-starved nestlings. They linger as long as they dare in the churches, for the incense is sweet, and the blaze of the candles warm-

ing, and the droning of the organ soothes the children to slumber. Without, the fog is cutting, and in the garret at home there will be no fire, and but a scanty supper of *polenta;* and it is dull waiting at the doors of the noisy red-curtained wine shops where the men are drinking the blood of their wives and children in the red juice they pour down their throats.

As Christmas draws near, the women kneel longer before the pictured Virgin; for it seems to them that her eyes grow more tender behind tear-swollen lids, and a hope awakens in them of help to descend to them with the peace of the feast. What matters it that the help never comes, and that, year after year, the old toiling, drudging misery weighs heavier upon them, and at last lays them low among the daisies of the death island?

There comes a time when the fog rolls away with the night-fall. A strange warmth and hush fall upon the streets of the city. "The snow is coming!" the women call to one another. The old men, crouching over the braziers, laugh and rub their hands for glee. The snow is to the Venetian people the symbol of the goodness and bounty of nature. While it lasts, they forget their cold, their hunger, their sordid homes. They are caught up in a foretime celestial ecstasy.

On the morrow, when they awake, the streets are shrouded in white. On the window arches, on the curves of the water gates, on the broad-backed monsters, the high reliefs of the escutcheons, is heaped the snow. The marble prophets on the church cornices are ghastly against the gray heavens. The pigeons cower on the lintels and under the eaves, cooing loudly with cold and hunger. The snow lies thick on the carvings of the wells. A path is worn across the *campo* by the busy feet of the water-women. Their garments flash brightly against the white background. The clashing of their copper pails rings hollow on the hushed air.

The black hulks along the canals are transformed into snow mountains, the *gondole* into fairy barks. Along the lagoon the ships stand out white like phantom vessels against the dark sky. The golden angels of the church towers are clothed on with a celestial garment. The bells are muffled and smothered and eager to sink back into silence. The snow nestles caressingly in the jagged crevices in the walls. From window to window the women call "Good-day" to one another with cheerful voices. The winter frosts that have been gathering about their hearts have found an outlet in this heaven-fallen snow-speech.

The snow vanishes from the streets. In its stead appear mighty pyramids of pale green cabbages, with plumes of rosemary waving among them, and heaps of gigantic cauliflowers, and baskets of wooden dishes, and crates of coarse pottery, and strings of fat geese, and booths of sweetmeats and dried fruits, and old books and coarse prints. The peasants come in from the main-land: ruddy girls in coarse bright dresses and red kerchiefs, and gold ear-rings hanging against their brown throats; stalwart lads in broad hats and home-made coats. They linger all day, open-mouthed, about the brightly decorated stalls, or gather about the shows, where a dwarf or a fat woman may be seen for a *soldo*. The churches stand open all day. A mysterious current of anticipation runs under all the happy street life. It brightens the darkness of the winter day, and floods the city with celestial light.

And now the blessed Christmas-eve has come. A hush settles upon the city with the twilight. The toiling fathers and mothers stroll, with the children in their arms, along the passages between the gay booths, and laugh and shout and chaffer with the bronzed peasants, whose faces stand out in relief behind the flaring brass lamps. The bridges lie white and calm in the dusk, with heavy shadows gathered in the water under their arches. Along the canals the reflections of the house fronts lie black against the dusk of the mirrored sky. Here and there the street light falls on an angel gazing down with outstretched hands and wide-spread wings. A holy peace is on the beautiful stone faces, and the mouths are parted with mute hosannas.

Along the lagoon groups are strolling toward the piazza, for there is service in St. Mark's. There are sailor lads dressed afresh for the *festa* night; peasant soldiers who are thinking of the little homes among the Southern olive hills; young girls with faces shining with holy thoughts. In the upper sky lingers the pale twilight green that the old Venetians dwelt upon so lovingly. The tower of San Giorgio rises, a stately shaft, against the darkening sky, with the golden angel standing in relief against the clear space the early moon has left in its wake. At the angel's feet glows the great bright steadfast evening star. The lagoon is red with the reflected after-glow. Great black shadows lie athwart it from the hulks of the anchored vessels. The net-work of masts and cordage that stands black against the ruddy sky is reproduced in the pale water.

The domes of the city rise black against the late twilight sky, and along the water's edge gleam rows of golden lights. Old convents that long echoed with the Christmas merriment of monks frown upon the joyful people, white and ghostly in their age.

In the wine shops the gondoliers are singing noisy Christmas ballads. In the larger *caffè* officers in spurs and floating cloaks are grouped about the little tables, playing chess and drinking coffee. Old men are

knitting their brows over the newspapers, forgetful of Christmas-eve. Young men are whispering together and laughing over their stories, unmindful of the old blind man who is singing some quaint Christmas carol at the door to the sound of his worn guitar. Sometimes young girls—fresh, pretty things—stand with their mothers in the reeking cigar smoke, and wail Christmas carols to a plaintive violin accompaniment, and makes them stop and listen until tears come into their eyes at the thought of Christmas hopes dead long ago.

At the Molo the *gondole* crouch dark against the *riva*, with stakes rising among them, crowned now and then with a little Gothic tabernacle that has a lamp flickering before a coarse print of the Virgin. The gondoliers lounge, wrapped in their heavy cloaks, about the landing. On the pedestals of the columns, with the white-eyed lion glaring upon them, and St. Theodore gazing scornfully upon their plebeian shapes, cower groups of women and children and old men. Some instinct of adoration has driven them out under the open sky to wait for the mystical coming.

Through the dusk gleam the white reclining figures on the arches of the Zecca. The statues stand dark against the sky under the great black shaft of the Campanile. The moonlight glitters on the arched window of the ducal palace and under the dusk of the balcony curves, forcing the white shafts to strong relief.

Across the piazza, forming a background for the figures of the passers-by, streams the light from the brilliant windows under the Procuratic and the long bright street beyond the clock tower. The giants that strike the bell stand out among the chimneys, and below them, against the black front above the arch, glow the golden numbers of the hour.

On the side of the church, where the mosaic Virgin sits high in her niche, with gold and gleaming marbles and quaint carving and smiling monsters about her, burn two flickering points of flame. They have shone there for centuries—the republic's peace-offering to a soul whose body was put to death between the fatal columns. At the door of the basilica, weary mothers and children crouch among the porphyry columns and the grinning monsters.

In the vestibule lie old doges in cap and gown, with their hands folded on their breasts, and strange stone figures above their heads. From the domes leer down white-faced figures, gaunt and spare, that the fancy of the old Greek workers in mosaic wrought with prayer, ages ago, into the worship-offering of the cathedral. Behind them gleams a golden surface that rouses itself from the shadows when the doors of the church are opened.

The people stream across the vestibule. A rushing sound of voices and sweet-toned instruments issues from the church. The chancel is a blaze of light from the glowing altar tapers, reflected a thousandfold from the wondrous tabernacle of gold and silver that was wrought long ago in the youth of the republic by the cunning workmen of Byzantium. Slender columns sculptured in Eastern device rise dark against the space of flame. On the chancel railing stand the apostles with the Virgin in their midst, black in the sheets of golden light. Tall tapers, like white lily stalks, rise between them. In the nave a crystal cross blossoming with lights hangs from the gilded dome among the long-draperied prophets.

At every cornice, on the edge of every column, stands a great golden angel keeping guard over a tall white taper that rises before him. The clear-cut curve of the arch and the graceful winged shape are defined against the dusk of the great side naves. Under the shadowy arches of the side naves hang heavy bronze lamps with crimson glowing flame, casting ruddy lights upon the dark marbles of the walls. Before the brown old bass-reliefs of Virgin and Child, straight and slender, with golden halos about their heads, hang silver lamps heavy with chains.

The manifold rays of flame penetrate deep into the dusk of the arches, glow mellow in the pale gold of the domes, transfigure the faces of the prophets and saints and evangelists, and converge toward the lamp of dark bronze that hangs from the great dome where the apostles gaze down from among the olive-trees to form a glory about the bronze Christ on the cross that rises from the pavement below.

At the prayer desks and on the pale mosaicked floor kneel dark veiled figures, like statues, against the chancel flame. The people stand with faces raised to the throne above the altar glory, where the great pale Christ sits with His hands uplifted in blessing. The symbols of the evangelists stand about Him—mighty monsters praising God for the many Christmas-eves they have known since the old Greek workers called them into life. A peace not of earth lies upon their grotesque features, and on the faces of the worshippers standing with hushed adoration about the shadowy columns. There are old men whose guns hang by the side of the brown Madonna in token of gratitude for their preservation in the time of the revolution; young girls with rapt faces; young men with dark brave eyes; mothers with their babes crying out for joy at the brightness. The glory of immortality has dawned upon their earth-laden hearts.

A silence fills the luminous space as of the midnight stillness of the plain where the shepherds wandered. A low soft mur-

mur of chords arises from the gallery above the altar lights—the scattered voices of those who beheld the great bright star—increasing in depth and strength and clearness as the wonder grows louder in the mouths of the watchers. There is a faint pale light in the heavens that brightens, note by note, with the strength of the sweet chords, and bursts forth in a great golden glory.

Tender notes are heard afar off, young human voices, sweet and pure and holy, like the music of celestial throats. It grows deeper, louder, clearer. The warm human love is struggling through the beatitude of the transfigured souls. With a glad rush, the voices and the instruments sweep forth in a shout of triumph—"Hosanna! hosanna! Peace on earth, good-will toward men!" The sound rolls along the nave and under the arches, echoes from the mouths of the worshippers, is caught up by the sentinel angels behind the tapers, and mingles with the mighty voices of the pale prophets on their thrones.

A murmur full of sublime humility. The holy Babe is laid low in the manger, with the tender tones of the Virgin Mother keeping watch above Him. Low and scanty and unadorned are the notes that follow. Then comes a burst of love and awe, as the shepherds troop in and kneel by the side of the Child with the altar glory about his head. With shouts and triumphant noise of drums and trumpets come the gorgeous shows of the Eastern caravan, with gifts of myrrh and frankincense and precious stuffs like the gleaming draperies that hang from the pulpit. Then come the low brooding notes of the mother love, deepening with the sad foreboding of the agony to follow. The faces of the mother worshippers grow sorrowful with sympathy. The pure, noble, simple chords fill the arches with lingering awe. The loud fierce shrieks of the instruments and the despairing human voices foreshadow the agony to come. Then one loud, sad, confused death-cry echoes through the arches, and dies away in a sob which seems to come from the throat of the bronze Christ in the nave, and quivers far into the shadows, until it is caught up again into the great final shout of heavenly gladness which sounds from where all human passion is forever lost—the celestial glory of the golden dome.

Sighs and half moans of relief that the pain and sorrow of life have forever vanished, break from the lips of the worshippers. A light lies on the women's faces that will brighten the work-day round of the coming year. The figure on the throne spreads out his arms in blessing. The people crowd about the bronze shape on the cross, and touch its feet with their lips. The pale prophets gaze down with smiles on their lips. From under the arches, where the angels stand like celestial guardians, wanders back and forth among the dim-lighted chapels and the golden glow of the domes, the old heavenly watch-word, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men!"

THE ROSE OF WARNING.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

In a beautiful Swiss valley
  Stood a cloister, long ago,
By a stream that musically
  Wandered down from Alpine snow;
Round its walls a garden grew,
With still pathways winding through;
Holy brothers dwelt there, praying,
Musing, guiding, hearts up-staying.

And they tell us that whenever
  The cold-handed conqueror Death
Called a brother's spirit, never
  Failed this token of last breath—
At the midnight call to prayer,
On the fated brother's chair
Lay a snow-white Rose of Warning:
He must die at break of morning.

In his cell, then, uncomplaining,
  He awaited his last hour,
Gazing still, while life was waning,
  Prayerful, on the warning flower
Hung upon the sacred wood,
As once He whose gracious blood
From His pierced heart flows forever,
Love's divine, unfailing river.

Once, alas! the Rose of Warning
  Chose a youth. 'Twas hard to die
When upon the world life's morning
  Had just opened her young eye.
Hastily and steathily,
Ere the others enter, he
Laid the flower to warn another—
An old, weary, waiting brother.

But upon the early morrow
  O'er the lowly cloister wall
Rose a long loud wail of sorrow:
  There were two for burial!
The old man, in happy rest,
With his hands upon his breast;
But the youth, all pale, distorted—
Who could guess how he departed?

And the Rose upon its bosom
  Wore a fearful stain of blood!
Never more the snow-white blossom
  Warned the sorrowing brotherhood.
Vainly they, at midnight bell,
Watched for that sad miracle;
For with blood was it polluted,
And for service pure unsuited.

And the brothers, broken-hearted,
  Died in sorrow, one by one;
And the cloister stood deserted
  And decaying, till the sun
Could not find it.—There, they say,
Grow white roses to this day;
But a stain of blood weaves through them,
For the murder-curse clings to them.

DA CAPO.

CHAPTER VI.

EN VOYAGE.

PRINGLE, Felicia's maid, did not call her mistress next morning till a very short time before the omnibus was starting for the station; and Felicia, who had lain awake half the night, jumped up half asleep, and proceeded to dress as quickly as she could. They were only just in time. Mr. Bracy was impatiently stamping on the pavement in an agony of punctuality. Jasper had walked on, they said. His luggage was there—three large bags, red, blue, and yellow, with which he habitually travelled. The intelligent Georgina, calm, brown, composed, was sitting in her corner, looking perfectly unmoved. Mrs. Bracy was also installed, checking over the various umbrellas and parcels. She was evidently ruffled: with poetic natures crossness verges on tragedy, and becomes very alarming at times.

"I'm so sorry," said Felicia; and she looked vaguely round, and to her surprise, and disappointment too, discovered no sign of Colonel Baxter. "Where is Colonel Baxter?" she said.

"My dear, how can I tell you?" said Mrs. Bracy, who was in devout hopes that he had been left behind; and Flora stared at Felicia as if in some surprise at her question.

Felicia flushed up; this was not what she had intended. "Mrs. Bracy, we must go back," said the young lady, very much agitated. "I promised that he should come with us. What will he think?"

"What is there to prevent Colonel Baxter from coming with us, if he chooses?" said the elder lady, with freezing politeness. "Certainly, if you wish it, I will desire the omnibus to return."

Felicia was just preparing to say that at all events Pringle should remain with a message, when the object of all this discussion stood up at a street corner to let them pass.

His luggage was also piled on the top of the omnibus, with Jasper's rainbow bags, and he had walked the short distance from the hotel to the railway station.

Felicia, seeing him, was satisfied at once; her sudden energy of opposition passed away; and when they all met at the station she greeted him smiling and composed, gave him her hand and her hand-bag with its many silver flagons.

Baxter could not find a place in the same carriage with Felicia; he climbed up upon the roof, where he sat smoking his cigar, and thinking over a short journey they had once taken together, six years before. Then it was Fate that had separated them, honor, every feeling of affection and gratitude; now, only her will and the interference of a foolish woman kept them apart. From where he sat he looked down upon Jasper, who stood outside the carriage door upon a sort of platform with a rail; the artist was hatless; he wished his hair to stream upon the wind.

"Take care, Jasper. Come in here," cries Mrs. Bracy, who had just sent off the Colonel, and declared she must have space for her two fat feet upon the opposite seat, and that there was no room for any one else in the carriage.

But Jasper said he preferred the rhythm of motion as it thrilled him where he stood.

A pretty little railway runs between the smiling valleys that lead from Berne to Interlachen.

Felicia looked out of the window, well pleased by the pleasant sights and aspect of the road.

The railway meets a steamer waiting by a certain smiling green landing-place; and all the passengers issue from the train and go on board, and look over the sides of the boat into deep sweet waters lapping the shore, and calmly flowing in long silver ripples across the lake. On either side the green banks are full and overflowing. White pensions stand in gardens; people come down to the steps to see the steamer pass. Every thing tells of peace, of a placid, prosperous comfort.

Baxter found Felicia a place by an American lady who was pointing out the various scenes of interest to two young ladies, her charges, with an alpenstock, and the help of a Baedeker.

"Oh, Miss Cott, is this the page?" inquire her pupils. "What is the exact distance per rail from Berne to the steamer?"

"Page 47," says Miss Cott, rapidly turning over the leaves.

The steamer started off; all the people clustering on board flapped their wings and hummed their song in the sunshine as it streamed above the awning. The Swiss ladies accepted a respectful share of their husbands' conversation; the American ladies, on the contrary, took the lead. There was one stout and helpless personage, covered with rings and many plaits of false hair, to whom Felicia had taken a great dislike, until a little brown-faced girl with ear-rings ran up and began to kiss the ugly cheeks and to smooth the woman's tumbled locks.

"Look at that child," said Felicia; "how fond she seems to be of the horrid old woman! I am sure I never could tolerate such a mother."

"And yet you care for *her*," said Baxter,

looking with no friendly glances at Mrs. Bracy advancing to join them. "Oh, Felicia! won't you tell her that you are going to belong to me, not to her? You must choose between us, you see," he said, with a smile.

"How can you speak so absurdly?" she said, turning away, hurt; "how mistrustful, how unkind you are!"

She did not make allowances for his diffidence, for his boundless admiration, for his natural wish for certainty, now that the die was cast. The Colonel, who had less life before him than Felicia, more experience of its chances and disappointments, more intensity of feeling to urge him on, might well be more impatient. He had kept her waiting: did the malicious little creature mean him to feel her power now, and to take her willful vengeance? Her cousin James had spoiled her so utterly that she imagined that all lovers were like James, and would submit to her quick caprices, her sudden flights. Little she knew Aurelius, who now, with black, bent brows, excited, uncompromising, prepared to show her what he felt.

Felicia wanted every body, not Aurelius only, but others, to be happy and satisfied. It seemed to her to be almost wicked to sacrifice old and tried friends to the fancies of this new-comer.

He had played a part in her life, indeed, but it had been a shadowy part hitherto. Suddenly that shadow had become alive: it spoke for itself; it had a bearing which she could no longer sway at her fancy now. She hardly knew what she felt or what she wanted. Time seemed to her the chief thing that was to explain and harmonize it all, to accustom her to it all. It would be very nice to have him there always, she thought. They might take walks together, and read books together, and little by little he would learn to appreciate her dear kind Bracys, and they would learn to know him. Suddenly a thought struck her. Could it be Emily Flower who had influenced him against her friends? It was not like him to be so unkind.

Baxter, meanwhile, who had thought that all was explained and clear between them, could not understand these recurring doubts and hesitations. He had made up his mind to come to an issue of some sort; and as he stood behind Felicia's bench, he let his fancy drift, as hers had sometimes done—imagined a little scene between them which was to take place in a very few minutes; he was to speak plainly to her—to the woman who had all but promised to be his wife; he meant to tell her how truly he loved her, how unendurable this present state of suspense had suddenly become.

His whole heart went out to her in tenderness and protection. He felt so much and so deeply, surely she would understand him.

The steamer paddled on its way, the hills floated past; the people came on board, and struggled off to shore.

CHAPTER VII.

NO ANSWER.

PRESENTLY a special peaceful hour of sun and calm content seemed to fall on the travellers; the talk became silenced, the waters deepened, the banks shone more green. Aurelius, looking up, saw that his enemy had allowed herself to be overcome by the stillness, by the tranquil rocking of the boat. She was leaning her head on Miss Harrow's shoulder. Mr. Bracy was at the other end of the boat, claiming acquaintance with a benchful of English people. Jasper was drowsily balancing himself against the bulwark, with both arms widely extended. A swan came sailing out from shore; and then Aurelius began his sentence, and in plain words, not without feeling and honest diffidence, he spoke in a low voice, of which Felicia heard every syllable.

"I have been thinking that I perhaps took you by surprise yesterday," he said. "If it is so, you must tell me; you must not be afraid of giving me pain. Any thing is better than want of confidence; but this state of indecision is really more than I can bear. It was not without painful uncertainty as to what your answer might be that I came; and yet you know that my heart is yours, and has been yours only for all these years. Now whatever your answer may be, I will abide by it."

Felicia was touched; but she was silent, tapping her foot against the wooden deck.

"If I had come long ago, perhaps I might have had more chance," Aurelius went on, frightened by her silence. "Perhaps you think me presumptuous. Some one in whom I trust encouraged me to come."

"Emily Flower, I suppose, told you to come," said Felicia.

"Yes," stupid Aurelius answered, slowly. "She told me to come."

Felicia looked away; she did not care to meet his honest eyes. So he had not come of *himself*, but only because his cousin had sent him—only come because he thought she expected it of him. Her cheek burned with indignant fire.

The little heiress was an autocrat in her way—in that gentle, vehement, kind-hearted way of hers. She was an unreasonable autocrat as she sat there, motionless, with her head turned away; her eyes flashed angrily, but then tears came to put out the fire. Was no one to be trusted? Did not even Aurelius love her enough to come

straight home to her? He too must needs consult and hesitate and calculate. James would not have left her all this long time. The steamer paddled on while the two waited in their many-voiced silence; but when at last Felicia looked up, the glance that met her own was so sad that she had not the heart to speak the jealous words that had been upon her lips, the crimson had died out of her cheeks, and her eyes softened. Aurelius took it all so humbly with a sudden hopelessness that surprised Miss Marlow, who, as I have said, for all her innocent vanities and whimsicalities, did not realize in what estimation Baxter held her. Something touched her. Suddenly her face changed to the old kind face again; she put out her little hand with its soft gray glove.

"We must have our talk another day," she said; "to-morrow, not now. This is not the time."

"No, indeed," said Aurelius, not without emphasis; for, as he spoke, Mrs. Bracy was awakening with a wild start—an appealing smile to the company such as reviving sleepers are apt to give. In a minute more she had joined Felicia. Baxter walked away to where Jasper, at his end of the boat, had shifted his spread-eagle attitude into one of skewer-like rigidity, while little Mr. Bracy came trotting up, panting and bubbling over with information. "The Alpes! the Alpes!" says he; "I'm told that is the place to go to, Flora; good *table d'hôte*, a magnificent view; the divine for you, my love—for us the creature comforts. That family that you see sitting near the wheel is going there; the gentleman strongly recommends the place—a very pleasant, well-informed person; he was on board the steamer we crossed with to Calais. I think you would like him; but, of course, one can't be sure."

"Edgar," said his wife, "make what acquaintances you like, but *pray* do not introduce them to me. Our party is much too large as it is. It was a mistake bringing Georgina," she added, as Felicia looked up at her with a quick glance.

"You did it out of kindness, my love. The poor girl is thoroughly enjoying herself," cries the little man, anxiously.

Then all the little bustlings and distractions of the road come to divert every body's mind from personalities.

The travellers by water were turned into passengers by steam, and then again into wretched fares, wedged side by side in a light red velvet omnibus, with gilt looking-glasses to reflect their wry faces. Jasper had more than enough to do grappling with his party-colored bags. Aurelius shouldered his own small portmanteau and Felicia's dressing-case, leaving Mr. Bracy, with the help of the amiable Miss Harrow, to collect the many possessions of his Flora—her writing-book (carried loose with her pen and her inkstand), her cushions and sun-shades, her luncheon in its basket.

Mrs. Bracy's poet nature invariably required a luncheon basket, the one arm-chair, the most comfortable bedroom, the wing of the chicken, the shady corner in the garden. The spirit being imprisoned in mortal coil, Flora was wont to say, it required absolute freedom from mere temporary discomfort, in order to have full scope to soar.

"So I have observed," says Baxter, dryly, in answer to the lady's appeal.

"Ah, indeed!" Mrs. Bracy answers, dimly dissatisfied; "you notice every thing."

"For comfort," says Jasper, joining in from the opposite corner of the omnibus, and with a glance at the other passengers, "give me cats to stroke. I thought of bringing a couple abroad, but my uncle dissuaded me."

"Cats!" says Baxter, eying Jasper as if he was a maniac.

But here the omnibus stops at the doors of the hotel; the porters, waiters, majordomos, rush forward, breathless, to grip the elbows of the descending travellers.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY A FOUNTAIN.

It is very hot and sultry in the hotel garden. The fountain and the piano from the saloon are playing a duet. The fountain itself must be boiling after the morning's glare, but the sound of the water is not the less delightful to parched ears. An old man sits on a bench by a charming and handsome young woman; a grandchild is playing at his feet. The old man's is a world-known name; he has swayed nations and armies in his life, but he is quietly stirring his coffee in the shadow of the chestnut-tree. Presently, obsequiosity in thread gloves, with a newspaper in its hand, comes up and bows low, takes a respectful chair at the old diplomate's invitation. Felicia is sitting in a little arbor close by, leaning back half asleep, and swinging her little feet. She has taken off her felt hat, pushed back the two plaits that usually make a sort of coronet about her pretty head. The diamond ornament at her throat glistens like the radiating lights of the fountain; the folds of her China silk dress shine with tints that come and go. She is in a peaceful, expectant state of mind, drowsy, prepared for happiness to come to her; it is much too sultry weather to go in search of it. "How can Georgina go on practicing as she does through the heat of the day?" Meanwhile Miss Harrow, the musician, leaves off for an instant, looks up at the approach of Colonel Baxter, or answers when he asks her whether she has seen Miss Marlow, "Yes, Colonel

Baxter, you will find her by the fountain;" and then she begins again with fresh spirit, and some vague and re-animating sense of an audience. The dry knobbly fingers rattle on, her bony head nods in time, her skinny kid feet beat upon the pedal with careful attention. It would be difficult to say of what use Georgina's monotonous music is to herself, or to art, or to the world in general; but she does her best, while Felicia by the fountain shrugs her pretty shoulders. Miss Marlow is still sleepily watching the old diplomate and his coffee-pot under the tree, and then her soft, heavy eyes travel on to the end of the terrace, where she can see the line of the mountains. Every thing to-day is sleepy, and heaped with shadows and tranquil languor. The blue is kindling beyond the line of crests, the lovely azure flows from peak to peak, from pass and glacier to rocky summit; the sky seems to catch fire as Felicia looks, and a white *something* leaps to meet it. The bushes about are all in flower, a whole parterre of olive-green and yellow constellations scenting the air. How hot, how still it is! how straight the paths look, just crossed here and there by some faint shadow! One's life seems passed, she thinks, in straggling from shadow into sunshine, and from shadow into sunshine again. Outside the low wall the people go passing—the prim young German ladies with their tight waists, slightly lame from their clumsy high heels; the little fat Englishman, conscious of his puggaree; the Swiss family, in drab, with hand-bags to match, each shaded by a dome of calico. Then Felicia vacantly stares at the shining ball upon its stick, that grows in front of the hotel, and which reflects the sun and the human beings coming and going upon the face of the earth, all gradually curved; and while she is still looking, the figures issue from the ball, they turn into well-known faces and forms; one sits down beside her on the bench, another holds out with both hands a china plate, which breaks into a star. Felicia's little head falls gently back upon a branch of myrtle. She is asleep, and peacefully slumbering in the valley of ease, with a sweet childish face, breathing softly; and Aurelius, black and determined, who has come to reproach her, to insist upon an explanation, stands watching her slumbers for a moment. As he watches, his face softens and melts, and then he walks away very quietly. When Felicia awoke with a start, about an hour later, she found a soft knitted shawl thrown over her. Baxter did not appear again till dinner-time, and during dinner he said nothing particular, looked nothing remarkable. He sat next Felicia, attended to her wants, and talked very pleasantly in the intervals.

The Bracys were bent upon enjoying the various pleasures of the place; and Mr. Bracy, having learned from the head waiter next day that a band played in the gardens of the establishment from four to five, urged his ladies to attend the entertainment. They consented somewhat lazily, for, as I have said, the weather was hot, and exertion seemed unwelcome, but once there, it was pleasant enough. A little breeze came rustling over their heads; the company sat chattering, turning over newspapers, eating ices; the tunes were dinning gayly; cigars were puffing; friends were greeting. Felicia was sitting between Mr. Bracy and Miss Harrow, under the shade of an awning; Mrs. Bracy was taking a turn on Jasper's indigo arm, and Mr. Bracy had suddenly started up to greet some of his numerous steamboat acquaintances, when somebody came striding over a low iron fence at the back of Felicia's chair, and sat down beside her in Mr. Bracy's vacant place. I need not say that this was Baxter, who had chosen his time, and began at once.

"We can have our talk now, Felicia. You gave me no chance last night. Miss Harrow, would you kindly leave us for a few minutes?" Georgina vanished in discreet alarm, notwithstanding Felicia's imploring glances, and then Baxter went on, very quietly, but with increasing emphasis: "You *must* face the truth, Felicia; you *must* give me my answer. Ask no one else; tell me what you wish from yourself. This much I have a right to ask. I can bear the uncertainty no longer, and I have kept out of your way all to-day on purpose; now you must let me speak plainly. All night long I lay awake wondering what you would decide. I know," he added, "that I am about as bad a match as you could make, but I don't think any one could ever love you better."

She heard his voice break a little as he spoke, and then he waited for the last time in renewed emotion for the answer that was to decide both their fates. He was really not asking too much. As he said, he had a right to an answer. Was it some evil demon that prompted Felicia? She meant to spare him, as she thought, to gain time for herself.

"Why are you always thinking of my money?" she said, reproachfully. "Mrs. Bracy tells me it can all be tied up if I marry; it need not concern you."

Her words somehow jarred upon Baxter; indeed, they jarred upon Felicia herself as she spoke them. He was overwrought, perhaps unreasonable, in his excitement.

"It is you and Mrs. Bracy, not I, who are always thinking about money," he cried. "If you can suspect me of such unworthy motives, you are not the woman I took you for. Felicia, trust me—make no conditions—"

She laid her hand upon his arm to quiet

him, but he went on all the more vehemently. "You let their flatteries poison your true self. I will agree to none of their bargains. If you love me, marry me with your heart and with all that you have. If you do not care for me, send me away, and I will certainly trouble you no longer. Oh, Felicia! you should not use me so."

He spoke in a voice which frightened her, with a sort of reproachful despotism that startled and terrified Miss Marlow far more than he had any idea of. When she answered, it was to a sudden scraping of fiddles, with which she unconsciously raised her tones.

"I can not see what you have to complain of," she said, trembling. "If you insist upon only marrying me with my money, I certainly can not agree to the bargain, as I told Mrs. Bracy. I do not grudge you the money. If you wanted some, I would give you some, but not myself with it. You—"

"Felicia!" He started up, and spoke in a cold, rasping voice. "You need not have insulted me. Good-by. You have given me my answer. You are ruined by your miserable fortune. My truths don't suit you; their lies please you better. Good-by; be happy your own way, with the companions you prefer."

"Colonel Baxter!" cried Felicia, starting up too, as he turned. "Don't go; you know you promised to come with us to-morrow."

Aurelius looked her hard in the face with his dark, reproachful eyes. "I could only have come in one way," he said; "that is over forever."

"For—forever," Felicia faltered, dropping back into her chair again, for he was gone. The musicians had ended; the whole place seemed suddenly empty and astir; a crowd seemed to surround her; she thought once that Baxter had returned, but it was only Jasper standing beside her. "I came back to look for you," said he. "Aunt Flora is gone to the hotel. What is this?" and he suddenly stooped and picked up a dirty little bit of yellow rag that was hanging to one of the railings. "See what quality! What exquisite modulations of tone!" cries Jasper, holding his prize up in the air.

"Yes," said Felicia, mechanically, she knew not to what, nor did she look at the precious rag. At the first opportunity she escaped from him, and ran up stairs and along the passage that led to her own room. Once there, she locked the door, still in a sort of maze. She sat stupidly upon the red velvet sofa, staring through the window at the great white Jungfrau, which seemed to stare back at her. What had she done? Had she been wise; had she been acting with sense and judgment and sincerity? There are passes in life where it is scarcely possible to realize very clearly the names of the various impulses by which we are driven. Every moment brings a fresh impression, a fresh aspect of things. Each impression is true, but partial; each aspect is sincere, but incomplete. Perhaps at such times the only clew is the dim sense of a whole to be completed; the craving for more time, for distance that defines and cancels the less important facts, and reveals the truth. Felicia had followed her impulse and let Aurelius go, though in her heart she would fain have called him back to her again. Baxter had set the estimation of others beyond his own conviction. Instead of thinking only of Felicia, he had thought of his short-comings; and she, instead of thinking of Baxter, had talked about him to Flora Bracy. It had all been so short that she could scarcely realize it. If her happiness had been vague, her unhappiness was still more intangible. What had these two days brought about? A possibility. Aurelius had reproached her; she had answered angrily; but it was all over. "Forever," he had said. She sat there till the loud dinner-bell began to din through the house, and raps at the door reminded her that Pringle was outside, the others were waiting. Could she bear to tell them? Some feeling in her heart shrank from their comments. She felt that it would be best to try and behave as if nothing had happened. She bathed her aching head, let Pringle smooth her hair, and then hurried down stairs.

CHAPTER IX.

TABLE D'HÔTE.

All the doors were opening, and the tenants coming out of their rooms with various appetites and attempts at adornment. Mrs. Bracy was arrayed in her most gorgeous hues, with an Indian scarf wound about her ample shoulders. But even Mrs. Bracy's colors faded before some of the amazing rainbows that appeared balanced on their high heels—puffed, frizzed, stuffed out with horsehair, tied in by strings, and dabbed with red and yellow—as, male and female, they descended the great staircase and took their places at the long table. Felicia's place was, as usual, by Jasper and Mrs. Bracy. Miss Harrow sat opposite with Mr. Bracy. The day before, Baxter had been at Felicia's right hand, and all dinner-time they had chatted comfortably together. To-day she looked round at his empty place; it was filled by a well-worn foreign edition of Miss Harrow—a little haggard woman, with an anxious glance and appetite, who seemed to eat not because she was hungry, but because she had paid for her dinner, and was determined to have her money's worth. She

looked at Miss Marlow once or twice. "They will give you ice if you demand them," she said, in tolerable English, to Felicia, "and you have a right to a wing of the chick. Some people have left since yesterday; you have been moved up by Mr. Franz. You are not such a large party as you were. I am all alone; yes, I am always travelling alone. Where is that gentleman who was travelling with you yesterday?"

Felicia felt her cheeks blush up suddenly, and then she blushed again with vexation.

"Interlachen is a dull place for gentlemen who can valk. Ah! here comes the salad," said the little woman, who saw it all, but pretended to be looking at her plate. "Do not pass it over. Mr. Franz makes such good salad. I tell the lady what good salad you make," said she to the head waiter; and then the little ghost-like woman began to devour the green lettuce in a curious hurried way, as if she feared that her food might be taken away from her. "It is sad to be all alone in places like these," she went on, with a quick look at Felicia. "I make friends, but people go away, and it is all to begin again;" and she flirted out a great green fan, and began to whisk it backward and forward.

The great hall grew hotter and hotter; the voices seemed to rise, the clatter to increase; the waiters were flying about; a moraine of smoking dishes, of plates, and scraps of comestibles seemed hurled by some invisible means across the great counter at the far end of the room. Felicia's spirits sank lower and lower. All alone! Something in the woman's voice seemed to rouse a dismal echo in her own mind. The sight of that thin nervous hand, flickering, darting at the salt, flying at the dishes, in the place of Aurelius's tranquil neighborhood, seemed to play upon every nerve. Where was he? what was he thinking? Would that poor woman never keep quiet? She had a longing to seize the skinny hand and tie it down. If Felicia disliked her unknown companion's eager movements, the firm grasp of Mrs. Bracy's fat familiar fingers was almost as trying.

"Do not talk so much to that horrid woman, my dear," said the poetess. "She wants to join on to our party. I will not have her impose upon you."

"Hush! she will hear you," says Felicia; for she saw the little bat-like lady's eyes fixed upon Mrs. Bracy's lips.

"My dear child, these people have no conscience," said Flora, crossly. "Edgar" (bending forward), "what do you say?"

"We shall have fine weather for our expedition to-morrow," shouts Mr. Bracy across the table. "This gentleman," pointing to a very red face and a flannel shirt, "has come just from Murren, by the *Scheideck*. He tells me the mountains are looking remarkably fine just now. Who knows what inspirations—eh, Flora my love?" And Mr. Bracy suddenly began confidentially, in an under-tone, to his new-found friend, and Felicia could tell from the expression of the little man's eyebrows that he was speaking of the Poems. Then her thoughts travelled away from the clatter of the present to the mountains of to-morrow. She impatiently longed to get to them, to breathe their silent pure air, to escape this stifling valley, which had suddenly lost all interest for her, all vitality. Her heart sank, and sank, into some depth where pain began and no happiness could reach. What was Jasper saying?—did she feel faint? would she come out? A sort of mist fell between her and her neighbors.

"Take my fan," says the strange lady.

Mrs. Bracy looked at her young companion, and thought of proposing to leave the table with her; but the ices were coming round at that moment: they looked so refreshing in their pink pyramids that, on second thoughts, she helped herself largely. "This will do you good, dear Felicia," she said; but Felicia jumped up quickly, and escaped through a door which happened to be behind her chair. They found her sitting quietly on the balcony outside their sitting-room, when they rejoined her. She looked very pale; she was watching the floating snow-range in its evening dream of light and silver and faint azalea tints. Others had come out to see the wonders of that sunset.

The tongues of fire fell that night upon the company assembled in the garden of the Hôtel des Alpes at Interlachen—Parthians with many glances and chignons, clergymen and Jews and infidels taking their hard-earned holidays together, the light fell upon them all, and they all spoke in wondrous words of praise.

The very children seemed impressed. The fire leaped from snow to snow, dazzling in tender might. The mountain seemed to put out great wings, to tremble with a mysterious life and wonder; the snow-fields hung mid-air; the radiance of their summits seemed to spread into space. People came out from the long tables where they had been dining, streaming out into the garden where the miracle was to be seen. Voices changed, people changed; for a few moments one impulse seemed to touch all these human beings, calling them to something most mysterious and beyond them, utterly beyond expression or remembrance. Such a mood coming from without, imposed by inanimate things upon the living, seems to be some ancient history of revelation realized once again. Their faces shone as they turned toward the mountain, burning with its light.

Upon a balcony of the hotel our poetess

had appeared, shrouded in a long gauze veil. She stood, tablets in hand, and pausing for inspiration. Mrs. Bracy hated people to talk when she was taking notes. She desired some one who exclaimed in the room within to be silent now, and presently her own voice was the only one to be heard, upraised in shrill approbation of the solemn beauty of the evening.

One or two people had left the garden and the crowd, and crossed the road, and sat quietly upon the low parapet opposite, watching. The Swiss women, who seem hired at so much a day to walk slowly up and down the avenue, in starched sleeves, with go-carts, ceased to drag for a moment, and stopped to look. So did the sentimental German ladies with their hand-bags, and the eager English tourists, and the Swiss students in spectacles, their arms full of books, and the Russian and American travellers in their well-fitting clothes.

The glory passed on by degrees; an awful shadow rose from the valley, and mounted upward, rapid, remorseless. The beautiful flames of a moment sank away; the pinnacles still dominated, with their fiery points yet burning; an instant more, and all was over in that wonder-world, and the oil lamps resumed the reign upon earth.

The old diplomate on his terrace went back to his evening paper; two young girls at a window clasped each other's hands in youthful enthusiasm and regret; the lady in the balcony continued her remarks:

"Did you not observe the marvellous effect of that last, last tint, succumbing, as it were, to the great—"

"It is a passion of atmospheric word-painting," interrupted Jasper, who had been hastily making a sketch.

There was a sudden burst of voices from the garden below. "Sugar, absolutely like sugar!" cried a young Russian lady to her partner of the night before.

"Sugar!" cried Mrs. Bracy; "do they liken that noble mass to sugar—that livid, living, loving—"

"My dear Flora, do see after Miss Marlow!" said little Mr. Bracy, anxiously.

"It is nothing, nothing," said Felicia, trying in vain to hush her sobs. Suddenly the poor little thing had burst into tears, and all the gold stoppers out of her travelling-bag were produced in vain to soothe her troubles. Some remembrance of the night before had come over her, some sudden realization of her lonely state; and yet Baxter was only ten miles off, toiling up the mountain road to Grindelwald, as it lies on the mountain-side at the foot of the Eiger, and of the great Wetterhorn, with its crown of floating mist.

Mrs. Bracy may have had her suspicions, but she bided her time, and kept her words to herself. Felicia was petted, sent to bed, to all sorts of vague, agitated dreams of parting and desolate places, to dreary startings and remorseful awakenings as the night sped on with stars without, to the murmurs and muffled cries from the valley.

And then, after the long night, came morning, as it comes, with a sort of surprise; day breaking once more after the darkness of many hours; the sweet irresistible light reaching every where, into every corner—spreading across the valleys as they lie dimly in their dreams. It starts along the mountain-side; the shadows melt, disperse. Crisp ridges come into streaming relief; then the snow-fields are gained, and, lo! mysterious, simultaneous, behold the lights break forth on every side, and the dazzling white Jungfrau floats dominant, supreme, once more.

CHAPTER X.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

THEY set off for Grindelwald next day in two quick-trotting carriages. The horses were hung with cheerful little bells, and seemed well able to face the steep pass. "How delicious!" cried Felicia, as the wheels of her einspanner rolled across the resounding boards of a wooden bridge. The young lady leaned forward eagerly, and the cool breeze from the torrent came blowing into her blushing face. She looked down with bright-eyed wonder at the foaming water rushing underneath.

"Look, mem," said Pringle; "what a picture!" And so it was, for the snow-capped mountain heads uprose at the turning of the winding road; the gray river was eddying on its way, and the charcoal-burners had lit a fire that flamed down among the bowlders by the running stream. It was almost evening when they reached their journey's end, coming up through the village street, with its busy little shops lighting up, and the friendly clusters of peasant folk gossiping after their day's work. The great mountains actually overhung the little village; huge rocks were rearing their mighty sides, all lined and seamed with intricate net-work of delicate shadow; the pale white crests clustered beyond the rocks. Felicia was almost overpowered by the pomp and stately splendor of this mighty court, to which she was not yet accustomed. She could hardly tear herself away from the terrace in front of the windows.

"Dinner, ladies, dinner!" cried Mr. Bracy, calling from the dining-room. As they came in he made them take their places, talking as usual while he attended to every body's requirements. Jasper had just seen their friend Colonel Baxter's name in the book. "He slept here last night, and has gone on

to the upper glacier," says Mr. Bracy, sharpening his knife.

Jasper had also seen the Colonel's departure, not without satisfaction. He had been cross-questioning Georgina in the einspanner coming up.

"There was something," Georgina owned, confidentially. "They had a long, long conversation. I think she is angry."

"She wants a protector," said Jasper, thoughtfully, twirling the silver ring upon his first finger.

I think the same evil imp which so maliciously prompted Felicia, now involved the unfortunate painter in his toils, and began to whisper to him that, Aurelius being gone, Jasper's own hour had come. It was for him to make Felicia forget the faithless Colonel. No one knew for certain what had happened; that Felicia was changed and pre-occupied was evident to them all. Jasper ate his dinner as usual, but ostentatiously drank a great deal of wine. He began to turn sentimental; from sentimental art to artistic sentiment the step is but short. The next day was Sunday. The English service was duly held in the dining-room of the hotel; the dining-room tables were rolled out of the way, the plates were put inside the wooden dresser, the chairs were set out in three rows, the blinds were drawn half-way down, and a few straggling travellers who came into the room retired again, some discreetly, some blundering, on finding the usual traffic suspended by the congregation. The bell of the village church had been going for an hour before, and Felicia had looked rather wistfully at the figures passing quietly up the street to the Lutheran service.

When the dining-room assemblage was over, she hurried out of the house into the open air, oppressed by the incongruity of the form in which a feeling had been expressed that seemed to her almost incompatible with the associations of the place and its appurtenances. As she left she heard the clink of glasses, saw the waiters busily engaged in spreading the dinner tables once more, and then she had escaped and was walking up the village street toward the little church-yard, across which came the strain of a hymn sung by many voices. Felicia went to the door, and looked in at the quiet old building, where a great number of the villagers were assembled, each in his place. The brown-coated men were on one side, and the women filled up the other, the old ones in their coifs, the young ones with their pretty brown braids tied with velvet. The preacher was ascending his pulpit. It was very quiet and decorous. The very bareness of the church seemed to be more impressive than any tawdry ornament. Felicia waited, but she could scarcely follow the German of the pastor, and so she walked on a little way, turning one thing and another over in her mind. She came at last to a narrow bridge across a stream, and as she stood looking thoughtfully down at the rushing water, she heard a step, and looking round, saw Jasper in his riding suit. He came solemnly up, and then, to Felicia's dismay, he began a long and desultory speech, in which figured gem-like flames of twin lives, rosy raptures of love-greeting, and double stars encircling their own progression. Miss Marlow might not have understood this as a serious proposal had not the unlucky youth seized her by the hand and attempted to thrust the large silver ring which he always wore on to her finger. Felicia fairly lost her temper, and snatched her hand away. What! she had parted from the only man she had ever cared for, in order to be insulted by this absurd and ridiculous supposition! It seemed like a judgment upon her, a mockery of fate. "The companions you have chosen!" she seemed to hear Aurelius's voice saying. What would he say if he were there now?

"How dare you ask me to marry you," she cried, "when you know you do not care for me one bit? Do you know I might have married some one who has loved me for years, if I had not been ill advised, if I had not been a fool and thrown away my best chance? And do you suppose I should think of marrying you," cried Felicia, "who do not care for me, and for whom I do not care?" And she turned and began hurrying back, through a shower of rain, toward the hotel. Jasper seemed possessed, and went on protesting in the language of a troubadour rather than of a reasonable being. By this time they had reached the church again. "Do leave me!" cried Felicia, stopping short. "Don't you see I want you to go?" and as she spoke she stamped her foot in a fit of most unladylike passion; then as suddenly burst into tears. The good old preacher's voice was droning on peaceably meanwhile inside the church, and Felicia's explanations might have been continued even more fully if the sermon had not suddenly come to an end, and the congregation issued forth, opening its umbrellas, walking off with short sturdy legs, tucking up its ample petticoats and trousers. The men, in their brown suits and clumsy boots, looked like good-natured bears trotting down the wet road; the women, with their pretty shining plaits, kind faces, and quaint lace snoods, were like figures out of some long-forgotten dream. They passed on, the younger ones in their white sleeves and black velvet bodices, the elder women wrapping their cloaks around them. Most of them were going straight from the service to their Sunday gathering at the tavern by the bridge. Disconcerted Jasper marched off with the crowd, leaving Felicia to get home as best she could. She

found him, however, waiting for her at the entrance of the hotel.

"I'm afraid I carried off the umbrella," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "I've waited to tell you that—er" (here he looked very red and foolish) "you quite misunderstood me, Miss Marlow. You didn't do me justice—indeed you didn't. This shall make no difference on my part, and I hope you will keep a fellow's confidence sacred."

"I have certainly no wish to repeat what has happened," said Felicia, still unrelenting.

"I shall start early to-morrow," said Jasper, irritated. "After a day alone in the mountains, I shall know how to master my feelings. Perhaps if I meet Colonel Baxter," he added, "you would like me to send him down."

This was said with a mixture of feminine spite and masculine jealousy. He felt he had revenged himself on Miss Marlow. Felicia did not answer; she looked Jasper indignantly in the face, and swept past him haughtily to her own room. Poor Felicia! she began to find her circumstances somewhat trying. Mrs. Bracy was especially snappish that evening; Georgina looked tearful and reproachful. Miss Marlow wondered whether Jasper had kept his own sacred confidence. It was quite a relief when kind little Mr. Bracy bustled in with a guide and a programme for the following day.

"What do you say to seeing something of the ongvirongs? We might all start off to meet our artist to-morrow on his return. We can lunch at the chalet at the entrance to the upper glacier—excellent cookery, I am told; fine view of the mountains. Suit you—eh, Flora my love?"

Flora answered severely that she certainly should not go; she needed repose. Then she added, with intention, "Probably Felicia would also wish to remain behind?"

Nothing was farther from Felicia's wish. She merely said she would like to see the upper glacier. Three mules were accordingly ordered, with three brown guides to match.

They were somewhat late in their start next morning. At last they got off, the ladies in their improvised skirts, Mr. Bracy trotting faithfully by their side in knickerbockers, and with an ice axe which he had borrowed, but which he found some difficulty in managing. After passing the church and the village, and crossing the stream, of provoking associations, the way led up a narrow ledge cut along the side of the rock. The path rose abruptly, and the great plain seemed to sink away at their feet. The mules stumbled on steadily; and, after some half hour's arid climb, the path, with a sudden turn, led into a burst of gentle green and shade and sweetness. Mosses overflowed the huge granite stones; streams rippled; the flowers which were over down below still starred white among the rocks; ferns started from the cracks in the huge fallen masses; the path wound and straggled on across meadows into woods of fragrant pine, flowing green and flowering light, until at last the travellers reached a wide green alp, covered with herds of browsing cattle, open to the clouds, and clothed with exquisite verdure and silence.

There is a little erection built at the summit of the great alp for travellers to rest, and to eat wild strawberries if they will, while they admire the noble prospect. Felicia dismounted here, and went on a little way ahead into a wood of mountain ash and birch and chestnut. It seemed enchanted to her; so were the tree stems, and so was the emerald turf, still sparkling with the heavy morning dew. Every leaf seemed quivering with life. On every side the sweet abundance lay—tender little stems bearing their burden of seed or flower, leaves veined and gilt and bronzed. The eyebright, with its gentle velvet marks, sparkled among the roots of the trees; money-wort flung its golden flowers; grass of Parnassus lit its silver stars. Every thing was delicate and tender in fragrant beauty. A little higher up Felicia could see the crimson berries growing among gray stones, hairy mosses, and pine roots. The leaves were like crimson, the fruit glowing like rubies. A little peasant girl was climbing down the bank with a bunch of late wood strawberries. The child's little fingers seemed the only ones that should pluck such fairy-work. Felicia took the bunch of crimson fruit, and gave the little girl, not money, but a little chain of beads she happened to wear on her wrist. The child clapped her hands, and ran away as hard as her sturdy legs could carry her. Then came the mules and the guides climbing up the road, and the cavalcade set forth once more.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE CHALET.

HIGH up at the end of a long winding mountain pass stands a little chalet, where cutlets are grilling, guides sit sipping their wine and cracking their jokes in the kitchen. The parlor, with its wooden walls, wooden tables and benches, is filled by caravans of travellers; some are on their way to the glacier, others are returning home; every body is more or less excited, exhausted, hungry, discursive. The wooden hut echoes with voices, with the clatter of steel upon earthenware. Sometimes, as the kitchen door swings upon its hinges, the guides begin a sort of yodeling chorus; sometimes an impatient horse strikes up a snorting and pawing on the platform outside. From the terrace itself you may look across a great

icy abyss to the mountains rising silent and supreme. But the chalet is a little commonplace noisy human oasis, hanging among the great natural solemnities all about—mighty rocks striking their shadows age after age, deserted seas that seem to have been frozen as they tossed their unquiet waves in vast curves against the summer sky: a wide valley blinked at by our wondering eyes as we try to name this or that glittering point. Some one fires off an old blunderbuss, and the echo bangs down among the rocky clefts, striking and reverberating; and then, perhaps, the host comes out courteously to announce that our portion of bread and cheese is served, and hungry travellers forget echoes, fatigue, and wonder in the absorbing process of luncheon. The German party were enjoying potato soup, and shouting over their dish as the ladies entered.

"Here is our table," says Mr. Bracy. "Kalbflesh, hey! I hope you ladies are not tired of veal cutlets." Then, lowering his voice: "Our friend from Berne. I knew him at once—very much altered, poor man; sadly burned by the sun. Has been through a great deal of fatigue since we last saw him."

Felicia looked, and could scarcely recognize their fellow-traveller, so scorched and seamed, so ripped and hacked, was he. His lips were swelled, his eyes were crimson, his wild tumbled hair hung limp about his face, his neat tight-fitting clothes were torn and soiled, burst out at knees and elbows; his enamelled shirt collar alone remained intact, except that a glittering crack in one place showed the steel. A more forlorn object it would be difficult to imagine. He himself, however, seemed well satisfied with his appearance, and adventures even more colossal than he had hoped for. He had lost his way up among the rocks the evening before, having scrambled up to see the sunset. Then came the darkness. He had been able to descend only by the most desperate heroism.

"He was a madman to put himself into such a situation," said the host, confidentially, to Miss Marlow, as he dusted her plate and wiped a glass which he set before her. "I discovered him by chance. Half an hour later it would have been too late; we could have done nothing. I sent our man off to help him across the glacier. The Herr saw him coming, and called out, 'Have you food?' Peter, our man, said, 'Yes; I have veal you can eat, and gain strength to return.' He came back quite exhausted, and has been drinking all day to refresh himself. Travellers should not go into such places without guides; they get themselves into trouble, and we are blamed. Only this morning two gentlemen set out alone. One had spent the night here—an English Colonel; the other arrived from Grindelwald. I said to him, 'Take Peter to show you the way to the upper glacier.' Not he. But it is not safe."

"Which way did they go?" said Felicia, putting down her knife and fork, and looking up into the host's weather-beaten face.

"How can I tell?" said he; "or where they may be now?"

"It couldn't be Jasper," said Mr. Bracy, rather anxiously; "he wouldn't have done any thing rash. Just ask the man what sort of traveller it was, my dear."

"One was black and somewhat silent," said the host—"military, bear-like."

"That couldn't have been Jasper," said Mr. Bracy, relieved.

"And the other?" said Miss Harrow.

"The second," said the man, doubtfully. "He was strangely dressed. He wore a feather, and seemed somewhat out of the common—an actor, perhaps; large ears, like Peter's yonder."

Felicia hoped that Mr. Bracy did not understand, and hastily asked whether they had not written their names in the travellers' book; and sure enough, there upon the long page were the two signatures, Jasper's curling J's and Baxter's close writing. "Jasper is sure to be back," said Mr. Bracy, slightly disquieted still; "he is very careful about keeping people waiting; his aunt has taught him punctuality. He has gone sketching somewhere, or forgotten the time. Of course I don't know any thing about the Colonel. Very odd of him, wasn't it, to leave us as he did without a word?"

"Very odd," said Felicia, faltering a little. They sat over luncheon as long as they could, and then ordered up coffee to pass the time; and then Felicia left the other two, and went in front, and stood gazing at the great hopeless wall of mountains.

"You don't mind waiting a little for him?" said little Mr. Bracy, fussing up presently. "It is getting rather late, but I'm afraid my wife might be anxious if we went back without the boy. There's a nice bench this way, and an excellent telescope, one of Casella's, if you wish to look through—excellent maker, you know." Felicia eagerly accepted Mr. Bracy's suggestion. Was it some faint hope that Baxter might return, was it anxiety for Jasper, that made her so reluctant to leave the place? Not long after, Mr. Bracy disappeared, again to re-appear in excellent spirits. A party had just arrived—two American gentlemen and their guide. They brought news of Jasper. Not very far off they had passed an artist sketching the crevasses under an umbrella.

"It must have been Jasper," says Mr. Bracy. "Poor dear fellow, how hard he works! I must say I wish he would come down. I have a great mind to go a little way to look for him, if you two girls don't mind being left." Felicia assured Mr. Bracy

that she had no objection whatever to being left, and, in truth, drew a great breath of relief when she found herself at last alone. But it was only for a minute; then the host came up and asked her to look through his glass, and Felicia, not liking to refuse, did as he directed, and peeped through the long brass tube. At first every thing looked blurred and indistinct; but a little shifting and turning dispelled the clouds by degrees; then clearer and well-defined images grew out of the confused floating visions that bewildered her at first. Then, little by little, she became absorbed in this new wonder-world into which she had come as by a miracle. She forgot the little stage on which she stood; she heeded not the confusion of sounds round about her as she gazed, every moment more and more absorbed, into the spirit of that awful silence and snowy vastness which seemed to spread before her. She seemed carried away on unknown wings into vast regions undreamed of hitherto—snowy cavities, interminable gorges haunted by terrible shrouded figures trailing their stiff grave-clothes, and bending in an awful procession. Then came great fields of glittering virgin snow blazing in the sun; then perhaps a narrow track stitched by human footsteps, curiously discernible. Felicia could follow the line for a while, then she lost it, and again it would re-appear, ever ascending, to the foot of a great gully, where all traces seemed lost.

"How absorbed you are!" said Georgina's voice at her ear. "Can you make any thing out? May I have a look?" Felicia did not answer. She was trembling convulsively; then suddenly seized the other woman's wrist in a tight clutch. "I see something. Oh, Georgina, for Heaven's sake, look and tell me what you see!" But Georgina, looking, shifted the great glass, and could not adjust it again. Felicia, wildly ringing her hands, began to call for a guide, for any one who knew. "I saw a man hanging to a rock, a tremendous rock," she said. The guides and the host all came up in some excitement, and eye after eye was applied. "You see the track; follow the track lower down, lower down," cried Miss Marlow. "Do you see nothing?" and then, when none could find the place, she pushed the last-comer away, and with trembling hands followed again the tiny thread she had discovered, recalling each jutting peak and form, and there was the great rock shining in the sun, but the man was there no longer. "I saw him, I tell you," she cried. "He is killed; he has fallen. Oh, Georgina, it may have been Colonel Baxter!" and she stamped in an agony of terror. Georgina, with pale lips, faltered something. The guides tried to reassure the ladies. It may have been fancy; people often were mistaken. "I tell you I saw him slip," cried Felicia; and old Johann, an experienced guide, looked, paused, and looked again. "It is a nasty place," said he, looking puzzled. "It was close by there that we met the Englishman with his paint-box. That is our track the lady has been following, but there is another beside it. I can not venture to say she is mistaken." Felicia's convictions seemed to have spread to the guides. They examined the track again and again, began talking the matter over. Two of them presently came forward and proposed that they should go off then and there and see if there was any thing to be done. "It is like last night's experience over again," said the host. "The sun will be setting in a couple of hours; you must take lanterns if you go, for you won't be back by daylight; and what can you do if so be the man has fallen? What did I say about people's foolhardiness?" he continued, turning to Georgina. "Your papa has taken Peter, our man, with him; that is something reasonable. If this is one of the English travellers I told you off who went off alone, it will show you that I do not speak without thinking."

Poor Mr. Bracy came back with Peter in another hour, to share the general consternation. His first words were to inquire whether Jasper had returned, and then he was told of what had occurred. He kept up with great courage before the girls, declaring all would be well, but his looks belied his words. His face was pale and drawn, the poor little man stood with one helpless eye applied to the telescope long after the darkness had fallen, and it was impossible to distinguish any object at three yards' distance.

Felicia's secret fears were for Baxter, though the others maintained that it must have been Jasper she had seen. As the hours went on, and the painter did not return, it seemed more and more likely that they were right. Baxter was safe enough, if she had but known it. He had not even been alone. He had been all day with the guide whom he had appointed to meet him. It was poor Jasper whose peril had been revealed in that horrible minute.

Baxter was quietly returning with his friend Melchior, the guide, from a long day's walk in the snow, when he happened to see Jasper sitting at his easel perched on a rock, and sketching the surrounding abyss.

"There is a man I wish to avoid," said the Colonel to his guide; and the man laughed, and proposed that they should make a short circuit and come back to the track just below the place where the painter was at work.

Jasper had not returned to luncheon, on purpose; he wished to cause some slight anxiety. Now that the light was beginning to fail, he began to feel the want of his dinner; but a fancy seized him to climb a huge

rock that rose abruptly behind him, and to get one last view of the surrounding country before going down. He had left his easel but a few yards behind him; he climbed a steep crag with great agility; with some exertion he got round a sharp projecting block which led, as he thought, to a small rocky platform, and then suddenly his foot slipped. He had fallen a little way, righted himself with difficulty, and slipped again. Jasper was frightened and completely sobered, perhaps for the first time in his life.

There was no one looking on. There were a few rocks and pine-trees down below; overhead the great crags were fading from moment to moment into more terrible impassivity. He could scarcely imagine how he had ever reached his present perilous position. Was it he himself, Jasper Bracy, who was here alone and clinging desperately for life to the face of this granite bowlder? What would they all say at home if they knew of his position? He could not face the thought, for he had a heart, for all his vagaries. He seemed to realize it all so suddenly—his aunt's exclamations, his uncle's wistful face, came before him. "Perhaps, of them all, he will be the most cut up," thought Jasper; "and poor Georgina, she will not forget me."

All this did not take long to pass through his mind as he clung desperately to the ledge on to which he had slipped; even to an experienced mountaineer it would have been an ugly pass. The rocks were hard as iron, worn smooth by a glacier; there seemed to be no foot-hold; the evening was fast approaching; there was no chance of any one descrying him from the distant chalet.

Jasper tried to say his prayers, poor boy; but he could not think of any thing but the burning pain in his hands and back, the choking breath which seemed so terrible: his head swam, he knew that the end was come, he could hold on no longer. Perhaps five minutes had passed since he fell, but what a five minutes! blotting out the whole of the many, many days and years of his life. He looked his last at the rock shining relentless; he closed his eyes. I think it was at this moment that Felicia was screaming for assistance. If only she had kept her place a moment longer, she would have seen help at hand.

Something struck his face. A voice, not far off, said, very quietly, "Be careful. Can you get at the rope? We will pull you up. One! two! three!" Hope gave him renewed strength, and with a clutch he raised his left hand and caught the saving rope. For three seconds he was drawn upward, scraping the rock as he went: happily its hard smoothness now was in his favor. Bleeding, fainting, he found himself drawn up to a ledge overhead. His senses failed.

When he came to himself, Baxter was pouring brandy down his throat, and the guide was loosening his clothes. They had seen him in the distance. The guide had suddenly stopped short, and exclaimed,

"Good heavens! that man must be mad. Where is he going to?" and pointed out Jasper's peril to the Colonel.

"We must go back," said the Colonel, hastily.

"I think I owe you my life," said Jasper, hoarsely, but quite naturally, looking up with blood-shot eyes at Aurelius.

"Nonsense!" said the Colonel, kindly; "it was Melchior here who spied you on your perch."

CHAPTER XII.

DA CAPO.

WHILE the travellers delay, the rocks are lighting up to bronze, to gold, to purple. The Wetterhorn rises, marked and crimson-limned; the Mittelburg rocks are turning to splendid hue, the Vieschorns answer like flaming beacons, and the great Eiger is on fire. But the hills to the east are shadowy mist upon palest ether, and a faint cloud, like a sigh, drifts along their ridge. So night comes on with solemn steps. Now the Wetterhorn is dying, the Vieschorn pales to chillest white, though its summits are still flashing, rose-color, flame-like, delicate. The people look up on their way; figures in the valley stand gazing at the wondrous peace overhead; they gaze and drink their fill of the evening, and then the lingering benediction is gone with a breath. The rocks are cold and dead, the ether is changed from incandescence to veiled dimness. Nothing seems left but the sound of the stream, which before was hardly heard, but which now takes up the tale, rushing through the ravine fresh and incessant. A star appears, the washer-woman's window lights up in the valley.

"Will you tea in the balcon?" the waiter asks, coming up with a lamp, which he sets on the little table by Flora's elbow.

"Nong," says the lady; "dedong;" and she looks at her watch and wonders why they are all so late. Then again she reflects with some satisfaction that Mr. Bracy and the two girls are not likely to get into much mischief alone, and *that* Colonel is safe out of the way. Mrs. Bracy begins to grow hungry and impatient for her family's return. They are quite absorbed in their own arrangements; they forget every thing else. As usual, the spirit suffered from the matter's delay, and the temper also being frail and troublesome, seemed to trouble our poetess. When Pringle, Felicia's maid, came into the salle to ask, a little anxiously, at what hour Mrs. Bracy was expect-

ing them home, Flora snubbed Pringle as that personage was not accustomed to be snubbed, and sent her off in high dudgeon. A minute after, the woman returned, quite changed, with a curious scared face.

"Oh, mem!" she said, "come out here; there's a boy from the shalley. He says—he says—I can't understand. The cook is talking to him. Oh, mem!"

Flora jumped up, with more activity than she usually showed, and hurried out into the passage, where, surely enough, a crowd stood round a boy dressed in common peasant's clothes, who was emphatically describing something — a fall — a scream. Poor Mrs. Bracy turned very cold, and forgot to analyze her emotions as she pushed her way through the guides and waiters.

"What? what?" she said. "Speak English, can't you? What does he say?"

"Your gentlemen 'ave met with accident," said one of the waiters. "De young lady she see him—call for guide to 'elp; dis young man come down to tell you."

Then the young man said something in an under-tone.

Poor Mrs. Bracy, almost beside herself now, asked, with a sort of scream, "Who was hurt? Was it her husband? was it Jasper?"

The boy didn't know, the waiter explained. "He could tell nothing, only that it was a gentleman who had fallen, a long way from the Kulm Hotel. Would madame please give a trinkgeld?—he had run all the way with the news."

For the next two hours the poor old poetess, brought back to every-day anxiety and natural feeling, suffered a purgatory sufficient to wipe out many and many an hour of selfish ease and hallucination. She ordered guides, brandy, *chaise à porteurs*, for herself and Pringle. No porters were to be had at that hour—not, at least, in sufficient numbers to carry so heavy a lady over the dark and uneven roads. Horses, then. Two tired steeds were at length led up to the door, upon one of which the old lady was hoisted, Pringle devotedly following. So they set forth heroically, with two guides apiece, with brandy, with lanterns, and blankets, which Mrs. Bracy insisted on taking.

I can not find it in my heart to describe that long, black, jolting, terrifying progress, the bumps and slips, the horrors, the brawling streams, the crumbling mountain ways along which they climbed.

"Fear nothing," said the guides; but, as they spoke, Pringle's horse came down on its knees, and Pringle gave a wild shriek. So they toiled on, over resounding bridges, up slippery paths, under dark thickets, coming out into a great open alp. Suddenly two huge black forms seemed to rise up and bear slowly down upon them.

The guides only laughed rudely. "Kühe, kühe," said they, and then by degrees horns loomed out, and a heavy snuffling breath came through the darkness. The poor women were somewhat re-assured. I do not know whether they ever would have reached the top of the long weary pass which mounted in a long rocky ladder before them. Mrs. Bracy's horse had in its turn come down, and been roused with many an oath, as it stood trembling beneath its quavering burden. One lantern had gone out and could not be lighted again. Pringle was crying—when suddenly there was a pause; one of the porters said, "Hist!" The second stopped swearing at the horse to listen.

"What is it?" says Mrs. Bracy.

"People coming this way," said the man.

"I hear 'em talking, mem," says Pringle, hysterically.

Every moment the sound came clearer and nearer. At a turn of the path a light appeared overhead, then another, and another; the tramp of feet, the sound of men talking, and then—could it be?—a laugh coming out of the darkness—a real, hearty laugh.

Poor old Flora threw up her arms as she recognized her husband's voice, and burst into hearty, unaffected tears of relief, excitement, and fatigue.

All must be well, or Mr. Bracy would not have burst out laughing in the dark, at such an hour, on such a road. A minute more, it was a scene of greeting, exclamations, embraces, a snorting of horses, a waving of lanterns. Mr. Bracy was ahead, trotting along, supported on either side by a porter. He was much overcome, and filled with admiration of his wife's devotion. There was something peculiar in his manner.

"Noble woman!" said he. "What exertion! You should have some Champagne, Flora my love," he said; "it will revive you. Quite revived by it myself. Have you brought any with you? Baxter, do you happen to have a bottle left?"

Baxter! Poor Mrs. Bracy turned in horror and bewilderment, and by the lantern's light descried only too plainly Baxter and Felicia coming down the path together triumphantly arm in arm.

Shall I attempt to describe the descriptions, or to explain the explanations? Some seemed to be of so extraordinary a character that poor Mrs. Bracy had to exercise all her self-command even to listen to them. But Jasper's safety had melted the poetic heart, and she was really grateful to the Colonel for the rescue. Of course, as Baxter said, any one would have done as much; but not the less there do happily exist certain unreasonable emotions of gratitude in human nature which influence it out of the balance of exact debtor and creditor account.

"Fact was, my dear," said Mr. Bracy, look-

ing around and dropping his voice, "the poor dear girl had been so anxious and worked up on Jasper's account that when they all came suddenly on to the platform, just as we had almost given them up, she and Georgina both shrieked, and Felicia, I believe, subsequently fainted into somebody's arms. The Colonel caught her; it was all a confusion; I was myself rather overcome. I was much concerned when Jasper told me afterward the guides had been talking about Felicia's emotion. If you had been there, it would have been most desirable. However, Felicia soon recovered; we gave her Champagne; and after our hasty meal that Champagne was really excellent under the circumstances. Curious thing, Flora my love—the corks come out at a touch up in those high places. It might interest you to see—"

"Do, Edgar, keep to the important subject in question," said Flora, piteously. She was too severely crushed to be severe.

"You mean about—h'm—h'm—" said Mr. Bracy, getting rather breathless. "Jasper himself first gave me a hint, and then—the fact is, Baxter himself came up in the most gentlemanly manner, and told us both that it was an old affair, that until now he had never had any certainty of his affection being returned."

"And you, Edgar, placed in this most responsible position, what did you say?" asked his wife.

"I said, 'I'll only ask you one question. Which of them is it? They both screamed.'"

Here Mr. Bracy stopped and looked very much confused, if his face could have been seen. But a detachment from the rear now came up to his rescue: Georgina walking—she was too nervous to ride—and Jasper comfortably jogging down upon her mule.

The lovers meanwhile had wandered off, preceded by their lantern, down some short by-road; they seemed to have wings, some power that made them forget fatigue, darkness, length of way—that bore them safe over stones and briers from step to step along the steep and slippery road. Little Felicia felt no weariness, no loneliness: she had reached home at last.

They came to the little wooden bridge some ten minutes before the rest of the party, and then they stopped for a moment, while Melchior walked on to announce the safe return of the whole party. It was a wonderful minute, silent and shadowy and fragrant, with stars streaming in the dark sky overhead. The water was rushing; as it flowed, it seemed to flash with the dazzling lights of heaven, and to carry the stars upon its stream. They were alone; they were no longer alone, and a blessing of silent and unspeakable gratitude was in their hearts.

And so, after all this long doubt, Aurelius and Felicia had come to the best certainty that exists in this perplexing world—the sacred conviction of love: love, that belongs to all estates and conditions of men, not only to the married, not only to the unmarried, but to all those who with grateful hearts love each other.

THE END.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE members of the Episcopal Church, both lay and clerical, have formed what is called a Church Congress, which meets at stated times apparently to discuss miscellaneous and timely topics which the Episcopal pulpit would hardly care to treat. During the recent session of the Congress in New York, among the subjects considered were the morals of newspapers; also dancing and the theatre. There was a great deal of good sense expressed upon the topics we have mentioned. This was not surprising, for, besides the clerical speakers upon the morals of the press, Mr. Erastus Brooks, one of the most experienced and intelligent of editors, gave his views, contending that indirectly the press was an effective moral power.

This is undoubtedly true; but there are some points that might well be emphasized in modification of a very strong assertion of the kind. For instance, a newspaper is a commercial enterprise, and is necessarily subject to the laws of trade. It is published primarily for the advantage of the proprietor, and only secondarily for that of the community. A man does not establish a newspaper and continue it at great pecuniary loss for the sake of making other people better, or to furnish them fuller and more trusty and prompter news. His question is the question of all trade—"Will it pay?" If so, the work is undertaken. If not, it is relinquished. It will, of course, happen in the newspaper business, as in all other business, that a general regard for morality and propriety will be advantageous to the paper, and any insult of the public moral sentiment will be hurtful to its prosperity. But, on the other hand, there is always a question how far the simple and strong expression of honest convictions may affect the business of a paper; and if it is evident that such an expression would undoubtedly "run down" the paper, it is conceivable that it would not always be made.

The newspaper expert judges of the prosperity of the general daily newspaper by glancing at its advertisements. The proprietor seeks circulation in order to increase the number of advertisements, and naturally, therefore, the paper will be managed in such a way as to enlarge the circulation, and so to multiply advertisements. This is intelligible business, but obviously it has no moral intention. Indeed, strictly speaking, in a newspaper business the editorial page is really subsidiary in importance to the advertising pages, al-

though first in general interest. The newspaper is essentially a vehicle for advertisements. Its reports of sermons, its comments on politics, and its supply of current news are designed to create a demand which will make it a desirable medium for advertisers. This is a fact which will often compel it to a wariness which is not compatible with perfect sincerity. It is in the position of a clergyman in a very conservative pulpit who depends upon his salary, and who finds that his views are becoming radical. There will often—certainly not always—be a lack of the highest sincerity in his preaching. He will not say what he does not think, but he will not say all that he thinks. When Theodore Parker took his doubts to older clergymen, he was surprised to discover that they shared them, but said nothing about them.

Once more, most papers are partisan in politics, and this again interferes with the truest candor, because there is a constant necessity of concealing the weaknesses of your own side and exposing those of the other. This produces a habit of mind and of treatment which is not compatible with perfect independence. It is a favorite partisan maxim that sensible birds do not foul their own nests. This means simply that a party newspaper will praise what it honestly can in its own party, and leave the enemy to point out faults. That is fair enough if party success at all costs be the object. But it is unmanly and humiliating if the end be something higher. It is amusing to see that this evil is deliberately made its own excuse. "If we don't cook the news and prevaricate and conceal, the other side will, and it will get an advantage. We must take things as they are, and not try to be too good." This is intelligible reasoning undoubtedly, but it happens to be that of Tweed, and of every rascal. Meanwhile, with the utmost trying, there is no fear that any of us will be too honorable, too just, too generous, or too truthful. The partisanship of most newspapers undoubtedly tempers their real morality, although it may not affect their formal politeness to the cardinal virtues. A newspaper which shirks and shuffles, which tells a half truth or insinuates what it will not openly assert, and which always tries to be on the popular side at the moment, will yet praise honesty and truth-telling, and report sermons at great length, if it is found to pay. But the morality of the press is something a little deeper and stronger than this. Mr. Brooks is correct in saying that the tone of the press is constantly improving, and this is largely due to itself. The universal reading of newspapers is both an education and a demand. The greater the intelligence, the more stringent and the higher is the demand for its gratification; and a country of good newspapers, like ours, will constantly have better newspapers.

The debate upon dancing showed the usual division of opinion. It is singular that so natural, so universal, and so delightful a recreation should seem to so many excellent people little better than an ingenious device of Satan to insnare souls. The familiar picture of John Knox, swathed in gloom, appearing with uplifted finger in the midst of the gay court of Mary Queen of Scots, is the type of much sacerdotal condemnation of dancing. One reverend gentleman in the Congress is reported to have insisted upon nothing less than total abstinence from the delirium of the dance. The minuet, the quadrille, the reel, must all be banned. Some moralists have drawn the line of danger at "square dances." Within that line, they think, may be innocence, but beyond—beyond is the dread domain of measureless peril. This attitude of compromise, however, did not satisfy the gentleman. The dance, and, as far as we could make out from the report, dancing in general, is "congenial godless glee." That was doubtless the opinion of John Knox and of Jonathan Edwards. But this later Knox dealt directly with the familiar forms of the vice in plain terms. "The square dance can not be kept square, and, try as we may, it is sure to be rounded off by the waltz. In the dance liberty of embrace and manual caress are permitted which would be the occasion of horror in the parlor. Why would they cause horror? Because they were dangerous. And why dangerous? Because human nature is human naturish." At this climax there was a burst of laughter. We take this laughter to have been due to the consciousness of the audience that this kind of logic could have been pushed very much further, and have stripped social life of very much of its amenity. The position was assailed with vigor by another gentleman, who thought that dancing belonged rather to the sphere of taste than of morals, and still another gentleman hoped that the Church would issue no formal prohibition of dancing. The Easy Chair and its friends will surely second the plea. It used to be considered a very mysterious question, What would happen if the Speaker of the House of Commons should call a member by name? We are very glad that the Church Congress did not disapprove square dances on the ground that they have a resistless tendency to round off into the waltz. The good sense of the Assembly doubtless spoke in the voice of the member who thought that the question was one of taste and not of morals.

In a delightful paper upon "Dead Magazines," in a late number of *Appleton's Journal*, Mr. Edward L. Burlingame recalls a great many names both of periodicals and of magazine writers, which show, as he says, how old we are as a magazine-writing nation. In old libraries there is still a shelf on which the forgotten veterans repose. The *Portfolio*, for instance, we remember in a dignified retirement of quaint gilt half calf, into which the young eyes of the Easy Chair peered with curious interest, side by side with a long and grave procession of *North Americans*—a review which for more than half a century has contained some of the most scholarly papers that were published, and which has recently begun a new career under changed and promising auspices. In the old *North American* there are capital articles, often full of humor, by Edward Everett when he was editor, and when his fine scholarship and grace of oratory charmed all hearers and readers. Even John Quincy Adams glows as he records Everett's preaching in the old House of Representatives; and in the life of his father which Professor William Everett is preparing we may fairly expect to find extracts from the articles which men of threescore and ten recall with admiration. Mr. Everett was essentially a scholar and a literary man, and it is perhaps to be regretted that he was drawn from literary pursuits into political life, because his temperament did not permit him to

take the bold and decisive position which would have made him a leader and placed him in full sympathy with the progressive movement of the epoch. The next generation, which will know him as a man of letters, will not be troubled by things that alienated from him the sympathy of so many of his contemporaries.

Of the earlier magazines the most noted and characteristic, in Mr. Burlingame's judgment, was the *Knickerbocker*, of which Charles Fenno Hoffman was the first editor. It had never so great popularity and circulation as *Graham's*, but it had a distinctive local character, and by its spirit and tone, as well as by its name, belonged to that "Knickerbocker literature" which the *Nation* pungently described some years ago. The name of its first editor, Mr. Hoffman, was very familiar in the American literature of forty years ago, as his figure was very familiar among the notabilities of Broadway. For thirty years that figure has not been seen there, and the name is very unsuggestive to the readers of Howells and Bret Harte. Yet Mr. Hoffman, at the age of seventy-one, is still living, long since secluded from all society by a hopeless malady of the mind. He was a true Knickerbocker of the school of Irving and Paulding, and he was also a natural Bohemian. Early in life one of his legs was injured so that amputation was necessary, but the vigor of his elastic nature still asserted itself, and he was very fond of the rod and of all active out-door life. The Easy Chair recalls vividly the appearance of Mr. Hoffman—a hearty, manly figure, wrapped in a heavy overcoat with a shaggy collar, the face bright and mobile, with clustering curling hair, and spectacles. His cork leg was clumsy, and he moved not without effort, but his address was always gay and sympathetic, with the refinement of a gentleman. He was what is known as a man about town, familiar with all the resorts and with the urban neighborhood, and he helped to foster that peculiar local interest which is the distinction of the Knickerbocker school. Duyckinck, in his *Cyclopedia*, speaks of him as having a certain personal chivalry of character, and the word chivalry is well chosen.

His writings were fluent, and are mostly forgotten. Byron and Moore were the poets of his youth, and they suited his temperament, and reappeared in his verse. One song that he wrote, like the one song of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, will remain. It is the Anacreontic "Sparkling and Bright," the refrain of which has a pathetic gayety that might have touched the heart of Omar Khayyam:

> "Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,
> To loves as gay and fleeting
> As the bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
> And break on the lips while meeting."

It is not fifty years since Hoffman founded the *Knickerbocker*, and the high-spirited man, in his melancholy eclipse, has but just turned threescore and ten years. But it is amazing to turn back to the magazine literature of that time, and compare it with that of ours. Mr. Burlingame asks whether there are better magazine stories now than those in the old *Putnam*. And what a difference between the *Knickerbocker* and *Putnam*, with the twenty years between them!

The name of the old *Putnam*, as well as that of the *Knickerbocker*, recalls another of the older magazine writers, who died within a few months. He, like Willis, was not a Knickerbocker born, but, like him, he was identified with literary New York. His pseudonym, from the title of one of his novels, was more familiar than his real name, and Harry Franco was known to many who were strangers to Charles F. Briggs. He was a slight, erect man, of a nervous temperament, a quick movement, and a crisp and ready wit, with a dash of satire that was strictly a form of humor, but which seemed to many persons a vein of cynicism. He was on good terms with every body, but he was a man of very limited personal likings, and as little given to demonstration as a man could be. The Easy Chair saw him first, a quarter of a century ago, in Putnam's old bookstore, on Broadway below the Park. A friend introduced the Chair—not then a Chair—to Harry Franco, who was looking at the new books upon the counter, and as he introduced him, remarked that he had in press a little book upon the Nile.

"The Nile's overdone," was the quick reply, followed by a frank look and a hearty grasp of the hand—the beginning of a friendly acquaintance that never faltered.

Harry Franco was very secretive. He often dived and burrowed away from the knowledge of many of his closest associates. He was an indefatigable worker, but the literary ambition with which he began gradually expired from want of general recognition, and he became a professional man of letters, serving upon many newspapers, and well known to the veterans of the craft. He was especially fond of the English literature of the seventeenth century, and he determined to do in New York what Fielding and Smollett did in London. He wrote three novels of the life of his time in the city, which probably few readers of these lines have ever seen. They were the *Adventures of Harry Franco*, *The Haunted Merchant*, and the *Trippings of Tom Pepper*. Some of the characters were drawn directly from life, and but thinly veiled. The purpose, however, was to find in New York as much romantic interest as in any city at any time, and to write, as the Englishmen whom he admired wrote, from personal and actual observation. The books were unquestionably clever, with some severe caricature in *Tom Pepper*, but they failed to impress the public. The author did not complain, but he wrote no more novels. The characteristic vein and tendency, however, showed themselves in his first contribution to *Putnam*—a sketch of city life called "Elegant Tom Dillar." This was the story of a leisurely young fellow about town, who had no apparent business in life, but whose real occupation was that of a negro minstrel. Every night the elegant man covered his face and hands with burned cork, and cracked jokes as Sambo the end man. It was a happy conceit, and was worked out with great spirit. The first editors of *Putnam* held their council in a bare upper front-room of an abandoned dwelling-house in Park Place, one of the fine houses of the day when Park Place was a quarter of high fashion. The prospects and chances of the new venture were eagerly discussed, and the first contributions were scanned with interest and expectation. The magazine appeared at a fortunate time. There was "a felt Want," with a great W, as Thackeray would have said, and the pea-green monthly happily supplied it. Mr. Briggs took the laboring

oar. He was always cheery and equable, and many a bright word, many a humorous sally, from him made merry those editorial deliberations.

Long afterward, when the *Monthly* was for a little time revived, Harry Franco again took the helm. But morning can not be restored, and the old *Putnam* did not re-appear in the revival. There were new times, new men, new magazines. The old editor had no more permanent magazine connection. He became for a time Mr. Raymond's lieutenant upon the *Times*. Previously he had edited, in a half-occult way, as was his humor, the *Sunday Courier*. Then he had a place in the Custom-house, and he was subsequently writing for the Brooklyn *Union* and the *Independent*. His old friends and associates met him but casually and more and more infrequently. But those whom he had most loved he never forgot, and his friendship for Lowell and for William Page was always his pride and pleasure. He was still a humorist, keen, speculative, brisk, bright, affectionate. The newer comers in literature seldom saw him or knew him, and when he suddenly died last summer, those of his guild who felt the pain of his loss most deeply were the men of yesterday. Mr. Burlingame's warm and generous mention of *Putnam's Monthly* forcibly recalls the essentially kindly man who was its faithful editor, and who was always so proud of it.

It is a rueful thought that the old pea-green *Putnam* is now solemnly bound up and laid away in dusty and forgotten retirement with the *Portfolio* and the old *American Monthlies* and all the *emeriti*. The new readers have new writers to amuse them, and the tone and character of the magazine itself change. Yet upon those dead pages how many a thought and quip and fancy are still quick with life, and of an immortal freshness! Those who read them when they were newly published, if they come upon them again, murmur tenderly, with Count Rodolpho, *vi raviso*. But those who wrote them look upon the old pages as upon the book of their youth. They are full of happy reminiscence. A thousand scenes, else forgotten, re-appear with the spell of that sight. A thousand merry words take wing again. The living are young once more. The dead live; and it is thenceforth easier to understand the rapture of the elderly gentleman who swears that no singer is what Malibran was, and who asserts that if you are satisfied to see Jefferson, he is content to remember Edmund Kean.

Going the other evening to see *Rip Van Winkle*, the old question of its moral naturally came up, and Portia warmly asserted that it was shameful to bring young children to see a play in which the exquisite skill of Jefferson threw a glamour upon the sorriest vice. "See," she said, "the earnest, tearful interest with which these boys and girls near us hang upon the story. The charm to them of the scene and of the acting is indescribable. Do you suppose they can escape the effect? All their sympathy is kindled for the good-natured and good-for-nothing reprobate, and when Gretchen turns him out into the night and the storm, they can not help feeling that it is she, not he, who has ruined the home, and that the drunken vagabond, who has just made his endearments the cover of deception, is really the victim of a virago. And when he returns, old and decrepit, and, we might hope, purged of that fatal appetite which has worked all the woe, it is his old victim, the woman whose youth his evil habits ruined, and who in consequence of those habits was driven into the power of the tormentor, Derrick von Beekman, who hands him 'the cup that shall be death in tasting,' as if it were she, and not he, who had been properly chastened and converted from the fatal error of supposing that drunkenness is not a good thing. No, no," said Portia, indignantly and eloquently, raising her voice to that degree that the Easy Chair feared to hear the appalling "'sh! 'sh!" of the disturbed neighbors; "it is a grossly immoral spectacle, and the subtler and more fascinating the genius of Mr. Jefferson in the representation, the more deadly is the effect."

The drop had just fallen, and the scene on the mountains was about to open. The house had been darkened, and as the clear, quiet, unforced tone of Rip, yielding, not remonstrating, to the doom that we all knew and he did not, fell upon the hushed audience, the eyes of men and women were full of tears; while the orchestra murmured, *mezzo voce*, during the storm within and without the house, the tenderly pathetic melody of the *Lorelei:*

> "I know not what it presages,
> This heart with sadness fraught;
> 'Tis a tale of the olden ages
> That will not from my thought."

It was not easy to find in the emotion of that moment a response to Portia's accusation of gross immorality. There was but a poetic figure in the mind, the sweet-natured, weak-willed, simple-hearted vagabond of the village and the mountain, touching the heart with pity, and, in the drunken scene, with disgust. This figure excludes all the rest. Its symmetry and charm are the triumph of the play as acted. Now the immorality can not lie in the kindly feeling for the tippling vagabond, for that is natural and universal. Indeed, the same kind of weakness that leads to a habit of tippling belongs often to the most charming and attractive natures, and the representation of the fact upon the stage is not in itself immoral. The immorality must be found, if any where, as Portia insisted, in the charm with which vice is invested. But is it so invested in this play? It used to be urged against Bulwer's early novels that they made scoundrels fascinating, and that boys after reading them would prefer rascals to honest men. If that had been the fact, the novels would have been justly open to that censure. But, tried by this standard, *Rip Van Winkle*, as Mr. Jefferson plays it, is far from an immoral play. The picture as he paints it is moral in the same sense that nature is moral. No one, shiftless, idle, and drunken, afraid to go home, ashamed before his children, without self-respect or the regard of others, however gentle and sweet, and however much a favorite with the boys and girls and animals he may be, is a man whose courses those boys will wish to imitate or who will make vice more tasteful to them. The pathos of the second part of the play, in which the change of age mingled with mystery is marvellously portrayed, is largely due to the consciousness that this melancholy end is all due to that woful beginning. The expulsion of Derrick and his nephew is nothing, the happiness of Meenie and her lover is nothing, the release of Gretchen is noth-

ing; there is only a wasted old man, without companions, the long prime of whose life has been lost in unconsciousness, and who, suddenly awaking, looks at us pitifully from the edge of the grave.

By the most prosaic standards this should not seem to adorn vice with attraction. It is true that the spectator is more interested in Rip than in his wife, and that she is made a virago. But it is not his drunkenness that charms, and her virtue is at least severe. Indeed, if this performance is to be tried by this standard, the play must be regarded as a temperance mission. For temperance is to be inculcated upon the youthful spectators who sit near us not so much by stories and pictures of the furious brute who drives wife and children from a home made desolate by him, and who fly from him as from a demon, as by this simple, faithful showing of the work of "a jolly dog" who makes wretched a wife who yet loves him, and who denounces himself to the child that he loves. This is the fair view of it as a picture of ordinary human life. But, as we look, the low wail of the sad music is in our ears, the scene changes to a weird world of faery, the story merges in a dream, and Rip Van Winkle smiles at us from a realm beyond the diocese of conscience. If conscience, indeed, will obtrude, conscience shall be satisfied. It is a sermon if you will, but if you will, also, it is a poem.

It was said some years ago that a Yankee wanted to buy Shakespeare's house, and transport it from Stratford and the Avon to the United States, and either carry it through the country for exhibition, or put it together at some central spot for a permanent show. Perhaps some other Yankee will bethink him of the plain of Marathon, and digging up a shipful of earth, will bring it over the ocean, and spread it on some accessible and convenient site as a ground for patriotic emotion—admission, twenty-five cents. The transfer of the Elgin marbles was thought by many persons to be but a form of barbarism. For although it is not to be denied that noble and beautiful figures are noble and beautiful every where, yet when placed as parts of a building in a certain country, monuments of a unique art and of a great civilization, they have a fitness and beauty and charm there that can not be carried away with them nor renewed in another place.

There is something of the same incongruity in erecting an Egyptian obelisk in New York. Of course, if the King of Siam politely offers us "a team" of white elephants, we can not politely refuse, and if the Khedive of Egypt offers us an obelisk, we must courteously receive it. With unique generosity, some courteous American has generously proposed to pay for the transport, and there has been speculation as to the proper site for the white ele—that is, the obelisk. Fifty-seven years ago Mehemet Ali gave an obelisk to George the Fourth of England. But only within two or three months did the illustrious gift leave the shores of Egypt for England. On the way a storm arose, the vessel which carried the obelisk was cut loose, and by a singular good fortune it was recovered and towed into Ferrol Harbor, where it now lies under a claim for salvage. There was a tragedy at the time of the loss in the death of the English sailors who tried to succor the crew of the vessel that held the obelisk. It seems to be probable that the "Needle" will remain at Ferrol until the English can decide where to place it in London. Waterloo Place was the site designated in 1820. But the stranger did not come. Forgetful of the proverb, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the famous Egyptologist, apparently looked the gift horse in the mouth, for he said that the inscriptions were so defaced that the obelisk was hardly worth having. This, however, was a singular reason for not bringing it to London and placing it, for it was intended to raise it not in commemoration of any Thothmes or Shepherd King, but in memory of Sir Ralph Abercromby and other English soldiers and sailors who had died in Egypt, and to their memory the hieroglyphics recording in an unknown language unknown men and events did not seem to be indispensable.

Obelisks are a small family, but it must be owned that they are great travellers. Only forty-two are now known, of which twelve are in Rome. Florence has two, and Paris, Arles, and Constantinople one each. In England there are already four; and the fifth, now on its way to England, and wintering at Ferrol, had already made one journey, from Heliopolis to Alexandria, at which place it is known to have rested for seven centuries. That two of them should have set off, or intended to set off, upon an ocean journey simultaneously is an unprecedented fact in the history of obelisks. Should the American voyage be made, the landing and transport of the imposing guest will be a curious spectacle. Unlike that designed for England, it will commemorate no men or events in the history of the country. It will be a singularly interesting relic of an ancient art and civilization, remote from all native association of country and climate. It will probably disappoint general expectation because of its moderate height and simplicity of form.

It is a singular fact that while, as we understand, but little money has been collected for the Bartholdi statue, the sum necessary to bring the obelisk was pledged at once by an individual. Whatever may be said of the *Frenchiness* of the proposed statue in the harbor, it would undoubtedly have a certain historic significance, for the relations of France and the United States were most friendly during the great contest for our independence. A statue of America made by a Frenchman, and in some sense a gift from France to America, would have an interest and a "reason for being." But an Egyptian obelisk in a square of the city would be but a curious estray. It would, indeed, be full of interest. The loiterer would find himself floating away, as he gazed, to a realm of awe and mystery. Palm-trees would hang by a river-brink and Sakias sigh. Camels would plod heavily along, and dusky-faced figures in bright drapery move slowly by. Old kings and mummied Pharaohs would turn to him weirdly, like the ghosts of Hudson's men to Rip Van Winkle, and unknown birds spread brilliant wings and float away in a radiant sky. Whoever had seen Egypt would see it again as he beheld the obelisk, and he who had not crossed the sea would have a vague and alluring foreshowing of all that Egypt is. The magic spell of the obelisk would be complete. The mountain would have come to Mohammed.

Editor's Literary Record.

IN reading such a book as CLARENCE COOK'S *The House Beautiful* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), the first thought is not at all respecting the practicability of his suggestions. It is a matter of quite secondary consideration whether they are practical or not. The first thing this intensely practical, and until lately intensely prosaic, American people need is some new and better ideals. We venture to say that in a majority of American homes of the middle class, taking town and country together, there is either no conception whatever of the possibility of an artistic home, or no conception of what art in the home is. To awaken a longing, to start the latent idea, to give the housewife a notion that a carpet, four chairs, a sofa, and a centre table do not constitute a well-furnished room; that there is a possible art unity in parlor, dining-room, bedroom, or library as truly as in a cathedral or a picture; that, in a word, furnishing is a real work of art—this is to lay a needed foundation for better things in American life in the future. This certainly Mr. Cook has done. He must be art-blind who does not get at least a glimmering notion of comfort and art combined in the innumerable illustrations. He must be singularly deficient in the imaginative faculty who does not get more than a glimmering notion from Mr. Cook's pages. He writes in a delightful vein, pictorial without seeming so to be. We lose ourselves in his pages, and wander through his *House Beautiful* without at all caring to inquire, on the first perusal, whether it is practicable for us to realize this beauty or any part of it in our own home. But a second and more careful perusal satisfies us that his suggestions are more practical than those of most books of this general class. He has an eye to economy; two eyes to comfort. We are inclined sometimes to suspect that he does not fully and experimentally know the exigencies implied by the existence of a family of small children. They make rapid havoc of objects of *virtu*, and would convert his artistic "living-room" into a very inartistic nursery in no time, if it were given up, as he proposes, "to the wife and children in the daytime." Some of his suggestions indicate that he has not always made careful estimates of actual expenses. He advocates wood floors; he is mistaken in thinking them so costly that we need to resort to putty, paint, and shellac on a pine floor to make it endurable. A hard-wood floor laid on the first floor of pine, provided you are content with a plain pattern—mere strips of ash or black-walnut—is far more economical than a good carpet, costs but little more at the outset, and never needs replacing. It is far better than the wood carpeting in every point of view except beauty for the first year. These, however, are, after all, points on which opinions of even those skilled in such matters will differ; they are of minor importance. In the main, Mr. Cook is careful to keep constantly in mind the need of economy; and the householder who in furnishing his house uses this treatise as a guide, not infallible, but suggestive, and exercises a rigorous self-restraint in limiting his ideals by his purse, will not be necessarily led into extravagances, and will have furniture not only more tasteful, but more useful, more durable, and more comfortable than if he had put himself into the hands of the average upholsterer, or had purchased hap-hazard without design or forecast. The former method gives a bizarre and often barbaric elegance at an immense cost, which always outruns all previous estimates; the latter method puts into the parlor an upholsterer's menagerie—a combination of irreconcilable articles which are only kept together by being caged within the walls of one room.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD'S *Art Decoration Applied to Furniture* (Harper and Brothers) covers a ground which has never been before traversed, at least with any thing like equal fullness. Art, like literature, has a history; and decorations, like words, have a meaning imparted to them by the associations which cluster about them. It is, for this reason, as impossible to create a wholly new style of decoration, either interior or external, in a generation, that shall have warmth and significance, as it would be to create a language which should possess all the depth and the inflections of meaning imparted to it by a literature extending from the days of Chaucer to those of Longfellow. Mrs. Spofford's book is based on a recognition of this simple and fundamental principle. She traces out the history of decoration as applied to furniture. She shows at once its development and its significance. She invests it with its true historic meaning. She furnishes the information which ought to prevent our decorators, who are too often uncultured mechanicians, from falling into their often ludicrous anachronisms; their ill-assorted marriages of dissonant symbols; their combinations of the sixteenth century with the nineteenth, or the Japanese with the English, French, or German art language. Our art decorations are not merely spoiled by provincialism, they are for the most part a *patois*, either unmeaning or absolutely absurd in their meaning to those capable of interpreting them. The social world will owe no small debt of gratitude to any instructor who can even inaugurate a reform in this respect. The illustrations in this volume are, in the fineness of their finish, admirable specimens of what modern wood-engraving can accomplish. The fineness with which some of the carvings are represented is marvellous. It need not be added that Mrs. Spofford's style is worthy of her theme, perfect of its kind. If she never produces climactic effects, and is never startling or sensational, she never falls below the standard of an unblemished culture in thought and in expression.

Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations, by WILLIAM C. PRIME, LL.D. (Harper and Brothers), is a marvellous monument of enthusiastic research. Its existence is explained by the opening sentence of the Introduction: "Every man and woman should have a hobby." Pottery and porcelain constitute Dr. Prime's hobby. They have furnished him with recreation for years. His collection is famous among the American enthusiasts in this department. It must be a peculiar satisfaction to him to see the hobby regarded with increasing respect by an increasing number of cultured people. "Ten years ago," Dr. Prime tells us, "there were probably not ten collectors of pottery and porcelain in the United States. To-day there are perhaps ten thousand."

Nor is this increase of interest a "fever," such as periodically afflicts the American people; at least it is not wholly nor even chiefly this. It is one of the signs of that increasing art culture which drives colored lithographs out by means of chromos, is beginning to crowd out the cheaper chromos by means of photographs and engravings, is turning with loathing away from the intolerable splendors of the upholsterers to Eastlake patterns, and is returning from the dull simplicity of monotonous white upon our tables to the colored wares of our ancestors, who in this respect were wiser and more cultured than we. It is not, however, every rider of hobbies who knows how to talk about them; there are, indeed, few riders of hobbies who do. Dr. Prime is an exception to the general rule that too much knowledge unfits a man to be a teacher. No man who had not a life-long familiarity with the subject could have accumulated the material in this book; no one who was not by genius and education an editor could have put it in a form so comprehensible to those wholly unacquainted with the subject. "I have written," says Dr. Prime, "on the theory that the reader knows nothing even of the rudiments of the art." This is a very simple thing to say, and an equally difficult thing to do. Dr. Prime really has done it. It requires no knowledge of the subject to understand him, and no enthusiasm in the subject to be interested in him. We had occasion, on returning from the great Exposition in Philadelphia, summer before last, to look up, in a tolerably large and well-furnished private library, the subject of pottery and porcelain. We turned over the pages of several popular cyclopedias and one or two popular histories of art, in a vain endeavor to get a clear understanding of the difference between the various sorts of pottery and porcelain, and the meaning of the terms then repeated with endless iteration in the newspapers —faience, majolica, ceramics, porcelain, etc. We found the same term used with different meanings not only by different writers, but by the same writer, and abandoned our quest for exact definitions in despair. These Dr. Prime affords in an opening chapter, while he at the same time explains both the faults in the actual nomenclature and their historic origin. He then takes up the history of pottery and porcelain, and traces it through its successive stages, ancient and modern, from the days of the flood to the present day. He carries us through the art treasures of Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, Greece, Etruria, Rome, China, Japan, India, the aborigines of North America, and all the European nations. He indicates the essential characteristics of each era and each school. He gives some practical directions to the purchaser whether of wares for domestic use, for wall ornament, or for cabinet collections. Finally, he devotes over eighty pages to an illustrated list of the trade or artists' marks on different pottery—a list which constitutes a directory to the purchaser or the student. Dr. Prime disavows any thought of superseding or even rivalling the elaborate works of some predecessors in England and France; but certainly there is nothing in American literature to compare with this volume in either comprehensiveness or painstaking accuracy; and we do not think that for the general reader any English work equals it in utility and interest. It is very fully illustrated.

Almost the only criticism we have to offer upon Dr. Macduff's life of Christ for the young is its very unfortunate title—*Brighter than the Sun* (Robert Carter and Brothers). We expected from such a title a book of pious musings or of extravagant fancies, or should have expected it but for the author's name. He has, in fact, given us a life of Christ of singular simplicity. It is intended for readers of an age varying perhaps from ten to sixteen, though it would be listened to with interest by younger children if read aloud to them by the mother. It is exactly what its sub-title indicates, "A Life of our Lord for the Young," not a treatise on either metaphysics, the evidences of revealed religion, or archæology and geography, nor a series of sermons with the life of Christ for a text. Dr. Macduff's visit to the Holy Land and his description of localities from personal remembrance give a color of realism to the entire narrative. The illustrations are sixteen in number, full page, and of ideal subjects.

We have come to look every year for Osgood's heliotypes in the fall as we look to the maples for their brilliant colors, or in spring for the early flowers. The *Toschi*, *Raphael*, and *Child Life in Pictures* are followed this year by the *Millais Gallery* and the *Faed Gallery* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). Each of these volumes, a handsome quarto, contains twenty-four heliotype engravings. The letterpress comprises biographical sketches of the artists and descriptions of the engravings. The heliotype is perhaps a little uncertain; there is a little unevenness in the pictures; they are not all the best. Now and then there is a little indistinctness, as in the grays of "Train up a Child in the Way it should go," or the background of "Asleep;" and we believe the engravers are still skeptical respecting any process which offers itself as a substitute for the engraver's burin. But there is a softness and sometimes a delicacy in certain of these pictures which no work on wood could rival. The best of them equal the very best photograph in its peculiar effects. We doubt whether any wood-engraving would compare favorably with the delicacy of the work in the counterpane in "Awake," or the silk coverlet in "Asleep," or the general softness of coloring and the exquisite gradations of light and shade in almost any one of these pictures.

J. R. Osgood and Co. also add to their previous list several illustrated books—Christmas books, save that they will have a longer than a Christmas life. Among them are a library edition of *Holmes's Poems*, red line, with steel portrait and illustrations, uniform with their previous library editions of Longfellow and Whittier; the *Scarlet Letter*, a red-line edition, with twenty-nine illustrations drawn by Mary Hallock Foote, who keeps up the reputation which she acquired by her illustrations of the "Hanging of the Crane" and "Mabel Martin;" an illustrated edition of *Frithiof's Saga*, a poem recently described in these pages; and *Christmas-tide*, containing Longfellow's "Excelsior," Whittier's "River-Path," Lowell's "The Rose," and Aldrich's "Baby Bell." These are also published in separate volumes. The whole are illustrated by M'Entee, Moran, Gifford, Miss Curtis, Mary Hallock Foote, and other well-known artists, and the volume may fairly be regarded as taking rank with the illustrated poems, from the same house, of the last two or three seasons. We note with special pleasure

the work of Miss Curtis in "Baby Bell;" her domestic pictures are as exquisite in conception and true in drawing as they are pure and beautiful in sentiment.

Dr. CYRUS HAMLIN'S *Among the Turks* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is the very romance of history. It is a book such as no tourist, traveller, or transient resident could have written—such as, indeed, few if any even of those who have made Turkey their home for the same space of time could produce. In 1837 Dr. Hamlin was appointed by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to take charge of a high school in Constantinople, and give himself to the work of education in the Ottoman Empire. He remained there, making Turkey his home, up to 1872. During this thirty-five years he has been a missionary in no ordinary sense of the term. He has not only seen, he has been an active participator in, the great movements which have made Turkey the most dramatic empire in Europe. The schools which he founded, the text-books which he introduced, and the methods of education which he employed, culminating in the Robert College, have revolutionized the educational system of the Ottoman Empire. The old schools are now not to be seen, except in comparatively inaccessible portions of the empire. His enterprise was equalled by his "gift of continuance;" his persevering faith and hope were in more than one instance a match for Turkish obstinacy. He persistently and patiently waited on the Turkish government for seven years, without ever abandoning his hope or intermitting his importunity, before he obtained the final permit to build the college, fighting successfully Turk and Jesuit combined. He founded a steam-mill and revolutionized Turkish bread-baking; he ousted two incompetent physicians from the British military hospital in the Crimean war, fought the contractors and drove them from the field, invented and constructed a washing-machine to wash clothing so filthy and infested with vermin that not even Greek washer-women would touch it, put through three thousand articles a day, and so revolutionized the sanitary condition of the hospitals; he introduced into Turkey a cholera medicine, and proved its value in hundreds and thousands of cases—a medicine now recognized, not indeed as an absolute specific, but as a valuable friend in this direst of pestilences. These are some of the features of this romance of history; they are enough, perhaps, to indicate its general character. Incidentally Dr. Hamlin has given a very thorough though a very brief survey of the Turkish constitution, both civil and religious. Having worked under its political constitution and witnessed the changes wrought in it by the progress of the last thirty-five years, he is abundantly able to give not only the theory of Mohammedanism, but its practical operation, and he does so certainly without unjust prejudice against it. He corrects some errors not uncommon in books of travel and in popular compends. His chapters on "Mohammedan Law" and on "Islam" afford by far the most perfect account of Mohammedanism, in both its civil and religious aspects, with which we have ever met. Dr. Hamlin's style is unpretentious; he is singularly free from every semblance of garrulity or egotism; he leaves no suspicion on the reader's mind of exaggeration or overcoloring; but he knows how to tell a story capitally; he tells it almost as well in his book as he does on the platform or in the parlor.

Professor GEORGE P. FISHER'S *Beginnings of Christianity* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is a valuable addition to theological literature. The book consists of three parts: first, an examination into the condition of the ancient Roman world, including both heathen and Jewish society, into which Christianity entered, and in which it first established itself; second, an examination of the New Testament documents; third, a discussion of some of the more important topics connected with the life of Jesus and the apostolic age. Throughout the book the reader is impressed with the judicial candor of the author. Professor Fisher recognizes the working of the Divine Spirit in minds outside the limits of historic and geographical Christianity, and quotes with approval the declaration of Justin Martyr that "Christ was known in part to Socrates, he being enlightened by the Word." He gives an admirable, because an appreciative as well as discriminating, account of Platonism. In his treatment of the verbal and other differences in the different accounts furnished by the different gospels of the same event, he recognizes the probable use by the sacred writers of different traditions, from an examination and compilation of which their accounts were made. He thus recognizes, as Alford, a fifth or oral gospel, from which certainly the synoptics, and perhaps also John, drew to a greater or less extent. He maintains the doctrine of moral inspiration against that of verbal or even of plenary inspiration. He recognizes the reality of the miracles. But he lays no such stress upon them as many of the old apologists have done; he evidently regards them rather as an authentication of Christ's authority to the willing believer than as proofs to be cited for the conviction of the resolute skeptic. Take it all in all, this is an admirable work, thorough in its scholarship, judicial and candid in its spirit, compact though not fascinating nor eloquent in its style, and lacking only warmth and glow of feeling and coloring of imagination to make it as popular with lay readers as it will be useful to professional students.

The five poems in the *Book of Gold* (Harper and Brothers), by J. T. TROWBRIDGE, are all, in fact, what one is termed, ballads. The first, a Christmas story, gives title to the book; it is a genuinely Christian Christmas story. The second, "The Wreck of the Fishing Boat," is of about equal length, and is equally well finished. The other three are slighter. The first two are parables, without a didactic interpretation. Both are tragic in their *finale;* and one can not but wish that the author had illuminated the death-bed of Charles Masters, in the first, with a gleam of Christian hope, and had brought wild Ben, in the second, to something better than "rage in his heart," and the "thorny crown of sorrow, vain regret." But the moral meaning of both poems is not lessened—possibly to many hearts it will be strengthened—by the despair in which they culminate. Mr. Trowbridge is a true ballad-singer, and of a high order; a singer of real life, but never vulgar nor profane. The book is finely illustrated, and will make a handsome addition to the stock of Christmas literature, as well as to the increasing library of American illustrated song.

We select from our table a few of the host of books for children which the season produces. *The Children's Songs*, illustrated (Harper and Brothers), we described last month; no need to more than put it here with its companions.—Autobiographies of animals are always difficult to manage, but EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER has succeeded admirably in *Captain Fritz, his Friends and Adventures* (E. P. Dutton and Co.). It really is what its publishers declare it to be, one of the brightest of books. If Mrs. Miller has not a wonderful insight into real dog nature (of that we can not judge), she has a wonderful knack at telling just how a "performing" dog might very well feel.—*The Little Brown House* (E. P. Dutton and Co.) is by Mrs. D. P. SANFORD, who has demonstrated her ability to interest the really little folks by her *Pussy Tiptop Stories* and her *Rosedale Books* of previous seasons. For those children who have the unspeakable misfortune to live in town, the next best thing to a removal is a book like this, which transports them in imagination into the country.—*The Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country*, of last year, deserves and has a sequel in *The Bodleys Telling Stories* (Hurd and Houghton). The author has an odd imagination—a little freaky and wild, but very original. From the Chinese cover to "The End" the book is, like its predecessor, thoroughly unique. Stories, moralizing, description, verse, song, and pictures are curiously mixed together in a kaleidoscope, every turn of which affords a new surprise. Porter and Coates have culled from the writings of Miss Alcott, the Cary sisters, Mary N. Prescott, and others a sort of scrap-book of prose and poetry, with 136 illustrations, entitled *Happy Days*. It is a kind of children's commonplace-book. The selections are well made.—Two distinctively Sunday books are *The Sunday Evening Hour*, by Mrs. SANFORD (E. P. Dutton and Co.), and *Dear Old Stories Told Once More*, by FAITH LATIMER (American Tract Society). In each Bible stories are told. In the former the stories are strung on a single thread—Uncle Oswald tells them to the little folks—and the illustrations are miscellaneous, mainly cuts borrowed from other sources, and adapted to the narrative by editing more or less skillful. In the latter there is no attempt to add any such element of extraneous interest. Each Bible story is distinct, it is told simply, and the illustrations are wholly of Bible scenes. They are exceptionally good. All these books are handsome in binding and illustration, and are attractive gift books. The children's stories are innumerable. We can not so much as mention them, nor attempt to discriminate without injustice. They come chiefly from Dodd and Mead, the American Tract Society, Carter and Brothers, and Lee and Shepard.

Of Harpers' publications especially appropriate to the season, not heretofore mentioned, it must suffice to recall briefly the Doré's illustrated *Ancient Mariner*, of last year; the *Contemporary Art in Europe* and the *Caricature and other Comic Art*, mentioned in previous issues in these pages, and both of them fine art collections of entirely different schools of art; and the library editions of modern novelists, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Thackeray, and William Black. We welcome, and many readers will welcome, a good edition of the stories of Black, who is perhaps less skillful in dramatic construction than Wilkie Collins, less intense and exciting in action than Reade, less skillful in analysis of character than Thackeray, but not less charming as a novelist than either.

In his illustrated edition of Bryant's *The Flood of Years* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Mr. W. J. LINTON, who is both designer and engraver, has produced a thoroughly unique composition. Individuality is its characteristic. There may be—we think there is—some lack of creative imagination, a certain monotony of design, reproduced in the successive illustrations, and some of the smaller pictures are lacking in fineness and delicacy, Mr. Linton always being strongest and best in the production of striking effects, with room for bold and large treatment. But there is beauty in the execution, feeling in the conception, and poetry in the design; and the monotone is, in part at least, that of a constantly recurring theme with constant variations.

We can not think that such a novel as *The Story of Avis* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is altogether a wholesome story. Miss ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS has certainly taken to heart the criticisms which have been made on some of her other writings. No one will accuse her of slighting her work in this her last publication. There are no careless passages in it, no marks of haste, no writing for the market, no hurry-scurry to catch the fall trade. It is fully finished in all its parts, sometimes perhaps a little too finely finished, as though the language of passionate feeling had been fashioned with too great a thought of artistic perfection. But it is the product of a true poet, of one who sees into the heart of nature—sees into the heart of woman too, if not into the heart of man. Avis is a fine character; Philip Ostrander is exceptionally and unnaturally weak. The story is intensely though purely passionate and dramatic. The passion may not be untrue to nature altogether, but it is at least open to question whether this is the kind of interior experience which it is desirable that our young girls should have portrayed before them as the ideal of true love.—*Carità* (Harper and Brothers), Mrs. OLIPHANT'S last novel, is also one of her best. It affords an effective dramatic indictment of the doctrine of euthanasia, the philosophy that it is right to put a human being out of misery, as one would put a brute out of his, when relief is otherwise impossible. The misery that many are thrown into by the application of this doctrine, by the suicide of Mrs. Beresford, really furnishes the turning-point to the plot, so far as this story can be said to have a plot. Like all Mrs. Oliphant's stories, its interest is quite independent of any constructive skill in the author. She is a picture painter, and her pictures are all finished with minute accuracy in detail. There are, however, some scenes of decidedly more dramatic power in this story than we are accustomed to look for in Mrs. Oliphant's usually quietly moving narratives.

The Wings of Courage (Putnams) is a book of fairy stories, three in number, adapted from the French. They are quite as full of entertaining adventure as the most sensational of the modern school of American novelettes, far more imaginative, and vastly more healthful in tone.—*Patsy* (Putnams) is vivacious in style, and is intended to carry with it a moral against carelessness. If the method of cure had been a little less severe, it would arouse less sympathy for the at first unfortunate but finally cured Patsy, and so would

be likely to do more good to those who stand in most need of its teachings.—*The Giant-Killer*, by A. L. O. E. (Carters), is the first of two stories, and gives its title to the volume which contains them. It is an allegory, in which, however, the sugar-coating of story is so very thin that he must be a very stupid child indeed who does not recognize the medicinal moral underneath. A. L. O. E.'s stories in the field of modern fiction seem like an old-fashioned preacher, with his knee-buckles, with his stiff white choker, and his professional and stately air, in a modern assembly of ministers in their customary fatigue uniform.—The Misses Mathews are always entertaining story-tellers. *Blackberry Jam* (Carters), by Miss Joanna Mathews, is a story of children's charity; it will, perhaps, provoke others to attempt a like service of love. There is a little more of the dramatic element than is usual in Miss Mathew's stories.—*Jack Granger's Cousin* (Carters) is one of the best of Julia Mathew's stories. It is intended especially for boys, but it is equally good reading for girls, and the mothers will find it fascinating if they once begin it. The interest of the story lies rather in its power over the moral feelings than in any remarkable adventures or exciting plot.—Sarah E. Chester is one of our best story-tellers for children. *Betty and Her Cousin Harry* (American Tract Society) is a capital story. Betty is a most natural character, and the story is the romance of truth.—*Frolic and Her Friends* (American Tract Society) is for rather younger children. Mrs. Butts makes it serve as a medium for some useful and healthful religious instruction. The friends are both human and animal pets.—Ellis Gray characterizes in her charming poetical preface the second volume of the "Long Ago Series," *The Cedars* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.):

> "And that is the reason, dear bird,
> Your song and my story are one;
> For the life at the cedars was love,
> And *that* story never is done."

The charm of the story is the golden atmosphere of love that one breathes in it, and that makes it a book not less useful to parents than inspiring to children.—*His Grandchild* (Carters), an English reprint, is very simple in structure—a story of child sorrow and child courage, one that might have been simply transcribed from real life, one that will inspire the heart of old and young with greater sympathy for the poor.—Another reprint is *A Peep Behind the Scenes* (Carters), a story of a strolling company of players, pathetic but not tragic, relieved from absolute gloom by the radiance of a Christian faith and hope that shines through an atmosphere which otherwise would be unspeakably sad.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—On October 2, Palisa, of Pola, discovered Asteroid No. 176, being his tenth minor planet. On October 11 No. 177 was discovered by Dr. C. H. F. Peters, this being his twenty-seventh minor planet. On September 14 a faint comet was discovered by Coggia, of Marseilles; and on October 2 a brighter one, having a small tail, was discovered by Tempel, of Florence.

Dr. C. Powalky has reduced all of Lacaille's observations of stars (about 400 in number) taken with the altitude instruments both at the Cape of Good Hope and at Paris. By introducing new values of the latitude, refraction, and corrections for the division errors of the instruments, he has been able to bring excellent agreement between the Paris and Cape observations with both sextant and sector. The results appear to be comparable in precision with Bradley's observations. The epoch chosen is 1750.0.

In the *Astronomische Nachrichten* Marth continues his very complete ephemeris of the five inner satellites of Saturn. He notes the desirability of observations of the conjunctions of *Mimas* with the ends of the ring. It may be worth while to note in this place the times of *sidereal revolution* of the five inner satellites adopted by Marth. They are, *Mimas*, 0 d. 22 h. 37 m. 8.26 s.; *Enceladus*, 1 d. 8 h. 53 m. 6.86 s.; *Tethys*, 1 d. 21 h. 18 m. 25.96 s.; *Dione*, 2 d. 17 h. 41 m. 9.33 s.; *Rhea*, 4 d. 12 h. 25 m. 11.87 s.

Hall, of Washington, has an investigation of the outline of the shadow of a planet projected on any plane, first, for the case where the luminous and opaque bodies are both spherical, and second, where the opaque body is supposed to be an ellipsoid of revolution. The conclusion is that even in the case of Saturn, which has the most eccentric figure of any of the planets, the outline of the geometric shadow on the plane of the ring is sensibly a right line. The apparent convexity of the bounding line of this shadow toward the centre of Saturn has then to be explained from conditions other than geometrical.

The question of the relative goodness of reflectors and refractors has some light thrown upon it by recent observations of the satellites of Mars. These were both easily seen and *measured* in a refractor of 12 inches aperture. The outer satellite has been certainly seen with a refractor of 7 inches. With an 18-inch silvered-glass reflector, Key, of Hereford, was barely able to see the outer satellite when its exact position was known. At Marseilles the outer satellite has been observed with a refractor, but neither of the two has been seen with the reflector of 31 inches aperture, "on account of diffused light in the field." The silvering of this mirror has, however, deteriorated through age. With the six-foot reflector of Lord Rosse the outer satellite alone was seen up to September 20, and "not well enough to measure it." As far as has been reported, not a single reflector has even *seen* the inner satellite.

Huggins has succeeded in photographing the spectrum of Mars.

The Results of Observations of Shooting-Stars, from 1833 *to* 1875, by the late Dr. Heis, of Münster, has just been published. It comprises Dr. Heis's own observations for forty-three years at the observatory of which he was director. According to *Nature*, it gives the times of occurrence and the points of first and last appearance of 13,000 meteors, followed by a partial discussion of the results and catalogues of radiant points.

Professor Young, of Princeton, has invented a new gravity escapement for astronomical clocks, which is described in the *Italian Spectroscopic Journal* for August, 1877.

Secchi has published "L'Astronomia in Roma, nel Pontificato di Pio IX."—a pamphlet of fifty-one pages, with three plates. It is a sketch of the founding of the observatory of the Roman College and of its labors in many fields.

The observatory of Harvard College has issued a pamphlet, prepared by Assistant Waldo, on "Standard Public Time," "for distribution among those interested in a common standard of public time throughout New England," and also a circular to New England cities, etc., on the same subject. If the public really value an accurate standard time, they can now easily obtain it from the observatories of Harvard College, Albany, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Ann Arbor, etc., which are ready to furnish it at a moderate expense.

A very complete bibliography of books and memoirs on the "Method of Least Squares" (eighty-one pages) has just been published by Professor Merriman, of Yale College.

The progress of *Meteorology* is now seen to be so dependent on the prompt formation and study of daily weather maps, and this work is so materially assisted by the use of the electric telegraph, that we are not surprised to find combined in one person—Mr. Charles Todd, of Adelaide, South Australia—the various positions of government astronomer, meteorologist, and director of the post-office and telegraph lines. In this last capacity Mr. Todd has been able to greatly further the extension of the telegraph, and its utilization in weather study and predictions. Since January, 1876, he has published regularly the weather observations from about eighty stations, most of which send in daily reports by telegraph. His pamphlet entitled, "Observatory and Climate of South Australia," contains a mass of details relative to the climate of the interior of Australia, which has hitherto been to meteorologists an unknown region.

The organization of the meteorological system of India, which was effected in 1873, and by which Blanford, of Calcutta, was made government reporter for the whole of this most extensive country, promises to result in work of the highest importance in the progress of both observational and philosophical meteorology. We have already had occasion to refer to the valuable studies into the origin of the cyclones of the Bay of Bengal. The first official publications of the Calcutta office consist of the *Report for the Year* 1875, and Vol. I. of the *Indian Meteorological Memoirs*. The former, a quarto of 387 pages, contains the details of the observations at 88 full and 198 rain stations, and a general review of the atmospheric phenomena during the year, as shown by monthly maps. The second publication contains important memoirs by Blanford on the diurnal variations of the winds and barometer, and on the climate of Kashgar.

In a communication to the French Association at Havre, Glaisher gave the results of all his observations in balloons upon the decrease of temperature of air with altitude. He finds an increase during the night-time, and a more rapid decrease during the daytime than is usually accepted. Eleven years of observations upon thermometers placed at the altitudes of twenty-two and four feet conduce to the same result. The greatest irregularities are, however, met with in ascensions to considerable heights, and much more knowledge on this subject is greatly to be desired.

The connection between solar spots and rainfall has been discussed so actively of late years as to have been forced into a position of undue prominence in relation to the other important factors that affect the climate of any locality. The subject can only be properly studied by including observations from the whole earth in an analysis, and we are not surprised to find that a recent writer, Mr. Hill, has shown that the data for India can be twisted into proving either a maximum or a minimum of rain for each maximum of solar spots, the truth being that a change in the solar heat produces opposite effects in two regions whose geographical conditions are dissimilar.

Perhaps the greatest boon possible to confer upon Ceylon and India will be the restoration of the ancient system of tanks and irrigation by which, a thousand years ago, the desolating effects of a scarcity of water were almost completely averted. Similar tanks will at some future day doubtless be introduced into our own Western country.

In *Physics*, Mallet has published a paper on the density of solid mercury, the experimental investigation having been conducted with great care. A cylindrical specific-gravity flask was prepared of glass, whose capacity at 4° C. was determined both by direct and indirect calibration to be 59.7311 grams. The freezing mixture used was snow and hydrochloric acid, the temperatures were determined by an alcohol thermometer verified by comparison, and the weighings were made on a Becker balance. In the experiment 558.9353 grams pure mercury were placed in the flask, which was filled with alcohol whose co-efficient of expansion was known, the whole placed in the freezing mixture, the mercury frozen, the alcohol brought exactly to the mark, the temperature noted, the flask set aside to acquire the temperature of the balance case, cleaned, and weighed. As a final result, the number 14.1932 was obtained as representing the density of solid mercury at its fusing-point, −38.85° C., referred to water at its point of maximum density, 4° C., taken as unity.

Stearn and Swan have improved the Sprengel air-pump by closing the reservoirs at top and bottom, so that no pressure is exerted on the surface of the mercury by the external atmosphere. In consequence the fall tube may be very much shortened without impairing the efficiency of the instrument. On beginning exhaustion, the mercury reservoir at top is filled, and closed by a stopper, and by means of a small exhausting syringe, attached to the lower reservoir, a considerable portion of the air is removed from the receiver to be exhausted, and the pressure on the mercury in the lower reservoir is materially reduced. The flow of the mercury in the pump completes the exhaustion rapidly. With a fall tube only nine or ten inches long, a small vacuum tube furnished with aluminum wires separated by a quarter inch was exhausted in twelve minutes so perfectly that an induction coil giving half-inch sparks in air failed to produce the slightest luminosity.

Olivier has observed the curious phenomenon

that if one end of a bar of steel fifteen millimeters square and seventy to eighty centimeters long be held against a revolving grindstone, one hand grasping the bar at its middle point, the other at the end, the middle portion remains quite cold, while the end farthest from the stone becomes too hot to touch. This appears to indicate the transference of energy along the bar in some other form than as heat.

Daubrée has experimented upon the mechanical actions of incandescent gases. A plate of steel twenty-three square centimeters in area, and weighing 3.479 grams, was placed in a powder chamber of forty-three cubic centimeters capacity, in which twelve grams of powder were exploded by an electric spark. The plate of steel was found completely fused into a strangely twisted and puffed-out mass. An impalpable powder of ferrous sulphide was found in the chamber, and the plate had lost 0.738 gram in weight. In other experiments in which a minute opening existed between the powder chamber and the air, closed by a steel conical plug, he found that when the plug was not completely screwed up, gases escaped at the instant of explosion which completely melted away the conical part of the plug, and excavated deep furrows in the cylindrical portion. The author applies these facts to the solution of some geological problems.

Mallet has examined the liquid contained in a cavity in a specimen of green fluorite from Alston Moor, in Cumberland, the cavity being irregular, 6 mm. long, 2.5 wide, and 1 deep, and filled with liquid in which was a readily mobile bubble. From the experiments which he made upon this liquid at different temperatures he concludes that it is simply water.

Pictet has sought to determine experimentally the cause of the difference between transparent and opaque ice, and finds that it is due to the temperature at which the ice is formed. When frozen at temperatures between 0° and −1.5° C. it is as clear as crystal, but when frozen below −3° it is whitish and of less density, its cohesion being also diminished. The causes of this whitish opacity are two in number—first, the presence of air bubbles in the ice, and second, the irregularity of the ice crystals, which destroys its optical homogeneousness. If a current of air be passed through the water while freezing, the ice is clear and transparent, no matter how low the temperature at which it is frozen.

Chastaing has published an extended memoir on the chemical action of light. He concludes (1) that on inorganic bodies the violet end of the spectrum as far as the green exerts a reducing, the red end an oxidizing, action, the latter being less marked; whence the total action of white light is reducing. Between D and E the photochemical action is zero. (2) That on organic substances the action is an oxidizing one, continually increasing from red to violet, being represented by 2 in the former and 3 in the latter, if that in darkness be taken as 1. (3) That fluorescent rays do chemical work within the substance, transforming quinine, for example, into quinicine. The heat accompanying the light does not affect the result.

Ayrton and Perry, in a letter to *Nature*, show that the wire cage proposed by Maxwell as a protection against lightning is not satisfactory, by quoting a case of lightning in a coal mine in India by which two miners were killed. The mine is shallow, only twenty feet of rock being above it, the accident occurring 130 feet from the mouth. The man and woman who were killed were at the working face in adjoining galleries, separated by twelve feet of coal. These two people were practically entirely surrounded by a partial conductor in connection with the earth, affording certainly quite as good protection as the wires Maxwell proposes to place along the edges of a building.

In *Chemistry*, the progress of the month has been one of detail mainly. Von Meyer has put to the test the theory of De la Rive, that the so-called catalytic action of platinum is due to the formation of a superficial layer of oxide, which is subsequently reduced, and so on alternately, by examining the action of platinous oxide, platinic oxide, and platinic hydrate upon mixtures of hydrogen and carbonous oxide. He finds that these gases are both oxidized at the expense of the oxygen in the oxide of platinum, the proportion of hydrogen being much the larger. Upon a mixture of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbonous oxide the action of the platinum is directly the reverse, the carbonous oxide being burned in largest proportion. The author concludes from these experiments that the theory of De la Rive can not be admitted.

Anthropology.—In *Silliman's Journal* for October the Archæological Section of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences cautions collectors of American antiquities against frauds and imitations which are being palmed off on the public as originals. Following up Colonel Whittlesey's exposure of frauds, Mr. J. D. Moody, of Mendota, Illinois, publishes a pamphlet of four pages, with an engraving, in reference to the authenticity of the "Rockford Tablet." Students of archæology have long feared that the demand for relics in our country would induce the repetition of the rascalities of "Flint Jack" in England.

The German association of scientific men and physicians was held at Munich. Professor Haeckel, in his address on the evolution theory of the present day in its relation to science in general, takes the broad ground that all material and spiritual phenomena are readily explicable by the laws of heredity and adaptation. Professor Virchow, in his paper on the "Liberty of Science in Modern Thought," while rejoicing in the perfect liberty which science has attained, advises its votaries against indiscretions in thrusting into the instruction of the masses speculations as yet unproved, and alluded to the theories of Haeckel as an example of hasty generalization.

Zoology.—It may be remembered that Dr. E. L. Sturtevant contributed to the *American Naturalist* for August a note on the development of unfertilized eggs in the body of the female pickerel. In the October number of the same journal Dr. W. K. Brooks gives the history of previously published cases of a similar nature, with the authorities. Dr. Burnett saw in eggs of the codfish before they were expelled from the ovaries, and therefore before impregnation, phenomena indicating that the segmentation of the yolk had already begun. Agassiz declared that eggs in various early stages of development may be found in the ovaries of the cod, whiting, and hake. Bischoff states that a few unfertilized eggs of the European frog were found to go through the early stages of development, and this has been

confirmed by another French writer. Bischoff found eggs in various stages of segmentation in the ovaries of a virgin sow, and Hensen observed the same in the rabbit. Oellacher found that eggs laid by virgin hens undergo segmentation and form a blastoderm while in the oviduct, and he regards this as a normal process. Vogt says the unfertilized eggs of *Firola*, a mollusk, undergo segmentation, and Quatrefages records the same occurrence in *Unio*. Dr. Brooks concludes that "the egg has in itself the power to form a new individual, although this power is never perfectly, and usually not at all, shown until development is excited by the influence of the spermatic filaments of the male."

Some living *Ceratodus* have been received in a living state by the Australian Museum at Sydney, where they have been observed by Mr. E. P. Ramsay, who writes to the Zoological Society of London that their chief mode of progression is by waves of the tail, or by paddling with the pectoral fins alone (without moving either their posterior pair of fins or the tail).

A letter from Dr. Otto Finsch, dated Saissan, Southwest Siberia, contains some new information regarding the wild camel, obtained by Mr. Harkloff from the reports of the native Tanguts. It appears that the Tanguts and Kirgizes hunt the wild camel, and eat its flesh and use the hair. It has two humps of nearly the same size as the tame camel, but is larger and higher on the legs. It is darker, and with finer and softer wool, and the color around the nose is much clearer and paler than in the tame camel. It is to be found 250 versts southeast from Saissan, in the district of Kabano, part of the desert of Gobi. They pair in the spring, and the time of gestation is the same as with the tame camel. The female produces in February or the beginning of March one calf, rarely two, and bears young every year, whereas the tame camel brings forth only every two years. It is said not to be shy, and accordingly not difficult to obtain.

A new species of crow, which is entirely white except on the head, neck, and wings, has been discovered at the head of the Persian Gulf. It has been described and figured by Mr. Sclater in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, and called the chaplain crow (*Corvus capellanus*), the white feathers on the neck and breast resembling a surplice.

Among recent papers on the mammals in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society is an essay on the *Molossus* bats, by G. E. Dobson, descriptions of new mammals collected by Professor Steere in the Philippine Islands, and descriptions of some new mammals from tropical America by Dr. Günther, who also adverts to the presence of the genus *Atherura* (*A. africana*) on the west coast of Africa. He has before drawn attention to the occurrence on the coast of West Africa of fresh-water fishes previously considered to be exclusively typical of the Indian region. Thus the re-appearance of the Atherura on the West African coast strongly confirms Mr. Wallace's view that there is present among the mammals and birds of West Africa a special Oriental or even Malayan element. "Instances of this kind," adds Dr. Günther, "appear to me to be of infinitely greater weight in solving the problem of the mode of dispersion of animals over the globe (or their genesis) than deductions drawn from lists of genera vaguely or artificially defined." He has also discovered African reptilian types in the Indian region.

Additional information regarding the breeding habits of *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, the duck-bill, has been sent to Professor Owen by George Bennett. They live in burrows four by three inches in size, and the young, probably about a month old, were found in a chamber eighteen inches by ten inches and eight inches in diameter, containing a nest formed of dried grass, reeds, and gum leaves. Three or four such chambers connect with one burrow. Young were taken measuring four and a half inches to the tip of the tail, which had evidently never been in the water. They were fed for a few days with milk sweetened with sugar and lukewarm. From these and the previous observations of Mr. Bennett, Professor Owen infers that the breeding season of the duck-bill has a certain range in time. "They may bring forth in one river a few weeks earlier or later than in another; and there seems to be a difference of a week or two in this respect in the same river. But the months of September, October, and November are those in which there seems to be most chance of obtaining a pregnant Platypus. Of the breeding season of the *Echidna* I have not yet received as satisfactory indications. It would seem to be earlier in the year, as the young in the rudimental pouch, described and figured in the Philosophical Transactions, 1865, page 671, was stated to have been found with the mother (which was captured) on the 12th of August. The month of July might be the time favorable for obtaining a female *Echidna* in the impregnated state."

Additional facts regarding the anatomy of the musk-deer have been published by Mr. A. H. Garrod in the Zoological Society's Proceedings.

Botany.—In the report of the progress and condition of the Royal Gardens at Kew, besides the usual array of statistics, there is an account of the useful plants recently introduced into the British colonies, of the diseases to which the coffee-tree is liable, and a brief notice of certain plants which have been used in the manufacture of paper. From the report it appears that the new building for the herbarium is nearly completed, and that the estimated number of specimens in the herbarium is now considerably over a million, reckoning as one all the individuals of the same plant from the same locality. The physiological laboratory endowed by Mr. Jodrell is finished, and has been used by Professor Tyndall in his researches on *Bacteria*, and by Professor Burdon-Sanderson in his experiments on *Dioncæa*.

In the Proceedings of the Swedish Royal Academy is a monograph of the algæ of the west coast of Nova Zembla, by Dr. Kjellman.

Reinke reports the discovery of the mode of fructification in *Zanardinia*, one of the *Phæosporæ*, in which he observed a conjugation of swarm spores.

In the *Botanische Zeitung* Kermer calls attention to *Antennaria alpina*, L., as affording another instance of parthenogenesis, shown by his observations at the Botanic Garden of Innsprück.

Klein, in a recent number of *Flora*, says that he has been able to detect the presence of sieve cells in some species of *Florideæ*. Such cells had not previously been supposed to exist in the lower cryptogams.

In *Mechanics*, we may mention that Professor Thurston has just made public a report of a series of elaborate tests made under his supervision to determine the resistance to stripping and bursting possessed by hot-pressed and cold-punched nuts. The results of these tests were very favorable to the method of cold punching, as will appear from the statement from the report in question, viz.: "The results of the trial, taken as a whole, are conclusive in proving, first, that the cold-punched nuts possessed a much greater average strength, combined with greater rigidity and slightly greater uniformity, than was exhibited by the hot-pressed nuts, and that the superiority was most strongly manifested in the trials by stripping stress; second, that the cold-punched nuts exhibited a strength never attained by the hot-pressed nuts, but that such variations in the strength of both styles occurred as to have caused the hot-pressed nuts to equal, and occasionally to excel, the weakest specimens of cold-punched nuts."

In the field of *Engineering*, work has been prosecuted with considerable energy on three of the unfinished railways to connect the Pacific coast with the East. The work of track-laying on an important branch of the Canada Pacific was commenced in Manitoba on the 29th of September, with imposing ceremonies, which were participated in by the Governor-General. The Northern Pacific has completed another section of its road eastward from the Pacific, and is making active efforts to extend its line westerly from Dakota; and the Southern Pacific has advanced eastwardly as far as Yuma.

The *Railway Review* reports the fact that a company is at present being organized for an elevated railway in Chicago, under the title of "The Chicago Elevated Railway and Rapid Transit Company." A similar project for the city of Brooklyn, known as the "Brooklyn Central Elevated Railway Company," appears to have assumed a tangible shape, the organization of the company having been already effected. It is proposed to build this road after the pattern of the Greenwich Street road in New York.

The channel span of the bridge over the Ohio River at Cincinnati, which is being built for the Cincinnati and Southern Railroad Company, has just swung clear of the false works. This is stated to be the largest span—520 feet—of truss bridge in the world.

Iron railway ties, it is stated, are about to be tried on the Kansas Pacific, Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, Denver and Rio Grande, and Colorado Central railroads.

The scheme for reclaiming a large area of marsh land in what is known as the Everglades in Florida appears to have gained favor, if the report can be credited that a company representing large capital has been formed for the purpose, and has employed an engineer to make preliminary surveys of the territory. The extent of reclaimable land is said to be about 5280 square miles, much of which is estimated to be elevated some four or five feet above the level of the ocean. These lands, once drained, would, it is represented, secure to the State an enormous addition of soil of almost inexhaustible fertility.

A process of purifying iron by means of chlorine has been devised by William Baker, of Sheffield. It consists in submitting the molten cast iron to the action of chlorine (in the gaseous form) in the Bessemer converter or the ordinary puddling furnace. He claims to be able by this treatment to remove practically the whole of the phosphorus from impure cast iron.

A new process for making wrought iron and steel direct from the ore has been brought out by Charles M. Dupuy, C.E.

A fine ledge of lithographic stone is reported to have been discovered near Winchester, Kentucky.

From the usual autumn statement of the condition of blast-furnaces in the United States, issued by the *Iron Age*, we glean that on the 1st of October of this year the number of charcoal furnaces in blast was 89, with a weekly capacity of 7887 tons; out of blast, 176, with a weekly capacity of 12,957 tons. Number of anthracite furnaces in blast, 86, with a weekly capacity of 17,067 tons; out of blast, 140, with a weekly capacity of 25,268 tons. Number of bituminous (or coke) furnaces in blast, 77, with a weekly capacity of 19,670 tons; out of blast, 136, with a weekly capacity of 29,780 tons. These figures indicate that, as compared with 1876, a greater percentage of charcoal and anthracite furnaces is in blast, but that there has been no change for the better as regards bituminous furnaces.

From official reports it would appear that hippophagism is on the increase in France, since the butchers of Paris slaughtered during the first six months of 1877 for consumption 5283 horses, donkeys, and mules, as compared with 4422 during the corresponding period of 1876.

The compressed glass of M. Siemens, which is manufactured at Dresden, is asserted to be stronger than the glass tempered by the La Bastie process, in the proportion of five to three, and to have from seven to ten times the strength of common glass. The fracture of the Siemens glass is said, furthermore, to be fibrous, while that of La Bastie is crystalline. In certain trials made before a late meeting of the Berlin Polytechnic Society a leaden ball weighing 120 grams let fall upon a pane of ordinary glass held at the four corners, broke it at a height of thirty centimeters, but required a fall of three meters to break the compressed glass, and then only fractured it.

The United States consul-general at Calcutta has forwarded to the Department of State circulars issued by the government of India offering a prize of £5000 for the best and £1000 for the second best machine or process for the preparation of ramie fibre. In giving this publicity to these offers the Indian government manifests its desire that American inventors may enter the field in competition. What is wanted is said to be a machine or process capable of producing by any form of motive power a ton of dressed ramie fibre at a total cost of not more than £15, laid down at any port of India, and at a cost of not more than £30 in England.

It is affirmed that the desiccating of eggs has grown to be quite an important industry, large establishments for the purpose being in operation in St. Louis and New York. No salts or other extraneous matters are added in the desiccating process, the product being simply a consolidated mixture of yolk and albumen having a vitreous appearance, an amber color, and having about one-eighth the bulk of the natural egg. Such desiccated eggs are claimed to retain their qualities for years unimpaired in any climate.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of November.—Mr. Ewing, from the Committee on Banking, reported a bill to the House of Representatives, October 31, to repeal the third section of the Resumption Act.

The House, November 4, passed what is known as the Bland Silver Bill by a vote of 163 to 34. It provides for the coinage of a silver dollar of 412½ grains, making it a legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private. In the Senate, on the 6th, this bill was referred to the Committee on Finance. This committee, November 21, reported the bill favorably, with an amendment limiting the amount of silver bullion which the Secretary of the Treasury shall purchase for coinage to not less then $2,000,000 and not over $4,000,000 per month.

The House, November 12, passed the Army Appropriation Bill, reducing the number of men to 20,000. The Senate passed the bill, November 13, with an amendment fixing the number of men at 25,000. The House concurred in this amendment, and the bill was finally passed, November 19. The Deficiency Bill, appropriating $2,240,665, was passed by both Houses.

October 29, the President sent to the Senate the following nominations: E. W. Stoughton for minister to Russia; Theodore Roosevelt for Collector, Edwin A. Merritt for Surveyor, and L. Bradford Prince for Naval Officer of the port of New York. On the 30th he nominated John Welsh minister to England. Mr. Stoughton's and Mr. Welsh's nominations were promptly confirmed. The nomination of John L. Stevens as minister to Norway and Sweden was confirmed November 13.

The House, November 20, passed the Paris Exposition Bill, appropriating $150,000.

Elections were held, November 6, in thirteen States, with the following results: Massachusetts, Governor Rice, Republican, re-elected by a plurality of about 18,000, and Legislature Republican; Connecticut, Republican plurality 836; Wisconsin, Republican plurality 8271; Minnesota, Republican majority 12,000; Nebraska, Republican majority 5000 to 8000; Kansas, Republican majority 20,000 to 30,000; New York, Democratic plurality for Secretary of State, 9600, with Legislature Republican; New Jersey, M'Clellan Governor by a plurality of 12,710, Legislature Democratic; Pennsylvania, Democratic plurality for Treasurer 9901; Maryland, Democratic, 20,000 majority; Mississippi and Virginia, Democratic.

The progress in the Eastern War has been favorable to the Russians. While as yet unsuccessful before Plevna, they have captured the fortress of Kars, in Armenia, and the downfall of Erzerum is considered certain, if the weather remains favorable to active operations. Kars was taken by assault, November 18, after a battle of twelve hours; 10,000 prisoners and 300 guns were captured. The Turkish loss in killed and wounded is estimated at 5000, the Russian at half that number.

The French Chamber of Deputies has determined to unseat those members whose election was plainly due to official pressure. In the Chamber, November 14, M. De Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior, defended the interference of the government in the elections. The Prime Minister, De Broglie, on the 15th, stated that President M'Mahon would not take a ministry from the Left, nor would the government submit to the proposed electoral inquiry.

In the departmental elections the Republicans gained several general councillors. The returns, November 6, showed that 565 Republicans and 350 conservatives had been elected to the Councils General.

On the 16th of November the French ministers resigned. Thirty Senators belonging to the constitutional party and the Right Centre had the previous evening called upon the President and declared that they could not support the cabinet in a policy of resistance.

A convention was concluded on the 4th of August last between the governments of Great Britain and Egypt for the suppression of the slave-trade within the countries ruled over by the Khedive. The powers and privileges granted by the Egyptian government to British cruisers to visit, search, detain, etc., suspected Egyptian vessels are very full, the "law's delay" in the trial of slavers short, and the punishment severe.

DISASTERS.

November 1.—Collision between an express and a freight train on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. Five men killed.

November 10.—On Lake Michigan, the Canadian schooner *Magellan*. Eight lives lost.

November 15.—Fire-damp explosion in the Jermyn Colliery, Scranton, Pennsylvania. Four men fatally and ten seriously injured.

OBITUARY.

October 24.—In South America, Professor James Orton, of Vassar College, author of *The Andes and the Amazon*, and other valuable works, aged forty-seven years.—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, George L. Fox, the well-known comedian, aged fifty-two years.

October 28.—In Philadelphia, Edwin Adams, the actor, aged forty-three years.

October 29.—In Memphis, Tennessee, General N. B. Forrest, a prominent Confederate cavalry officer, in his fifty-seventh year.

November 1.—In Indianapolis, Oliver P. Morton, United States Senator from Indiana, aged fifty-four years.

November 10.—In New York city, Dr. Martyn Paine, emeritus professor of the Medical Department of the University of New York, and author of several medical and philosophical works, aged eighty-three years.

November 12.—In New York city, Henry Peters Gray, the distinguished painter, aged fifty-eight years.

October 28.—At Nice, France, Miss Julia Kavanagh, the well-known novelist, aged fifty-three years.

November 1.—In Berlin, Prussia, Field-marshal Baron Frederick von Wrangell, the oldest officer of rank in the German army, aged ninety-three years.

Editor's Drawer.

CONCERNING Mr. Evarts:

At the great meeting held in Cooper Institute, in October last, to sustain the administration of President Hayes, at which it had been announced that Mr. Evarts would be present, a gentleman from Vermont, who had never seen the Secretary of State, but had a desire to do so, said to the person seated next to him, "Is Mr. E-varts on the platform?"

"No; he has not yet arrived."

"He's expected?"

"Oh yes; he'll be along presently."

"I've never seen Mr. E-varts, though I've heard a good deal of him. He's got a farm up to Windsor, in our State."

"Well, when he comes in I'll tell you. The boys generally give him a cheer when he comes on the stage. Ah, there he comes!"

"Is *that* him?"

"Yes."

"William *M.* E-varts?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the Vermonter. "Why, he *looks as though he boarded!*"

THE Indiana woman of superior *ton* is not behind her sister of New York or Paris in her idea of "the eternal fitness of things." Recently in one of the cities of that interesting Western State a very beautiful woman died, whose mind was somewhat given to styles. On her sick-bed she was particular about color, light, and the general tone of the room, and never received a visitor without a red or blue shawl thrown across the shoulder. She preferred not to die, and did not intend to die. "It is such a disenchanting process," she declared. When it was discovered that she must die, her husband broke the news to her very gently. She was a little distressed, but not much agitated. She had only one request to make. It was: "My darling, don't let that horrid Mrs. —— make my outfit. Her fits are sickening, and she overtrims terribly; besides, she will be sure to spell myrtle m-u-r-t-e-l in the bill."

A GENTLEMAN named Kennedy recently gave an entertainment in London on the peculiarities of Scotchmen, in the course of which he gave this definition of the national word *fou:* "Being gently excited by the moderate use of dangerous beverages."

COMING from the *Methodist*, this will be adjudged good: "The situation was comprehended by the Georgia colored preacher, who said, 'We have a collection to make this morning, and, for the glory of Heaven, whichever of you stole Mr. Smith's sheep, don't put any thing on the plate.'"

GOOD Bishop Potter made a neat little hit while presiding at one of the sessions of the Church Congress held recently in this city. Mr. Richard M. Hunt, an eminent architect, had read an interesting paper on "The Church Architecture that we Need," and after a historical sketch of early styles, dwelt upon the requirements of the Protestant church in the nineteenth century. He said that too little attention was paid to the perceptive and acoustic properties. Bishop Potter, after the paper had been read, said that it reminded him of the encomiums lavished upon a neighboring new church a few years ago: "The church was perfect in every part except two, and these two were that you could *neither see nor hear.*"

THE difference between meanness and prudence was stated in the most delicate way not long since in an editorial in the New York *Tribune.* The character of Mr. Elijah Hitchcock, a Connecticut constable, being under scrutiny, Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him.



BOY. "All my glories in that one woman I have lost forever."
SHAKSPEARE.

"Deacon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is a dishonest man?"

(Very promptly:) "Oh no, Sir; not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he's a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keerful man—a prudent man, so to speak."

"What do you mean by a prudent man?"

"Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution for four dollars against the old widow Witter back here, and he went up to her house and levied it on a flock of ducks; and he chased them ducks one at a time round and round the house pootty much all day, and every time he catched a duck he'd set right down and wring his

neck, an' charge mileage; an' his mileage 'mounted to more'n the debt. Nothin' mean 'bout it as I know of, but I always thought after that that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

We are indebted to a London correspondent for the following amusing rhymes, showing the use and abuse of the English language:

SALLY SALTER.

Sally Salter was a young teacher who taught;
And her friend, Charlie Church, a young preacher who praught
(Though his enemies called him a screecher who scraught).

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking, and sunk;
And his eye, meeting hers, kept winking, and wunk;
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do, he doed.

The secret he wanted to speak, then he spoke—
To seek with his lips what his heart had long soke;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, so they rode,
And so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode,
Till they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.

Then "homeward," he said, "let us drive," and they drove;
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove;
For whatever she could not contrive, he controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole;
At the feet he was longing to kneel, then he knole;
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,
While Time in swift circuit kept winging, and wung,
But sad was the thing he was bringing, and brung.

The man Sally wanted to catch and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch and had snaught,
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she scraught.

So Charlie's warm love began freezing, and froze,
And he now took to teasing, and cruelly tose
The girl he had loved to be squeezing, and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"
And she answered, "I promised to *cleave*, and I've cleft."

"Saying grace," although usually done with brevity, is said with infinite variety of phraseology, and anecdotes thereof are numberless. The last of which we have heard was by Mr. Compton, an English comedian of the first class, who died a few weeks ago in London. He had been to a party in the country. Next day, on his way home, he stopped at a village inn and ordered dinner. He wore a long black coat over a dress suit, and had a white neck-tie. The landlord mistook him for a clergyman.

"There is to be a meeting of clergy here to-day, Sir, and they are to dine. I'm sure the dean would be glad to have you join them."

"Thank you," said Compton, who was very hungry; "I shall be glad."

"I will take in your card," said the landlord.

"I have no card," replied Compton; "you can say Rev. Mr. Payne, who is passing through the town."

The dean said they would be glad to give a strange brother a seat at the table. The Rev. Mr. Payne appeared, and the dean with courtesy placed him at his right hand, and asked him to say grace. Compton felt a cold chill run through him, but with perfect presence of mind recalled the opening portion of the Church service, and hit upon the very words for his purpose. In his rich, melodious voice he said,

"O Lord, open Thou our *lips*, and our *mouths* shall show forth Thy praise."

Tell us, good people, if you have heard any thing neater than that.

The following comes to us from an old contributor:

A bright little eight-year American girl here has undertaken to keep what she calls her "idea-book." The other day she gave me a peep into it, and I was so much amused at some of her ideas that I give you a few morsels to taste:

I think I have an angel coming to me, because I hear whispers at school, and talking and saying what is going on in the day. I think it is the angel of learning, because I don't hear it in the house.

I asked mamma if grandmas were born old, and if persons who studied volcanoes put their faces into the holes to see if the eruption was coming.

I thought yesterday night that cows could not help laughing when they were milked, because I should think they would be tickled by the hands of the milk-maids.

I have a thought. I see little babies look up to the sky, and I think they come down so slyly with the angels that they don't know when they are coming, and when they are in the arms of the nurses they look up to the sky as though they wanted to go back there. When they are older they change their manner; they look more upon the earth, and find it as nice here as up there.

Peps [this is a baby brother] said, when he died he should ask Christ to be lightning, and if he did not wish it, to be thunder, and he wanted to die soon, so as to be lightning or thunder, because it was fierce.

Thanks to our Stratford friend for this little bit:

I heard something the other day which you may like to print. It occurred near Hartford, in a pretty rural village. A Baptist minister was officiating at a funeral, and gave out the hymn,

I would not live alway.

"It seems appropriate," he remarked, "that this hymn should be sung on this occasion, as it was *a great favorite of the remains*."

An eminent jurist of this city sends to the Drawer the following:

A young fellow from the country solicited the hand of a city belle, and was refused. As he was leaving the dwelling, he thrust his head into the open window of the room where the fair one was still sitting, with the inquiry, "Would the *towr* of Europe be any inducement?" The *towr* did not induce.

This bit of vital piety comes to the Drawer from Lewiston, Maine:

A clergyman in one of the lower towns of the State, on being asked something in reference to joining the church by a man of questionable character, replied that it would not be convenient to receive him then, as just at that time the church was full, adding, by way of mitigating the man's disappointment, that when a vacancy occurred, by death or otherwise, he would let him know.

To a certain extent the average man of California is given to expressing himself in language more conspicuous for rough vigor than for rhetorical finish. And this peculiarity often extends

to those who make some pretension to culture. As an example:

At a recent examination for teachers' certificates in Placerville, California, one of the lady applicants was told to "define hyperbole, and give an example," to which she answered: "A hyperbole is an exaggeration of the truth, used to illustrate wit and humor. Example: The train running between Shingle Springs and Latrobe goes with such speed that the kiss left on the hand of Mr. Watkins by his Placerville girl was not dry before it was shaken by his girl at Latrobe."

VERY French this, from a recent Paris paper:

A Norman applies to a lady who is summering at Etretat for employment.

"But, my good man," replies the lady, "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do."

"Ah, madame, if you only knew how little work it would take to occupy me!"

IT is due to the future of the literature of this country that the first efforts of every daughter of genius should be encouraged. Therefore do we yield to a Michigan authoress, who has given to the public a volume of sixty pages entitled *The Sentimental Song-Book*, that portion of space necessary to reproduce two stanzas that indicate her early intellectual struggles, and a desire that the lyrics she now tosses out to the world will be perused with a certain degree of indulgence:

If I went to school half the time,
It was all that I could do;
It seems very strange to me sometimes,
And it may seem strange to you.
It was natural for me to compose,
And put words into rhyme,
And the success of my first work
Is this little song-book of mine.

My childhood days have passed and gone,
And it fills my heart with pain
To think that youth will nevermore
Return to me again.
And now, kind friends, what I have wrote
I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticise, as some have done,
Hitherto herebefore.

The following verse on the death of a small boy is heart-harrowing:

His parents parted when he was small,
And both are married again;
How sad it was for them to meet
And view his last remains!
He was living with his father then,
As many a friend can tell;
'Tis said of his father's second wife
That she did not use him well.

A CORRESPONDENT at Staten Island says:

In reading recently the *Life of Napoleon*, I came across a sentence which, like two published in *Harper* for October, reads alike commencing at either end. It is this: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

WHAT curious mottoes, by-the-way, have several of the old City companies of London! The Blacksmiths', for instance, have for their motto, "By hammer and hand all arts do stand;" the Butchers', "Omnia subjecisti sub pedibus, oves et boves;" the Clock-makers', "Tempus rerum imperator;" the Distillers', "Drop as rain, distill as dew;" the Founders', "God the only founder;" the Frame-work Knitters', "Speed, strength, and truth united;" the Innholders, "Come, ye blessed! when I was harborless, ye lodged me;" the Joiners', "Join loyalty and liberty;" the Saddlers', "Hold fast, sit sure;" the Salters', "Sal sapit omnia;" the Watermen's, "By command of our superiors;" the Weavers', "Weave truth with trust;" and the Needle-makers', "They sewed leaves together and made themselves aprons."



"Thou art so near, and yet so far."

IN Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* there is a dialogue between *Nesselrode* and *Nicholas*, which is not without pertinence, in view of the present conflict going on between Russia and Turkey. We quote two paragraphs:

NESSELRODE. "Religious wars, the most sanguinary of any, are stifled in the fields of agriculture; creeds are overthrown by commerce."

NICHOLAS. "Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broadsword; and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments. St. Peter was commanded to put up his sword; *but the ear was cut off first.*"

Two rather good things come over from London:

A gentleman fell ill a few days since at his shooting-box, and was obliged to keep his bed. "Perhaps," said some one, "it would be better to telegraph for a physician."

"Don't, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed the invalid. "Have you ever heard of a physician who could boast that he had saved one single patient's life?"

Nobody dared to venture so far. After a momentary silence, however, some one said, suddenly: "Oh yes; I know one. His patient was in a

cab, and the horse ran away. The physician happened to be at hand, caught the horse, and thus most probably he saved the life of the man."

A GENTLEMAN, walking along the Strand, in London, the other day, saw approaching him a man in tatters, carrying a tray, on which were



"I did not think to shed a tear in all my miseries; but thou hast forced me, out of thy honest truth, to play the woman."—SHAKSPEARE.

some small pies, marked 1*d.* each. As he got nearer him, he recognized a brother officer who had served in the same regiment some years previously. He accosted the poor fellow, and was sympathizing with him on his sad plight and altered circumstances, when the other exclaimed, "Hang your pity! buy a pie."

THE local designations of our people—Yankees, Wolverines, Buckeyes, Suckers, etc., etc.—find a parallel in the different counties of England, as we find in a late number of the Manchester *Guardian:*

Every district in England is distinguished by some inherent peculiarity in persons, customs, dialects, proverbs, etc. Thus of the inhabitants of the county of York it is observed, "A Yorkshireman will bite either dead or alive;" and though the natives assert, "Yorkshire, but honest," their neighbors add an important clause thereto—"with good looking after." Respecting the people of Derbyshire, it is affirmed in the adjoining portion of Lancashire and Cheshire that "every one coming across Whaley Bridge" (the division of the counties of Chester and Derby) "has hooked fingers"—*i. e.*, he is careful and close-fisted. "A Darby is slow and easy, but goes far in a day." Although the Cestrians pride themselves in "Cheshire, chief of men," yet their Lancashire brethren say:

"Cheshire bred,
Strong i' th' arm,
But weak i' th' head."

It is often observed that Lankies (Lancashire folk), on entering a room, whether in the heat of summer or the cold of winter, invariably rush to the fire-place. The natives pride themselves,

"Quick at meat and quick at work,
For lat [slow] at eating 's good for naught."

While in other places the lords of the creation are the "London gent," the "Glasgow callon," the "Paisley body," etc., Lancashire denominates her sons as "Liverpool gentleman," "Manchester man," "Owdum [Oldham] mon" or "Owdam chap," "Ash'n [Ashton-under-Lyne] fellow," "Ratchdaw [Rochdale] felly," and "Bowton [Bolton] Billy." Again, many of the towns and villages confer unique appellations on their residents, as "Bolton Trotters," "Bury Muffers," "Gorton Bull-dogs," "Middleton Moones," "Oldham Rough-heads," "Rochdale Gawbies," "Radcliffe Nippers," and such like. Many of the towns and villages of Lancashire have been or are famous for some production or manufacture, whether edible or textile, as "Manchester cotton," "Congleton points," "Cheadle swingers" (a peculiar-shaped coat), "Bowdon downs" (potatoes), "Warrington ale," "Ormskirk gingerbread," "Everton toffey," "Eccles cakes," "Stretford black puddings," "Bury cymblins."

A CORRESPONDENT at New Haven, Connecticut, gives the following as the eftest way for a five-year-old boy to obtain a glass of soda-water:

We were approaching a drug store when Willie said, "Papa, it 'll just take thirty cents."

"Thirty cents for what?"

"Why, to treat us to soda."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, there's just six of us, and it takes a nickel apiece."

"But, Willie, you don't want any soda-water."

"Yes, I do."

"Oh no, I guess not; the rest may, but we'll leave you out; how much will it cost, then?"

"Just thirty-five cents."

"Why, Willie, what's the matter with your arithmetic? If you're left out, it will leave only five."

"Yes, papa, *but it 'll cost ten cents to buy me off!*"

The lad got the desiderated effervescence.

THE horse poetry in the October number of the Drawer has brought us a note from a correspondent in Grass Valley, Nevada County, California, who says: "I have a verse differing widely in opinion from the one you published. It was taught me when a boy in Pennsylvania, and was said to have come from Lancashire, England:

"'One white leg, try him;
Two white legs, buy him;
Three white legs, look well about him;
Four white legs, do without him;
Four white legs and a white nose,
Take off his hide and give him to the crows.'"

THAT was an edifying spectacle in Greenfield, Massachusetts, recently, when three or four New York drummers happened to be in the hotel parlor



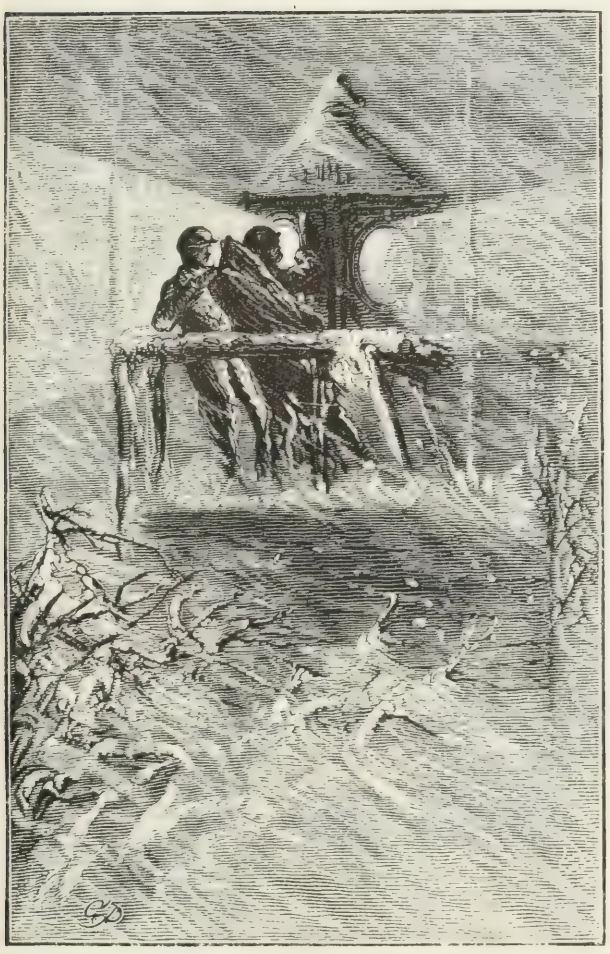
"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer."—HOLMES.

as a package of Bibles was received from the New York society for distribution in the rooms. A copy was taken up by one of the number, who, after reading it a little, said, "There are good things in this book. Wonder why I never read it before."

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ALONG OUR JERSEY SHORE.



LIGHTING UP SERVICE STATION AT SANDY HOOK.

"Is there a restaurant?" The signal-man's face lengthened with amazement. "Restaurant!" he repeated, incredulously—"restaurant!" and then he smiled provokingly. "Well," I continued, "is there any place where we can get some pickled mussels, or something of that kind?"—a vision coming to my mind of the glass jars filled with the pale salmon-colored bivalves in bluish-white liquid which are displayed with other archaics in the one salty store of most sea-side settlements, like preserved babies in anatomical museums. The suggestion of this appetizing delicacy gave the signal-man's mind a more serious turn, and enabled him to answer my first question with the gravity which its importance demanded. "Don't know about pickled mussels," he answered; "but you see that little house over the sand, just beyond the plank-walk?" We saw an unpainted, forlorn, orphan-like shanty in the direction indicated. "Well, you may be able to get a bit of something to eat there."

Where were we, that the idea of a public larder was so preposterous? In a tower some fifty or sixty feet above the ground-level, on an open gallery surrounding a triplicate lantern with red panes to its windows; out before us beat the Atlantic—a great quivering plain, upon which ships were shortening or making sail, and over which they were stealing so noiselessly and mysteriously that they seemed to be intangible shadows in a dream. It all seemed like a dream: that immense platitude of green-gray irregularly speckled with the white of combing waves, upon which the fine-strung, nerve-like structures were spreading their wings; that serene arch of blue rising above the illimitable basin of water with a few shreds of cloud hanging from it; that low line of glittering white fretted with ermine surf; the fish-hawks that swept down from a self-sustained perch and flapped up again with something silvery in their beaks—yes, it was like a dream; and the breathing of the wind and the beat of the sea increased the lull. That was the picture as we looked seaward. Landward it was different.

We surveyed a crooked neck of cedars, sand hills, swamp, and beach, washed by a bay, every ripple on which was tipped by a diamond-like point of reflected sunshine; and the bay led into a river guarded by a line of bluffs moodily wrapped in dusky foliage, save where a clearing showed a scar of crimson earth. There was nothing like this in Newport, whence we had recently come; nothing like the solace and recreative quietude; nothing nearly so beautiful

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MAP OF NEW JERSEY COAST.

as this low-keyed symphony of wind, water, and sky. This sequestration from restaurants and hotels, from bathing-houses and Saturday-evening hops, from summer excursionists and modern improvements of all sorts, was the idealization of a worker's spring-time anticipations of a holiday vacation. Here we might muse and rest, renew and review ourselves, expiating (with a pipe of good tobacco) the errors of the past in a mental way, and easily forming better plans for the future; here our nearest connection with the active world seemed to be that phantom-like procession of sailing vessels, which exquisitely illustrated the rhythm of nature, though less than three miles away was the landing of the Long Branch boats with their loads of social butterflies; here—

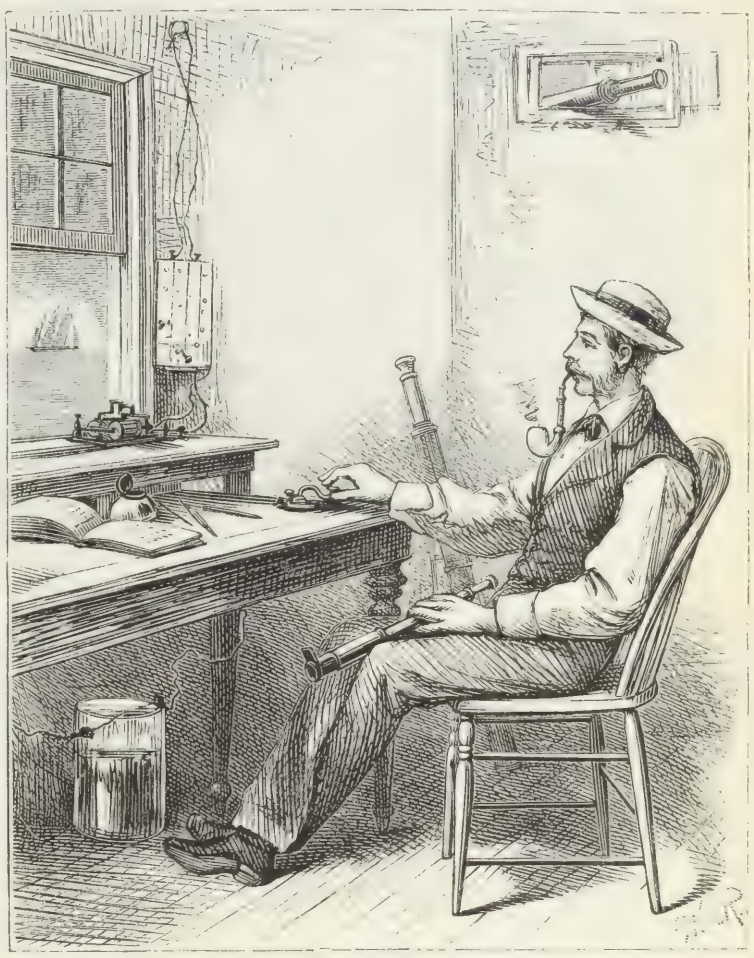
"It is not always like this here," said the signal-man, breaking the spell. "When the wind's blowing eighty miles an hour, it's awful. Much as we can do to keep the lamps lit, and not easy to get 'em lighted." It is not quiet and dream-like always any where in the world, alas! and the signal-man's interruption was a timely reminder.

We were on the extremity of Sandy Hook, that narrow peninsula which stretches into the ocean like a hand of greeting and farewell to the vessels that pass into and out of New York Harbor through the deep-water ship channel which it borders. Our standpoint was the tower of the United States Signal Service Station; and, as the signal-man said, there are times when the fair sky, the harmonious breathing of the wind, and the soft pulsations of the ocean—such as tranquillized us—are substituted b ytroublous clouds, a bitter wind, and a sea mountain high. Then, if the storm approaches in daytime, a warning flag is thrown out to mariners from the slender pole on the tower; or if it is night-time, the lanterns are lighted, and turn their red, sorrowful eyes upon the murky outlook. The wind blowing eighty miles an hour from the northwest on a January night! Sandy Hook in such times catches the full force of the tempest on the sea and the cold on land, and there is not a bleaker place south of the arctic circle. The sand is swept up and carried along in a low, pelting cloud; the cedars bend toward the southeast, and many of them are permanently inclined in that direction, the prevailing gales having paralyzed their other side in infancy; the human voice is useless in the tumult, and the bed of sand seems to shake under the tread of the waves. While the signal-man stands before the lanterns with a match in his hand to light them, his mate envelops him in the shelter of a blanket, and effort after effort is made before success is obtained in igniting the wicks, the cold benumbing the men, and the wind extinguishing the flame. Also at dusk three light-houses send forth their earliest rays from the Hook, and above them, on those magnificent bluffs bordering the Shrewsbury River, are the two beacons which have filled many and many a heart with joy—the Highland Lights of the Navesink.

There is no settlement to speak of at Sandy Hook. A capricious Congress has appropriated money one year for some military fortifications, which have been neglected for several years following, and which are now seen in a condition neither useful nor ornamental—unmounted guns, stray blocks of granite, and other material being strewn about in that wasteful insufficiency which characterizes many branches of our military service. The fitful progress of these works has occasioned the building of a few houses for the laborers, one of which

was pointed out to us as a possible resource in case of extreme hunger; and these, with the signal station, the three light-houses, and two telegraph stations for the collection of ship news, are the media between utter desolation and advanced civilization.

Sandy Hook is so extremely lonely naturally that one is not surprised to find the few settlers living in a mist, though the occupations of most involve constant pen and paper communications with the active world. From the signal station we crossed a tangled hollow of shrubs to the news office of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph, and climbed up a flight of mystifying stairs into a small room, with a window facing the sea. Under the window was a table, upon which a Morse instrument was ticking, and before it sat a young German, with a pipe in his mouth and his eyes fixed on that glassy reach of sea outside. He had been sitting there for six hours, and he would continue to sit there six hours longer, taking note of all vessels coming and going, and telegraphing their names to the city. The maritime lists of the world were in a convenient place for reference; and when the commanders were thoughtful enough to exhibit their code numbers by flags, a consultation of these books established the identity of the ships. But it often happened that no signals were shown, in which case the observer had to depend on the sharpness of his eyes in reading the name on the bow or stern, and on his experience, in telling the nationality. He had been sitting there, day after day, for some twelve years, nearly always smoking a pipe, and dreamily intent on that shadowy procession in the offing, from six o'clock in the morning until sundown, when another observer took his place, and kept watch over the water through the night. The forcibility of the analogy between the variable careers of the vessels and human life had made a moralist of him, and given his mind a melancholy turn. He saw in their voyages a repetition of the vicissitudes which follow men and women on their earthly way — some fine clippers coming bravely home again through all the adverse winds, and others laboring in dismasted, or vanishing forever as they faded in the rosy gray horizon. But the pre-eminent characteristic of the man was the accuracy with which he could tell the nationality of a vessel by some slight peculiarity, unnoticeable to others, in the shape of the hull or the arrangement of the rigging. The steamers of the great lines are nearly always distinguishable by well-defined differences in build or in the color of their smoke-stacks, but sailing ships are much alike. Still, an extra cord in the top-hamper, an additional sail, or a fuller curvature of the deck decided the hailing-place in the observer's mind beyond a doubt, and other minor details often enabled him to identify the vessel by name without the use of the maritime records lying on the table.



TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT SANDY HOOK.

It was quite fascinating to watch the gradual appearance of a ship through the observer's window. At first the stranger would be like a tiny notch in the fine boundary line of sky and water, formulating itself by exquisite gradations until the beautiful thing dawned upon us in its full proportions, with its amplitude of sail puffed out, and a ruff of white foaming around her black hull. But more interesting and beautiful yet was the sighting of an inward-bound ocean steamer at night-time, a pale, glimmering point of light foretelling her rising above the horizon—that light which looked like a low-hung star, slowly becoming distincter, and quivering in the darkness, which



WEST CREEK.

made one of the sea and sky, with the least perceptible motion. An hour or two elapsed before the binocular glass availed in elucidating her outlines, and before that she had shown her colors, or the colors of the proprietary line, in flaring pyrotechnics, which burst in chromatic brilliancy amid the blackness. Her arrival was telegraphed to the city, and a few minutes later announced on the hotel bulletins.

The ship news man's experiences coincided with those of the signal service man's —an appalling succession of blustering storms, accompanied by an intensity of cold to chill the marrow. The room was not more than ten by twelve feet in size, and an enormous stove, which dwarfed the other contents by its extravagant proportions, stood in the centre; but, snug as the building is, in the winter gales a pail of water, placed on the floor within a few feet of the stove, freezes, though the latter is heated to incandescence, and the building itself trembles to its foundations.

We trod back to the steamboat landing along the narrow, much-indentured edge of beach, upon which large numbers of horseshoe crabs had stranded, and thence we went southward in a train, most of whose passengers were city people returning from business to their summer homes at Long Branch. That fashionable resort had no inducements strong enough to detain us, who were in search of the picturesque, and we continued in the cars to Whiting's, some thirty-six miles farther down the coast, where we transferred ourselves from the New Jersey Southern to the Tuckerton Railway, by which we arrived at West Creek.

There is an implication of remoteness and queerness in the very name of West Creek. The traveller who finds it in his time-tables is quite sure not to make the mistake of supposing that it is much of a town, or a mushroom outcome of real estate speculation. It is old, probably; its inhabitants are fishermen, and the sea washes up to it through a slough in one of the wonderfully green salt-water marshes. That is the idea the name would convey, and it would not be very much out of the way.

The inhabitants are fishermen, farmers, and boat-builders properly, but in the course of a year they turn their hands to the harvesting of salt hay and ice, the cultivation of oysters and clams, or to almost any thing else that will yield an honest penny. Many of them are old sea-captains, who in their day have taken large vessels on voyages to the farthest countries, and who, because the sea when it once takes hold of a man never wholly relieves him of its charm, or allows inland life to be endurable, are satisfying their lingering cravings for the element by short and safe yacht cruises, spiced by the small profits and gentle adventurousness of blue-fishing. Others have been fishers from babyhood, their cradles seines, and their mothers' apron strings trolling lines. By thrifty living the best of these have acquired the proprietorship of small cat-boats or sloops, and are enabled to exist comfort-

ably and respectably. The ne'er-do-wells divide their attention among a variety of pursuits, and though they may never have possessed an unbroken dollar in the straitened course of their impecunious careers, some ingenuity has made each of them the owner of a boat—a crazy old thing usually, which has been condemned by their more prosperous neighbors, and so dextrously patched that it will just float and bear a ragged strip of sail.



LITTLE FISH PEDDLERS AT WEST CREEK.

There is one salient trait in the men of West Creek—they all wear trousers, which in itself is a fact sufficiently obvious to debar the claim of novelty; but the trousers are of such structural peculiarity that they form a new scheme in the philosophy of clothes, ceasing to be nether garments simply, and extending far above the hips to the armpits, under which they are braced with a firmness which conveys a suspicion that the rest of the body is suspended from the shoulders. A few inches more of length and a pair of sleeves added would make any other article of costume superfluous, except for ornament. Another thing that attracts the observation of the stranger is the superiority of the women in education and social refinement, which is so marked that it suggests a new force in civilization. An old and prosperous settler with a large family takes the boys and brings them up as he has been brought up—in freckles, toil, untidiness, and ignorance, or at least ignorance of schooling; if his desires are realized, they become keepers of the village store or hotel, or fishermen, or farmers, and they attain manhood with some independent property, a good deal of shrewdness, but without any polish of mind or appearance. The girls, on the contrary, are sent to school and liberally dressed; and when the father builds a fine new house, with a piazza and a Mansard-roof, they are adapted by education and training to grace it; and should a visitor sit down to dinner with them, and see their male relatives, unshaven and not fastidiously clean, eating in their shirt sleeves, he might wonder at the strength of the domestic tie which holds such difference together in contentment. When the pleasantly furnished parlor, decorated with many little feminine arts, is occupied by the girls in the evening, who are reading or sewing, and their brothers come in with acquaintances who are quite incapable of responding to any of their intellectual needs, the oddness of the phase is greater, and the contentment seems impossible.

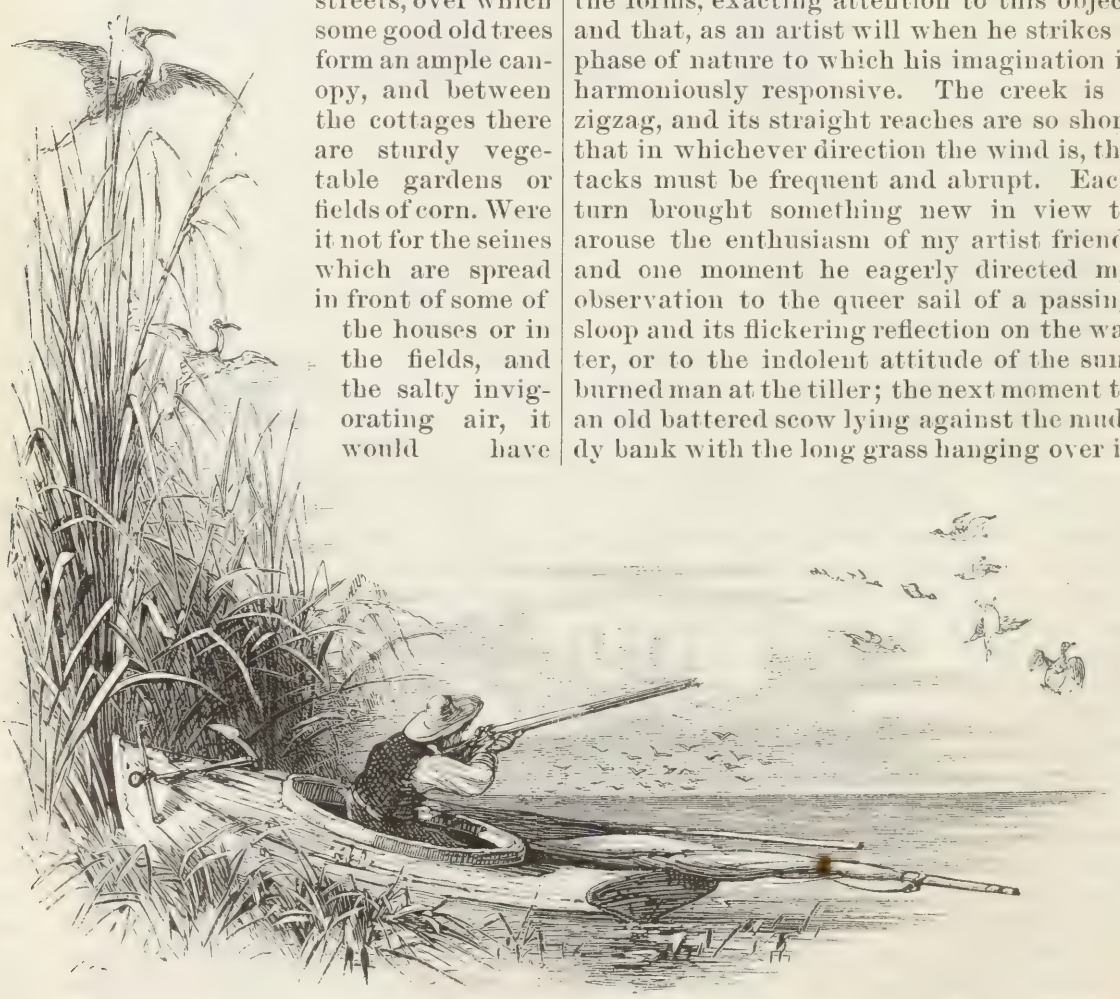
To understand the geographical position of West Creek, it is necessary that the reader should know one remarkable and uniform feature of the Atlantic coast. From Long Island southward to Cape Fear, a distance of some six hundred miles, the main-land is separated from the ocean by a belt of dazzling white sand, intersected and broken into islands by narrow inlets, and at the portals of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, by the New York, Delaware, and Chesapeake bays. In some places this outer beach is not more than a quarter of a mile wide, the surf almost drenching it from side to side, and in other places it is five miles

wide. The sea encroaches upon it or extends it from year to year, widening here and shortening it there, and sometimes leaving dangerous shoals still farther out, upon which the waves break in terrific tumult. Few of the inlets are navigable, and most of them are constantly changing positions, new ones appearing after violent storms, and others being as suddenly filled in by sand. The water between the beach and the main-land is navigable to small vessels, and when the sea is heavy outside, it affords safe sailing to the many sloops and schooners trading between village and village along the coast. On the inner border the main-land meets it with a long, low, melancholy fringe of salt meadows, which retreat into cedar swamps and firmer ground.

From the dusky cedars and through the meadows West Creek flows, and on its banks, where it is not more than twelve feet wide, the village stands. The fresh-water of such land-born streamlets, mingling with the salt of the ocean, and the flat reaches of sedge and rushes, make a paradise for birds, and in the gunning seasons sportsmen from the city drop into the village, but other visitors are seldom seen.

Aside from its population, West Creek has not much to show. It has several wide streets, over which some good old trees form an ample canopy, and between the cottages there are sturdy vegetable gardens or fields of corn. Were it not for the seines which are spread in front of some of the houses or in the fields, and the salty invigorating air, it would have nothing to distinguish it from an agricultural settlement. We are forgetting, however, the old hotel with its long line of hitching posts under the piazza, and its invariable *menu* of blue-fish, mackerel, oysters, or sheep's-head; and we are also forgetting the small-boy peddlers, who hawk fish from house to house in baskets, wheelbarrows, or other available conveyances.

Leaving it by the way of the creek, the village looks its prettiest. Its white houses are compactly knotted in a clustering wood, and above the topmost waves of green a church spire impales the sky. It resembles an island, the low meadows pressing against it without a shrub or tree among the tall rank grasses, whose swaying is the only relief to their prostrate verdancy. Drifting through those meadows on a brilliant August day in the smallest of sloops; a warm sun and a sapphire dome of sky; the heat of the sun modified by a sea-breeze, and the blue feathered with distant waifs of cloud; a pile of salt hay strewn in the stern for our comfort in reclining—such were the accessories that made idleness sweet, exertion vanity, and care a vapor, as we hoisted sail at the little landing and moved toward the ocean. The artist had been quiet so far, but now he burst into rapturous exclamations of delight at the colors, the shadows, and the forms, exacting attention to this object and that, as an artist will when he strikes a phase of nature to which his imagination is harmoniously responsive. The creek is a zigzag, and its straight reaches are so short that in whichever direction the wind is, the tacks must be frequent and abrupt. Each turn brought something new in view to arouse the enthusiasm of my artist friend, and one moment he eagerly directed my observation to the queer sail of a passing sloop and its flickering reflection on the water, or to the indolent attitude of the sun-burned man at the tiller; the next moment to an old battered scow lying against the muddy bank with the long grass hanging over it



SPORT ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

and trying to hide its unloveliness; the next, to a mass of drift-wood washed into a little bay, upon which the sun, breaking through a bed of rushes, cast long yellow bars; the next, to the village wrapped up in the foliage, that was now quite distant; the next —but his discoveries were continuous and his raptures inexhaustible; what had been abandoned as useless, and things that would have been eye-sores to nine people out of ten, the play of the waving grasses and the reflections, were caught by him and declared to belong to the problematic region of the picturesque. Meanwhile a whole fleet of fishing boats were passing us on their way to the village, and our captain sitting astern was talking to us incessantly.



BEACH HAVEN.

We had intended to hire the boat of Aaron Pharo for our cruise; but as he was away fishing, we accepted the offer of his brother to take us to him. Brother Bill is a celebrity from Cape May to Squan, and his character is so luminous that I think it would project itself in any community. A little boastfulness; a good deal of a certain kind of knowledge; a clear perception of what is wrong, and a total inability to live up to the precepts which he reiterates oftenest; much good nature, and no means to substantially gratify it; a flood of profanity and irreligion, with a Gulf Stream of sentiment mellowing parts, and putting around his nature some of the pleasant mistiness through which we now see it—these are some of the boldest headlands in his moral coastline, and they are, after all, the salient features of many others; but what leaves him in one's memory as a gleaming point of humor is the very oddest face I ever saw, and a most wonderful pair of trousers. The trousers he wore were of the comprehensive pattern referred to previously; they rose from the knees like a spring-tide to within a few inches of the shoulders, where a pair of determined-looking suspenders caught them, and they were as voluminous behind as a Chinese novel. His face is long and red, two high cheek-bones pressing against two saucer-like, deep-set eyes, with a craggy forehead hanging over them, and a comical seriousness flashing in them. His conversation covered a wide variety of subjects; it was his opinion that what is now New Jersey was recently, geologically speaking, part of the bottom of the sea, and in proof thereof he adduced the fact that oyster shells had been found very much farther inland than the present coast-line.



Bill Pharo.

We passed out from the mouth of the



LANDING AT BEACH HAVEN.



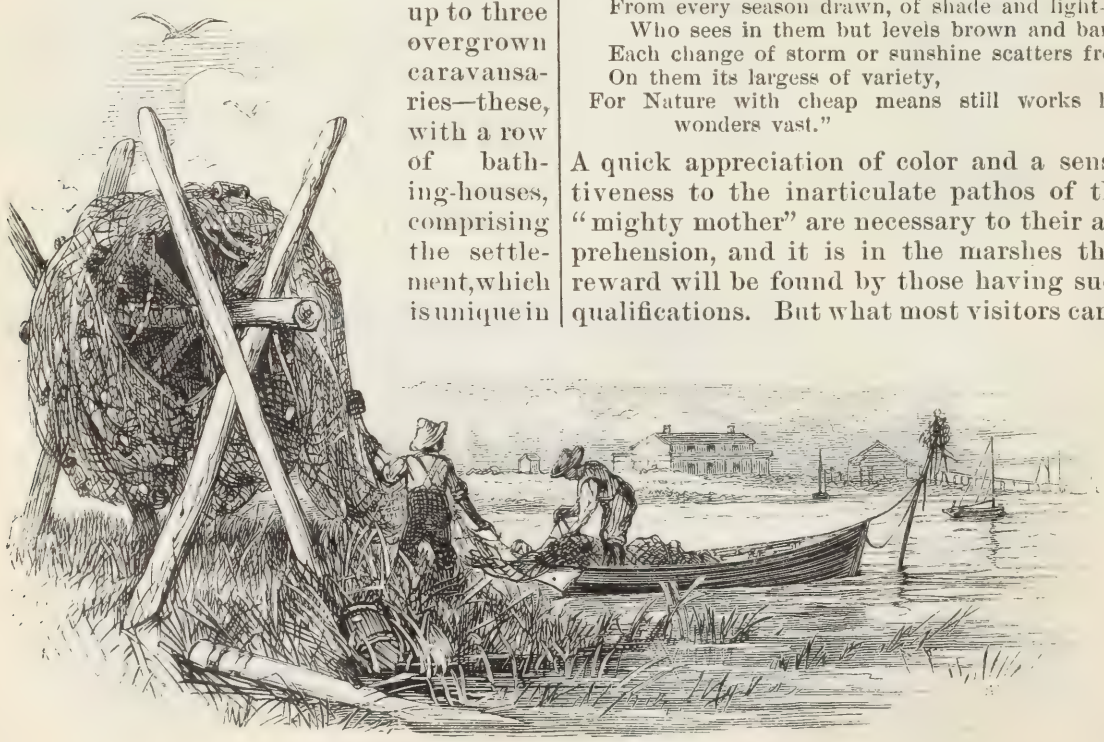
TUCKERTON.

sinuous creek into Little Egg Harbor Bay, separating the outer beach from the mainland, and sailed across to Beach Haven, the newest of watering-places, where we proposed to spend the night. Behind us was that emerald expanse of meadow limited by a broad blue line against which West Creek village rose; a fleet of small sailing vessels was in sight, and beyond the beach, which threw off a blinding reflection from its intensely white sand, was the ocean, with larger sailing vessels gliding north and south.

The landing at Beach Haven is inviting, but its promise is not fulfilled by a more intimate acquaintance with what is called "the only practical sea-side resort in America." Pleasure-boats with white hulls and high, slender masts are harbored around the wharf, and more serviceable sloops and schooners find anchorage in the adjacent waters. The beach is not more than half a mile wide, and it fronts on the bay with an edging of salt meadows, which are half submerged and redolent of brine. A long path leads up to three overgrown caravansaries—these, with a row of bathing-houses, comprising the settlement, which is unique in several ways. It is called a "practical" sea-side resort because it is actually on the ocean, and the bay removes it from anything more than a mere suspicion of land air. The surf on the outer beach is boisterous, the waves throbbing in overwhelmingly, and the wind spends itself over the low reach of sand, without a tree or elevation of any kind to break its force. For the first few hours of a visit one is amazed at the unaccountableness of the taste which brings people here in search of pleasure. The light is intolerably glaring; the shore is flat and verdureless; in times of storm the hotels are bleak and unsheltered, and in calms they are filled with mosquitoes. It is not accountable at any time, indeed, unless we give the visitors credit for a keener susceptibility to a very subtle and poetic form of nature than most watering-place *habitués* have. Charles Kingsley once said that marshes were one of the kinds of scenery he liked the best, and Lowell writes of them:

> "Dear marshes! vain to him the gift of sight
> Who can not in their various incomes share,
> From every season drawn, of shade and light—
> Who sees in them but levels brown and bare!
> Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
> On them its largess of variety,
> For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders vast."

A quick appreciation of color and a sensitiveness to the inarticulate pathos of the "mighty mother" are necessary to their apprehension, and it is in the marshes that reward will be found by those having such qualifications. But what most visitors came



SALT MEADOWS ON LONG BEACH.

for and staid for were the evening hops, the bathing and yachting, all of which are much better at many other places we could name; and it is in view of this fact that Beach Haven is unaccountable.

We arrived on a Saturday evening. Fiddles were scraping and feet shuffling in the halls of the big hotels; the broad piazzas were crowded with loungers and promenaders, mostly fair maidens and stately matrons in refrigerant summer dress that



HARVEY CEDARS, LONG BEACH, BELOW BARNEGAT LIGHT.

reached their necks in diaphanous snowy muslins; the men were happy in a surfeit of tender attentions; and at the close of day, all the yachting parties having come home to supper, the wharf on the bay was left to us.

The sun was setting on the brilliant plain of sedge as we looked landward, and beheld the spires of West Creek and Tuckerton rising out of the distant woods, which changed from blue to purple, and from purple to a smoky crimson, until the great globe of fire sunk well behind them and left them a chilly black. But before this, the whole sky was transformed into a sea full of flaming shoals; a mass of cirro-cumuli had become detached, and the fragments floated against the pearly blue of the sky and burned with the reflected glow. Green never before seemed so green, or so capable of many shades, as it did on the marshes, which, as the sun disappeared behind the woods, were momentarily tipped with gold, and then left to brooding green and blue. In the far north a storm was bursting of tumultuous clouds, which had also caught some of the rosy magnificence of the sunset, and were laced with the vivid thrusts of forked lightning. The night came upon us, advancing from a tender pearl blue to a steel blue, and from a steel blue to an unsympathetic gray, which grew darker until the last light from the west had been extinguished, and the stars pierced the sky with incisive brilliancy. The myriad stars that shone in the opaline moonlight night were as nothing compared in numbers with the gnats and mosquitoes; but who would not have endured even greater torments for a sight so

memorable? It was such a sunset as can be seen nowhere else than on those plaintive marshes and barren sands of the Jersey coast.

The sandy strip upon which the "practical sea-side resort" is situated is nearly twenty miles long, and is called Long Beach, its northern extremity being formed by the Barnegat Inlet, and its southern extremity



DAD PARKER AND HIS CATS.

by the Little Egg Harbor Inlet. The next island south is called Brigantine Beach; the Barnegat Shoals are northward. Along this desolate coast so many vessels have come to grief, and so many bodies have been washed ashore, that it is known among fishermen as the Grave-yard.

Treasures from many lands are gathered from wrecks, and a fisherman's family is often helped through a trying winter by the provisions which the sea casts up. When an orange schooner is wrecked, there is dessert after every meal in the cottages; or should the cargo be prunes, that fruit becomes a common article of diet. A visitor is sometimes surprised to see foreign brands of olives and canned stuffs on the shelves of the village stores; he learns that they have been secured from a wreck; and the host of one inn at which we spent a night had some excellent Maria Benvenuto claret, labelled, with grim suggestiveness, "Importation direct *via* Barnegat Shoals."

Much queerer things than these are occasionally picked up. A forlorn old parrot, feeble from its un-English complainings, drifted in on a spar, and at another time a pair of Manx cats were saved from a wreck by a noted old beach-man, Caleb Parker, of Harvey Cedars, near the Barnegat Light, who has raised a family of eleven more, and meets a visitor at the door of his cottage with a purring retinue of his furry friends, one of them perched on his cap, two others playing on his shoulders, and the rest brushing his legs. "Dad" Parker is one of the heroes of the coast, and carries a silver medal presented to him for life-saving.

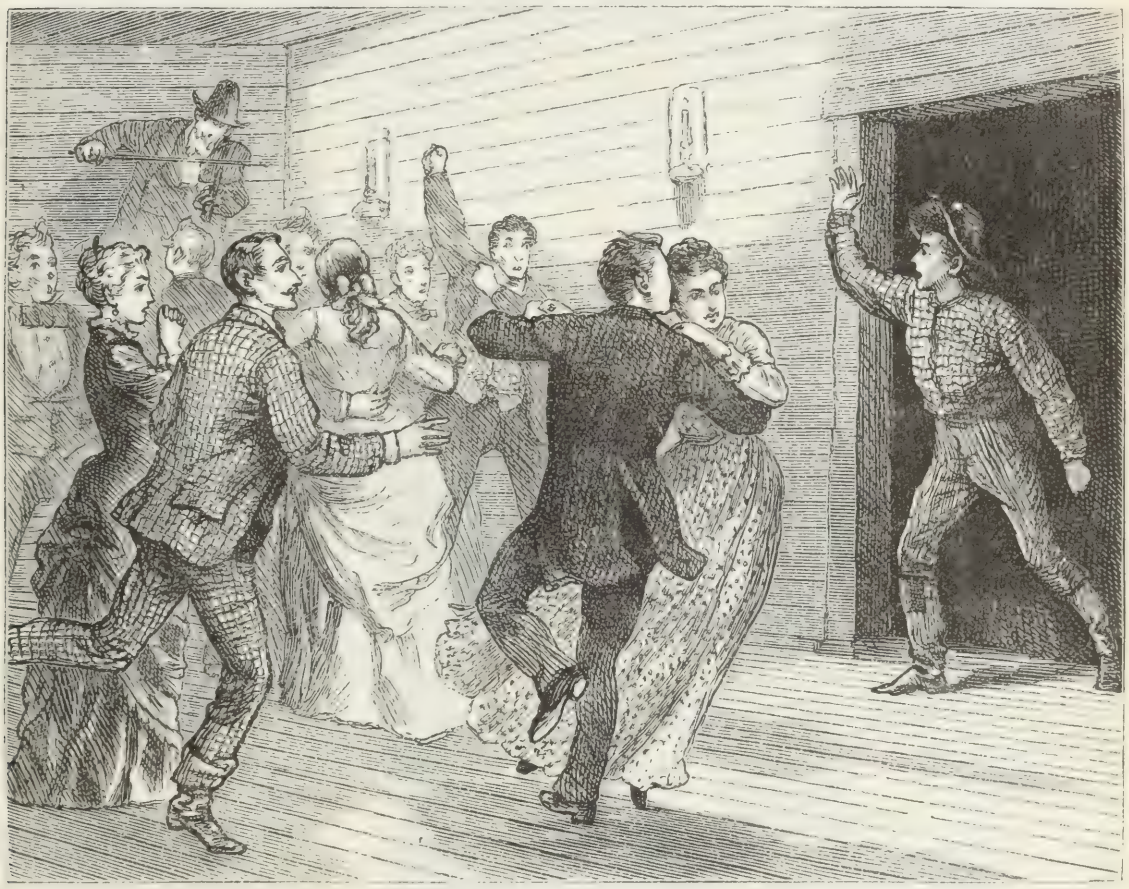
Fashionable summer resorts are new things to the outer beach. Formerly a small house was erected here and there for the accommodation of sportsmen and parties of fishermen, who came over from the mainland with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts for an evening dance. The gayety of one of these gatherings at Harvey Cedars was eclipsed by the startling announcement that a ship had gone ashore, and was making signals of distress; whereupon the whole company made for the beach, including the women in all their holiday finery, and not a ribbon or a flounce was thought of until the last man had been landed from the wreck.

The first advocate of the United States Life-saving Service was a Jerseyman, William A. Newell, who spoke in its favor before the Congress of 1848, of which he was a member, basing his argument on his own experience of shipwrecks along the shore; and in answer to the appeal an appropriation of ten thousand dollars was made, to which amount ten thousand dollars more were added the following year. As soon as the stations were built, their usefulness became apparent. In January, 1850, a terrible storm broke on the Jersey coast, strewing it with wrecks, and among the rescues made were two hundred and one persons from the stranded *Ayrshire*, who were safely brought ashore in the life-car through a surf in which no boat could have lived. But the service was not thoroughly established until 1871, since which time it has been much extended and improved, now having one hundred and fifty-one stations in its system, each being supplied with life-boats, life-cars, and other apparatus for communicating with wrecks. It is divided into eleven districts, the first including the coasts of Maine and New Hampshire; the second, Massachusetts; the third, Rhode Island and New York; the fourth, New Jersey; the fifth, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia from Cape Henlopen to Cape Charles; the sixth, Virginia and North Carolina from Cape Henry to Cape Hatteras; the seventh, Florida; the eighth, Lakes Ontario and Erie; the ninth, Lakes Huron and Superior; the tenth, Lake Michigan; and the eleventh, the Pacific. New Jersey has thirty-eight stations—a larger number than any other district. During the fiscal year ending June, 1876, one hundred and eight ves-

sels were wrecked within the limits of the districts, imperilling about one and three-quarter million dollars' worth of property, of which eight hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars' worth was saved. Seven hundred and twenty-nine lives were saved, and twenty-two lost. On the Jersey coast alone thirty-six vessels were wrecked; two hundred and forty-eight lives were saved, and six lost.

During the year ending June, 1877, the total number of vessels driven ashore was one hundred and thirty-four, having one thousand five hundred persons on board, thirty-nine, or about two and a half per cent., of whom were lost. The total amount of property saved was over one million seven hundred thousand dollars, and the total amount of that lost, over one million five hundred thousand dollars. A brief summary of the operations of the service since Mr. S. J. Kimball took charge of it in 1871 will better show its usefulness, however. Four hundred wrecks occurred, imperilling over eleven million one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property; nearly seven million dollars' worth of this was saved, and of four thousand seven hundred and thirty lives imperilled only eighty were lost. Two thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven days of shelter were afforded at the stations to nine hundred and fifty-nine persons. During 1871–72 the operations of the service were confined to the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey; in 1872–74 they were extended to Cape Cod and Rhode Island, and in the next year they were further extended to the limits of the present districts.

The stations are nearly all alike—simple wooden houses, with steep gable roofs, the only projection about them being the lightning-rod, and the only ornament a coat of red-brown paint. From May until November they are unoccupied, though all the apparatus is ready for use; and the rest of the



"A SHIP ASHORE!"

year each becomes the home of a keeper and six surf-men, who are paid forty dollars a month, and are chosen for their experience on the beach. Their duties are concisely stated in the instructions of the Treasury Department, to which branch of the government the Life-saving Service belongs. "During the winter months the beach will be patrolled by the surf-men every night. The patrol will consist of two men from each station, one following the beach toward the next station to the right, and the other proceeding toward the next station to the left, and each continuing his walk until the patrol from the adjacent station is met. Each patrolman will carry a beach lantern, also a red Coston hand-light; and when an inlet separates the stations, he will exchange signals with the patrolman on the opposite shore. On those parts of the coast where the two adjacent houses can not be

seen from each other, the beach will be patrolled sufficiently to bring them in sight three times between sunrise and sunset. On the discovery of a wreck or a vessel in distress, the patrolman will immediately burn his red Coston hand-light, both to alarm the stations and give notice to the wreck that succor is near, then returning to the station and assisting in the preparation of the apparatus. Boats, etc., will be prepared for immediate service." The discovery of a wreck is a matter worth a detailed description, however.

Suppose it is a December night; it is sure to be cold; from the last of the equinoctials until the westward-bound steamers from England begin to make good voyages again, there is no warmth to speak of along the Jersey shore. Let us suppose, too, that it is dark and blustering, so that we may feel with full poignancy what a surf-man's experiences sometimes are. A big fire is blazing in the living-room of the station, and four of the men, with the keeper, are taking their ease around it, or lying in their bunks,



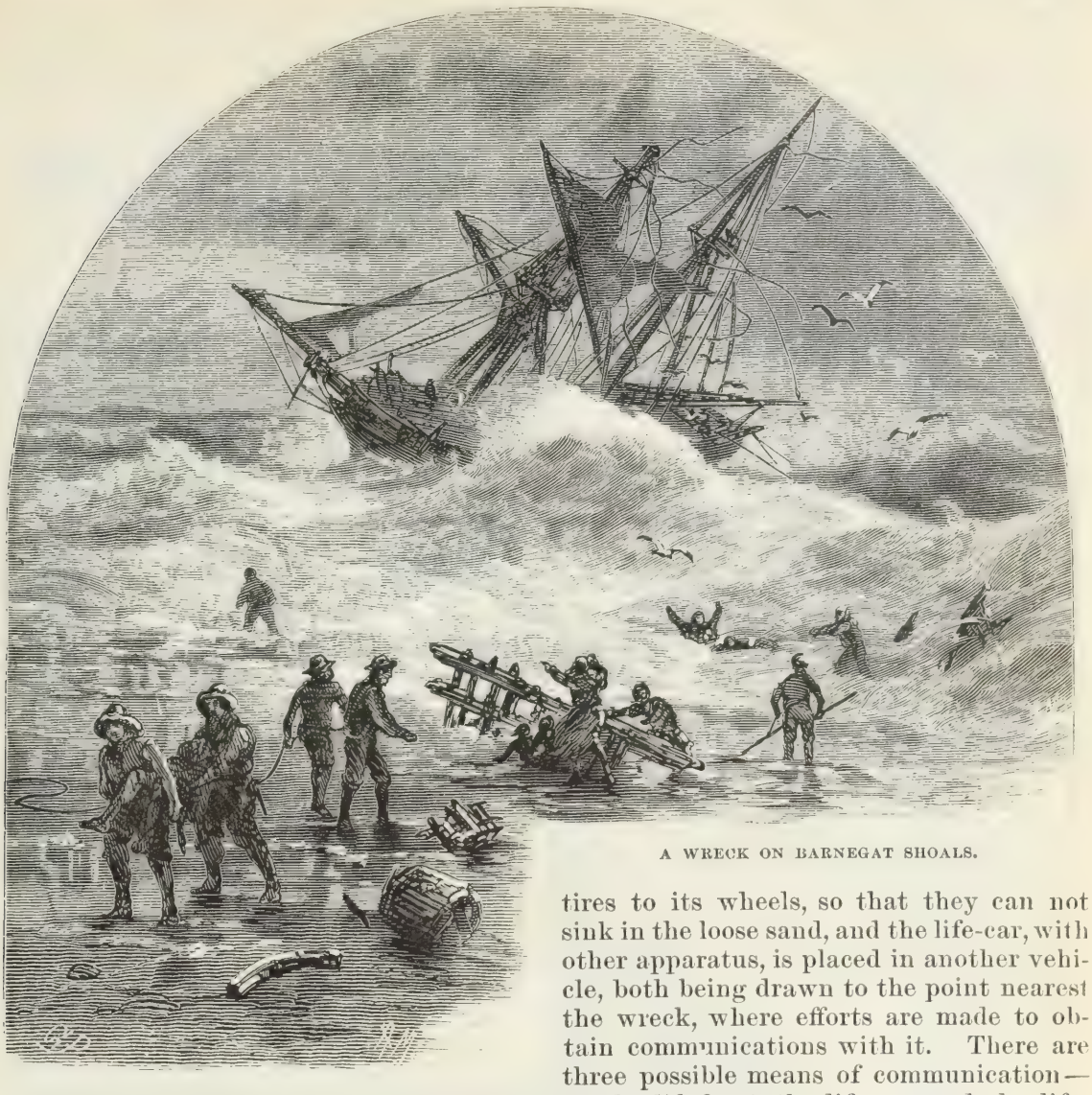
COAST PATROL.

while the two others are putting on their coats and mufflers, and looking longingly toward the hearth. The latter are going out on patrol, and as they are human, they delay as much as possible, re-adjusting their dress, pressing their pilot caps over their heads, pulling their gloves farther on, and giving their neck-cloths a final twitch. The duty is inexorable, and with a last regretful glance at the fire, they shiveringly plunge into the outer night.

What a sharp transition it is! The wind is full of needle-points, and cuts them like a knife, and the darkness blinds them for a few moments, and extends in every direction, except around their feet, over which their lanterns cast a ring of white light, and in the window of the house, which glows with warmth. Above the moaning of the air is the loud beat of the sea, as the waves break on the shore and recede with sibilant sound; and the spray is lifted and driven inshore by the wind in feathering streaks.

The two patrolmen say "good-night," and separate; one looks back to see the lantern of the other swinging to and fro on the sands, and decreasing in brilliancy until it is altogether lost behind a projecting bluff, and he then feels absolutely alone amid an unreal silence that would not be as awful were the waves and wind completely still. The stars are remote and merciless in their crystalline splendor, seeming to be fixed in that black firmament only to show how distant a thing heaven is; and the sea—it is invisible; where the waves rush up the beach and leave a glazed surface on the sand, a few diamond points reflect the stars, and beyond these an impenetrable wall is built upward; there is no sea at all; but, watching more closely, the patrolman discovers a vibrant cord of white, rhythmical in motion, like a taut string that is depressed near the middle and suddenly released, and that cord he knows to be, though he can not see, the frothing crest of the successive waves.

The walk would have many terrors for a nervous or superstitious man, or for almost any one of sensitive organization, and the patrolman is superstitious; but he is so familiar with the darkness, the loneliness, and the roar that he treads along the beach in a reverie—not a reverie on the deep secrets over which Nature is brooding, but on so prosaic a matter as the care of a small family who are now fast asleep on the main-land—until he fancies he discovers a light fastened to the black wall. He stands still and looks again; it has disappeared. Before him, as he looks seaward, is that blackness, which seems so solid that one would expect a pebble thrown at it to rebound, and he resumes his march, thinking that his eyes have deceived him, or that the light has been a phosphorescent sparkle. But there it is again! And now the first light, which has stood at the mast-head, is augmented by the flare of a rocket



A WRECK ON BARNEGAT SHOALS.

and the blue fire of a signal, which reveal a bark close inshore and in extreme peril.

According to his instructions, the patrolman instantly ignites his red light, which is done by striking the holder against his knee, that action exploding a percussion-cap, and he is surrounded for several seconds by a flood of crimson so vivid and so vigorous that no wind or rain is strong enough to extinguish it. When the light expires, he hastens back to the station with the news, and that quiet outpost is suddenly put into as tumultuous a state as the storm outside. The life-boat is placed on a carriage, the carriage having very broad tires to its wheels, so that they can not sink in the loose sand, and the life-car, with other apparatus, is placed in another vehicle, both being drawn to the point nearest the wreck, where efforts are made to obtain communications with it. There are three possible means of communication—by the life-boat, the life-car, and the life-raft. The first two are in use at all stations, and the last has been adopted at a few, but it is only under very favorable circumstances, or in extremities, that the boat is used. A line is thrown over the wreck either by a rocket or a mortar and shell, several efforts being made before success is attained, and the first line is attached to a stronger one that is secured to a mast of the vessel and to the shore. The life-car is suspended from the line and hauled on board the distressed ship; three or four persons are put inside it, and it is hauled back again, repeating the journey until all are safely landed. But the work is much easi-



SUNSET, BARNEGAT BAY.

er in the description than in the performance. If the wind is blowing on shore, rocket after rocket flies on its meteor-like course through the tempest, falling miserably short, or being carried too far astern or ahead by the wind; sometimes the rocket fails altogether, and the boat or life-raft is the only resource left.

The life-car resembles a covered boat with a few air-holes in the top, the perforations having raised edges to prevent the water from entering, and a ring at each end, with a hawser attached, enables it to be drawn through the surf. The "boatswain's chair" and the "breeches buoy" are similar, though older and less efficacious, devices. The former is a simple loop of rope hung from a taut stout hawser that extends from the stranded vessel to the beach, and in the loop a person sits and is pulled ashore. The latter consists of a common circular life-preserver, made of cork, with short canvas breeches attached, through which a man thrusts his legs, and, thus suspended, is drawn ashore, as in the chair. Both of these expose the passenger to the fury of the waves, and in the case of women and children, they are not suitable on this account, while the life-car lands its occupants without wetting or exhausting them, unless it capsizes, in which extremity it is liable to prove fatal.

Having seen the signal-man's red light burning, the crew of the wrecked ship utter a glad cry of deliverance, and wait for the brilliant spurt of the rocket bearing the line to them—wait until the synonym of the word seems to be life-long agony. The ship lies heavily to the leeward, and grinds deeper into the sand as each sea strikes her and breaks over her decks, tearing away the houses and knocking the men off their feet. The sails hang loosely and in pitiable shreds from the yards, and the masts bend unwillingly in the fiercer blasts, and threaten to spring. The shore is invisible, but the thunder of the breakers tells the men that it is near; and presently a fire is lighted on the beach, which fitfully shows the dreary background of sand hills. A rocket is fired, and both those on shore and those on the ship watch it unfold its train of sparks; the wind sweeps it aside, and hopes go out like its own scintillations; another follows, and the breaths of all the watchers are held until it is seen to fall over the deck of the ship, when they are released in a cheer that the violent ill nature of the wind can not quell.

Bill's brother Aaron came to Beach Haven for us on Sunday morning, and we embarked in his yacht on a cruise up and down the coast. Parting with Bill, who was most



CROSSING BARNEGAT BAY.



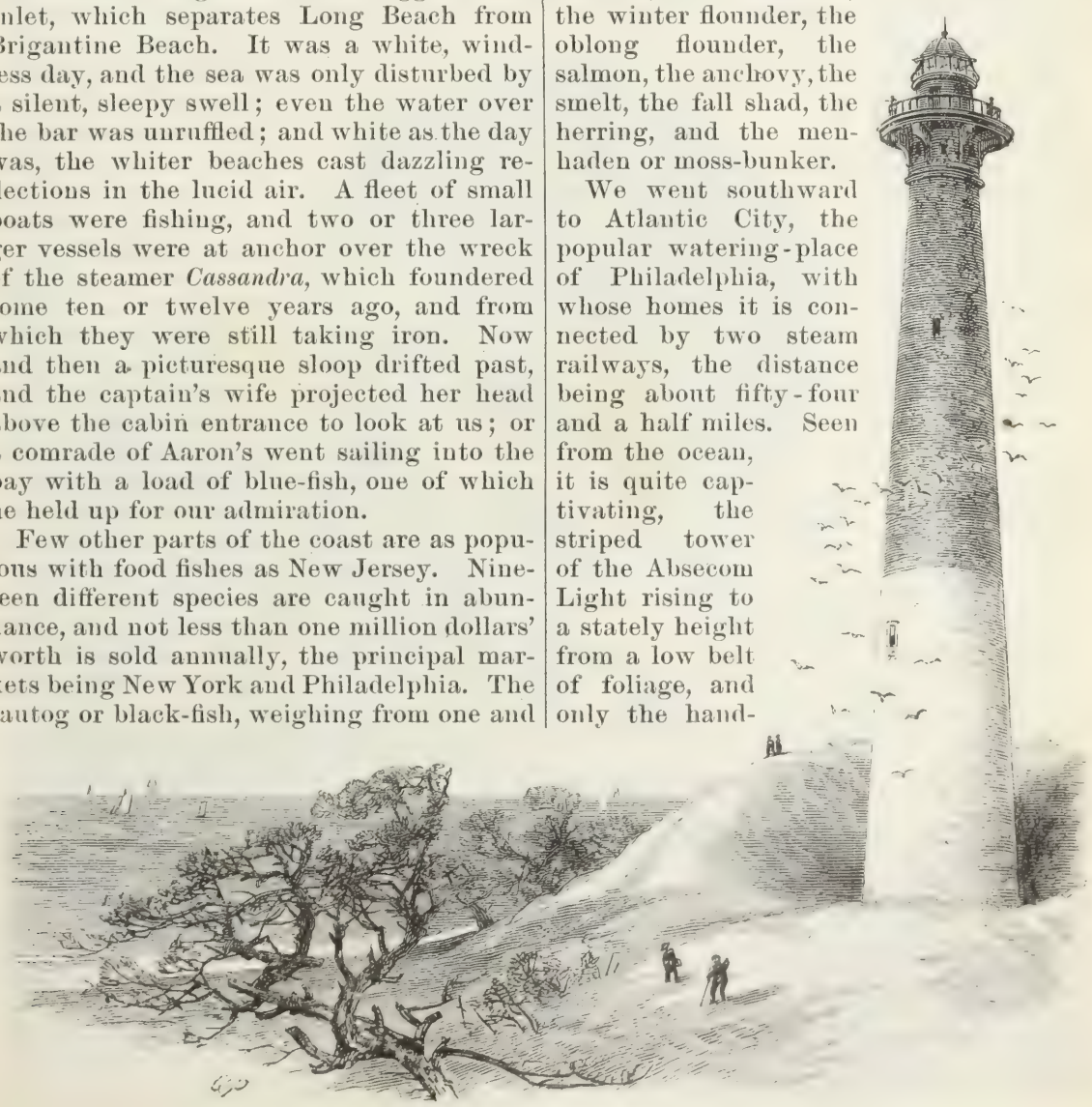
OFF ATLANTIC CITY.

affectionate, he gave us an account of an unlucky venture which he once made in prunes. A vessel from the Mediterranean was wrecked, and a large part of her cargo of fruit washed ashore. The sands were strewn with prunes, several cart-loads of which were gathered by Bill and peddled through the country in a carry-all with great success, until he was arrested for selling without a license, and condemned to forfeit his earnings. "The shark's a derned greedy fish, likewise the octopus, and the 'skeeter' in August," he commented, at the end of his story, "but they ain't nothin' aside of an Ocean County constable."

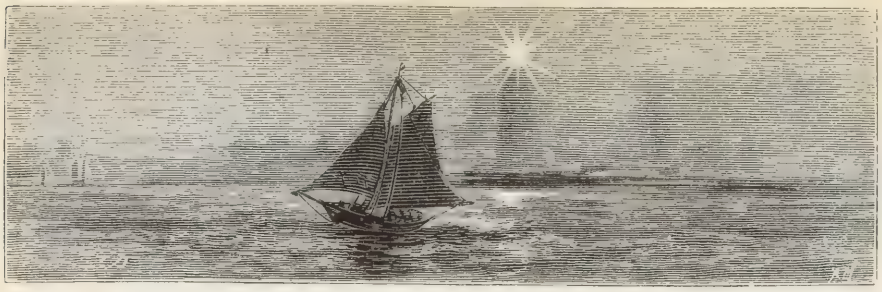
We sailed down the bay, and out on to the ocean through the Little Egg Harbor Inlet, which separates Long Beach from Brigantine Beach. It was a white, windless day, and the sea was only disturbed by a silent, sleepy swell; even the water over the bar was unruffled; and white as the day was, the whiter beaches cast dazzling reflections in the lucid air. A fleet of small boats were fishing, and two or three larger vessels were at anchor over the wreck of the steamer *Cassandra*, which foundered some ten or twelve years ago, and from which they were still taking iron. Now and then a picturesque sloop drifted past, and the captain's wife projected her head above the cabin entrance to look at us; or a comrade of Aaron's went sailing into the bay with a load of blue-fish, one of which he held up for our admiration.

Few other parts of the coast are as populous with food fishes as New Jersey. Nineteen different species are caught in abundance, and not less than one million dollars' worth is sold annually, the principal markets being New York and Philadelphia. The tautog or black-fish, weighing from one and a half to four pounds, is taken with bait in large numbers both in summer and winter; the porgee, weighing from one-quarter to two pounds, is taken with bait in July and August; the sheep's-head, weighing from two to twelve pounds, is taken by hand and net from June to October; the weak-fish, weighing from one-half to two pounds, is taken by hand and net; and about fifty thousand mackerel a day are caught during June and July. The other varieties that are more or less common include the drum-fish, the Lafayette fish (so called from the fact that it first appeared on the coast during the revisit to America of the French marquis), the blue-fish, the sword-fish, the cod-fish, the haddock, the winter flounder, the oblong flounder, the salmon, the anchovy, the smelt, the fall shad, the herring, and the menhaden or moss-bunker.

We went southward to Atlantic City, the popular watering-place of Philadelphia, with whose homes it is connected by two steam railways, the distance being about fifty-four and a half miles. Seen from the ocean, it is quite captivating, the striped tower of the Absecom Light rising to a stately height from a low belt of foliage, and only the hand-



BARNEGAT LIGHT-HOUSE.



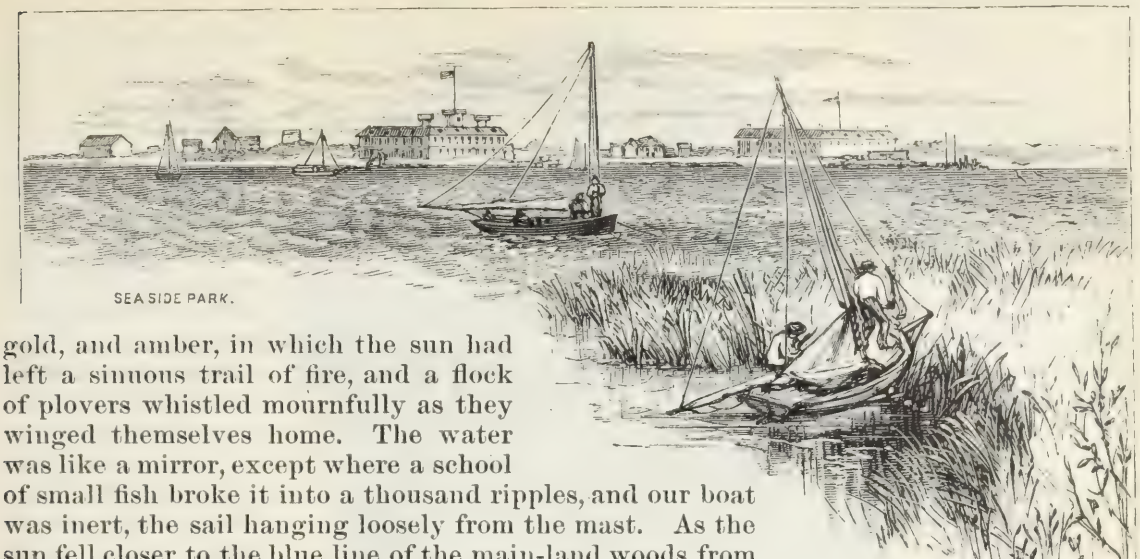
LITTLE EGG HARBOR.

some turrets of the leading hotels being visible. But the beauty vanishes on closer acquaintance, and we find a hot noisy flat covered with buildings and devices for the entertainment and recreation of multitudinous excursionists. The streets are wide, straight, and well paved. A praiseworthy effort has been made to line them with trees, but the desert-like heat and aridity coat the leaves with yellow early in the season. The hotels, saloons, restaurants, and boarding cottages of all sizes are innumerable; and along the beach, which is semicircular, there are photograph galleries, peep-shows, marionette theatres, conjuring booths, circuses, machines for trying the weight, lungs, or muscles of the inquisitive, swings, merry-go-rounds, and all the various side shows which reap the penny harvest of holiday crowds. These extrinsic attractions, which are so familiar in the second-class watering-places of England, make Atlantic City much gayer than the popular seaside resorts of New York, such as Coney Island and Rockaway Beach; and were it not for the enormous beer pavilions, inestimable flow of lager, the gilded signs of Gambrinus, and the Teutonic waiters, one might easily fancy himself to be on the other side. Admirable precautions are taken for the safety of bathers. Some men with life-saving apparatus at their control are stationed in a tower from which they can observe the movements of the people in the water, and boatmen, whose duty it is to avert cases of drowning, paddle watchfully along the outer line of surf. A plank-walk extends along the beach; and there are many other things that commend Atlantic City to us, and place it above the resorts of excursionists near the metropolis.

A fair wind carried our little yacht seven or eight miles north in an hour, and at sunset we were gliding, with a faint ripple at the bow, through a narrow "thoroughfare" of the bay. The marshes were on each side of us; behind and ahead a motionless sea, varying from a most vivid emerald to a dusky cedar green. A curtain of gray concealed the city, but a flash of gold suddenly emblazoned the western windows, and the light-house, whose tower rose in pathetic isolation against the horizon, sent forth a pallid ray. A heron projected itself in silhouette against a sky of red,

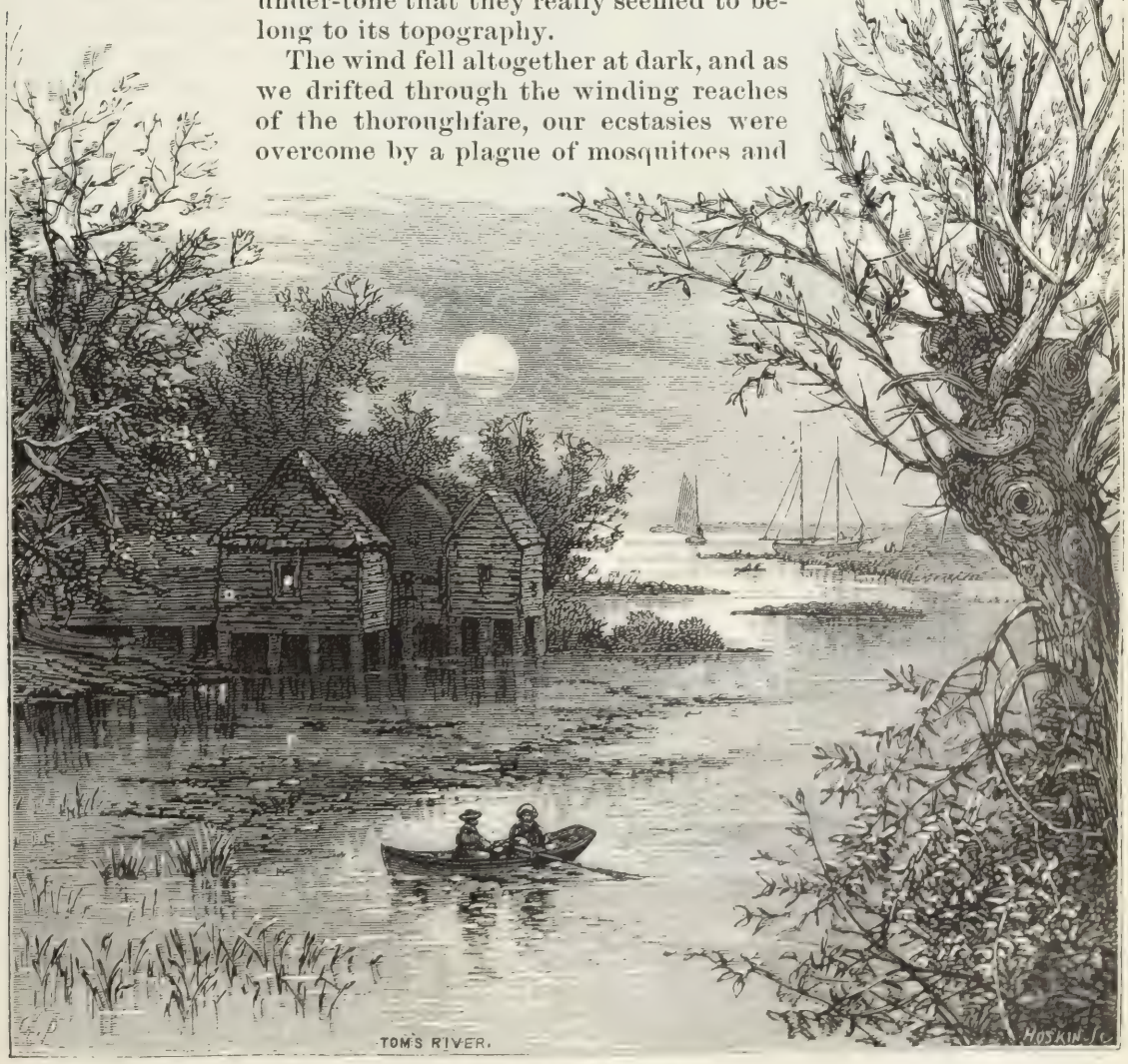


SEABRIGHT.



gold, and amber, in which the sun had left a sinuous trail of fire, and a flock of plovers whistled mournfully as they winged themselves home. The water was like a mirror, except where a school of small fish broke it into a thousand ripples, and our boat was inert, the sail hanging loosely from the mast. As the sun fell closer to the blue line of the main-land woods from a heaven of unspeakable color, the evening star and a crescent moon were growing more radiant in the pale gray-blue east, and cast a reflection on the water while it still held the imprint of the more passionate orb. We were alone in the world at that moment, and the world was motionless. There was a wan, pitiful look on the meadows, which, lying in a death-like lull, gave the scene its salience, and despite the rosy ardor of the western sky, Nature desponded and fell into a sad sleep. Sunsets at second-hand are not satisfactory, but those that we saw night after night along the Jersey coast were so individualized in their contrasted splendor and melancholy under-tone that they really seemed to belong to its topography.

The wind fell altogether at dark, and as we drifted through the winding reaches of the thoroughfare, our ecstasies were overcome by a plague of mosquitoes and



SCENES ON TOM'S RIVER.

gnats, which attacked us so seriously that one member of our expedition was threatened with delirium. We had to propel the boat with poles. From time to time we grounded, and it was after midnight when we reached Bond's — a summer hotel south of Beach Haven.

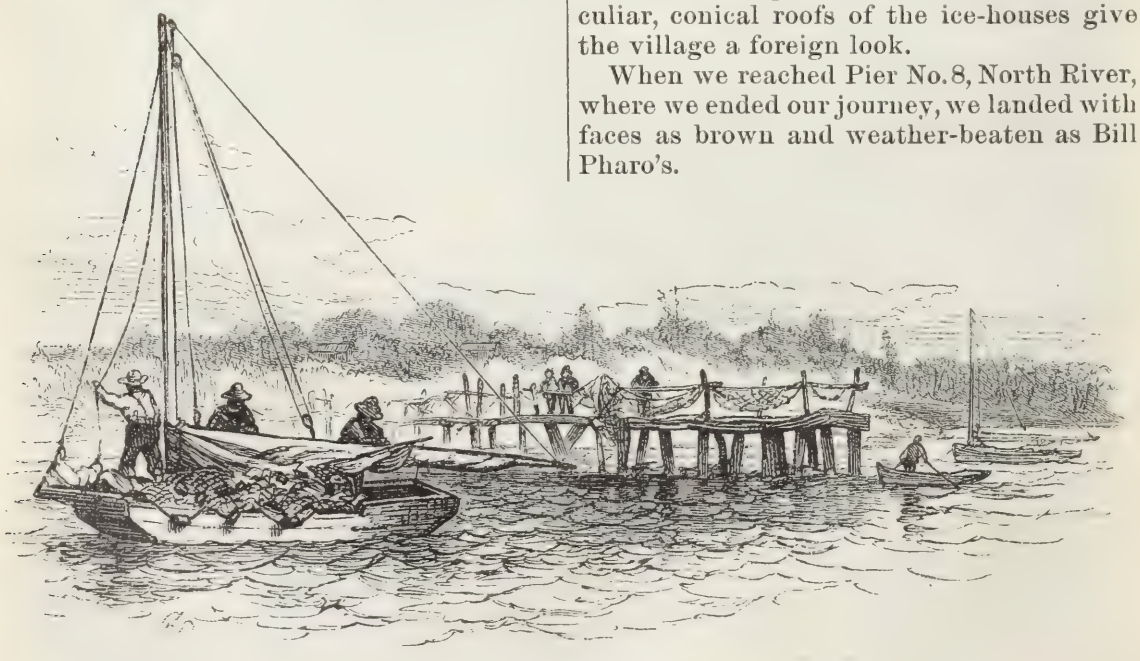
The next day was cloudy and gray, and a variable wind took us through the bay to Barnegat Inlet, off the Barnegat Shoals. It was sunset when we reached our boat, and great flocks of birds flew out of the reeds, uttering wild and melancholy cries. A schooner lay at anchor near the inlet, and the wreck of the steamer *Mediator* was visible. One wreck is no sooner out of sight than another happens, and in such terrible evidences the few inhabitants of the settlement at the inlet are constantly reminded of how inhospitable a coast theirs is. Barnegat Light is famous, and we stood under it as it was ignited. The shaft towers from a bed of sand, which has formed a ridge twenty or thirty feet high around the base, and out of which a few cedars grow. The great brilliancy of the lantern, which makes it visible to vessels some twenty miles away, is lost to people standing at the base, and the only indication of it is in the prismatic glass. The keeper's house is near by, and the children sleep while the father watches and works in that radiant crown on the tower.



THE LITTLE GRAVE-YARD, WARETOWN.

Farther northward. The wind was now in our favor, and we ran up to Tom's River past Waretown, where an old grave-yard sadly overlooks the sea, and past Sea-side Park, another of the fashionable places which have appeared within the last three or four years on the outer beach. Tom's River is charming, and the village is one of the prettiest in America. Then we took the railway again and went to Seabright, where we spent a happy day with the fishermen. There is no settlement more picturesque or interesting than this along the shore, although summer boarding-houses and hotels are crowding the old huts away. Small boats, white, green, and red, line the beach, their bronze sails flapping idly in the wind. Here an old fisherman sits mending his nets; there a boat with a load of shining mackerel has just been beached, and a lot of tawny men, bare-legged and bare-armed, are transferring her cargo to small hand-carts. The huts are built among the sand hills, and the peculiar, conical roofs of the ice-houses give the village a foreign look.

When we reached Pier No. 8, North River, where we ended our journey, we landed with faces as brown and weather-beaten as Bill Pharo's.



AT WARETOWN.

THE FIESCHI CONSPIRACY.

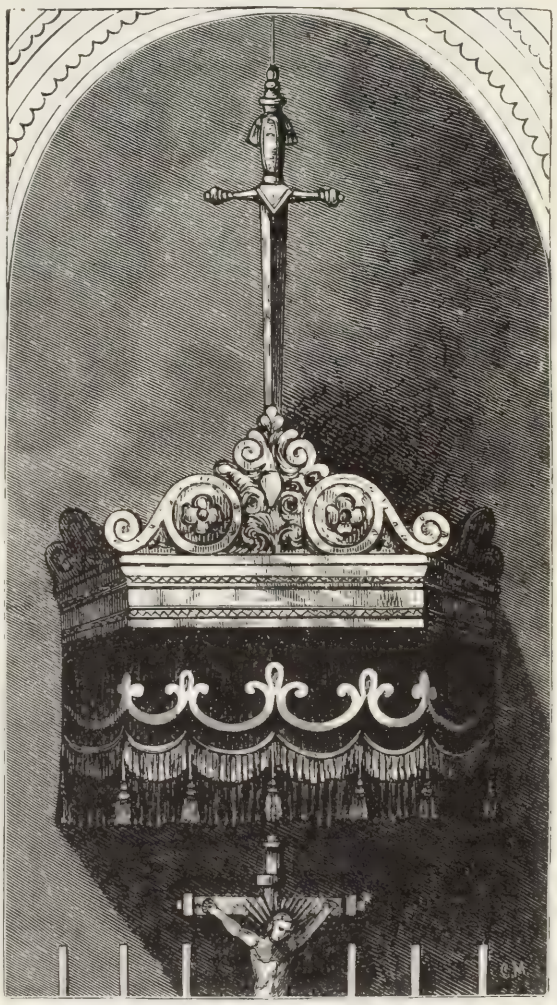
IN the annals of the Genoese Republic there are two prominent characters upon whose relative merits history still hesitates to pronounce its final award. It would be idle to affirm that Andrea Doria and Gianluigi Fieschi will ever exchange places on the historic page, but in justice to the latter, the vast interval that has separated them hitherto is being sensibly, if not rapidly, diminished. In truth, it would be difficult, other things being equal, to assign any satisfactory reason for branding Fiesco as a traitor for attempting to subvert a government which Doria himself had twice overthrown, and then received the appellation of "Father of his Country." It is not surprising, however, when the reward of a faithful historian was, in not a few instances, banishment or assassination, that the earlier Italian annalists who wrote under the colossal shadow of Charles V. should have favored the dominant or imperial faction, or that subsequent writers and encyclopedists should have found it more convenient to follow in the beaten track of their predecessors than to delve amid the dust of musty manuscripts by way of original research.



ANDREA DORIA.

In forming a just estimate of the characters of Doria and Fiesco, it must be remembered that they fell on evil times. If, as Landor justly observes, no one can be truly noble so long as any one is really base, what shall we say of those who figured historically at the time the sanguinary drama was enacted of which we propose to give a brief and, as far as possible, an impartial account? The age of Leo X. and his immediate successors was one of such utter demoralization, politically, socially, and morally, that the combined genius of Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo can scarcely redeem it from an inglorious immortality. It was an age in which the political heresies of Machiavel had poisoned the national conscience, and the mischievous tenets of Loyola had corrupted the national heart; when sovereign princes, with the bluest of blood, with a total disregard for *meum* and *tuum*, were common highwaymen; when noblemen, who would not have dishonored themselves by attaching their titled signatures to a bill of exchange, amassed immense fortunes by downright piracy; when bishops were sanctimonious brigands; when the Inquisition, with its train of attendant horrors, was the most conclusive of arguments in converting contumacious Protestants or silencing refractory reformers; and, as the crowning shame of all, when the Vatican, with its sacred associations, was transformed into a spiritual exchange for the sale of indulgences, whereby all these and the whole black catalogue

of crimes could be remitted for a given consideration, and the most abandoned criminals could purchase an interest in the kingdom of grace and glory for a stipulated percentage of their ill-gotten gains. Such, if we are to credit the statements of Catholic historians themselves, was the deplorable condition of the Catholic world in general, and the Italian states in particular, during the early part of the sixteenth century, which embraces the tragical episode known as the Fieschi Conspiracy. If the principal actors were not disinterested patriots in the modern acceptation of the phrase, we think it will appear that they measured up fully to the standard of morality as prescribed by their political and spiritual guides.



THE SWORD OF DORIA.

A history of the Dorias would be in good part a history of Genoa. "No modern family," says Celesia, the elegant historian, "can compare in deeds of valor with the heroes of this illustrious house; and among the ancients only the Scipios can equal them." Among the most distinguished of his family was Andrea Doria, the great Italian admiral, who was born at Oneglia, near Savona, in 1466. Though the Dorias from the earliest times had been Ghibellines, or adherents of the emperor, at the age of eighteen he entered the service of the pope, and afterward, with characteristic versatility, that of the Duke of Urbino, King Ferdinand of Naples, and Alphonso II. Then, prompted by devotion, he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. In the civil commotions which followed in Genoa he favored the faction of the Fregosi against the Adorni, and during one of the engagements was severely wounded.

But it was in disputing the supremacy of the sea that Doria was destined to win his greenest laurels, and, by a succession of brilliant victories over infidel Turks and Barbary corsairs, acquire a military renown that soon marked him as the greatest admiral of his age.

On the accession of the Adorni to power in Genoa, he deserted the Genoese standards and entered the service of Francis I., King of France, taking with him the galleys of the republic, which he never restored. Created Admiral of France by the king, and Admiral of the Holy Church by the pope, after subjecting Genoa to French domination by expelling the Adorni, and breaking the imperial power in Italy in the celebrated naval battle off Salerno, he went over with his galleys to the imperial standard. He had previously tendered his sword to the pope, but the emperor having offered him more favorable conditions, together with the sovereignty of Genoa under the protectorate of the empire, he decided to enter the imperial service.

It is difficult to decide what were the real motives of Doria in going over to the imperial party; but whatever they may have been, the results, as the sequel will show, proved prejudicial, if not fatal, to the independence of the Italian states, since this act, by throwing Genoa into the imperial scale, holding as it did the balance of power between France and Spain in the Italian peninsula, made Charles V. undisputed master of Italy.

Shortly afterward, having been created by the emperor his captain-general at sea, Doria entered the port of Genoa with his galleys, and, having expelled the French garrison, took possession of the city without bloodshed, and from thenceforth until the day of his death governed it in the name and for the interest of his imperial master. To his honor be it said, he never attempted—even declined—the sovereignty of his country. He was content with the prerogatives without the symbols of royalty. As prime minister of the emperor in Italy, he was in reality the sovereign, leaving the empty bauble of the ducal crown, as formerly, to the doge.

During the hitherto brilliant career of Doria, honors had fallen thick and fast upon him. Decorated by Francis I. with the order of St. Michael, presented by the pope

with a velvet cap and a consecrated short sword as a valorous captain and a valiant defender of the Christian faith, together with numerous titles and dignities, statues and inscriptions, he was soon after honored by the emperor with the title of Prince of Melfi, and the ancient order of the *Toson d' Oro*, or Golden Fleece, and by his countrymen with the more illustrious appellation of the "Father of his Country."

On his accession to power Doria at once addressed himself to the task of establishing a stable form of government, by a revision of the constitution, with a view of reconciling the various factions by which the republic was distracted. He soon succeeded in giving the Genoese a strong government, but in so doing destroyed its popular character, and established in its stead an oligarchy of which he himself was the head.

Doria loved his country, and it was doubtless his ambition, not to be a sovereign prince, but the chief of a free and independent commonwealth; but his having favored Spanish predominance in Genoa gave the republic independence only in name, and by paving the way for the Austro-Spanish ascendency in Italy, was the cause, as the sequel proved, of untold misfortunes to the Italian states. He had a great opportunity, and lost it. For had he joined the republican league against Spanish domination, and wielded his potential sword in favor of Italy instead of fighting, it may be unwittingly, in the ranks of her enemies, he might have spared his unhappy country three centuries of tyranny and bloodshed.

In contemplating the career of Doria we are struck with its singular inconsistencies, if not strange contradictions, which it is difficult to reconcile upon any other hypothesis than that he was actuated by personal rather than by patriotic motives. He could be Guelf or Ghibelline, serve pope, king, or emperor, as best suited his interest or policy. With the personal simplicity of a republican, he affected the pomp and pageantry of a sovereign prince. Magnanimous to a foreign foe, he was relentless to a domestic enemy. He marries the niece of one pope, and procures the assassination of the natural son of another, giving his own daughter-in-law in marriage as a reward to the assassin. At one time he besieges the capital of his native country with French soldiers to free her from Spanish rule, and shortly after, when it suited his changing interests, he repeats the experiment with Spanish soldiers to free her from French predominance. At one moment we see him swearing eternal enmity to Spain, and riveting Spanish captives as galley-slaves to the oar for life; at another, captain-general of the emperor and his prime minister in Italy, obeying his behests with an almost filial devotion. Now he is dyeing seas red with the blood of Barbary corsairs for the liberation of Christian slaves, and anon exciting infidel Turks against Venetian Christians, or in secret accord with the ruthless Barbarossa, or loosing the bonds of the famous pirate Dragut, to become again the terror of the Mediterranean and the scourge of Christendom.

As a man, Doria was affable and courteous, generous and unsuspecting. Fluent in speech, he was charming in conversation. The delight of princes, he was revered by the people. Of a heroic aspect and a martial bearing, he was simple in his attire and temperate in his manner of life. "Eating little and drinking less," he maintained his vigor and activity until he had neared the goal of fourscore and ten. But though parsimonious respecting himself, he was prodigal toward others, and the simplicity of his personal habits contrasted strangely with the splendor of his following and surroundings. His sumptuous palace, embellished by the skill of the most celebrated of Italian painters and sculptors, with its elegant *salons*, its costly tapestries, and expensive decorations, was celebrated throughout Italy for its more than regal splendor, and became, in fact, a royal hotel, whose princely proprietor kept open court and entertained the sovereigns of Europe with the profuse liberality of an emperor. His galleys, more than twenty in number, were fitted up, if possible, with a still more extravagant and luxurious expenditure. The admiral's flag-ship, with its three-and-thirty standards; its ensigns, or *gonfalons*, of yellow, white, and crimson damask cunningly embroidered in gold; its superb cabins embellished with exquisite carvings and gildings in arabesque, and draperies of gold and silver cloth; its decks protected with awnings of scarlet velvet, and its crew gayly attired in jackets of crimson damask —was a source of constant surprise even to his royal and imperial guests, whom he conveyed so frequently between the Spanish and Italian coasts.

Such was Andrea Doria, the great Italian admiral, the republican prince, the citizen king, the defender of the Christian faith, and the probable inventor of iron-clads; whose virtues were his own, whose vices belonged, for the most part, to his age and country, and who, despite them all, stands out, after Columbus, the grandest historical figure of the Genoese Republic.

Of a different type altogether was Gianluigi Fieschi, scion of an ancient family scarcely less distinguished than that of the Dorias, upon whose escutcheon the triple tiaras of two pontiffs and four hundred mitres had shed their concentrated lustre; allied by marriage to the most illustrious families of Italy; his father, Sinibaldo, celebrated in song by Ariosto in the "Orlando Furioso," and his mother, Maria della Rovere, the reputed niece of Julius II., the warlike pope.

Had an astrologer stood by with his astrolabe at the hour of his birth, he must have predicted a prosperous future from so auspicious a horoscope.

As the eldest of four sons and one daughter, he inherited the hereditary title as Count of Lavagna, together with the immense estates of his rich and powerful family. Accomplished in every manly and robust exercise, to his tutor, Paul Panza—a man of liberal culture and great integrity of character—he owed much; still more to the influence of his noble and spirited mother, who, after the death of his father until he reached his majority, managed his princely patrimony, at the same time stimulating him to imitate the example of his forefathers, and prove himself worthy of the traditions of his house.

A youth of singular beauty, with pleasing and engaging manners, and a brave though gentle air, as affable in conversation as valiant in arms, with a gay, generous, and sportive disposition, he was the prince of good fellowship, keeping an open house and a free table spread with all the luxuries of the season, entertaining the rich and noble with a princely liberality, relieving the poor and unfortunate with a bountiful hand.

Though the peer of the proudest noble, he placed himself upon an equality with the poorest artisan, so that while he was courted by the nobility, he was idolized by the populace. With a comely person and a well-developed form, as he rode, followed by his valets and esquires, through the narrow and populous streets of Genoa, dressed in a tunic of black velvet, with black velvet cap, from which fluttered a snow-white plume, and mounted upon a spirited bay, caparisoned with orange-colored velvet trimmed with vermilion, with trappings of silver, the people ran out from all sides to see and honor the gallant cavalier who was surnamed, and with reason, the Genoese Alcibiades.

As the heir of so illustrious a house, with an annual income of 200,000 scudi, and lord of three-and-thirty castles, besides numberless fiefs and estates, entitled to a seat near the ducal throne, with the titles and privileges of Prince of the Empire, Count of the Sacred Palace, Imperial Counsellor and Vicar-General in Italy, it is not surprising that he was eagerly sought in matrimonial alliance by the proudest and most aristocratic families of the Genoese nobility. At the age of twenty-one he married Leonora Cybo, who, to every virtue that may adorn a noble lady, superadded that of high literary culture and poetical genius. Their nuptials were celebrated with unusual splendor; the count's ancestral palace in Vialata—in allusion to which Louis XII., who had once been entertained by the grandfather of Fiesco, was accustomed to say that the houses of the Genoese were by far superior to his own royal palace—resounded again with its old-time gayety and revelry.

It is related that Fiesco had formerly formed an attachment for Ginetta, daughter of Adam Centurione, a Genoese nobleman of great wealth and influence, who lent immense sums of money to sovereign princes and then tore up their royal notes of hand, as if, after all, it were only a bagatelle. At first the suit of Fiesco was favorably entertained, but subsequently Centurione, at the earnest solicitation of Andrea Doria, bestowed his daughter's hand in marriage upon Gianettino Doria, Andrea's adopted son and prospective heir. This collision between the fiery spirits who were destined to play so conspicuous a part in the bloody tragedy that soon followed kindled the first spark that ere long burst into a conflagration. The rival suitors became sworn political foes.

The character of Gianettino, which was in striking contrast with that of Fiesco, doubtless precipitated the crisis. Proud, arrogant, and defiant, with a grim and threatening visage, and a haughty, contemptuous bearing, he was flattered and disliked by the nobles, whom he treated as subjects rather than peers, while he was hated and feared by the plebs, whom he held in disdain and scorned to conciliate. His natural disposition was rather fostered than restrained by his habit of military command. A bold, fiery, and intrepid youth, he had given signal proofs of his valor in more than one hardly contested engagement; and now that he was in command of a score or more of galleys, and heir-apparent to all the dignities, wealth, and power of his uncle Andrea Doria, his haughtiness and arrogance exceeded all bounds. Impatient of legal restraint or civil authority, he rarely entered the city unless at the head of an imposing retinue, or surrounded by a body-guard. Though a simple citizen, he affected upon republican soil the airs and manners of a sovereign prince; while the old Andrea Doria, now enfeebled by age and its attendant infirmities, was either unwilling to perceive or else unable to restrain the haughty, despotic demeanor of his nephew, which was threatening to involve his house in swift and utter ruin.

Such, in imperfect outline, were the three most prominent characters that figured in the ill-starred tragedy of the Fieschi conspiracy.

It would be doing injustice to the memory of Fiesco to infer that the original cause, already alluded to, of his hatred of Gianettino was the sole or principal cause of his conspiring against the government. In fact, the most various motives have been attributed to him, from a disposition to revenge himself upon his former rival for paying court to his wife, to that of aspiring to the

"diadem of the doges." Cupidity, thirst of blood, disappointed ambition contemplating the overthrow of the republic, the robbery of the Bank of St. George, the sack of the city, and the complete extermination of the Dorias, up through a graduated scale that finally culminates in motives of the purest and most exalted patriotism.

As to the real aims of Fiesco in inaugurating a revolution, in the absence of any documentary proof to the contrary, it is but justice to give him the benefit of the doubt, and conclude that they were not only in harmony with his own professions, but in sympathy with the traditions of his forefathers, who, as Guelfs, had ever been, since the accession of Innocent IV., among the noblest adherents and supporters of popular liberty. His professed object, as will shortly appear, was to liberate his country from the predominance of the Dorias, oligarchical rule, and Spanish ascendency. This he proposed to accomplish by renewing the friendship of France, without committing the republic again into her power; for France, whatever her ulterior designs, had ever favored popular liberty in Italy, so that the people cried out, "God grant that the good French may come to liberate us from these Spanish miscreants!"

In tracing the causes that led to the conspiracy, it will aid us to take a hasty glance at the deplorable condition of Italy in the early part of the sixteenth century, the period just preceding its outbreak. It was an age of conspiracies, and the only wonder is, when we consider the causes, that they were not multiplied a hundredfold. The principal Italian cities were prostrate under a foreign yoke, and Venice only remained as a city of refuge for political exiles. Italy, everywhere overrun by a foreign soldiery, whose stipend was paid by sack and pillage, one horde of invaders only expelled by another, presented the melancholy spectacle of entire districts, ready to bloom like Eden, reduced by fire and sword to the condition of a desert, without house, or inhabitant, or any living thing. Every conceivable outrage was committed; churches were sacked, cities destroyed; over two hundred thousand persons killed in war; fire and sword followed by famine and pestilence, in which perished unnumbered thousands more. Blood cancelled blood. What the battle-field failed to absorb was reserved for the scaffold. In the midst of this carnival of death, Rome was given over to sack and pillage. Its streets and public squares, encumbered with corpses, and breeding disease, contagion, and death, became the scene of a wild Saturnalia of shameful excess. Drunken soldiers, disguised as bishops and cardinals, paraded the principal thoroughfares in mock religious procession, or trailed their priestly vestments in immodest, lascivious dances as they rioted in their bacchanalian orgies, while episcopal mitres, metamorphosed into fools' caps by swaggering dragoons, excited the laughter of pimps and the derision of courtesans.



GIANLUIGI FIESCHI.—[FROM A PORTRAIT BY VANDYKE.]

It is disheartening to reflect that these abominations were committed for the most part by professing Christians. While the Council of Trent was discussing the doctrines of original sin, predestination, and the seven sacraments, Spanish Catholics and

German Protestants were vying with each other in outraging every law, both human and divine, while the yoke of the Sultan of Turkey was invoked as preferable to that of the "Sultan of Christianity," and both to the Spanish despot, who dreamed of universal empire.

What was true of the other Italian cities might at any moment become true of Genoa. Already popular liberty was subjected to aristocratic privilege, the government to foreign predominance. Genoa was a republic only in name, and, under the Spanish protectorate, retained only the shadow of its former independence. Andrea Doria was sovereign without the insignia; Gianettino, his adopted son and designated successor, blindly aspired to both, and had vowed, it is affirmed, the death of Fiesco as the greatest obstacle to his obtaining the sovereignty. Then farewell to the last semblance of Genoese liberty and independence! Such was the state of affairs when Fiesco, in response to the popular discontent, took up the common complaint, and planned his famous conspiracy.

The time was propitious. Charles V. was fully occupied in the German wars; Genoa was without a doge; the galleys of Doria lay dismantled in the harbor; there were but few regular troops in the city, and many of these devoted to the count; the plebs were eager for revolution; while Doria and the nobles, lulled into a false security, were without the least suspicion. Such was the state of affairs within the city; while without, the conspirators could count upon the co-operation of the King of France, the Duke of Piacenza, and the pope. The pope was bitterly hostile to the Emperor Charles and Andrea Doria, who were inimical to the aggrandizement of the Farnese family, and was actuated no less by a spirit of private revenge than a desire for the public utility. The Duke of Piacenza, on his part, promised to furnish the count, for a stipulated sum, with four galleys, already armed and equipped, three of which, however, he had pledged to the service of the pope for a period of two years, but which his Holiness now offered to release at once in favor of Fiesco.

Once resolved, Fiesco left nothing undone to increase the number of his partisans and insure the final success of the conspiracy. He dispatched a trusty messenger, Cagnino Gonzaga, to Paris, in order to secure the co-operation of the French king, who had made liberal promises of material aid and support, on the sole condition, however, and solemn pledge that the French crown should waive all pretensions prejudicial to the liberties of the republic. Meanwhile he purchases the Farnese galleys, visits his various castles, and spends the summer months in enlisting soldiers and marines, collecting arms, drilling his vassals, strengthening his defenses, and laying in provisions, so as to be able to sustain a long siege if necessary, all under color of fortifying himself against the Duke of Piacenza, who in reality was one of his most active confederates.

And yet all these warlike preparations failed to awaken the suspicions of the government. Thus far Fiesco had kept his own counsels. When the good Panza, his former tutor, suspecting some secret plot, ventured to interrogate him, he replied, impatiently, in the language of Cato: "If I thought that my tunic was conscious of the secrets of my heart, I would cast it at once into the fire."

On his return to the city Fiesco held a secret consultation with his principal accomplices, Verrina, Sacco, and Calcagno, with a view of arranging the details of the conspiracy. Of these three, Verrina was the ruling spirit, whose counsels were in striking contrast with those of the timid Calcagno or avaricious Sacco.

After various plans had been proposed, and rejected as either impracticable or otherwise objectionable, as violating the rights of hospitality or the sanctity of the sanctuary, the 2d of January was at length determined upon as the date for carrying the conspiracy into execution, and the following adopted as the plan: To Cornelius Fieschi, a natural brother of Gianluigi, was assigned the duty of seizing and holding the gate Dell' Arco, so as to secure a safe line of retreat to the count's castles in case of disaster. Jerome Fieschi, with the co-operation of Calcagno, was to invest at a given signal the gate of St. Thomas with its fortifications, and thus isolate and cut off the Dorias from the city. Verrina, after giving the preconcerted signal, was to advance with the *Temperanza* to the entrance of the arsenal, so as to blockade and then capture the galleys of Doria, laid up and dismantled in the dock-yard. Thomas Assereto, who, as a recreant naval officer of the government, was in possession of the countersign, was to make an attack upon the arsenal from the land side, while Scipio Borgognino, with a picked body of arquebusiers in small boats, should make a simultaneous assault upon the water side. The gates and arsenal once in the possession of the conspirators, and the galleys of the Dorias manned by their partisans, the various troops of armed men dispersed throughout and around the city were to rendezvous at a given point, and then advance to the assault of the ducal palace, and thus terminate the revolution.

Orders were accordingly transmitted to the various chiefs to introduce a large number of men into Genoa during the Christmas holidays, which could readily be done without exciting suspicion, as the peasantry were accustomed to flock into the city from all



THE CONSPIRATORS' BANQUET.

sides on that festive occasion. The conspirators, some dressed as mountaineers or otherwise disguised, and some in chains as slaves condemned to the galleys of Fiesco, entered not only by the different gates, but through the subterranean passage that communicated with the Fieschi palace from without the city walls. The greater part, however, were not introduced into the city, but were disposed upon the surrounding heights, ready at a given signal to co-operate with the insurgents within.

Never did the Count of Lavagna appear more jovial than on the very eve of the insurrection. As the fatal hour approached, he became more gay and social, riding, sporting, visiting and entertaining his friends, as if dancing, hunting, and horses were apparently his only care. On the evening preceding the night determined upon for the execution of the plot he visited the Dorias. As the children of Gianettino ran out to meet him on his approach, he took them up in his arms and kissed them, then turned, and with his usual warmth greeted their father, who was standing near in the recess of a window. After some desultory conversation he requested Gianettino that he would instruct his officers not to prevent the departure of the galley which he had fitted out against the Barbary corsairs, and which he intended should set sail that very night for the Levant, adding that if in the din and confusion of getting under way he should hear the discharge of a cannon, he need give himself no uneasiness, as it was simply a signal for the departure of the vessel.

Gianettino having issued the desired order, they both entered the apartment of Doria, who, wrapped in a rich pelisse, was reclining in a great arm-chair, suffering from an attack of the gout or rheumatic fever. At the moment he was engaged in earnest conversation with Figuerroa, legate of the Emperor Charles, who was endeavoring to convince him of the existence of the conspiracy, of his own imminent peril and that of the government. But no sooner had Fiesco crossed the threshold through the parted

drapery of crimson damask than the old captain, at the sight of a youth so ingenuous and courteous, welcomed him as a son, and then, bending forward, whispered in the ear of the legate, "Fie upon it! Can you read treason in that frank and loyal face?" "Nature," replied the latter, "appears the most tranquil when the tempest is about to break with the greatest violence." And so it was.

After a short interview Fiesco took leave, mounted his spirited genet, and rode hurriedly away, leaving the Spanish legate still in conference with Doria, whom he failed, however, to convince of the impending storm that was about to burst over the devoted city.

After taking his leave of the Dorias, Fiesco had invited a score or more of young noblemen, whose names had recently been registered in the "Golden Book," to a banquet the same evening at his palace in Vialata. This he did with the probable intent of securing their co-operation, or, failing to do so, of detaining them as hostages, and thus securing the adhesion, or at least the neutrality, of the noble families to which they belonged. As the invited guests assembled at the appointed hour in gala dress, what was their surprise, on being ushered into the banqueting hall, to find, instead of a gay and festive assembly, imposing troops of armed men with bronzed, grim visages, and instead of a table loaded with delicacies or sparkling with wines, to find it bristling with swords and daggers, arquebuses, pikes, and halberds! As the bewildered and terrified noblemen turned first to one and then another, and at length to Fiesco, for an explanation of so extraordinary a procedure, the count, surveying his audience with a restless eye, and striking the naked table a thunderous blow with his mailed hand, delivered a stirring appeal, at once his own justification and defense.



FIESCO'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE.

"The occasion by us so ardently desired, young men, has at length arrived; in our hands are the destinies of our country, which this very night may be freed from the tyranny of a few and restored to liberty. This is the feast, this the entertainment, to which I have invited you; nor, in truth, will you ever be seated at a more sumptuous banquet. With the concurrence of the emper-

or (and I have in my hands the proofs of it, with letters, which I will show you, if you so desire), Gianettino Doria, by power and wealth at length raised to such a pitch of audacity as to exceed all bounds, has now for a long time aspired to the sovereignty of Genoa; but since he finds in me an obstacle—in me, who, as he very well knows, will not prove unworthy of my ancestry, well prepared as I am to defend the common safety and our common liberties—day and night he treacherously plots against my life. Several times, but in vain, he has attempted to poison me; now he stealthily seeks to assassinate me. Such being the case, who among you is not inflamed with indignation in seeing the old nobility guilty of such enormities, usurping the highest honors, both public and private, and you held in contempt? And still more bitter and shameful wrongs are reserved for us. If so much is possible now, what will it be when the patricians, with Gianettino at their head, shall have usurped all authority and reduced us to slavery? Will you be vile plebeians? Then encounter like heroes the terrible fate that impends over you, and me, and our common country. I am resolved to slay the intending usurper, and Doria* himself, the author of such a plot; to board his galleys, occupy the government palace, and, with the extermination of the few in power, to inaugurate popular liberty. Even if the issue of such an undertaking should become doubtful, I cherish the confident hope that your well-known magnanimity would not leave me alone in the hazardous attempt. But the city is already ours. I have with me three hundred of the bravest warriors. The major part of the soldiers that guard the government palace are in my favor. The guards of the gates are ours, and only await the preconcerted signal. We have a galley riding at anchor in the harbor, manned by a large troop of well-armed veterans, distinguished for their sturdy valor. At least fifteen hundred armed artisans stand ready to follow me. At the early dawn two thousand men from my various castles will make a descent upon the city; as many more from Piacenza will follow in their wake. We are confronted by no enemy; quiet is the night, and every thing is propitious. You will not be comrades in the fight, but spectators of the victory. Come, then, to the rescue of the country; be of good courage and buoyant of hope! Since of the glory and honor which we are about to achieve you will be first of all the dispensers, not simply the participants."

As Fiesco closed his animated harangue, the young noblemen, with two exceptions, embraced his cause with enthusiasm, brandishing their daggers in the air, and shouting, "*Long live the Fieschi!*" But when he laid before them the letter disclosing the secret designs of Gianettino against his life and the liberties of the country, there arose a cry of indignation that blended for a moment with the clangor of arms, and then subsided into a hoarse and half-smothered oath for dire and terrible vengeance.

One painful duty remained to Fiesco before setting out on his perilous enterprise. Leonora, virtuous as she was beautiful, by the potency of her charms, the fascination of her manner, but most of all by the elevation and native goodness of her character, had obtained an ascendency over the fiery spirit of her husband which he was unwilling to acknowledge, but powerless to resist. Anticipating her opposition to an enterprise so questionable in its character, and so fraught with danger and disaster to himself and family, he had studiously endeavored to conceal the nature of his intent until now, on the very eve of its bloody execution. But her womanly instinct could not be deceived. The reserved and mysterious air of the count, the inquietude of his manner, which, in spite of an attempt to be unusually gay, he could not entirely conceal, naturally excited her suspicion that something was about to occur of a dark and terrible nature. But when she saw the warlike preparations, and heard the ominous din of arms that every where resounded throughout palace and court-yard, and the fearful character of the impending tragedy began to dawn upon her, she was plunged into the most profound and inconsolable grief.

As Fiesco entered the apartment of his wife, and recognized her amid the silence and gloom of her chamber, pallid with grief and paralyzed with terror, with only the venerable Panza and her faithful attendants, who were endeavoring in vain to console her, his resolution for a moment was shaken; but repressing his struggling emotions and approaching her side, he could only say, with a choking, husky voice, "Leonora!" and the mailed warrior wept.

"Luigi!" exclaimed the unhappy woman, raising her head and gazing reproachfully upon her husband—"in God's name, Luigi, by our early love, have compassion upon me! We are still in time. Let us fly to one of our castles, to a desert, if need be. I entreat you, do not forget yourself, your family, your country, and your God!"

"Leonora, it is too late. Listen! perhaps these are my last words. The die is cast. The shades of my forefathers rise up before

* Though Mascardi, in the harangue which he has attributed to Fiesco, makes him threaten to take the life of Andrea Doria, it is extremely doubtful whether he ever entertained such a bloody design, as the sequel will show that no attack was made upon the Doria palace, and the prince was allowed to escape when he was fairly in the power of the conspirators.



DEATH OF GIANETTINO DORIA.

my eyes day and night, and beckon me on to the liberation of my country."

So saying, he kissed his wife tenderly, then hastily tearing himself from her embrace, rushed out of the apartment, as she, uttering a shriek of terror, fell insensible to the floor. It was their last interview.

Re-entering the hall, where the conspirators impatiently awaited him, after ordering some wine and simple refreshments, he distributed the arms and issued his final commands, when the various bands of armed men repaired silently to the several quarters of the city to which they had been respectively assigned, to await the preconcerted signal.

The clock of San Andrea slowly tolled the hour of eleven as the Count of Lavagna, with a chosen troop of soldiers, descended toward the harbor, and quietly took up his position under the cavernous arcades of the Sottoriva, whose sinister shadows completely concealed them from the observation of the passers-by. The moon, so unfriendly to such an enterprise, had just withdrawn behind a peak of the Apennines. The lights from the windows were fast disappearing, casting the city into profounder shadow, while the deepening silence was only occasionally broken by the bacchanalian chorus of a troop of midnight revellers, or the plaintive solo of some solitary serenader. Suddenly the sky was lit up as with a flash of lightning, and the silence was broken by the report of a cannon in the direction of the harbor, which startled the slumbering city to its feet as it reverberated through the narrow streets, or was re-echoed from the surrounding hills. It was the concerted signal for striking the fearful blow that for months had been impending over the ill-fated city.

At first every thing went favorably to the cause of the insurgents. Cornelius Fieschi occupied the gate Dell' Arco, which offered but slight resistance. The fortifications of St. Thomas, commanded by Captain Lercaro, who, according to report, had been charged by Gianettino Doria with the assassination of Fiesco, after a desperate and bloody re-

sistance, were at length carried by assault, and Lercaro, with other officers, taken prisoner. Gianettino Doria, hearing the tumult, and supposing it to arise from an attempted revolt among the galley-slaves, hastened to the fort of St. Thomas, distant but a bow-shot from the palace of the Dorias, with a view of dispatching a detachment of soldiers to suppress the insurrection. As he approached the fortification, accompanied by a single page carrying a flambeau, he was recognized by the insurgents, now in possession of the fort, who, in response to his imperious demand to open the gate, replied with a volley of musketry, and the prospective tyrant was no more.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence the Doria palace became the scene of the wildest confusion and consternation. Only the old Doria, the octogenarian hero of a hundred battles, so long familiar with the vicissitudes and perils of a soldier's life, retained his calmness and composure. Comprehending at once the nature and magnitude of the danger, and perceiving the hopelessness of resistance, weighed down as he was by age and infirmities, he arose and was hastily dressed, then called for his trusty sword, his companion in so many hard-fought engagements, as if resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. But soon after, yielding to the entreaties of the princess and his nephews, accompanied by a few faithful adherents, and borne at first upon a palfrey and afterward on a litter, he set out for the castle of Masone.

On the side of the port the insurgents encountered a more determined resistance. Assereto, failing in his attempt, either by treachery or force, to take the arsenal from the land side, was repulsed with great spirit and not without considerable loss. The *Temperanza*, advancing upon the arsenal, grounded upon a sand bank, and was only got afloat with great difficulty, when Verrina continued his advance with the trireme and three other galleys that had arrived in port during the night. Borgognino, with a picked body of arquebusiers in small boats, after a gallant resistance on the part of the



FLIGHT OF DORIA.

guard, carried the arsenal by assault, then opened the gates to Fiesco, who had directed the attack simultaneously upon the land side, when both, in conjunction with Verrina, having cut the guard to pieces, boarded the galleys of Doria and the republic, and the day was virtually won.

Meanwhile the whole city was in an uproar. The unsuspecting citizens, aroused from their first deep slumber by the signal-gun of the *Temperanza*, had hardly rallied from their surprise when the clangor of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the din of arms startled them to their feet, and certified them of their real danger. As the adherents of Fiesco, with the watch-word of "*Gatto e libertà*,"* rushed through the streets, arousing the people to revolt, amid responsive shouts of "Long live the Fieschi! long live liberty!" the terrified nobility barricaded the massive doors of their stately palaces, and grave senators, who had assembled in hot haste, grew pale with dismay as one messenger after another brought tidings of the rapid and assured success of the insurgents. The insurrection had now become a contagion, with fair prospect of a revolution. Every narrow street or populous *ricolo* contributed its suddenly improvised quota to mingle in the fight or share in the victory. Silk-weavers, as ready with the sword as the shuttle, shouldered their arquebuses and sallied forth to join in the affray, while armed artisans sprang forth from their subterranean workshops like the teeth of Cadmus from the ground. Wherever a detachment of the Corsican Guards came in collision with a band of conspirators, there was bloody work in the streets.

To add to the general consternation, it is related that a fearful conflagration broke out, either by accident or design, in the most densely populated portion of the city, lighting up the frightful spectacle with a sinister and lurid light as the bells of countless towers sounded out the tocsin of alarm. Women and children, driven by the flames, or seized with superstitious dread as if the day of doom had come at last, precipitated themselves half naked into the streets that now ran red with commingled fire and blood, beating their foreheads with the palms of their hands, or filling the air with their wild laments or incoherent outcries. The weak and infirm were either trampled under foot, or, in their desperation, sought refuge amid the falling ruins of their burning homes. Bands of robbers, ever ready to profit by a great calamity, betook themselves to sack and pillage; while on the side of the port, the galley-slaves, taking advantage of the general confusion, were liberating themselves and each other from their chains, howling and blaspheming in the fury of their desperation with a wild and savage outcry that rose above the multitudinous uproar with a most threatening and ominous significance.

Fiesco, realizing the necessity of suppressing the incipient insurrection among the galley-slaves, repaired at once on board the galleys, and passing hurriedly from one to another, finally succeeded in restoring order. Then, manning them with the most faithful of his adherents, he hastened to return to the city, when, just as he was passing from the *Capitana* to the *Padrona*, the movable bridge connecting the two galleys gave way, precipitating the unfortunate count into the turbid and slimy waters of the arsenal. Though a bold and skillful swimmer, borne down by the weight of his iron mail, he disappeared in the darkness, and sank like a plummet to the bottom.

The star of Doria was again in the ascendant. Though the insurgents up to this point had been every where successful, as the news spread of the death of their idolized leader, they began to waver and fall back, while the Corsican Guards and the adherents of Doria again reared their crests and began to rally from every quarter. The Senate, re-assured, dispatched public criers to proclaim the sinister event throughout every quarter of the city. The effect was electric. The insurgents were at once thrown upon the defensive. The reaction was as decided as the first onset had been impetuous, for among the many who were ready to shout for Fiesco, or Doria, or the victor, whoever he might be, deserters on the one side soon became recruits on the other.

Jerome Fieschi, who succeeded to the title and estates of his brother, at once assumed the command. Though equally brave with Gianluigi, he was otherwise ill adapted to become the leader of such an enterprise. Instead of attacking the ducal palace as originally proposed, he fell back with a few of his adherents, and began fortifying himself at the gate Dell' Arco. At first he replied haughtily to the messengers dispatched by the Senate with overtures of peace; but at length, yielding to the solicitations of Panza, his old tutor, who tendered him on behalf of the Senate full pardon for himself and his adherents on condition that he would withdraw with his troops from the city, he shortly after retired with his followers to the impregnable defenses of his hereditary castle of Montobbio.

Verrina, who alone of the surviving conspirators possessed the ability to conduct the insurrection to a successful issue, after assuring himself, by means of a diver, of the death of Fiesco, well knowing that, lacking as he did the prestige of a name, he could not maintain his authority in the event of success, he, together with Ottobuono and

* A cat was the device of the Fieschi coat of arms, and "*Gatto e libertà*," or "Cat and liberty," the *mot d'ordre* of the Fieschi party.

Cornelius Fieschi, Sacco, Calcagno, and other insurgent chiefs, put to sea in the *Temperanza*, and set all sail for France; while the galley-slaves, having freed themselves from their chains, and sacked the rich and superb galleys of Doria and the republic, went aboard of the *Capitana* with their spoils, and followed their example, heading for Algiers.

Dire was the vengeance of Andrea Doria on his return to the city on the suppression



DEATH OF FIESCO.

of the insurrection. He at once convened the "most serene Senate," and insisted that it should revoke the decree of pardon granted to Jerome Fieschi and his adherents as an act of clemency conceded under compulsion, declaring that there should be no compact with rebels, who, instead, should be condemned to death, with the confiscation of all their goods and estates. With a vindictive revenge unworthy the great admiral, he demanded that the stately palace of the Fieschi in Vialata should be razed to the ground, and its ruins sown with salt, as if its rich treasures of art had abetted the conspiracy, or its very stones been guilty of high treason.

The compliant Senate, in obedience to the behests of its master, revoked its former decree of pardon in favor of the conspirators, on the plea that it was extorted by violence and not in legal assembly, and instead condemned them as "traitors and enemies of the republic," with the confiscation of all their estates. It further decreed that the family of the Fieschi should be banished perpetually, with the confiscation of their princely revenues and estates, the better part of which was in favor of Doria, in consideration of the loss sustained by the sack of his galleys; that the palace of the Fieschi in Vialata should be demolished, while a defamatory stone was inserted in a wall near the ruins, with a prohibition never again to build upon the spot where once was meditated the "parricide of the republic." Nor did the fiery vengeance of Doria and the imperial party pause here. The body of Fiesco was attached to a stone and cast by

night into the sea, as if it were offal. Not only in Genoa, but elsewhere, the palaces and castles of the Fieschi were levelled to the ground. Inscriptions, commemorative tablets, and armorial ensigns were erased, torn down, or cast into the sea, and every monument demolished that could recall the renown of the illustrious family. Still, in the midst of this insane fury, there is yet to be seen (as the altar-piece of a small sepulchral chapel), dimly visible in the shadowy twilight of the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, the portraits of Fiesco, Verrina, and Sacco as St. George, St. Lawrence, and St. John the Baptist, the patron saints of Genoa, which to have destroyed would have been a profanity of the very altars.

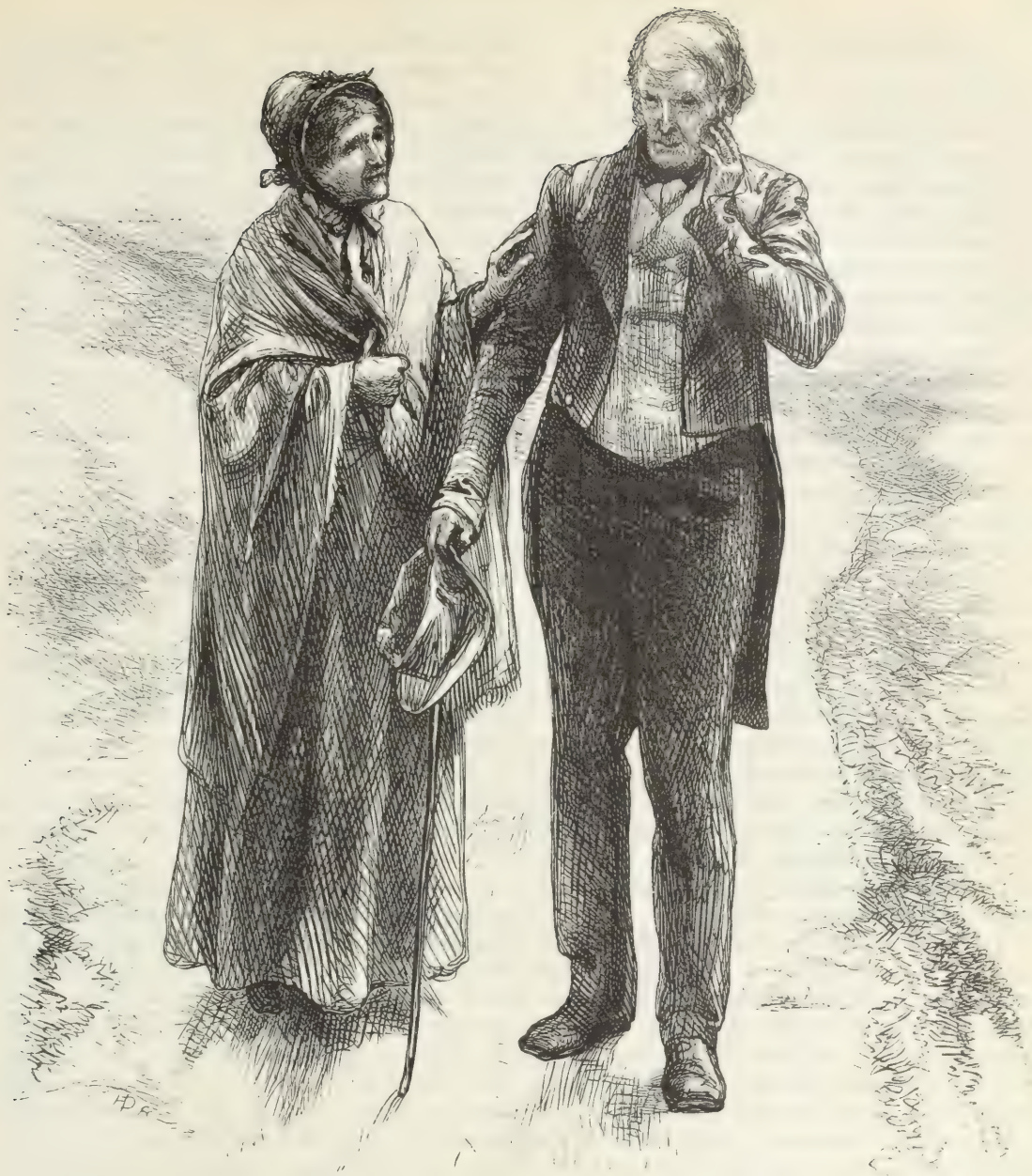
Meanwhile foreign princes and potentates, enemies as well as friends of Doria, were dispatching him messages of congratulation for his own personal safety, as well as letters of condolence for the death of Gianettino, his heir and successor. Even Paul III., who had favored the conspiracy of Fiesco, and furnished him with galleys to make the attempt, addressed him a brief full of protestations of sympathy and sorrow for the melancholy fate of his nephew. Doria, for the time being, "bit his lips, and was silent;" but when, shortly after, Pierluigi Farnese, a natural son of the pope, was assassinated at his own instigation, with a stroke of vindictive revenge, if not of poetic justice, he took the same brief, and simply changing the names, returned it to his Holiness.

Doria died at the advanced age of ninety-four. The sword of the great admiral still hangs suspended over the high altar of San Matteo, while the shattered torsos of his statue and that of Gianettino, destroyed in the democratic disturbances of 1797, are still shown in the adjoining cloisters.

As to what would have been the probable results if the conspiracy of the Fieschi had proved successful, we have not the space to speak other than to indicate them in briefest outline. Genoa with her naval force held the balance of power between Francis I. and Charles V. in Italy. The transfer of this power, which proved so disastrous to the king in 1528, might have become equally so to the emperor, engaged as he was in the German wars in 1547, while a powerful league, including England, France, Turkey, and Denmark, with several of the Italian states, was forming against him. The success of the conspiracy, by depriving the empire not only of Genoa, but of nearly all of its naval force, might have proved an effectual check to the colossal power of the Emperor Charles, and thereby prevented that ill-starred foreign predominance which, transforming the Italian peninsula into an Austro-Spanish province, plunged Italy for the next three centuries into an abyss of the most abject and deplorable servitude.



THE CONSPIRATORS AS PATRON SAINTS.



A RETURN.

"Do ye not know me, Donald?"—
  Pushing back her gray hair—
"Can ye not speak to me, Donald—
  Me who was once so fair?

"Many years have gone over us—
  Fortunate years for thee;
When I see thee they seem not so many—
  Only when thou seest me.

"For I wear the snow of winters
  No sun and no summer can change;
Yet I seem to hear the spring coming,
  And the bluebird beginning to range,

"As when in the old days together
  We wandered and talked by the stream,
Of thy life in the far new country,
  And our love. Was it all a dream?

"For what could I be to thee, Donald,
  A man grown to honor and land,
With a choice of the whole world before thee,
  While I could give thee but my hand!

"'Twas long that I staid by the brook-side,
  In the dews and the dark of the eve,
Through winter and summer thereafter,
  Ere I could forget to grieve.

"For thou wast my first love, Donald—
  Thou the first love of my heart:
Why should I not tell thee, Donald,
  What sadness it was then to part?"

"I can not recall thee, woman;
  And yet, when I hear thy voice,
I hear the low rippling river,
  I see the girl of my choice.

"Can ye not tell me of Janet,
  Something of her I once loved?
She gave me a wing for my bonnet;
  I gave her a ring ere I roved."

"Think ye on her sometimes, Donald?
  Can ye remember the ring?
It is worn now very thin, Donald;
  Yet perhaps ye'll remember the thing.

"It is here on my hand still, Donald;
  I can not remove it again;
I have kept it through labor and sorrow;
  It is grown now a part of my pain!"

PUNISHED ENOUGH.

ADAPTED FROM AN OLD FRENCH FEUILLETON.

ONE night in September, 1789, near a little village on the outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau—at the commencement of that Revolution in which "human nature threw off all formulas and came out *human*" —a brave, old, rough, retired, and, we must add, half-drunken soldier reeled home from a debauch, in which he and others like him had been denouncing royalty, aristocracy, priestcraft, and matrimony.

Upon the slab of stone which formed the front step to his cottage door he stumbled over an abandoned child. For a moment he believed himself asleep; then he took up the infant and laid it on one side, while he sought some trace of whence it came. But he found nothing. The desertion had been complete. The baby was wrapped in flannel, but that flannel was fine. This was the only indication of the station in life to which its mother belonged.

The great surprise of the event made Grégoire sober; and he sat down to consult his various impulses as to what he should do with the child. His meditations resulted in his resolving to keep the boy, whom he caused to be baptized Grégoire Valvins, these being respectively his own name and the name of the nearest village.

Till the boy was a year old the elder Gregory went every day to see him at the house of the woman to whom he was committed for maternal care; when he was weaned, he took him home with him.

The Revolution went on. The old soldier enlisted in one of those regiments which served under Dumouriez. His front teeth were knocked out in his first battle, and as he had a good knowledge of music (having, indeed, at one time in his life been a subordinate singer at the opera), he was made drum-major. The little boy became the *fils du régiment.* He wore a little uniform and beat a little drum. He even attracted the notice of Napoleon, when the fine regiment to which he was attached marched down to re-enforce the glorious Army of Italy, after the battle of Arcola.

The drum-major might have risen, being a cool, brave man, who, in spite of his propensity to drink, attracted the notice and good-will of his superiors; but when any offer of promotion was made him, he always begged that all consideration for his own services might be transferred to the benefit of his little Valvins. Thus it happened that he got the boy into the military school at St. Cyr, which he quitted in 1809 with a second lieutenant's commission.

At nineteen Valvins was a reserved, calm, self-contained, ambitious man; brilliantly brave, of course, as every soldier will be when he has nothing but his life to lose, and nobody in all the world to grieve if he were gone. He had never in his life had any thing to do with women. No mother had given him his first lessons in affection; no sisters, cousins, or female friends had taught him the most graceful and most needful of all lessons—consideration and respect for women. Grégoire, his father (a *sans culotte* under his gold knots, fringes, and embroideries), had his own ideas upon this subject. Some early passage in his life had given him a deep grudge against those he called *grandes dames,* and he labored diligently to inspire the boy with a like feeling. To this end, he always insisted that the mother who abandoned him had been a great lady. Many a time he made young Valvins swear he would revenge him (if ever the opportunity occurred) by the humiliation of some noble lady. It did not seem as if the young military student or sub-lieutenant in a regiment actively employed in an enemy's country was likely to have much chance of meeting high-born ladies; but it so happened that during his first year of active service he was stationed in a town on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, in which was a convent wherein three or four young French girls, daughters of noble *emigrés,* were receiving their education.

One or two of the young officers of the regiment managed to open a clandestine correspondence with these school-girls. They held some stolen interviews by night, though with the garden wall between them. Valvins remembered his promise to his adoptive father, and contrived to join them. The young girl he appropriated was named Léonie. She was not giddy like the rest, but had a fund of undeveloped tender feeling. She was the daughter of a noble of distinguished name, and equally distinguished hostility to the "usurper." He had no idea of submitting himself to any tyrant *parvenu,* of humiliating himself by appearing at a make-believe sham court, among blacksmiths, horse-boys, cow-boys, and the rest, who bore sham titles to disguise plebeian names, and were called the Marshals of the Empire.

The other young French officers on various pretexts soon retired from the field, but Valvins pushed his suit with Léonie. She was a pretty girl, with promise of great beauty when time should have developed her (for she was not sixteen); but Valvins was perfectly indifferent to her charms, although he set himself to persuade her to elope with him. His wooing was conducted with little that would have made it acceptable to one who knew the world, for, as we said, he had no sentiment, no tenderness, and no respect for women. The strongest argument he used was that he had her in his power. He alarmed her with fierce prayers that were more like threats than

supplications, and yet so great was her "sensibility"—as people called a liability to foolish fancies at that period—that he won her girlish heart, and despised her for having given it to him.

She agreed at last to get out of the convent on a certain night, and meet him in the street under the shadow of a buttress of the convent building. He promised to come accompanied by a priest, who should take her into a church, and there marry them.

The night came. The young *pensionnaire* managed her escape, and trembling, blushing, shrinking with shame and fear, took her place under the convent wall, awaiting her false lover. He never came. He had at least had the grace (although she knew it not) not to boast of his adventure among his comrades, and latent manliness enough to exercise unseen a sort of protection over her. He watched her from the window of a tall house opposite the convent, which he had hired for this purpose. He did not molest her. Indeed, she would have been too dangerous an embarrassment had he followed up the adventure. He watched her, and exulted in her humiliation. About midnight she fell swooning to the ground. He summoned his servant.

"See, Caspar!" he said. "Go to the convent *grille*, and ring the bell. Tell the sister who answers it that one of their *pensionnaires* is outside the convent wall, and is lying at their door. They had better come out and take care of her. See that they do not recognize you, and, Caspar, hold your tongue."

At daylight the regiment marched out of the town, and that was the last that Valvins heard of Léonie. He felt no pride in his achievement, and very slight remorse. It was an installment paid upon the promise he had made to his adoptive father. He felt no relish, however, for any further payment of the kind, and never resumed aggressive warfare against *grandes dames*, nor, indeed, had time for any intercourse of any kind with women.

It was the night of April 12, 1814. On the skirts of the forest of Fontainebleau bivouac fires had been lighted along the highway, around which squads of anxious veterans were discussing the abdication of the Emperor.

Valvins had been present when Napoleon had taken leave of his Old Guard. The evening before he had received from his great master's hand the officer's cross of the Legion of Honor. He had wept for the first time in his life that day, and with the tears he shed over the downfall of his Emperor mingled a more personal emotion.

"Where shall *I* go, now *he* is gone?" he asked himself. Alone, forsaken, doubly orphaned (for the rough soldier who protected him in childhood had been wounded at Lutzen, and died of his wounds in France), he suddenly took a fancy to visit the village on the outskirts of the forest where he had passed the first years of his infancy.

At close of day, therefore, he left Fontainebleau on foot, and set out upon his journey. Group after group of soldiers, as he passed, questioned him anxiously about the Emperor. The grizzled veterans, who had fought time after time with ten to one against them, could not bring themselves to understand that Napoleon had really given in, so long as one division, one regiment, one company, remained true to him.

As Valvins passed on rapidly from group to group, all in a state of relaxed discipline, he came up to the *grille*, or iron entrance gate, of a handsome château. The *grille* had been battered down, the windows of the château were ablaze with light, and a loud roar of hoarse and tipsy voices came forth into the gathering darkness.

Valvins would most likely have passed on, taking no heed of the proceedings in the château, had he not been nearly knocked down by a man flying from some drunken soldiers, who were pursuing him with cries of "Stop that Prussian!"

Valvins, hearing this shout, collared the fugitive, and then perceived he was a Frenchman like himself, a footman in livery, speaking his own tongue.

One of the soldiers, running up, gave a military salute, saying, "Thank you, major." And, without any further explanation, the whole squad surrounded the unfortunate domestic, while one of them, holding his naked sword point to his breast, cried, "Come, now! What's the name of your master?"

"Any name you please, Sir."

"He has a name," said the soldier; "tell it directly."

"But I told you just now, and you gave me thirty blows and more with the flat of your sword for telling you."

"That was because you didn't tell it right," said the soldier. "Begin over again, and take care, or—"

Four naked sword blades flashing before his eyes at once supplemented that terrible monosyllable. The trembling valet instantly shrank back and stammered, "His name is monsieur—"

"Well, go on," said the soldier.

"Monsieur the Marquis de Lesly," said the servant, bringing the words out with a jerk, as if something might be gained by extreme rapidity. But no sooner had he spoken than the soldiers began capering round him, hitting him with the flats of their swords, and crying out,

"Hop, marquis!"

The major interfered to put a stop to

this brutality, when one of them called out roughly, "Why didn't the *pékin* answer when I spoke to him?"

"He *did* answer," said the major.

"Ha! did he, though?" cried the most tipsy of the squad. "Be so good, major, as to tell us what he said."

"He said," replied Valvins, with impatience—"he said his master's name was the Marquis de Lesly."

"The *Marquis* de Lesly!" laughed the drunken soldier. "Here's another of the vipers, lads. That fellow," pointing to the major with his sword, "is a spy—a vile aristocrat—a friend of marquises."

"Ha! ha!" shouted his comrades, turning angrily upon the major.

Valvins hesitated to draw his sword against men who were no longer in possession of their right senses, nor did he care to compromise himself as an officer by a hand-to-hand struggle with private soldiers. He was relieved from this embarrassment by a corporal who rushed out on the broad steps of the château shouting, "Come up here, all of you! we have made a discovery."

Every soldier within hearing rushed off into the château, and Valvins remained alone with the terrified servant in livery.

"You had better take warning," he said to the man, "and be careful how you talk about your master as monsieur the Marquis de— What did you say his name was?"

"De Lesly," replied the servant.

"True—De Lesly," repeated Valvins, trying to remember. "The name struck me at once. I must have known some man of that name. I am sure I have heard it somewhere."

"Of course you have," said the servant; "it is one of the great names of France."

"I don't recognize it as one of the great names of our present France," answered the major, laughing. "Lesly?—Lesly? I know no general of that name, but I'd swear that at some time in my life that name has made an impression upon me."

"Our Monsieur De Lesly has never been a soldier, but he is a very great gentleman for all that," said the footman.

"Ah, yes; no doubt," said Valvins, turning on his heel—"a nobleman of the old *régime*. Pah!" said he, carelessly; "I dare say I met with the name in some of Frederick the Great's campaigns."

So saying, the major was on the point of continuing his journey, when he was stopped by a great noise proceeding from the château—shouts, oaths, and, above all the rest, shrieks of entreaty and despair.

"Alas! alas! monsieur," cried the domestic, "they must be killing every body."

"What is it all about?" asked Valvins.

"A party of soldiers, monsieur, came to the house and asked for a drop of wine, and leave to pass the night on the floor of our barn. Had I been there, it would have been all right, but they asked monsieur. The old gentleman has had his head turned this last week, expecting, as he says, the return of his 'legitimate sovereign.' So he said, angrily, 'I will give nothing to the soldiers of the tyrant, to—to'—he had a big long word that I could not make out—'to the mer—mur—'"

"Myrmidons," said Valvins.

"Yes, that's it—'to the myrmidons of the usurper.'"

Valvins frowned, and gave vent to so significant an expression that the rest of the tale was broken short by the narrator's fears.

Just then fresh cries of anguish—cries in a woman's voice—rose above the rest of the uproar.

"Ah, monsieur! monsieur!" cried the servant, "they must have found madame!"

"The Marchioness de Lesly?" said Valvins, with a laugh, picturing to himself an old woman in powder, patches, and a hoop, struggling to escape from the rough jokes of the soldiery.

"No, the daughter of monsieur le marquis."

"Mademoiselle Léonie de Lesly?" cried Valvins, his memory waking suddenly, as if from a dream.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Léonie de Lesly once, but now widow of the Duc de Fezenzac," cried the valet.

"Ah! poor woman!" exclaimed Valvins, as, leaving the old man behind, he ran forward to the château.

He sprang up the wide front steps and rushed into a great dining-room. Upon the polished table stood an army of Champagne and claret bottles, most of them with their necks knocked off, that being the easiest process of uncorking them. At the foot of the table, in an arm-chair mounted upon two other chairs, was an old man, made to do duty as a target for the squirts of Champagne which the soldiers were firing off at him by sticking their thumbs into the bottles' necks and suddenly withdrawing them. In the recess of a bay-window a woman was defending herself from two or three soldiers who were trying to seize her. The whole scene was one of noisy revelry—a din of shrieks, shouts, oaths, and senseless laughter.

As Valvins came into the room, the corporal he had before seen on the steps stopped short as he was uncorking a bottle, and cried out, in an alarmed tone, "Look out, lads! here's a major!"

Valvins cast a rapid glance over the dining-room, and resolved upon his plan of action.

"Soldiers!" he cried, "you are all cowards!"

Some of them at this hung down their heads, some growled a surly answer.

"Cowards!" repeated Valvins. "You are lingering in this house, insulting a woman, and making game of an old fool, while fighting is going on at Essonne!"

At these words, "fighting is going on at Essonne," they all drew quickly round him.

"Where's that, major—which way?"

"At Essonne, I tell you. All the regiments are concentrating on Fontainebleau. You haven't a moment to lose."

Hardly were his words out of his mouth when knapsacks and haversacks were picked up from the carpet, muskets rattled as they were flung on the men's shoulders, and the rioters, marching out of the château, left the place as silent and deserted as it had been crowded and uproarious a few moments before.

Valvins looked sadly round the room; then, approaching the marquis, he said, respectfully but firmly: "Now, monsieur, you must leave this place immediately. The news I have just told those soldiers was all false. The Emperor has quitted Fontainebleau."

"*Vive le roi!*" cried M. De Lesly, striving, in honor of the event, to rise up from the chair to which he was tied.

"Your father must be crazy, madame," said Valvins to the duchess. "Get him into a coach, and set off immediately."

The duchess did not answer; she was looking at the major with all her eyes.

"Do as I tell you, if you value his safety. Those soldiers may discover their mistake and be back here directly. Come," he continued, untying M. De Lesly and releasing him from his seat, "you must be gone immediately."

Some servants of the family here came in and bore away the marquis, saying a carriage was getting ready. Valvins followed them to the door and gave some orders. As it closed on the old marquis and his attendant, he saw the duchess still standing near him in the dining-room, and said to her, in his imperative, authoritative way, "Come, madame, come; you have no time to lose. You must depart immediately."

She began to obey as if by instinct, and went toward the door, when suddenly she turned back into the dining-room, and, taking the young officer by the arm, exclaimed, "You must be Monsieur Valvins!"

"Ah!" said the major, "your grace has recognized me!"

Madame De Fezenzac made no answer.

Valvins began to feel some embarrassment, and, in a more respectful tone, resumed: "Indeed you must leave this place at once. If the soldiers should return—"

"They could hardly," said the duchess, "treat me with more indignity than you have done."

"Madame," began Valvins, struggling against a sudden sense of shame.

The duchess opened a door and called a servant. "Tell my father he must go alone. This gentleman thinks it better we should escape separately."

"What are you going to do, madame?" asked the major.

"I shall remain here, monsieur," said the duchess. "Now that I have at last met with you, I request—nay, I command—an explanation."

Valvins smiled somewhat affectedly. The duchess took up a candlestick, and said, firmly, "Be so kind as to follow me into a part of the house where no one may be able to hear what I have to say to you." So saying, she led the way to her own boudoir. On entering it, she pointed to a chair. Valvins seated himself, and the duchess, taking her place opposite to him, began the conversation. "You remember, I presume, all the circumstances of our first acquaintance, monsieur?"

"Perfectly, madame. I could not have forgotten such an episode in my life," replied Valvins.

"An *episode!*" the duchess cried. "It was no episode in mine, monsieur. It will darken all my future. During the five years that have passed since then, I have examined myself continually to see if I could find any clew to your conduct in myself or my behavior."

"You gave yourself much useless trouble, madame," interrupted the major.

"I now wish," continued the duchess, "to put some questions to you as to what passed. I beg of you to give me frank answers to those questions."

"Certainly, madame."

"Had you any personal cause of hatred against me? Had I done any thing which led you to revenge yourself by cruelty and outrage?"

"Nothing," replied Valvins, roused into some compassion by her earnestness, and speaking in a more respectful tone, as he sat biting the ends of his mustache, and tracing out the pattern in the carpet with his sheathed sword.

The duchess watched him steadily. "I am to understand, then," she said, "that this 'episode in your life' was the result of preconceived design?—that when we met, you had taken your resolution with regard to me, and though my foolish ignorance permitted you to execute your purpose, nothing I had done was the cause of its having been planned?"

Valvins remained silent.

"Speak, monsieur," said the duchess. "Am I right? This is no time for subterfuge."

"Well, yes, madame, I acknowledge you are right," said Valvins, suddenly. "Before we had ever met, my resolution with regard to you had been taken."

"That is," said the duchess, the color ris-

ing in her face, "you had formed the plan of your campaign; and if you won the victory, you knew beforehand the use you meant to make of your advantage?"

Valvins looked down, and began an evasive answer.

The duchess interrupted him; then she rose suddenly, and held out her hand. "Thank you," she said, fervently.

Valvins was utterly astounded at this strange conclusion to so singular an interview; and although a few moments before he would have given all he had in the world to be well out of it, he now wished to know more. As the duchess turned to leave him, he said, proudly, "Your present treatment, madame, assures me you have some design against me. Whatever retribution you may exact, believe me I shall not complain of its severity."

"By no means, monsieur," said the duchess, gently. "I have now all I ever wished for in the event of meeting you."

"Then tell me," he exclaimed, "as frankly as I have answered you, why you asked this explanation."

"To satisfy myself," she replied, proudly.

"I do not understand you."

"One who knew me would understand me," said Léonie, with a dignity which arrested a half smile on the face of her enemy. "But this is a discussion into which we will not enter. And since I have set your fears at rest as to any harm that might result to you from admissions at this interview, there can be no good in any further explanation."

Valvins resumed, haughtily, "I demand no secret, but I think I have a right to ask the meaning of such thanks as you have given me."

The duchess trembled. Her lips grew white, for the restraint she had put upon herself in this interview was beginning to tell upon her nervous system. She nearly lost her self-command; but she recovered it, and resumed, in a low voice which showed her great emotion:

"I had rather not have answered this question. The answer can not in any way concern you. I do not wish to characterize your conduct or allude to what has passed between us. I thanked you when you gave me to understand no word or light behavior upon my part at our first interview had led to the resolution you carried out so pitilessly against me."

"No, madame," said Valvins, in a low voice; "it was nothing in yourself. It was—"

"I will not be told what it was," replied the duchess. "I neither know, nor ask, nor wish to know what was your motive. I am satisfied to know I was not to blame either for the commencement or the ending of our intercourse. It was for that I thanked you."

"If you knew, Léonie—" began Valvins, now thoroughly ashamed of his position.

"Monsieur," she answered, casting a look of proud contempt at him as he pronounced her name, "let this matter be at rest forever. It is nothing to me with what excuses you may justify your conduct. I only know I will not humble myself by telling you what I think of it—or you!" She stopped; and then, in spite of what she said, the bitter thoughts fermenting in her heart broke forth in words. "Why did you lead me on to say this much? I have tried to be silent; I have tried not to tell you that your conduct toward me was a base and cowardly crime; that I lost my reason for months after the long night in which I watched for you; that what you call your 'episode' has ruined my whole life. I utter no reproaches. I only ask of you to let all memories between us be suppressed. Remember, we are now as if we had never met. I will never again recognize you."

So speaking, the duchess left the boudoir, leaving Valvins alone with thoughts and impressions altogether new to him. He remained thinking for some time after she left him, and then, rousing himself, said, confidently and proudly, "She shall be mine yet. A second time I will woo and win her."

Very shortly after the abdication, order was re-established in the French army. The first Restoration made as few changes as possible. It contented itself, as it were, with changing the sheets on the state bed at the Tuileries, and legitimate royalty reposed on the same couch where imperial despotism had slept only a few nights before. Valvins, like other officers of the Empire at that time, kept his rank in the army, and found himself major in one of the new regiments stationed in the capital. There it was in his power to see the duchess—not, indeed, in the drawing-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain, but in public places, where all society is on a kind of level, and where he hoped that his assiduous attentions could not fail to attract her observation.

He found means to discover where she was likely to appear during the evening. At the Opera, the Français, or the Italiens he always made his appearance soon after her arrival. It was not long before the duchess noticed him, and turned away her eyes with contempt and terror. But his continual appearance in every public place where he might meet with her, his pale, sad face, his splendid military figure, and the humility of all his ways exerted a species of painful fascination upon her. She strove to resist this by showing him her proud contempt whenever her eyes lighted upon him; but do what she would, every where she went in public, there he was, with a

cold, calm, suffering, resigned expression, and no trace of the arrogant assurance of earlier days.

A real, true, patient, passionate attachment had by this time risen in his breast, and, strange to say, it had been kindled by an accident with which the duchess herself had had nothing to do.

He was sitting in one of the orchestra stalls of the Opera one evening, and overheard the conversation of two men behind him.

"Are you going up to the duchess's box, M. Balbi?" said one of them, a dandy about twenty, to his companion, a much older man.

"No, indeed; not this evening," was the reply. "I can not think what has come over the duchess. Three times to-night I have seen her looking furtively in this direction, and as soon as I begin to bow to her she turns away her head, as if I were guilty of an insolent presumption."

"Well," said the younger man, "it *is* rather a presumptuous thing, I think, to make a lady recognize you all across the house."

"Presumptuous in you, perhaps, Larrieu," said the other. "You are a gay and fashionable young man; but no woman can be compromised by her family lawyer."

"True," said Larrieu; "the family lawyer must be as safe as the family physician. But see; she is looking this way again."

"Yes, and she looks away again with the same air," said M. Balbi, turning his opera-glass toward the box of the duchess. "There must be some reason for it that I do not understand."

"Bah!" said the younger man; "how much reason is there generally in the caprices of pretty women?"

"The duchess is not capricious," returned M. Balbi. "She is one of the best and purest women I know."

"Charming and amiable and all that, she is, we all know," laughed the little dandy; "but don't you suppose I know there was a scandal about her before her marriage? Who knows but since—"

"Listen to me, *mon garçon*," interrupted the lawyer, "and break yourself of this bad habit of speaking ill of pretty women."

"Bah!" said Larrieu; "half the women in this opera-house know all that is to be known to her disadvantage."

"They can know very little," said the lawyer. "M. le Duc de Fezenzac was a cross, unattractive, ugly old man. Did any one ever say a word against the duchess's relations with her husband? Look at her devotion, since her widowhood, to her old father; see how loving, gentle, wise, she is in all her ways. See her with her young brother; she has been like a loving mother to that lad. Her servants all adore her for her simple kindliness and generosity. It is true that while she was a school-girl in a convent at San Sebastien, she and some other foolish children of her own age made the acquaintance of some French officers—men of the Empire—who could never have been gentlemen. Now listen, Larrieu: imagine a young girl, not yet sixteen, falling under the power of a brutal soldier, the coarseness and violence of whose suit were only equalled by his cowardly desertion. He persuaded her to escape out of her convent, promised to marry her—a promise that, under the circumstances, he could not have accomplished—and then, becoming terrified at the possible consequences of his intrigue, or for some other reason, left her to spend the night exposed to every danger on the street, and never came to claim her. She was found by the sisters of the convent in a dead swoon at their doors. It was months before her reason returned to her. It made a dreadful scandal at the time, but the family hushed it up by marrying her to M. De Fezenzac on her recovery. Think what she must have suffered, heart and soul, for the poor child had persuaded herself that she must be in love with the base wretch who humbled and deserted her."

Imagine with what burning shame and anguish of remorse Valvins heard this conversation! He started when the young man said to the lawyer, "Who was the brute capable of such an infamy?"

"She never told his name," said M. Balbi, "and her father was never able to discover it."

"What could have been his motive?"

"She never knew. I was summoned from Paris at the time, and admitted to the confidence of the whole family. She told me repeatedly, 'I must have been sacrificed to expiate the crime of some other woman.'"

This was the conversation which made a total revolution in the feelings of Valvins—in his sentiments toward the duchess, in his opinion of his own conduct, and in his estimation of women. Night after night he saw her, the most beautiful and brilliant of fashionable women, receiving the attentions of the handsomest young men of Paris, the most distinguished noblemen, the most eminent literary men, ambassadors, and foreign celebrities, smiling on some, listening attentively to all, loved and *recherchée*, admired and revered, while he was forever cast out from her society. All kinds of desperate projects were engendered by his rage against himself and his fierce jealousy.

His health gave way. He grew so ill and pale that one night his looks startled Léonie, as he stood beside a column in the lobby of the Opera, and for a moment she was moved to pity as she looked at him. To what rash act he might have been brought at last by the power she exerted over him no one can say, but accident came to his assistance.

One morning he went to see his colonel, an old soldier of the Empire, and found him terribly out of humor.

"Well, Valvins," he said, "they are beginning to poison the service by a crowd of idle fools only fit for a court antechamber. Pah! Anyhow, your command is better off than most of them. You are to get off with only two subs of this description. One is a M. Larrieu, the other a young Count de Lesly."

"Count de Lesly!" cried the major; "brother to the Duchess de Fezenzac?"

"Just so," said the colonel. "Make an enemy of him, and he can get you cashiered in half an hour."

"Thank Heaven!" cried Valvins, to the astonishment of his colonel.

The old officer looked hard at him; then turning round to several other officers, he touched his forehead. "Poor Valvins!" he whispered. "Have none of you noticed that for some time past he isn't—ahem!—not altogether—quite right *here*, you know?"

He was right. Valvins was out of his senses at that moment—gone crazy over the hope that had dawned on his despair.

The wretch who finds himself fast falling from a precipice welcomes the smallest check from root or ledge. The news that had been told Valvins by his colonel seemed at first sight a blessed gleam of hope shining through the darkness of his misery. But when his first transports of satisfaction came to an end, he began to doubt in what manner he could draw any advantage from what had so delighted him. How could he establish social relations between himself and a family so different in their position and their politics? How could he, the military superior, become intimate with his lieutenant, especially when that lieutenant became his social superior as soon as they passed beyond the round of military duty? Even were he to succeed in gaining the good-will of his young subaltern, might it not lead to the duchess revealing her secret to her brother? He shrank from picturing to himself the hatred and contempt that would be felt for him by De Lesly, the vengeance that would fall on him, the insults that no soldier could accept, and which might lead to a more terrible remorse if he dared to cross swords with such an enemy.

During the first few months after the young count joined his regiment, Valvins endeavored to make friends with him. But Louis de Lesly, though submissive and respectful when his superior addressed him upon military affairs, became cool, distant, and reserved as soon as Valvins attempted to establish social intimacy between them. Valvins's attempts to win the good opinion of this heir to a great name became so marked that they were the subject of many disparaging observations among his brother officers. Valvins could not but be aware of these remarks. They made a bitter portion of the retributive justice that was closing in upon him.

Louis de Lesly, after the first novelty wore off, found little to interest him in drilling an awkward squad, or passing the night in a close guard-room. Before long he became the most troublesome officer in the regiment. Great complaints were made of him by his superior officers, and it may be imagined how very indignant they felt when the just consequences of their accusations were always warded off from the culprit by the favoritism of Major Valvins.

Valvins was in command of the detachment of the regiment stationed in Paris, two battalions of the regiment being quartered at Fontainebleau.

One day young Larrieu, the other subaltern of good family, was put under arrest in consequence of a scrape he had got into with De Lesly, to whom nothing was said about the affair. Larrieu, in a great passion, wrote a letter to Major Valvins giving his views of his conduct with respect to Lesly, and reproaching him with his injustice. "There can be no justice," concluded the remonstrance, "without impartiality."

The truth of this remark struck Valvins, who was naturally a man of strict justice and integrity, and, as he was reflecting on the subject, his servant announced Lieutenant Count Louis de Lesly.

"Major," said the young count, very respectfully, "I have come to ask a favor of you."

"What is it, monsieur?" replied Valvins, somewhat sternly.

"To put me under arrest as well as Larrieu. Or else," continued Lesly, after a moment's hesitation, "to release my friend."

"I can not rescind an order that was justly given, monsieur."

"True, major," replied Lesly; "but if it was just to punish him, it is unjust not to punish me."

Valvins looked at him with his hollow eyes, which, since his health had failed, had grown larger and darker. "You think so, monsieur?" said he, bitterly. "Your friend is of the same opinion. Read the impertinent letter he has just addressed to me."

Lesly took it, read it all through, stood silent for a moment, and then said, though with some hesitation,

"It is true, major, you have been extraordinarily kind to me. I do not wonder that my comrades do not understand your favor. I do not understand it myself."

Valvins sighed deeply, and began to walk up and down his room. Lesly said nothing till the major, taking Larrieu's letter from the table, held it out to him again, and said, bitterly,

"Do you see nothing else in that letter?"

"Forgive me, major, but I do see an insinuation which I at least know to be untrue. It presumes to intimate that you have some personal end in view in all the kindness you have shown me. It seems to imagine that you hope to obtain the interest of my family. I do see this, major, and I shall never rest till I have refuted such a calumny."

Valvins was silent. He turned round to Lesly at last, and said, kindly,

"Take no steps to do me justice. I gained my cross and epaulets in such a way that no man will insult me. I will not shrink from ill report. I never have drawn back from any peril. Return to your duty, lieutenant. I shall not put you under arrest, and I shall not release M. Larrieu."

Lesly stood for a moment surprised by this decision. Then, going up to his commanding officer, he said, in an accent of true feeling,

"Major, indeed I thank you for all you have been pleased to do for me; but permit me to tell you frankly I have no right—I can not but condemn myself. Major, I entreat you show me some severity. I would like to prove to you that I am not ungrateful. Punish me for my own good, and, if I may be permitted to say so, for your own sake also."

This request was made with such bright winning grace, so gayly, lightly, affectionately, and sincerely, that Valvins was much touched by it, and holding out his hand, he endeavored to say gayly, "Well, then, my dear lieutenant, you are under arrest."

The young count bowed and went away, well pleased with his own conduct, but perplexed by the still unexplained favor shown him by the major. He had not dared to ask any explanation of it from that officer.

When the news of the young count's arrest reached his most noble relatives, his quarters were crowded by sympathizing friends; and when the marquis came to know the cause for which his son had been put under arrest, he exclaimed against what he called "Prussian discipline" applied to a French nobleman. But his anger became still greater when he discovered that it was not a man of his own rank who had ordered the young count's disgrace, but a *parvenu*, a soldier of fortune, a mere clown with a plebeian name—a M. Grégoire Valvins.

The marquis said nothing about this to his son. He did not feel it right to find fault in the culprit's presence with his superior officer. He had a vague idea that the proper course of proceeding would have been for Major Valvins to have asked his own permission to punish his noble subaltern. "Had he done so," he exclaimed, "I would have performed my duty, and have backed up his authority."

The marquis made this remark to his daughter, and added: "I intend to complain to the Minister of War; I am now going to see him. I shall ask his opinion of the conduct of this Major Valvins."

The duchess started at these words. She had never before heard the name of her brother's commanding officer; his arrest, which she had not considered a matter of great importance, now that Valvins had something to do with it, struck her as most alarming. Wishing to know at once the full measure of the danger before proceeding to counteract it, she ordered her carriage and set out to visit her brother.

The young count was stretched out at his ease, playing with his dog, and laughing to himself over the *empressement* of his relatives, when the duchess entered with an air of great anxiety. Seeing her pale, agitated, and unlike herself, he burst out laughing, and cried out, "You too, Léonie?"

The duchess was surprised at this reception, but she attributed it to her brother's light-hearted gayety, and answered, with great sympathy, "Are you surprised to see me here when you are in trouble—when you are suffering persecution?"

Louis took both his sister's hands into his own, and feeling how much she trembled, answered, very gently, "You are the kindest sister in the world. I know how much you love me; but indeed there is no persecution in this case, and no such great misfortune. I am under arrest. It is one of the bores I must expect to suffer, and in this instance I deserved it thoroughly."

"Deserved it?" cried the duchess. "That can hardly be. You can not have deserved—"

"Deserved being put under arrest?" cried Louis, laughing. "My dear child, I have deserved it twenty times, and had it not been for the exceeding kindness of a man who has the greatest regard for me (I can not imagine why), I should have been under arrest half my time."

"It may be so," replied the duchess, hurriedly; "but will the influence of this man who is so kind to you be sufficient to counteract the enmity of one who wants to be your ruin?"

"Who is my enemy?" said Louis, with astonishment.

"The man who put you under arrest," replied the duchess, unwilling to pronounce the name that was so hateful to her.

"Whom do you mean?" exclaimed he, eagerly. "Major Valvins?"

"Yes," replied his sister, with an effort and a sigh.

"*Bon!*" answered Louis, with a laugh. "Why, he's the kindest and best man in all the world, dear Léonie. It is he, my dear child, who has saved me from all the pains and penalties I have incurred."

"He!" cried the duchess.

"He," replied Lesly. "Strict and reserved with every body else, he has been kindness itself to me. I can not imagine what has made him my friend, what has induced him to favor me."

"Ah!" said the duchess; "then it was not for revenge he punished you?"

"Revenge!" cried Louis. "What possible reason could he have for wishing to be revenged on me?—unless, indeed, he were affronted by my having always received his advances very stiffly."

"Ah, you were right," said the duchess, impetuously. "Never have any thing to do with him in private life, whatever it may cost you."

"How cost me, my dear sister?" cried Lesly. "I asked him to put me under arrest. Why, what's the matter? One would think a thunder-bolt had fallen on the house of Lesly."

With that he began the history of his life as an officer. He told her frankly all his scrapes, and showed her how greatly, after every fault, he had been indebted to the indulgence of Valvins. Then he wound up by a full account of their last interview, and told her how much ill feeling Valvins had drawn down upon himself by his inexplicable indulgence toward him.

The duchess began to understand the conduct of Major Valvins, but she was terribly alarmed when her brother wound up by saying:

"As to my good major, I shall be proud to treat him as my friend hereafter. And to prove I am not ungrateful—"

"Never make friends with him," exclaimed the duchess, hastily.

"Why not?"

"Because—because—because my father is greatly excited against him, and has just gone to the War-office to complain of his conduct to you."

"Gone to the War-office! Gone to denounce the major!" cried the young man, starting from his seat with indignation. "It would be cruel, cowardly—an act of base ingratitude. He is a splendid soldier; the only thing that can be charged against him is his favor to me."

"But, Louis—" began the duchess.

"No; I'll hear nothing on the subject," said her brother. "If my father were to do this thing, it would cover me with dishonor. I should have to leave the regiment. I will send in my resignation."

"What can be done?" cried the duchess. "He started before I left home for the War-office."

"Then," exclaimed young Lesly, "there is but one thing to be done, and you, Léonie, are the only person who can do it—go at once to the Minister of War. You can obtain an interview. Tell him my father was under a wrong impression—that he did not know what he was doing."

"Ah! Louis—"

"Tell him any thing you like, but put a stop to this proceeding."

"Must I do this?" cried the duchess, excitedly.

"Yes, you—you who are always so good, so just, so kind, dear Léonie, you would not let a brave and generous man suffer for his services to me?"

"But—"

"Ah, sister, I entreat you go to the minister. Perhaps you would rather not; but you will spare me a disgrace—a bitter mortification."

The duchess rose up hastily.

"Léonie," cried her brother, "will you go for me?"

"Yes," said the duchess. Her brother led her to her carriage, and called to the coachman, as he shut the carriage door, "Drive to the War-office."

As soon as Léonie found herself alone in her own carriage, she burst into tears. How could she go and justify the man who had so wronged her? All that was now happening had opened the old wound.

"Why should I save him from dishonor?" she thought. "He had no pity upon me—he deserves his ruin."

Yet she was far too high-minded and generous to take out in small installments even a just revenge, and she was set down at the War-office, resolved to ask the minister to pay no attention to any complaints brought against Major Valvins by the Marquis de Lesly.

The minister was a man of sense, who had served under the Empire. He heard her patiently, and said,

"Yes, madame, I have had the honor of seeing M. le Marquis de Lesly about this matter, and have explained to him that his views upon the subject are incorrect; for I have here counter-charges against Major Valvins accusing him of culpable indulgence toward some of his younger officers, particularly your brother. However that may be, your brother's conduct in approaching me through you upon this subject speaks highly for his good feeling and his sense of honor."

"Then," said the duchess, anxious to close the conversation, "this affair will go no farther?"

"No farther, I promise you. If I am eventually forced to dismiss this poor major from the service, it will not be for his conduct in this matter."

Léonie had no curiosity to hear more of Major Valvins, but the minister continued:

"I am sincerely sorry for him. He promised to be one of the best officers in the army—a young man with a brilliant future before him. But the fall of Bonaparte ap-

pears to have affected his reason—at least this is the explanation his colonel gives of his very strange behavior. He tells me the poor fellow is going out of his mind."

Léonie took her leave with these last words to think about when she found herself in her carriage. She compared them with her own impression on the night she had seen him standing by the column at the Opera, and, in spite of herself, she felt less horror of him when she saw him that same evening, and remarked, when she could do so unobserved, the change that illness and distress were beginning to make upon him.

The fortnight's imprisonment of Count de Lesly being at an end, his first visit was to Major Valvins, and when he saw how wretchedly he looked, he felt great pity. He fancied, as every body else did, that public events were the cause of his settled melancholy, and tried to inspire him with some comfortable hope by encouraging words.

"I can quite understand," he said, "what a blow the abdication must have been to one who at twenty-four is major and officer of the Legion of Honor. But our party has sense enough to welcome merit wherever it exists, and believe me, my dear major, men like yourself are sure to push their way as well under this government as under that of the Emperor."

"So you still call him Emperor?" said Valvins, with a smile.

"Would you have me call him the Marquis de Bonaparte?" said Louis, with a laugh. "I hope I have outgrown the nonsense of Louis XIV.'s day. Trust me with your confidence a little, major. Has any one done you any injustice?"

"Thank you for your kind interest," replied Valvins. "And, to set your mind at rest, I will say frankly that neither politics nor my military position has any connection with my present depression."

"Then you must be in love!" cried Louis, gayly. Valvins grew pale. His lieutenant went on, eagerly: "I'll undertake your case. You live like a bear, and never go into society. You must have amusement. As a beginning, I will take you this evening to a ball given by Madame D——."

Valvins hesitated. What if he should meet the duchess? But Louis gave no time for deliberation.

"Remember, I shall call for you at ten o'clock," he said as he went off; and Valvins remained making up his mind as to what he should do about it.

Ought he to go if she were there? What should he do if he saw her there? If he could barely bear to see her from a distance at the opera, could he command himself in the same room with her?

He waited in great anxiety for De Lesly's arrival at ten o'clock, and when his clock was on the stroke of ten, he began to cast about for a good excuse for not accompanying him. When ten minutes had passed, and the young count was not punctual, he was seized with a fear that perhaps he had forgotten him. His heart beat quick as every carriage passed along the street; he was beside himself with nervous agitation. At last, at eleven o'clock, Louis arrived. Valvins managed to recover himself a little while the other was ascending the stairs. He gave no heed to the young count's excuses, but went down, got into the carriage, and felt as if he had gained a glorious victory. Not but what before they reached the house he was ready to jump out, and give it up in desperation.

Madame D——, who had been accustomed to receive army officers during the Empire at her house, but who had faced about and only received the Faubourg since the Restoration, was nevertheless very polite to Valvins. As, after his introduction, he strolled through the gay rooms with Lesly, his heart suddenly gave a great throb. He saw the shining tresses of a head crowned with pomegranate blossoms; without needing to see more, he recognized the duchess. He would have known her by a fold of her drapery or a finger of her glove.

After a while they reached a card-room, occupied only by a few devoted whist-players and Madame De Fezenzac, who was talking to a man of a certain age whom Valvins recognized as the lawyer M. Balbi.

"Léonie," said Louis, taking Valvins by the arm, "I present to you my excellent commander, Major Valvins. You know him by report already. It was on his behalf, you know—" Here he finished off his sentence with a gesture, intended to remind his sister of her visit to the War-office. Then he added, quickly, "*Ah, parbleu*, M. Balbi, I am particularly glad to meet you. I was going to your place to-morrow morning; I have something I want very much to say to you. Allow me, Léonie—"

Léonie and Valvins remained together. She had looked up into his face in the first moment of surprise; then her eyes fell, and Valvins stood looking down upon her as she sat in the same attitude in which he had bowed to her. His first impulse was to turn away without speaking, but he had not the heart to let her think the introduction had been his fault. He said, in a low voice, "This meeting was not of my own seeking, madame." He bowed again, and was about to go away, but his knees trembled, and he supported himself by the back of a chair near him. The duchess saw his agitation. She grew pale. Then, addressing him aloud, she said:

"I am delighted, monsieur, to know one whom my brother considers one of his friends."

Valvins looked at her as if she were menacing him with a dagger.

"People are looking, monsieur," she said, quickly, in a low voice.

Valvins sat down, and replied, loud enough to be heard by those around them: "Allow me, madame, to thank monsieur *votre frère* for so agreeable a surprise. He had not told me that Madame la Duchesse de Fezenzac would be at this ball."

"I hope," she said, in a low voice, "that this will never happen again."

"I shall obey you, madame," said Valvins, humbly.

Louis here came back, and Léonie, rising, said, most graciously, to Valvins: "Adieu, monsieur. I receive my friends on Friday. My brother's friends are mine." Then, with a bend of dignity and grace, she left him leaning on the arm of her brother.

Valvins watched her departure. His mind was made up. "She shall see me no more," he said. He intended to blow his brains out before morning.



"I HOPE," SHE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE, "THAT THIS WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN."

Having decided on this step, he became very gay, and in his fierce excitement made himself exceedingly amusing to a knot of ladies, several of whom he had met before. In the course of the evening Louis said to Léonie:

"Look yonder at my major. He is getting along famously. I bet that in a week he will have forgotten his desperate love affair."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Léonie, in a surprised tone.

Never till this moment had the duchess realized the change that had been operating in her feelings toward her enemy. And now was he going to escape? She had made him suffer for many months the tortures she had suffered on that dreadful night when she waited for him in vain in the dark street of the Spanish city; even her four months of insanity, after the nuns recovered her, seemed visited on him by the popular idea that he was losing his reason.

In her excitement and annoyance she staid late, and permitted such attentions from young Larrieu that the coterie of women whom Valvins was amusing in the card-room, delighted that at last there was something to be said against the duchess, began to make their observations. When that became the case, Valvins withdrew in silence. He was as jealous as if he himself had any claim to her. He no longer thought of suicide; he was indignant; he was ready to brave her indignation, and meeting Louis, said, with a forced smile,

"When may I be permitted to profit by the charming invitation of your sister?"

"To-morrow," replied the young lieutenant. "To-morrow is Friday. Come, and I will make your peace with my father, who must see for himself that he had no right to be displeased with you."

"Displeased with me! For what?" cried Valvins.

Louis de Lesly had not meant to tell the major the secret history of the family excitement, and the steps taken by his father at the War-office after his arrest; but having let out a hint upon the subject he judged it best to give an explanation, ending by telling of the visit he had induced his sister to pay to the Minister of War.

"What!" cried Valvins, who, up to this point, had cared little for the narrative—"what! did the duchess go herself on my behalf to the War-office?"

"Indeed she did, very kindly and zealously," said Louis, who loved to praise his sister. Then he added, "She is so sweet, so noble, and so generous that when you know her you will be delighted with her. You will know her before long. *À demain.*"

All the next day the new thoughts Valvins had brought back with him surged, whirled, and raged within him, till when the hour came for presenting himself at the reception of Léonie, he was so ill that his servant, without orders, summoned a doctor, who said that the patient's life was in very great danger.

Léonie, who knew from her brother whom she might expect that evening, was in almost as great a state of agitation. She buckled on her armor, and stood waiting in the lists. But, as had happened once before, he never came. Then two days passed. The duchess became cross, and wrangled with her brother, as even charming duchesses will sometimes do, *à propos de tout*, and *à propos de rien*.

"Léonie," said Louis, "you are just as unreasonable as you were about my major. You thought him very rude for not coming here the other evening. What do you think prevented him? The poor fellow fell sick on Friday, and Larrieu says the doctor thinks there is very little hope for him."

Valvins, however, got well, possibly because Louis de Lesly, who went to visit him at once, told him his sister had expressed disappointment at not seeing him; and though Valvins dared not credit the correctness of this report, the next Friday but one after his attack he made his appearance among the guests of Léonie.

Toward the close of the evening, as he was standing apart, the duchess went up to him.

"Monsieur," she said, quietly and distinctly, "in the very extraordinary position in which my brother's friendship has placed you, I perceive that in spite of all our efforts our meetings may become more frequent and less formal than they ought to be. Absolute non-recognition or obstinate refusals, either on your part or on mine, might lead to suspicions which I judge you are anxious to avoid. I may occasionally be forced to notice you. I need not tell you that any thing I say will be said to be heard by others, and I hope that if you can not always refuse my brother's invitations, you will at least not accept any more of them than may be necessary."

Having finished her little speech, the duchess withdrew. Valvins had listened to her with great surprise and anxiety. The general sense of what she said was that there was, and always would be, an impassable barrier between them; but ah! when he weighed every word she had uttered so deliberately, he could hardly believe what progress he had been making. He might visit at her house—nay, in order no suspicions might arise, he was ordered to visit her. Their intercourse would probably be frequent; it might be, outwardly, on terms of intimacy. He was admitted as one of her brother's friends. She did not forgive or forget the treacherous past, but she ap-

peared willing to trust his truth, delicacy, and discretion for the future.

So Valvins became a habitual guest at the duchess's receptions; never, indeed, visiting at her house except on general days, when she could overlook his presence, while he with eager eyes watched her in all her beauty and her grace, till the old dream of love which had taken possession of him at the opera became a wild devotion, as unselfish as it was sincere. She was no prize whom he could hope to win. He loved her with the adoration that men feel for holy saints, because she was the noblest, sweetest, purest, loveliest creature he had ever met or dreamed of in his loveless world.

The duchess saw all this. No woman's heart could be so hard as to be quite insensible to such devotion. She triumphed in it, she accepted it, not for love's sake, but as a reparation.

The gay season at Paris was drawing to a close. In a few days the family would move to Fontainebleau. The duchess was delighted when she heard her father (who had taken a great liking for the major) ask him to come and pay them a visit in the country. She was not willing to authorize Valvins to accept the invitation; but she made believe she did not hear it given, and left him in a sea of perplexity. There was a vast difference, he felt, between making one in a crowd of two hundred fashionable people at a reception, and staying a week at a country house, where the guests were not likely to be numerous. Besides, there were plenty of excuses to be found. His military duties were sufficient in themselves if he had wished not to yield to the pressing solicitations of his friend Louis. For a whole fortnight his absorbing thought was how he could get himself constrained to accept the invitation. At last he hit upon a compromise, which, by good luck, succeeded admirably.

It will be remembered that more than half of Valvins's regiment was at Fontainebleau. Valvins thought he might go and see his colonel, paying a supplementary visit to the château which contained Léonie. He went to head-quarters, waited on his colonel, and, about two hours after, entered the drawing-room of the Marquis de Lesly.

Léonie was sitting on a cushioned window-seat, and after exchanging formal salutations with her father's guest, she bent her head over a book, and listened eagerly to what would pass between them.

Valvins expected some such cold reception, and went on to make the little speech he had carefully prepared.

"M. le Marquis," he said, "business having brought me to Fontainebleau, I could not resist the pleasure of paying my respects to you."

This speech, which Valvins had taken so much trouble to compose, and which he thought a master-stroke of diplomacy, was very ill received by the old marquis, who naturally thought that when he had gone out of his way to invite Major Valvins, Major Valvins might as well have taken the trouble to come on purpose to visit him. So he answered, with any thing but a good grace, "We are fortunate, monsieur, that your business has procured us the pleasure of seeing you. Will it permit you to dine with us to-day?"

The marquis's manner disconcerted Valvins, and he stammered, "I was apprehensive that at this time, M. le Marquis—"

"Oh! I would not have you neglect any thing of importance upon our account," said the marquis. "When business has business with us, we must all obey."

It was the accent in which the word "business" was uttered which opened Valvins's eyes to the mistake of which he had been guilty, and he became so nervous that he continued standing before the marquis without saying a word.

A little noise behind him drew his attention. The duchess sat trying to smother a laugh at his expense. In a great mirror near the window-seat in which she sat he saw himself. He thought he looked like a fool.

The old marquis perceived the discomfiture of the young officer, and had seen the amusement of the duchess. The fine old gentleman experienced a moment of entire self-satisfaction. He had given Valvins a good lesson, and Léonie's suppressed laugh showed her appreciation of his victory; and now, inspired by an impulse of generosity, such as belonged to a high-bred gentleman of the old *régime*, he suddenly felt nothing but kindness toward his victim. He came to his assistance. He helped him, as it were, to rise, saying, with a smile, as he held out his hand to him,

"*Ah çà*, major, what is the matter with you this morning?"

"M. le Marquis, I was afraid my visit might be inopportune," began Valvins.

"My dear Major Valvins," said the marquis, in a tone at once fatherly, self-important, and aristocratic, "I like to receive visits from my friends, but I value those visits least which are paid me in a supplementary way."

"But," cried Valvins, with an inconsistency which wonderfully helped his cause, "I came to Fontainebleau for nothing but to visit you!"

"Aha! What were you saying about business?"

"M. le Marquis," replied Valvins, like some awkward youth who does not know how to accept the civilities of a superior, "an invitation from you seemed to me so great a favor that I feared it might be a mistake. I dared not be quite sure. I came—"

"You came to feel your way?" cried the marquis, laughing. "You are far too modest and retiring, my dear major. When a man in my position asks a friend to come and see him, it is because he esteems him and values his society. I think I need not ask if you will stay?"

Valvins only bowed. He looked at Léonie. She was absorbed in the book she held before her. He imagined she would wish him to refuse, and was about to make the sacrifice, when he found that the marquis had quitted the drawing-room. He went up to where she sat, and said, in a voice full of sad apology, "Monsieur quitted the room just as—"

Léonie understood him. Unconsciously to herself, she was so satisfied with her own triumph—Valvins's feeling for her seemed so fresh, so true, so child-like in its very awkwardness and simplicity—that she could have found it in her heart to laugh again. But she said, coldly, "You should not have come here, monsieur."

"I will find some excuse for going away again," replied Valvins, humbly.

"As transparent and unsatisfactory as the excuse you gave my father? No, thank you, monsieur; I can dispense with such pretenses."

"Alas!" thought he, "she is very angry, but this is a permission to remain." The marquis entered at this moment, and apologized for his sudden departure. The truth was that, *en bon prince*, he had left the room to send orders to the major's servant, who was holding his master's horses, to ride back to Fontainebleau and bring all the things his master would want for several days' stay at the château. Yet, high-bred nobleman as he was, he felt a *bourgeois* pride in his estate, and said to Valvins:

"Shall we take a turn in the park before dinner? This house was a castle before the revolution. The present house was built only a few years ago. I have reason to know its erection was very displeasing to Bonaparte; for one of the very last acts of his reign was to send a battalion, under command of an officer, to lay it in ruins."

Valvins listened to the marquis in amazement. He had almost forgotten till that moment the absurd scene of revolting revelry he had witnessed in that château on the day which again brought him into relations with Léonie. He was surprised both at the marquis's interpretation of the affair and at his apparent unconsciousness that he was the officer who had been present on the occasion. Involuntarily he turned round to the duchess; but she sat silent, holding her book before her eyes. Valvins felt like a man walking upon eggs as he answered the marquis:

"I heard something of that affair at the time. Some disbanded soldiers—"

"No, monsieur. A plundering and destroying horde sent by the usurper."

The duchess gave a gesture of annoyance.

"Ah!" said Valvins, weighing each of his words before he uttered them, "could the Emperor himself have sent—"

"Yes," replied the marquis; "he knew every thing. He never forgot an offense or an offender."

"And, monsieur," said Valvins, taking his cue, "what was the upshot of this attack, this devastation?"

"I was absent at the commencement of the raid," replied the marquis. "As soon as I returned, order was restored."

Léonie could bear this no longer. She was very much displeased with Valvins, without stopping to consider how he could have prevented his own false position, or her father's absurd version of the affair. She got up suddenly, and profiting by the entrance of a servant, who announced M. Balbi, she said to the marquis,

"Monsieur, if you will receive M. Balbi, I will take your place for a few minutes with Major Valvins."

"Certainly," said the marquis, and went out of the room. The servant remained, looking at Valvins with all his eyes. He was the man whom the major had delivered out of the hands of the soldiers.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the duchess.

"Nothing, madame—only—I thought—"

"Leave the room, and shut the door," she cried. She was worried and excited by every thing that had just passed, and she said, bitterly, to Valvins, "I hope you are satisfied, monsieur?"

"All this might have happened in Paris," said Valvins. The duchess made an angry gesture. Valvins continued, "I fancied you would have told M. le Marquis—"

"That the guest who came to my receptions, and whom he was inviting to his house, was the man who once called him 'an old fool?'"

This was too true. Valvins remembered having so designated the marquis in his dialogue with the soldiers.

"But," he replied, after a pause, "what can I do?"

"How should I tell you, monsieur? If that servant tells my father or my brother that he knows you, what reason can I give them for my silence with regard to you?"

"I will go away," cried Valvins, whose sole remedy for every thing appeared to be that sacrifice.

"What good would that do? Silence the man," she said, impatiently. "Make him tell you what he suspects, and persuade him it is a case of mistaken identity."

As she spoke, the duchess perceived that she was giving not only orders but advice to the man with whom she resolved to have

nothing in common; and she made her error greater by endeavoring to repair it.

"This is not on my own account, monsieur, I beg you to understand. But entirely on yours—for your own safety."

"Mine?" replied Valvins. "What does my safety or any thing else concerning me signify to me — or you? If your father learns I am the officer who was here, and who, he thinks, commanded the battalion, let him drive me from his house; I am resigned."

"Oh yes—resigned to my having let my father compromise himself in your eyes!" cried the duchess. "If you expect to earn my forgiveness, you are not very happy in the methods you employ."

Valvins looked up at her to make sure he heard her rightly. His look made her perceive her involuntary admission, and with a sudden exclamation of impatience she rose up and left the room.

Valvins was left to meditate upon the thought that the duchess might forgive him. The duchess, on her part, was full of remorse for having pronounced a word in which she herself saw a confession of her own weakness, of which she was heartily ashamed. Again she resolved to conquer this unworthy feeling, to think only of his conduct in the past; to treat him with the coolest indifference; and she came down to dinner, at which there were six or seven guests, dressed with more than her usual care and taste—more lovely, bewildering, fascinating than ever.

Her manners were so charming toward all her other guests that no words can describe the pangs of jealousy and loneliness that wrung the heart of him she overlooked all that unhappy evening. His only hope was flight, and he thought over a variety of plans for getting away from the château. When he retired to his own room he wrote a letter to himself, and having given it in charge to his servant, ordered him to ride over early to Fontainebleau, and return in time to give it into his own hands at the breakfast table. The servant having closed the door, he deemed himself alone in his own chamber. The room assigned him was in the right wing of the château, opposite the chamber of Madame De Fezenzac, which was in the middle of the left wing.

He spent that terribly long night in reviewing his relations with the duchess, and in calculating his chances for the future. It was like hours spent in a chamber of torture. It was like a leper watching the spread of his disease; like a wretch slowly dying of the cold; like a sailor waiting hour after hour, on a rock, the sure and fatal rising of the ocean.

Valvins was not the only inhabitant of the château who could not sleep that night. Léonie was awake too; but ah! what a difference in their respective vigils!

Valvins in his fear and his wretchedness had opened his window, partly to look out upon those other windows which belonged to the rooms of Léonie. Indifferent to unimportant things in his distress, he forgot that in the duchess's rooms all that passed in his chamber (which was brilliantly lighted up) was completely visible.

Hidden behind a curtain in her dressing-room, Léonie saw him write his letter. When the letter was dispatched she was about to quit her post of observation, but at that moment Valvins sank into a chair. If he had closed his window, drawn his curtain, put out his lights, perhaps there would have been little more to tell about his history; but women love a love that does not sleep—a night of watching for their sakes is the most flattering homage paid them by a lover.

The duchess sometimes saw him cross his hands upon his heart as if to still its beating, sometimes she saw him fall into long reveries, until he raised his hands and brushed away the tears through which he could no longer see the windows of her chamber. Sometimes she saw him suddenly start up and pass his hands over his brow, as if to rid himself of frenzied thoughts—thoughts such as make men tremble for their reason.

Strange that a woman benevolent, kind, just, considerate by nature, like the duchess, should have spent the night pleased with the sight of so much misery!

At last, overcome by chilliness and fatigue, she lay down, dressed, upon her bed, but in a short time started up, and found him standing as he stood before, gazing earnestly at her own windows, which were all in darkness. She smiled and went to bed again. She slept, and a strange vision of the night—half sleeping and half waking—fell upon her. She seemed to feel his presence in her room, to see him, in a spirit form, glide in and stand beside her.

She started up again, sought the window of her dressing-room, and saw him still awake, still motionless, still miserable. She went back to her pillow, murmuring softly to herself, "He loves me!—loves me!—loves me!"

Again she slept. Again she seemed to behold Valvins, no longer wretched, with dark hollow eyes, but Valvins happy. And waking with a start, she was so terrified at her own dream that she shut the inner shutters of her dressing-room. She felt as if she must interpose at once some obstacle between herself and him. She saw his windows were still lighted up, but this time she did not look at him.

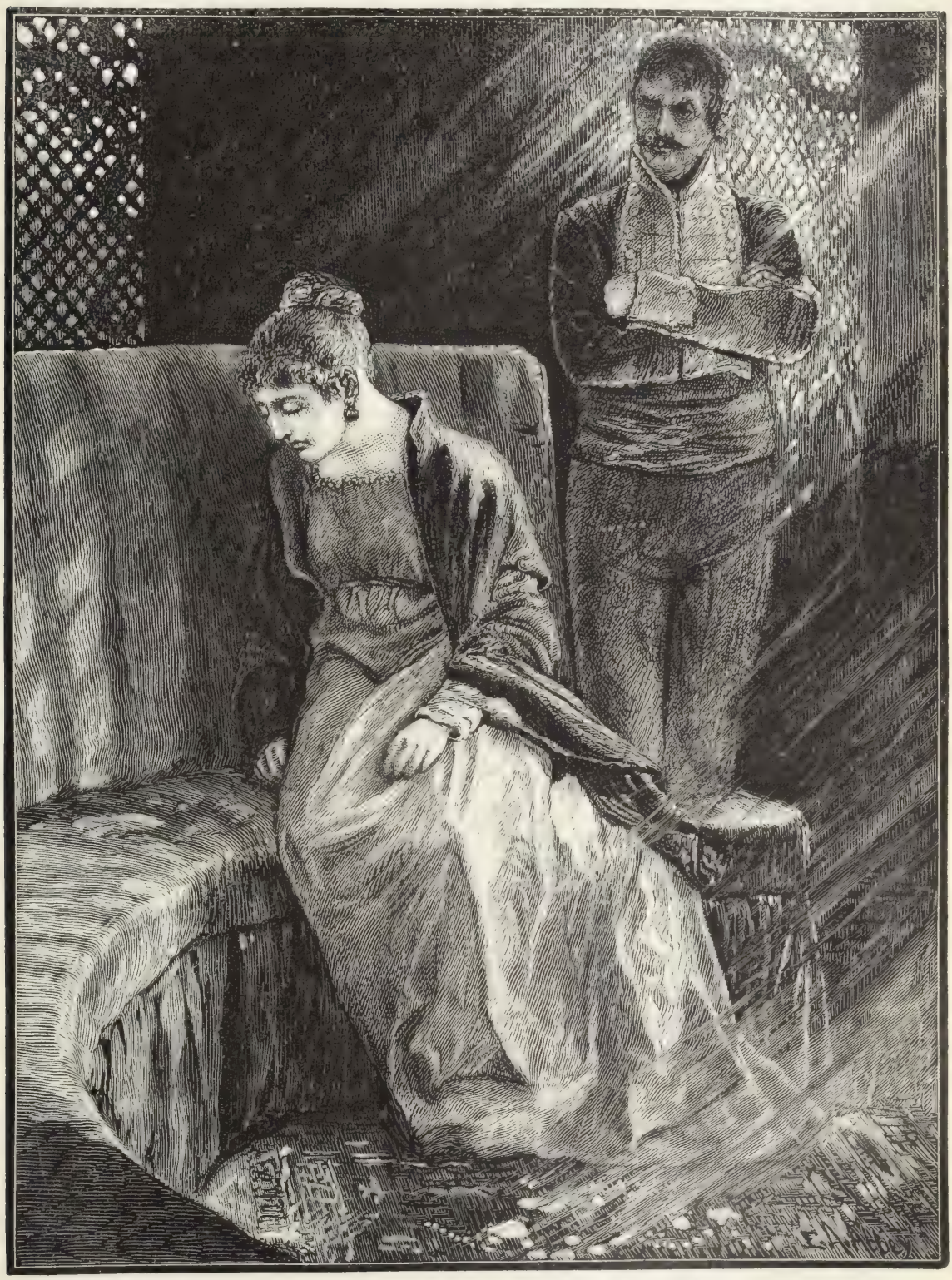
On such a night as this love ripens fast. What is called caprice in women is often

only the result of some such hour of emotion, like the change we see produced by one warm night on a bud that was just ready to become a flower.

The next day Valvins came down to breakfast pale, broken, and melancholy, and Léonie appeared so languid that he said to himself, "It is the horror that she feels at my presence. What she said yesterday was only a reproach for my presumption."

During breakfast a very important letter was delivered to Major Valvins. Before he could ask permission to retire and examine the contents, Léonie recognized his own writing on the address, and saw there was no postmark on the letter. Valvins, on coming back, said to the marquis:

"Alas! monsieur, I am not to be allowed to avail myself of your kindness. I have received a letter from the Minister of War, ordering me at once to Paris."



"SHE BEGAN TO WEEP BITTERLY."—[SEE PAGE 372.]

"Ah!" said the marquis, "we are very sorry. Are we not, Léonie?"

"Yes, *truly*," said the duchess, touched by

the sacrifice she fully appreciated. "Is the order very imperative?" she added, looking softly at her victim.

Tears came into his eyes, but he was firm, and answered, "Very imperative indeed, madame."

"Still," said M. De Lesly, "we can keep you till after dinner. We can not allow you to go till the last moment, major."

So saying, M. De Lesly, who was engaged to play chess with M. Balbi, went into another room.

Valvins made him no answer. The other guests moved off; he and the duchess were alone.

"Madame," said he, pleadingly, "I have done every thing I could to relieve you of my presence. Take pity on me; help me. Let me leave immediately."

Léonie did not speak. She saw and trembled at her own power. It was with a feeling of deep pity for him and of terrible apprehension for herself that she said at length, "Our intercourse must come to an end, monsieur."

"You are right, madame," said Valvins. "I am ready to do every thing you wish. I will relieve you of my presence. Adieu forever, madame."

Léonie, with a sudden shudder, thought he meant suicide, and made an exclamation.

"No, you mistake," cried Valvins, comprehending her at once. "To take my life would bring a cloud on yours. I may die of my great love, but that is different. *That* need not haunt you."

Tears came into the eyes of the duchess. Valvins went on, without looking at her:

"You will see me no more. I shall go away. I shall leave Paris, never to return."

"You will do right," said Léonie, sadly.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Valvins. "For once I have the happiness of knowing I have pleased you. Ah, madame, will you not recover health and happiness when you have forgotten the poor madman frenzied by love for you?"

"Forget!" said Léonie, as if addressing some shadow of the past—"can I ever forget you?"

"Alas!" he answered, gloomily, "it is too true. My memory must linger in your heart as that of your worst enemy. Neither my sufferings, my repentance, nor my death will be able to justify me."

"Can nothing justify your conduct in the past?" she cried.

"Nothing—no, nothing," replied Valvins, with the resignation of despair. "My crime can never be forgiven. I see it now."

"And yet," said the duchess, "you once hoped for my forgiveness."

"Yes, when I was still under the influence of that infatuation which led me to be guilty of that detestable crime, when my mind and heart were still corrupted by the false ideas derived from early teaching. *Then* I fancied such a crime might be forgiven, just as I once fancied it might be committed without remorse."

"Ah, monsieur!" said Léonie.

"Nay, madame," interrupted Valvins, "my crime was not wholly my own fault. But this can be nothing to you. I plead guilty. Only I should like to say that even as a penitent upon his knees implores his Maker to forgive him for having ignorantly misconceived Him, so I ask pardon of you. I revere you; I respect you; and my love for you is less what other women inspire in men, than the adoration that is felt for holy saints by guilty worshippers. And now," cried Valvins, seeing she made no reply, "farewell—farewell forever!"

She turned her head. Her face was wet with tears. "No, no," she cried. "You owe me your justification."

"What! may I offer it to you?" cried Valvins, with a thrill of joy so sharp as to be almost pain.

"Yes; but not here—not now."

"When? At what time?"

"To-morrow morning—in the kiosk, at the end of the park, at eight o'clock. You can reach it from Fontainebleau," she gasped, and turned and left him.

The hour fixed for Valvins's departure from the château was past. He lingered still for a last word with Léonie. As he was taking leave of his kind host at last, the door suddenly opened, and Louis de Lesly came gayly in. "*Ah çà*, major," he exclaimed; "what do I see in the court-yard—your servant and horses? Are you going to leave us just as I arrive?"

"Unfortunately," said the marquis, "an order from the Minister of War recalls him to Paris immediately."

"How can that be?" said Louis. "Why, I was at the War-office this morning; and the minister himself, whom I had the honor to see, told me he was ready to grant a furlough to Major Valvins, whose health required more care than he seemed willing to take of it."

"You see, monsieur," cried Valvins, appealing to the marquis, "the object is to get me away from my command, and strike me off the active list entirely. It is true, the letter I received this morning was not from the minister, but from one of my friends in the War-office, informing me that I am threatened with the loss of my commission, and as I did not wish to trouble you about a matter in which you could take no interest, I made believe I had received a sudden order to return to my command."

"My dear Major Valvins," exclaimed the marquis, "I will make it my business to see the minister; I will go to Paris—"

"No need of that now," said Louis. "I

was in hopes that nothing about this matter had reached the major; but since he has heard of it, I am happy to tell him that every thing is satisfactorily settled for the next three months, and that he has only to obtain his furlough and let us take care of him."

"But—" began Valvins, on whom this news fell like a thunder-clap. He had had no idea the danger he had spoken of was a reality. The duchess came to his assistance. "You can trust my brother, major," she said, kindly. "He is very imprudent about his own affairs, but thoroughly to be relied upon when he is acting for his friends."

So Valvins staid, a prey to various anxieties. As soon as the duchess was alone with her brother, whom she drew on to the terrace walk, she said, "What about this danger of being put on the retired list which threatens Major Valvins? Has he enemies? And are these plots against him?"

"Poor fellow," said Louis, "that's another of his fancies. The major has no enemy but himself."

"What do you mean?" said Léonie.

"That it is very difficult to open his eyes to the real state of his affairs, because—"

This pause was made eloquent by a significant gesture, which gave her to understand, "Because he is going out of his mind."

"Oh no!" cried Léonie, shocked by the suggestion.

"The colonel spoke of his suspicions months ago, and the minister was talking of it to-day. A man who has no bad habits, who shuns all women, never drinks or games—what else can make him suddenly neglect his duties, and excite the observations of every body? I tried to persuade the minister of what I really believed myself at one time—that the major was the victim of an unfortunate attachment; but he answered, 'Love could not take entire possession of such a man. It has swallowed him up body and soul.'"

Léonie smiled softly to herself in the darkness. Soon after entering the house, she approached Valvins and said to him, her mind so full of other cares that she was not oppressed for the moment by the sad secret between them, "You must not fail to meet me as I told you."

"At the kiosk, at eight o'clock?"

"Here is the key of the boat-house; take the light boat, and row yourself down the river."

The park of the Château de Lesly skirted on one side the borders of the Seine, on the other the high-road between Mélun and Fontainebleau. A walk along the river-bank led to a circular rose garden at the extremity of the estate. In its centre stood a fantastic building called a kiosk—a favorite retreat of the duchess and her friends. Toward this place, at a quarter before eight o'clock, the duchess, the next morning, slowly took her way. The interview with Valvins seemed necessary to bring their relations to a close; she was going to receive a much-desired explanation, yet subterfuge was so foreign to the disposition of the duchess that, as the hour for that interview approached, she shrank from it with repugnance and agitation.

As to Valvins, his feelings at the prospect of the interview were very mixed. To what could it lead? he asked himself; and his heart answered, To eternal separation from Léonie.

One little incident the night before had painfully affected him.

Soon after the return of the duchess to the drawing-room, Louis de Lesly, taking him aside, had said, "Now let us talk of your affairs, dear major."

The duchess, knowing how much such a conversation would embarrass Valvins, came to his help, saying,

"What a hurry you are in to talk of military affairs! Put it off till to-morrow."

And, in order to give some color to her interference, she added a little sign, signifying, Can't you let the poor fellow alone? Valvins saw the sign, and guessed its meaning. A fearful apprehension took possession of him. Was he really going mad? Were they all treating him as if he had lost his reason? And the long hours of that second sleepless night had been passed in inexpressible torture and apprehension.

On reaching the little kiosk, the duchess, whose nerves had been irritated and excited to the highest degree, sank sobbing upon one of the cushioned seats, and hid her face in her hands.

"Ah," she exclaimed, bitterly, "why, monsieur, did you insist upon my meeting you?" Valvins's first thought was how to calm and comfort her, but Léonie could not control her feelings. "Ah, monsieur," she sobbed at last, "why did you ever cross my path again? I was happy after years of sorrow."

"Chance brought me back again," said Valvins, sorrowfully.

"Why did you follow me so persistently even after I besought you never again to trouble me?"

"Why, indeed?" said Valvins, hesitatingly and sadly. "Because I have been mad, madame, and am so still. You know I am. I saw you saying so to your brother only last evening."

The duchess raised her head a little, and said, eagerly,

"Nay, monsieur, I understand the recent infatuation of your behavior; but at first—before you began to feel any repentance—why did you do all you could to seek me out and to resume relations with me?"

"Was I alone to blame?" asked Valvins, timidly.

"What!" cried the duchess, rising. "Do you dare to say I—"

"No, madame," exclaimed Valvins, eagerly; "but circumstances—your brother, your father himself even—"

"I admit, monsieur," she cried, "that my father and brother have placed us both in a very painful and embarrassing position. It is time it was brought to an end. We have met for that purpose."

Valvins was silent. Again the spirit of reproach—the memory of all her wrongs—rose in the heart of Léonie.

"Have you nothing to say, monsieur? Things can not go on like this," she said, impatiently.

Valvins bent forward, and replied as if he were a child afraid of his own words: "Madame, I have repeatedly proposed to rid you of the sight of me."

"Then why have you not gone, monsieur?" replied Léonie.

"You did not accept my offers, madame," said Valvins, with an unsteady voice. "You told me that, before I left, you would hear my justification."

It was too true. Their present situation was partly her own fault, and, woman-like, she grew still more severe because she felt the justice of the accusation.

"You are right, monsieur," she said, nervously clasping her hands—"you are right. Begin and justify yourself, if that be possible. Begin, if you please; I am ready to hear you."

All this was said in such a tone that it entirely overwhelmed Valvins, who felt that there was no hope left of pardon or pity.

"Well, monsieur," resumed the duchess, rising, "so you have nothing more to say to me?"

"Ah, madame," said Valvins, "I had better have gone away."

"You did not go, and you say I hindered you. Now for your justification."

"Alas! alas!" cried Valvins, striking his forehead with his hand, "this is not what I had hoped—what I expected—"

"Monsieur," interrupted Léonie, "it matters little what you may have hoped. I ask you for your justification."

"Ah, madame," said Valvins, recovering his dignity, "let us terminate this interview. It would be useless to offer you what I hoped—"

"How useless?" said Léonie.

"Useless, because I thought the story of my life would have been listened to by a heart more disposed to gentleness and pity. Even if I had sufficient calmness left, which I have not—"

Léonie made a slight movement. Valvins resumed, more gently:

"I do not blame you, madame. We were both under a delusion. I thought you would be ready to hear me in my own defense. You fancied you could listen to me. We both find it is impossible. Adieu, madame!"

Léonie did not respond to the adieu. She began to weep bitterly. Valvins stopped at the door and looked back upon her. A wild hope dawned upon him. A new interpretation of her anger and her grief inspired him. He sank upon his knees at her feet, and drawing her hands gently from her face, he whispered,

"Léonie! must I die for you?"

She pushed him away with a slight gesture of fear, and again hid her face in her hands.

"What would you have me to do, alas?" cried Valvins.

"Have pity on me," said the duchess, through her sobs—"have pity on me and leave me. But if I wished your death, would you be here to-day? Have I not those—"

"Oh, Léonie!"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I will tell you what has moved me. Do you know what my brother told me last night, monsieur—that your prospects in life are all likely to be destroyed, because you are supposed to be losing your reason? I know what loss of reason is. Four months—in consequence of what once passed—I was the victim of delirium. I was anxious to spare you *that* at least. So far, monsieur, I have taken pity on you. And now forget me. You are young, you have military rank, you have the good-will of your superiors. You have a brilliant career before you. One error in your early life need not destroy your future."

"But this error—if you only knew—"

"No, monsieur; I do not care to know. Never speak of it again. I have forgiven you."

"Léonie!" cried Valvins.

"Yes, forgiven you—not because of what may have been its excuse, but for what you have suffered. You have been punished enough, and all is over. If my pardon can restore you to health, to hope, to happiness, and honor, take it as I grant it, monsieur."

"And is this all?" cried Valvins, with great tears in his hollow eyes.

"Are you not satisfied?" exclaimed the duchess, bursting into tears.

"No," replied Valvins. "Yet I never hoped so much. I do not deserve such generous pity."

He rose slowly, trying to master his emotion; and as the duchess hid her face in a cushion, sobbing bitterly, he said:

"Madame, I leave you. Try not to think of me as one you must ever despise and hate when any memory of me comes back to you."

"I shall not think of you with hatred or disdain," said Léonie, with equal sadness. "When a woman can forgive what I have

done, it is because she has learned to esteem the man who once offended her."

"Oh, Léonie," said Valvins, again at her feet. And seizing both her hands, he cried, with eager pathos in his voice, "And is this all? Can you say nothing more to me?"

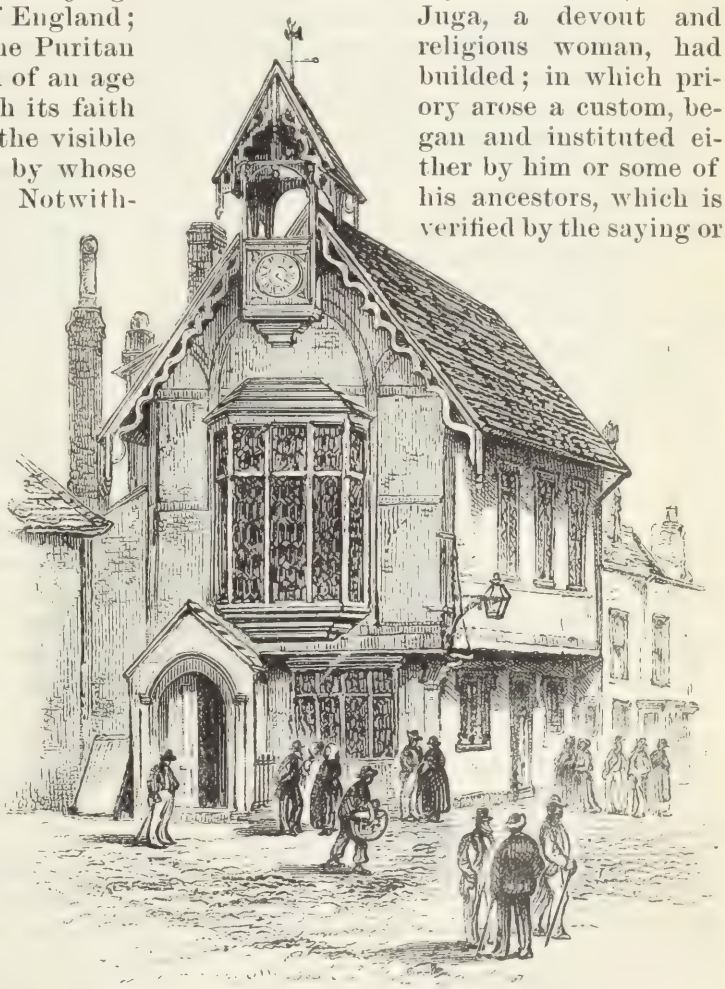
"Perhaps—it may be, perhaps—because she may at last have learned to love him," cried the duchess, again hiding her face as he clasped her to his bosom.

Whether Valvins married his duchess, in spite of the too probable opposition of her family, or whether he fell, shot through the heart, at Waterloo, leading a brilliant charge at the beginning of the day, full of devotion to his Emperor, and animated by the hope of winning on a glorious field that ducal rank and marshal's baton which would raise him to the rank of the woman he adored, we can not tell. The narrative we have followed goes no further. We have heard both these rumors, and a third one, which includes them both; but at this distance of time, and without any facilities for historical research, we are unable to decide between them.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH, 1877.

IN his last volume of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Mr. Anthony Froude says: "There is now talk of restoring St. Alban's. We are affecting penitence for the vandalism of our Puritan forefathers, and are anxious to atone for it. Cursed be he that rebuildeth Jericho. Never were any institutions brought to a more deserved judgment than the monastic orders of England; and a deeper irreverence than the Puritan lies in the spurious devotionalism of an age which has lost its faith, and with its faith has lost the power to recognize the visible workings of the ineffable Being by whose breath we are allowed to exist." Notwithstanding this anathema of iconoclastic Henry's valiant defender, St. Alban's has been repaired, and a bishop installed therein, whose first manifesto has been against serving God with things out of repair, the most salient example adduced being the christening of some child from a broken basin, of which the bishop had somewhere heard. But the abbeys and priories of England are all broken basins, and if they are to be repaired, the clergy will have to turn themselves into a Church of tinkers. It is a fact, more eloquent than Mr. Froude's indignation even, that about the graves of old monastic institutions there remain to haunt their mouldy ruins only some little bit of human quaintness of usage that accidentally belonged to them; and where any such usage survives, it is now a *fête* no longer surrounded by any sacred association, and much more valued by the publican than the clergy, who generally oppose it. The antiquarian can now hardly trace on the ground the site of the old priory of Dunmow. It survives only in the quaint village custom which it instituted, and of which I write.

Dugdale in his *Monasticon* says: "Robert Fitzwalter, who lived long beloved by King Henry, the son of King John (as also of all the realm), betook himself in his latter days to prayer and deeds of charity, and great and bountiful alms to the poor, kept great hospitality, and re-edified the decayed priory of Dunmow, which Juga, a devout and religious woman, had builded; in which priory arose a custom, began and instituted either by him or some of his ancestors, which is verified by the saying or proverb, 'That he which repents him not of his marriage, either sleeping or waking, in a year and a day, may lawfully go to Dunmow and fetch a gammon of bacon.' It is certain that such a custom there was, and that the bacon was delivered with such so-



TOWN-HALL OF DUNMOW.

lemnity and triumph as they of the priory and town could make, continuing till the dissolution of that house. The party or pilgrim took the Oath before the prior of the Convent, and the Oath was administered with long process and much solemn singing and chanting."

In the parish church at Dunmow there is a monument of Juga, who founded the priory in 1104, and also the sculptured form of "Fair Matilda," said to have been the wife of Robin Hood, around whom legend has twined a romance that may have some significance in this connection. This fair Matilda, or Mawd, was the daughter of Robert Fitzwalter, whom King John loved. "But," says the chronicle, "her father would not consent, and thereupon ensued war throughout England. The king spoiled especially the castle of Baynard, in London, and other holds and houses of the barons. Fitzwalter, Fitzrobert, and Mountfitchet passed over into France; some also went into Wales, and some into Scotland, and did great damage to the king. Whilst Mawd the Fair remained at Dunmow, there came a messenger unto her from King John about his suit in love; but because she would not agree, the messenger poisoned a boiled or poached egg against she was hungrie, whereof she died, and was buried in the choir at Dunmow." According to Matthew Paris, it was at the demand of Mawd's father that John afterward signed the Magna Charta. Another tale represents Robert Fitzwalter as throwing himself at the king's feet—even after his daughter had been poisoned—and obtaining reconciliation. It would be more in accordance with the old baron's character that he should have honored his daughter's loyalty to her husband against all the temptations of the king by instituting at Dunmow a mediæval custom of Teutonic origin (and, as we shall see, not without some sacred association) which upheld marital fidelity.

The Essex antiquarians have inferred from the statement of Dugdale that the original custom was to present the Flitch to the husband alone as the reward of patience, and this seems to have been the custom during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But the (perhaps) very earliest mention of the custom shows that the husband and wife both took the oath. This is in "The Vision of Piers Plowman" (about 1362), which, translated from its primitive tongue, reads:

> "Many a couple since the Pestilence
> Have plighted them together;
> The fruit that they bring forth
> Is foul words,
> In jealousy without happiness,
> And quarrelling in bed;
> They have no children but strife,
> And slapping between them:
> And though they go to Dunmow
> (Unless the devil help!)
> To follow after the Flitch,
> They never obtain it;
> And unless they both are perjured,
> They lose the Bacon."

Though it is clear from this that both had to take the oath at some time, the departure from that usage must have begun about the same date; for Chaucer's "Wife of Bath" relates how she treated her husbands, and says:

> "The bacoun was nought fet for hem, I trowe,
> That som men feeche in Essex at Dunmowe."

Morant, a historian of Essex, says: "The prior and canons were obliged to deliver the bacon to them that took the oath by virtue (as many believe) of a founder or benefactor's deed or will, by which they held lands, rather than by their own singular frolic and wantonness, or more probably it was imposed by the crown, either in Saxon or Norman times, and was a burthen upon the estate." It is not improbable that various benevolent and wealthy individuals of Dunmow bequeathed sums of money to benefit respectable and kindly villagers, but the form such bequests took, if made, might modify, while in pursuance of, the ancient idea and belief. The idea was known in Vienna, where, beneath the Red Tower, a flitch of bacon used to hang, beneath which were the following lines:

> "Befind' sich irgend hir ein Mann
> Der mit den Wahrheit sprecken kann,
> Dass ihm sine Heurath nischt gerowe,
> Und fürcht' eich nischt vor sine Frowe,
> Der mag desen Backen hereunter howe."

> "Is there to be found a married man
> That in verity declare can
> That his marriage him doth not rue,
> That he has no fear of his wife for a shrew,
> He may this Bacon for himself down hew."

There used to be a custom at Whichnor Hall, in Staffordshire, by which a flitch of bacon was to be always hung in the hall for such as could take this oath: "Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, Lord of Whichmore, mayntener and gyver of this baconne, that I, A, sithe I wedded B, my wyfe, and sythe I hadd hyr in my keepyng and at my wylle by a yere and a day after our marryage, I wo'd not haue chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler, rycher ne pourer, ne for none other descended of greater lyneage, slepyng ne wekyng, at noo tyme. And yf the said B were sole, and I sole, I wolde take hyr to be my wyfe before all the wymen in the worlde, of what condicions soever they be, goode or evylle, so helpe me God and his sayntis, and thys fleshe and all fleshes." This was for a tenure, and in remembrance of it a piece of wood in form of a flitch of bacon hangs in the new mansion, the estate being no longer in possession of the Somervilles.

Dr. Robert Bell, in his work entitled *Shakspeare's Puck and his Folk-Lore*, has suggested a symbolical and pagan origin for the flitch. He cites from Spence's *Polymetis*: "Alba Longa is the place where Æneas met

the white sow and thirty pigs; and here was a very fine flitch of bacon kept in the chief temple, even in Augustus's time, I find recorded in that excellent historian, Dionysius Halicarnassus." In Tettan and Temme's *Volksagen* (1837) it is said: "A mighty deity of the heathen Prussians was Percunnos. An eternal fire was kept burning before him, fed by oak billets. He was the god of thunder and fertility, and he was therefore invoked for rain and fair weather, and in thunder-storms the flitch of bacon (*Speckseite*) was offered to him. Even now, when it thunders, the boor in Prussia takes a flitch of bacon on his shoulder, and goes with his head uncovered out of the house, and carries it into the fields, and exclaims, 'O God! fall not on my fields, and I will give thee this flitch.' When the storm is passed, he takes the bacon home and consumes it with his household as a sacrifice."

That the flitch may have been given originally as the reward and symbol of fertility seems very probable. It was generally customs which had some association of that kind which re-appeared in such romantic forms.

At the modern revival of the custom at Dunmow in 1855, Mr. Robert Bell in an address spoke of its correspondence with the old "Courts of Love" in France for the adjudication of questions arising before marriage: "The Courts of Love were instituted in the twelfth century, and they exercised considerable influence on society. They existed and flourished in the time of the troubadours, for two hundred years; and when the troubadours declined, the Courts of Love fell into disuse. These courts were presided over by the most distinguished persons, sometimes by the most eminent women, among whom would be found Queen Eleonore, the Viscountess Ermengarde of Narbonne, and the famous Countess of Champagne; sometimes by princes and nobles, including in the illustrious roll the names of Richard Cœur de Lion, Alfonso of Aragon, and the Dauphin of Auvergne. The main object of the institution was to regulate the intercourse of lovers, which, perhaps it would be said, did not require regulation, as lovers were best left to themselves. But if any lady had a slight or wrong to complain of, she here found prompt redress; if a gentleman had to complain of coldness or broken promises, he preferred his complaint; the matter was investigated, and a verdict was pronounced that was held of as much authority as that of any judicial tribunal in the kingdom. One was a case in which the lady bound her lover never to speak publicly in her praise; but on one occasion, hearing her assailed in company, he defended her and pronounced an enthusiastic eulogium upon her. The lady brought him before the Court of Love; but it was held that the condition was illegal, therefore not binding, the first and paramount duty of a gentleman in these circumstances being to defend the character of her to whom he was engaged, and the court condemned the lady to love him again more warmly than she did before. Another was the case of a secretary employed to carry messages between two lovers. He fell in love with the lady, and supplanted the gentleman he represented. The decision of the court was that the secretary was worthy of the lady and the lady of the secretary, and neither of them fit to be admitted into society again."

The Dunmow custom was dropped in 1772. In that year John and Susan Gilder having applied for the flitch, found admission refused by the lord of the manor. Nothing more was heard of it till February 11, 1841, when it was rumored that the lord of the manor offered the flitch to the Queen and Prince Consort, who had then been married a year and a day. It is said to have been declined. In 1851, Mr. and Mrs. Hurrell having applied, the lord of the manor pleaded desuetude, and the villagers supplied the flitch. This awakened the interest amid which Ainsworth's novel, *The Flitch of Bacon*, appeared, which book led to a meeting at Dunmow and a correspondence with the novelist, who consented to co-operate in a formal revival of the custom, and to pay for the flitch on the occasion. This led to the celebrated festival of July 19, 1855. Mr. Ainsworth was assisted by Robert Bell and Dudley Costello, who acted as advocates, and the affair seems to have been brilliant as well as humorous. Two married couples appeared as successful claimants, one being the Chevalier and Madame De Chatelain. Mr. Bell questioned the chevalier, who said he came from Paris, met madame in London, and had been married to her twelve years. His pursuits were literary, as were those of madame, and he found the idea a fallacy that a clever woman did not make a good wife.

MR. BELL. "Was this a love match?"

M. DE CHATELAIN. "Oh, certainly. [Laughter.] In fact, I fell in love with personal beauty and mental endowments, and I have no reason to lament my marriage or to suppose that my first estimate of madame was too high; on the contrary, I find her a much more excellent person than I supposed her to be. We never had any difference. We have lived in France, but the difference in habits did not lead to any difference of opinion."

Cross-examined. "Never had any difference of opinion on political subjects. He admired all Englishwomen, but loved one."

MADAME DE CHATELAIN. "I have heard M. De Chatelain's evidence, and I concur in what he has stated. I have never found occasion in any instance to regret my marriage. We always write in one room, and we are able to compose much better than if we

write alone. I do not entertain the notion that women ought to be returned to Parliament.....I was married in England, and promised to obey; the French service, I think, has the same promise. I have never found it grating or unpleasant to do any thing I have been told by M. De Chatelain."

Miss Kearsley, a portrait painter, said in her profession she had studied physiognomy, and she had formed an opinion of gentleness and good temper from madame's face. Had known them sixteen years, but had never known them quarrel, and thought they were a profoundly happy pair.

M. Donné said he came from Normandy; had known M. De C. thirty years. He looked better and happier since his marriage, which he attributed to his happiness in that state. [Laughter.] Had dined *en garçon* with M. De C., but never heard him singing "We won't go home till morning."



W. H. AINSWORTH.

Subsequent trials and presentations took place in 1857—when Mr. Ainsworth again presided, and announced that a lady had signified her intention of providing in her will for the flitch—in 1869, in 1874, in 1876, and now again on the 23d of July, 1877, as witnessed by the writer hereof.

About an hour and a half by rail brings us to the little village of Dunmow. Hardly any body from London seems to be going that way, for where the little by-railway branches off at Bishop's Stortford our party is gazed at with some curiosity. Why should we be going over into the bucolic region of Essex? It is the region of Taunton, Braintree, Ipswich, Hadley, and half a dozen other names which raise memories of sparkling Massachusetts villages; but if a New Englander ever goes there it is probably to return with the reflection that, with such a soil and such rivers, the namesake towns in America would now be busy cities. But Essex was of old guarded by its dragon—Ague. I can easily fancy that the god of fertility, who wanted to see it more populous and better tilled, set up the flitch as a premium on large and wholesome families. As our rural railway proceeds, it gathers up some merry groups, so that we are able to make a respectable procession from the station into the village. I had captured for the occasion an American lawyer and politician, fresh from the thick of an abnormal presidential struggle which had not ended just the way he hoped, and his clever spouse, and persuaded them that the best compensation they could have for the wearisome contest in which their candidate did not save his bacon was to see the prize awarded to matrimonial felicity. The whilom judge suspected it was all gammon, but he had never seen an English village *fête*, and it soon began to tell on him. Here was a village in wild excitement, all the streets crowded, flags afloat, yet nowhere such a word as Hayes or Tilden, or the Constitution of our fathers. The watch-word was, "Our Dunmow Custom." The floral archway, with many-colored streamers, celebrated domestic felicity. If it had not been for the irrepressible band of negro minstrels, we might have forgotten that there was an America or a solid South. Before the chief inn—the Saracen's Head—an old man and little boy in tights were engaged in ground and lofty tumbling, and a hungry-looking girl was going through her ballet on stilts two yards high. Now and then the *danseuse* paused and anxiously watched the adjacent windows to see if any kind hand holding a penny were thrust through the blinds. Presently she stoops and darts through the inn door, still on her stilts, and after ranging from room to room returns forlorn. Our barrister extends a piece of silver. The girl knew the color of half-pence, but was evidently unfamiliar with that of the coin now received. She gazes at the donor for a moment to see if he expects change, and when she sees he is in earnest about the gift, utters a glad cry—"Hi! I *am* lucky! I've got into the white!"—*i. e.*, silver—and off she spins like a flying top.

And now we make our way to the one imposing building of the place—the Town-hall—a quaint, peak-gabled, belfried edifice, but not contrived for a large crowd. Its capacity is, indeed, so small that only swells able to pay two shillings can enter to front seats, and our quiet submission to the tax causes us to be received with consideration. Nearly two hundred persons had managed to get into the chief hall. The first glance reveal-

ed that the gentry of the district had given the *fête* over to the humbler classes, the trades-folk. The daughters of the shopkeepers had done their prettiest at decoration. Overhead various flags were suspended, flowers and green wreaths festooned the room, and on the walls back of the stage were one or two pictures, among them an old engraving of a once famous picture representing Thomas Shakeshaft and Ann his wife in a chair borne on the shoulders of the people after the flitch in 1751. It was painted at the time by a Dunmow artist, David Ogborne, and is owned by Lieutenant-Colonel Lucas, of Witham. But the

There was a programme of music on the occasion, and it was chiefly dependent on the talents of a very young girl—so young that we were rather surprised to find her set down as "*Mrs.* Stokes." Her chief song was one especially composed for this occasion by a Mr. Tweddell (it is important to get the first vowel right in his name), and the music, also composed for this occasion, was by Wagner (Mr. Leopold Wagner, it is well enough to add).

In the musical performances one singer —a young man named Perry—introduced a song which I anticipated would have brought fell Discord into the harmonious



TAKING THE OATH FOR THE GAMMON OF BACON.

centre-piece is the Flitch. There it hangs in all its glory, an enormous side of bacon, suspended from a gasalier with three floral wreaths above it, and vines tenderly clinging about it all the way down. On it also are stuck five white paper shields, each about nine inches long, decorated with little pictures of children in fine dresses of the kind that adorn shop windows at Christmas time. Behind this is a high desk for the chairman, on the hither side of which the two hearts that beat as one are represented, cut out of white paper, with purple foliated edging, and partly overlapping each other. Our lady declares it is worth coming all the way from Cincinnati to see those two hearts and the glorified Pair they symbolize, and who sit in a dock to themselves immediately under their protecting ægis—the Flitch.

scene. It was a sort of brag ballad against Russia, whose chorus, as well as I can remember it, was—

"We don't want to fight,
But, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships,
And got the money too!
We've whipped the Russians once,
And as long as we've a man,
The Bear shall never have
Con-stan-ti-no-ple."

Somewhat to my surprise, there were roars of applause at the end of every verse, not a single hiss (cheers and hisses would have been half and half in London), and apparently the only dissentients were three silent observers from America. (I did not observe, while scanning the *Times* next day, that the Czar had demobilized his army on hearing of this incident at Dunmow.)

If any one were tempted to forget that the Dunmow custom is seven hundred years old, and to fancy it a farce contrived that morning—and it must be confessed there were occasional temptations that way—the error would have been checked by the face of the chairman as he arose to open the trial. To him it was a solemn moment. He, at any rate, felt the twenty-one generations looking down upon us, and the large thick manuscript from which he began to read made us feel for a moment that they were to be all in turn looked upon. But though he began with some general account of the twelfth century as an antiquarian, as a Court he leaned to the side of mercy, and presently stopped, and said he would spare us the long address he had prepared. This resolution met with hearty applause. However, it would be wrong not to say that this Dunmow bookseller, Mr. Savill, who acted as chairman, is a very good local antiquarian, and has earned his fellowship in the Royal Historical Society by genuine services.

Certain preliminary announcements which it was necessary for the chairman to make were rendered irresistibly droll to aliens like ourselves by the gravity with which they were made. It could be heard between his modest sentences that upon this local enthusiast and antiquary had fallen the entire burden of keeping up the custom from time to time, and that this year the poor man had been put to his wits' end. He was met with a cruel cry for "Brother Ainsworth," whose name was on the programme as "patron." But so far from having Ainsworth with him, he had barely got a Happy Pair. He said he was happy in the belief, until just the previous day, that there were to be two pairs of claimants. An Irish gentleman and his wife had applied for the flitch from Londonderry; and a man named Andrews and his wife, residing in Yorkshire, had also applied. Both parties had been cordially desired to come on, and there was a prospect of two flitches instead of one. ("Going the whole hog," murmured a voice near me.) But, the day before, he had received a letter from Mr. Andrews saying that his wife had borne a new baby, and was not in a suitable condition to travel. Then as to the Londonderry pair, Mr. and Mrs. Richards, said the chairman, had arrived in Dunmow the evening before, but that morning they had come to him and declined to ask for or receive the flitch. (Murmurs.) "Whether," said the chairman, "they did not like to go through the public ordeal when they came to look at things, or—or whether they had a quarrel last night—" The rest of this sentence was, of course, drowned. When the fun about the Richardses, who had left Dunmow by first train, was over, Mr. Savill proceeded to say that he had felt nonplussed in the morning, but had bethought him of a worthy working-man and his wife in their own town—Mr. and Mrs. Barrack. They had consented to come forward. As he said this, Mr. Savill seemed to bethink him that perhaps he had conveyed too much the idea of a made-up case; so he hastened to say, "Do not suppose that the case is an ungenuine one. In 1874 Mr. and Mrs. Barrack were suggested by their friends as fit and proper persons for the flitch, but at that time Mr. Barrack rather shrank from it, because of his very humble position as a working-man, though he said that he and his wife could justly claim it. Under the present circumstances he has very properly come forward." Whereat was loud applause.

Just to the right of the chairman sat an agreeable-looking lady, perhaps his wife, who I suppose was there to preserve so far as possible the rigid law of duality which reigns in the Dunmow custom. Behind her sat the six young jury-women, while to the chairman's left sat the same number of jurymen. Twelve virgins they must be, male and female, who legally award the flitch. They were evidently a picked if not a packed jury; and as they sat, with their blooming faces against the wall, gave one an impression that the Essex dragon, Ague, had by no means devoured all the fair maids of that region, nor any malarious King John poisoned its fair Mawds.

The advocate of the occasion was Mr. William Tegg, F.R.H.S. of London, publisher (sometimes, too, of good old books), and author of a compilation called *The Knot Tied.* It was probably on account of that collection of many marriage ceremonies that Mr. Tegg was invited. Mr. T. is a typical Englishman—blonde, gray-haired, ruddy, overflowing with *bonhomie*—and he couldn't help being funny. The funniest part of his address was that at which his original intention had plainly been pathos. He admonished the jury that the flitch before them was religiously guarded. Nothing short of a whole year and a day of unbroken good temper, harmony, love, and peace between man and wife (here the old gentleman wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, as if the very thought of such effort were too much for him) could win the proud prize that hung before them. It was an ancient custom, he said; and in these days, when so many old customs are fading (nearly all except the bad ones), all honor to Dunmow that it retains one of the best—a custom associated only with domestic bliss. It would be a sad day for old England, etc., etc. This court would contrast favorably with another established to get the knot untied. (Applause.)

Mr. Tegg then requested Mr. and Mrs. Barrack to rise; which posture having been assumed, he examined them. "You did not

get married simply to get this bacon?" "No." "I suppose, Mr. Barrack, if there was another lady exactly like Mrs. B., you would wish to marry her too?" (Laughter, in which B. did not join freely.) "Has there never been any question between you as to which should put out the candle?" "None." "You have not come here for show, but because you really have lived without quarrelling?" To this double question Mrs. B. replied, "No;" her husband, "Yes;" and there was more laughter. "You are not ashamed to say you have always lived happily together?" "No." Then Mr. Tegg, throwing the lapels of his overcoat back, in lawyer-like style, said, "Gentlemen and ladies of the jury, it seems an unquestionable case; and I now propose that you put your heads together" (blushes from the jurywomen, smiles from the jurymen) "and unite in a verdict." The jury awarded the flitch without leaving their places; and then Mrs. Barrack whispered something to her advocate. "Ah!" cries Tegg, "Mrs. Barrack informs me she is the happy mother of twelve —all doing well." This brought a round of applause.

My barrister's witty wife suggested softly that it would have been more satisfactory had the twelve younger Barracks been impanelled to give the verdict on the household felicity of the year. But we all finally agreed that a glance at the faces of Mr. and Mrs. B. when they turned and beamed full on the audience was enough to dispel any suspicion of their good faith and felicity. B. had the face of a man whom it would take simooms to fluster, and Mrs. B.'s face was like the smiling, full-orbed moon. Fairness, fatness, and felicity were written on every lineament of her face and form.

The thing that charmed me most was the way in which, after it was all over and the audience going out, some of the ancient country-folk, who believed in the old custom with the simple faith of their peasant grandparents, came up to shake the happy pair by the hand, to utter their fervent "God bless you!" "Heaven send you long life together!" "May your children live to say the same!" Several venerable women even shed tears as they invoked such benedictions, while their husbands stood by looking slightly sheepish, and dimly conscious that the tears might be interpreted to signify that affairs did not go on so smoothly in their households. And in fact the trial after the regular performance was over was rather a trial for the men who didn't win the flitch (their fault, of course), half a dozen old dames having given Mr. Barrack a sort of ovation as the Model Husband of Dunmow.

But the real demonstration was prepared out-of-doors. There is an ancient traditional chair in which the unfortunate pair were immemorially enthroned, but it is now too old and rickety for such practical service, and is only brought to the Town-hall to be shown entwined with flowers. It has a very narrow seat, and suggests that the Essex stature in old times must have been inferior to that of Mr. and Mrs. Barrack if two were meant to be seated in it. The new oaken chair is somewhat wider, but otherwise resembles the original. When the apotheosis took place, the procession was all ready. The flitch was raised high in the air, suspended from the apex formed by four poles; a half dozen banners, a band of music, a marshal on horseback—all the conventional orthodox requisites of a festal procession—started off in full blast. Behind the flitch came Mr. and Mrs. B., throned and borne on the shoulders of eight men, not bowing, but beaming on the vociferous crowds that lined the street. Behind them were the jury in a long open wagon, and finally a dog-cart with the chairman and advocate in it.

But now comes the sad part of my tale. Longfellow warns us that in the fairest life some rain must fall, and though it is not a sentiment which people who do not like commonplace often quote in England, yet they who know what July days are at their best may fancy the feelings of a large company going out into the fields to celebrate a life of cloudless bliss, who find themselves persistently pelted for three hours by rain. There had not been such a rain for a month —such a chill, pertinacious, pitiless rain. A stage had been erected in mid-field, all open to the sky like the ancient Greek theatre. In other respects the arrangements were not classic, but still they had drawn hundreds from many miles round. There were to be Punch and Judy, negro minstrelsy and dancing, acrobatics, flying bar, ballets, fakir and enchanted girl, contortionists, juggling, impalement. Alas! alas! For about forty minutes the crowd stood in water beneath umbrellas trying to enjoy the songs and stump speeches of the blackened minstrels, but at last they had to surrender and seek shelter under the awnings of the stalls. All the arrangements of a country fair had been made, and all were disappointed except the owner of a huge sheltered merry-go-round, who suddenly found his hobby-horses called upon to fulfill the entire demand for happiness and amusement of a thousand people. There wasn't even a fat woman or a double-headed calf to compete with him, and his steam-turned hurdy-gurdy snorted and roared triumphantly over the plains without cessation. I regret to say that one portion of the crowd was somewhat demoralized, though not in the usual way (not a tipsy man or woman could be seen): the youth took to playing roulette at the several wheels that were whirling, and staked more than the usual sixpences.

It was with pain and dismay that I realized that I had dragged an eminent American and his wife from security and comfort in London only to see them shuddering under the hardly impervious awning of a gingerbread stall, with no vehicle in reach. But the judicial voice said, This is England. It is the land of Mark Tapley. Shall Britons alone come up smiling through the storms of life?

I do not profess to quote my friend's exact utterances, but I remember that I was moved by them to the verge of singing,

"Rule, Columbia!
Columbia rule the waves!"

when I caught sight presently of Mr. and Mrs. Barrack. They were as serenely radiant as if they carried sunshine in some natural pouch about them, as the camel carries water through the desert. Excessive moisture surrounding Mrs. Barrack turned to rainbows as the drops passed her unsheltered face and fell powerless to her feet. And when finally she and her husband knelt on two sharp stones and took their oath, I make no doubt they were as comfortable as if the stones had been velvet cushions.

As may be supposed from the sentimental nature of the whole procedure, the oath and sentence have always been given in poetical form. When the Pair kneel on the sharp symbolical stones, the president says to them:

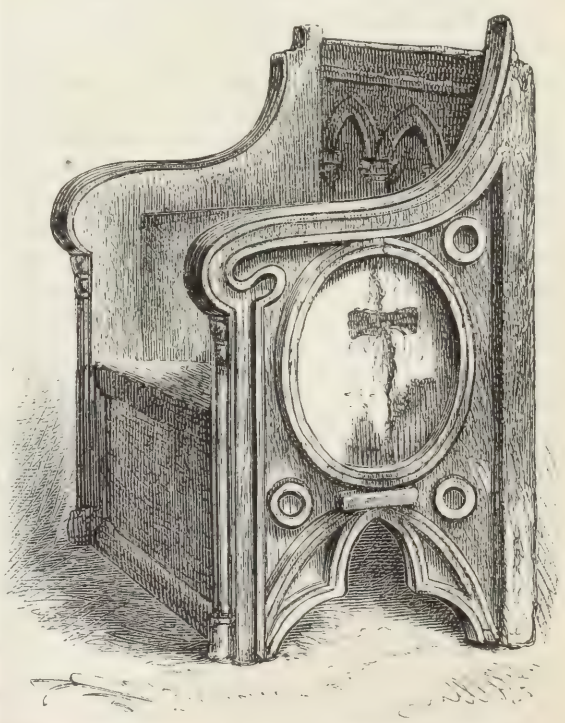
"You shall swear by custom of confession
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression;
Nor since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise at bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word,
Or in a twelvemonth and a day
Repented not in thought, any way,
Or since the parish clerk said amen
Wished yourselves unmarried again,
But continued true and in desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire."

The Happy Pair having thus sworn, the official says:

"Since to these conditions, without any fear,
Of your own accord you do freely swear,
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it away with love and good leave;
For this is the custom of Dunmow well known—
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own."

In leaving Dunmow it was with a feeling that we had witnessed nearly the last, if not indeed the very last, of the ancient custom. The cold July rain was a reminder that England supplies no physical habitat for *fêtes* of this kind, even if the moral atmosphere of Protestantism were congenial.

Mr. Savill says that the opposition he has met with this year in keeping up the custom has been so great—especially on the part of the clergy—that he has been put not only to much labor, but also expense, and scarcely feels like undergoing it again. The clergy dislike it because it brings so many people together and encourages them to drink; and although a more temperate English crowd than that in Dunmow on the 23d of July was perhaps never gathered, the phenomenon may be in part due to the chill which has fallen upon the usage. The gentry do not like it because it brings another holiday in the busy season. But the real cause before which the Dunmow custom is vanishing is the hostility of the atmospheric conditions, moral and physical (closely related as these two are), to out-of-door festivals which have any symbolic character. The ritualists are trying to rekindle in this country a love of such things, but they strive against the stars in their courses. The same laughter greets Mr. Lowder's Good-Friday procession of the stations of the cross in London which greeted Mr. and Mrs. Barrack on their aerial way to hear their domestic bliss chanted by negro minstrels. It may be the flitch was once the mythologic sow of Æneas; it may have been metamorphosed in the sacred boar of Odin, whose bristles were sunbeams; but it is now a side of bacon which would bring ninepence a pound, and all the enthusiasm of Dunmow, as it was seen borne aloft, was superficial compared with the sensation which would be produced could it some day see such bacon marked sixpence in a shop window. It may not be Baconian, so to speak, to reason from one example exhibited on a rainy day; but we live in an age of the survival of the fittest, and as yon old priory sows itself to grass and grain as the best means of serving the living generation, so must the old customs follow it later on, turning into myths and fables which will weave Dunmow into the world-romance for each little denizen at its new public school.



THE ANCIENT CHAIR, OR THRONE, OF DUNMOW.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER.

ON a chilly day in December, 1851, an assemblage of illustrious mourners was gathered in the chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The last notes of the "Dead March" in *Saul* had died away, and all heads were bowed in reverent silence, while Dean Milman read the burial service over the coffin of the great artist Turner. He was dead, full of years and honors, and the catacombs of St. Paul's were opened to receive his remains. The world loses much at the passing away of such a man. One must, perforce, gaze with sorrowful longing on the closed eyes and stiffened fingers of such a one dead—those eyes to which nature revealed her true spiritual beauty, teaching secrets of form and color concealed from common vision; those fingers dextrous to interpret the revelation in its most delicate detail.

Turner was well called the "poet of painting." His was one of those rare artistic souls who, while painting with materialistic beauty and truth, also impress upon their works that undefinable element, that mysterious divinity, which places the spectator in communication with the inmost spirit of nature. In his pictures one felt the grandeur of rock and sea and sky, and, above all this, the soul, the æsthetic significance, of



JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN GILBERT.]

the landscape. The rising sun, covering cliff and hill with splendor, was to him the coming of a god, and every day a procession of new glories. He never rhapsodized about scenery except on his canvases. His character was silent and concentrated. Nature was his only confidante. He lived in her when as a boy he played among the old boat-houses at Battersea; he adored her when, in his old age, he went to the river-side to die.

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born on the 23d of April, 1775, in a humble dwelling at the west end of Maiden Lane, London; and in the registry of the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, may still be seen the record of his baptism on the 14th of May of the same year. His father, William Turner, was a hair-dresser, who drove a thriving business, curling and powdering the wigs of the gentry of that time. Of his mother little is known, except that she was a woman of ungovernable temper, who led her husband a sad life. In an unfinished portrait of her, painted by her son in his youth, she is represented as bearing a strong resemblance to the artist about the nose and eyes. Toward the end of her days she became insane, and from her Turner no doubt inherited his eccentric and gloomy character.

Maiden Lane was at the time of Turner's birth a mere dim defile between houses clothed with the smoke of centuries. It opened from Southampton Street near Covent Garden, and was a good central location for the little barber's shop, where, with frizzled dummies for companions, Turner passed his childhood.

An anecdote has been preserved which gives the very starting-point of the boy's art life. One morning, when "little Billy" was about six years old, the barber of Maiden Lane went to a certain Mr. Tomkinson's to dress that gentleman's hair. The boy was allowed to accompany his father on this occasion, and one can imagine him trotting along, grand with the responsibility of carrying the barber's scissors or curling-tongs. Mr. Tomkinson was a rich silversmith, whose house was filled with many objects of beauty. While the father was at work frizzling the wig of his grand patron, the boy was placed on a chair, where he sat in silent awe, gazing with his great blue eyes at a huge silver salver on the table at his side, adorned with rampant lions. The barber's work finished, father and son again turn their face toward the dusky little shop in the lane. The boy was silent and thoughtful all that day; he sat up stairs, away from the confusion of the little shop below, brooding over a sheet of paper. At tea-time he appeared, triumphantly producing his sheet of paper, upon which was drawn a lion, a very good imitation of the one mounted on the salver at Mr. Tomkinson's. The little barber, unlike some parents whose children have given early indications of artistic talent, was beside himself with delight. His son's vocation was at once settled in his mind. Thenceforth when old customers, looking up from under the glittering razor, would mumble through obstructive lather, "Well, Turner, have you settled yet what William is to be?" the barber would smile proudly, rest the ready razor on a piece of thin brown paper, and reply, "It's all settled, Sir; William is going to be a painter." Two or three years later the door of the little barber's shop was ornamented by small water-color drawings hung around among the wigs and frizzes, ticketed at prices varying from one shilling to three. Some were copies or imitations of Paul Sandby, a fashionable drawing-master; others, original sketches made by Boy Turner, as he was then called. His great delight was to get outside of London, into the fields, and, with pencil in hand, spend whole days trying to catch the exquisite effects of color and light and shade, which touched the young artist like a grand poem.

The little barber, although very parsimonious, determined to give the son of whom he was so proud a good education, and in his old age he used to chuckle over the fact with immense satisfaction. Accordingly, when William was ten years old, he was sent to school at Brentford, near the river's side. Here he struggled vainly with Latin grammar and English history; but the green fields by which he was surrounded made up for all his school-boy woes, and there was much surreptitious drawing of elm-trees and birds and flowers from the school-room windows. To these early days in the country Turner indeed owed much. The chestnut avenues, the green, calm meadows, the cattle, the swans, the fast-flowing river—all touched his young heart, stirring him to poetry, and arousing his veneration, his sense of the sublime, and his passion for the beautiful. Recollections of these early days probably led Turner in later time to fix his residence at Twickenham, near his old school, and their influence explains the delight he took, long after, in drawing swans in all attitudes.

Here Turner learned the stories of classic fable which his genius afterward selected to restore and illuminate; but except where his imagination was touched by the story of Polyphemus, Ulysses, and other ancient heroes, the learning which was crammed into his head by the Brentford school-master remained undigested, and when his father came to take him home, his greatest treasures were the hieroglyphics of birds and trees and bits of landscape with which the blank leaves of all his school-books were covered. "Evidently a great genius,"

chuckles the father, content that Latin verbs shall remain in the background, so long as the fact is assured that William will be a painter.

Still another attempt was made to educate the boy, and he was placed at school in Margate. Here he first saw the sea, and every moment out of school was spent in contemplation of its majesty. The waves dashing in and breaking against the cliffs made him tremble with delight and excitement, and he would sit on the breezy piers for hours, motionless, like one lost in a dream. It was here at Margate that he fell in love with the sister of a favorite school-mate—a boyish affection merely, for neither girl nor boy was over fourteen; but the love, and the disappointment that came afterward between the two, influenced Turner's character through a long life.

English art at the time of Turner's birth was in a poor condition. Portraits and conventional landscapes were about all that were produced. The American war was just breaking out, and the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill occupied public attention to the detriment of all other topics. Hogarth had passed away; Reynolds and Gainsborough were the chief planets in the art heaven; and while King George was pampering the mediocrity of West, the Philadelphia Quaker, such talents as Wilson's and Barry's were neglected. Of water-color painters there were few. Paul Sandby, whose sketches the youthful Turner copied, Hearne, who made the drawings for the *Antiquities of Great Britain*, and Cozens, from whose Italian sketches Turner learned much, were nearly the whole list, and it was not until 1805, when Turner was thirty years old, that the water-color painters had grown strong enough to brave the Royal Academy and open an exhibition of their own.

That Turner attended a drawing-school kept by Sandby is certain; he also was placed in charge of Mr. Thomas Malton, a perspective draughtsman—for the father, acting under the advice of Mr. Tomkinson, owner of the memorable rampant lion, thinks to make the boy an architect, and he must learn the science of perspective. But to Turner the world of circles and triangles was a mass of wiry cobwebs. He could do nothing. He could not learn even the elementary lines of geometrical drawing. Old architects who were his fellow-pupils at Malton's still remember the day when the master, in sheer desperation, shut the books, and, rolling up the blotted diagrams, took the crest-fallen boy back to Maiden Lane. "Mr. Turner," exclaimed Malton, "it is no use; the boy will never do any thing. He is impenetrably dull, Sir. It is throwing your money away. Better make him a tinker, Sir, or a cobbler, than a perspective artist." All this was very dismal to the poor barber, who could never understand that a boy may be a great artist in embryo and still be overcome by concentric circles. There was nothing to be done, however, and for a time the boy did nothing but make a few shillings here and there by embellishing architectural drawings. Among others who employed him at this time was a designer named Porden. Turner swept in gravel-walks winding up



HOUSE IN WHICH TURNER WAS BORN.

to Porden's Grecian porches, floated in blue skies for backgrounds, and pencilled grass tufts and patches of dock as foregrounds to his Corinthian mansions. When Turner was about fifteen, he obtained regular employment of this kind in the office of Mr. Hardwick, an architect. Some of his sketches are still preserved by Mr. Hardwick's family. They show wonderful skill for a boy so young, being robust and firm in execution, and full of delicacy and thought.

It was Mr. Hardwick who went to Maiden Lane and informed the barber that his son was too imaginative and possessed too much artistic spirit to waste his time on mere

technical work, and recommended him to be sent as a student to the Royal Academy. One can imagine the delight of the father, standing, no doubt, with tongs and wig in hand, while he listened to the welcome words of his son's kind employer. "I always knew William would turn out a painter, Sir!" he said, with a triumphant smile. So to the Royal Academy William accordingly went. As a proof of fitness, he submitted a drawing of a Greek statue, a foot long, and carefully shaded and stippled, and was admitted as probationary student. And now his art life may be said to be fairly begun.

Mr. Ruskin is very severe on these early days of the Academy. He says: "It taught Turner nothing, not even the one thing it might have done—the mechanical process of safe oil-painting, sure vehicles, and permanent colors. He from the beginning was led into unrestrained and unnatural error." But Turner was meanwhile growing up and gaining independence at every step, for no false teaching had the power to kill or even distort the true artist instinct with which nature had endowed him. He had been allowed to copy two of Reynolds's wonderful portraits, and had painted a number of small landscapes. All this time, too, besides his diligent studies, he was making a few shillings here and there by coloring prints and washing in skies for architects. When artist friends in after-life used to express their wonder to him at his having ever worked, as a boy, at half a crown a night putting Indian-ink skies to amateurs' sketches, he used to say, defensively, "Well, and what could be better practice?"

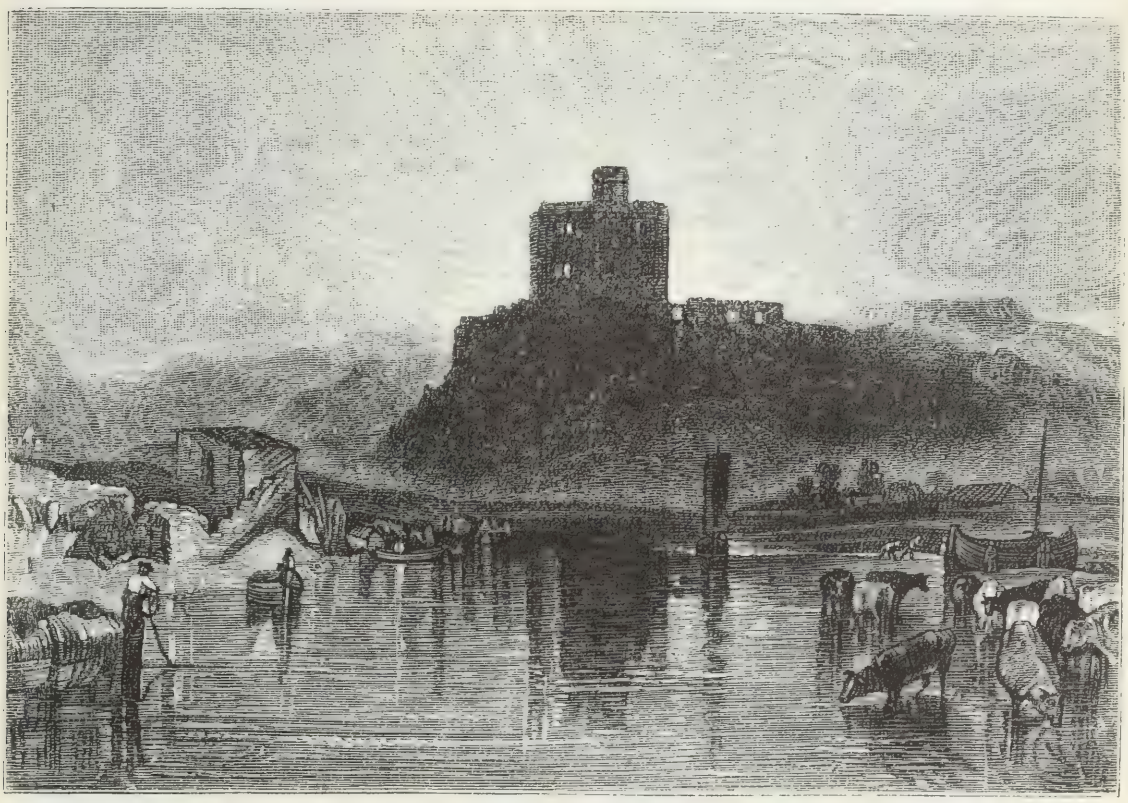
Turner was very fond during his youth of making pedestrian sketching tours. He often walked from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, with his baggage tied up in a handkerchief swinging on the end of a stick. He sketched rapidly whatever beautiful scene captured his eye; he made quick pencil notes in his pocket-book, and photographed into his mind legions of transitory effects of cloud and sky with the aid of a stupendously retentive and minute memory. He soon began to teach water-color drawing at schools, at first for five shillings a lesson. As his talents became known, he found employment making drawings for illustrated gift-books, and several noblemen became his patrons.

It was when he was about twenty-one that the incident occurred which changed his whole character. The old boyish affection for the sister of his Margate school friend had grown to the passionate love of a man. The lady returned his love; for, be it remembered, Turner was not at this time the red-faced, slovenly dressed old painter he afterward became, but a bright-eyed young genius, always old-looking, as tradition has it, but very sympathetic and winning. The young people became engaged just before Turner started for a long and extended tour of study. Then came the story of a cruel step-mother, who made the life of the young girl a burden, who intercepted all Turner's letters to her, and finally drove her to believe herself abandoned, and to yield her hand to another suitor. Turner appears to have been the nobler character of the two; for although he had received



ROOM IN WHICH TURNER DIED AT CHELSEA.

no replies to his constant letters, his generous nature attributed the remissness to accident, and his faith in his betrothed remained unshaken. He returned home, full of joy and hope, to find her marrying another man. Incalculable was the harm this early disappointment wrought upon the sensitive nature of Turner. He gradually began to change, not into the misanthrope —for that he never was—but into the self-concentrated, reserved money-maker. The natural generosity and affability of his character became soured, and he gave himself with passionate devotion to art, not only for the love of art in itself, but also driven by a terrible desire to gather money. The habits of thrift and accumulation had been early instilled into his mind by the scraping old barber, and Turner often said, "Dad never praised me for any thing but saving a half-penny."



NORHAM CASTLE, ON THE TWEED.—[FROM "RIVERS OF ENGLAND."]

There was no county in England to which Turner was so deeply attached as to Yorkshire. There his first great successes had been gained, and there he first beheld really wild scenery. His first visit there was about 1797, and in the following year he exhibited several pictures, the fruits of that tour. His early Yorkshire drawings—such as "Ingleborough" and "Eastby Abbey"—are of infinite beauty, and full of a deep sense of profound tranquillity. Kent he loved, because at Dover and Margate he had made his earliest drawings; Devonshire, for there had he gathered material for his grand picture of "Crossing the Brook;" Yorkshire, because from its ruined abbeys, its lofty cliffs, and picturesque distances he had gathered the chief treasures of his *Liber Studiorum*. His love for foreign lands and foreign scenery was never so intense as that which he cherished for his native country.

In 1800 Turner removed to Harley Street —a step which may be regarded as indicating improved resources. In this same year he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, at which he had been an annual exhibitor for ten years, during which time he had exhibited no less than sixty-two pictures. When only fifteen he had sent to the exhibition a "View of Lambeth Palace;" and three years later the "Rising Squall, Hot Wells," made critics think a new poet had arisen. In 1802 he attained the distinction of Royal Academician, with full honors. His independence of spirit is shown by the fact that he refused to call upon his supporters in the Academy to thank them for his election. When urged by a friend to comply with the usual custom, he replied that he "would do nothing of the kind. If they had not been satisfied with his pictures, they would not have elected him. Why, then, should he thank them? Why thank a man for performing a simple duty?" However, the new dignity seems to have aroused his ambition to the full, for in the same year he exhibited his first oil pictures—"Ships bearing up for Anchorage," "Fishermen upon a Stormy Lee Shore," and "Kilchern Castle, with the Cru-

chan-Ben Mountains." His power over his new materials was at once acknowledged.

This was an eventful year for Turner. In the autumn he started on his first Continental trip, and while he was watching the vintage gatherers in France, his early friend Girtin died in Rome. Girtin was born the same year as Turner, and the two boys had been much united—working together coloring etchings for Smith the engraver, making sketching trips up the Thames among the rickety boat sheds and fishermen's houses at Westminster and Lambeth, or tramping over to Adelphi Terrace to good here!" after which he would immediately vanish, choosing some more isolated route. In several instances when friends have left him at night anticipating his company in the morning, they would arise to find that he had gone, no one knew whither. He was no letter-writer, and often when away his friends at home were utterly ignorant of his whereabouts. That he did not forget them is certain, for under his bluff exterior he always carried a warm heart, and no one rejoiced in society more than he, so long as society left him to seek it in his own time and manner. Nor was he unaccustomed to



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.—[FROM THE "LIBER STUDIORUM."]

Dr. Munro's, where the lads had liberty to examine his folios of choice engravings, and where they would make little drawings for their kind friend, receiving in return half a crown and a supper. Turner and Girtin may be called the real founders of English water-color painting, and the early death of one caused the survivor to ponder much over the path which was left for him to follow alone. There was no jealousy between the two, and so genuine was Turner's admiration of his friend that he was wont to exclaim, in after-life, "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved."

It is impossible to follow Turner through all his journeyings. At different times he travelled all over Europe and Great Britain, and his sketch-books are filled with bits of scenery of every description. He used to start off whenever the mood took him, almost always going alone, and annoyed if in any foreign place he by accident met some English acquaintance. The greeting generally was, "Why, who expected to see you

frequent the houses of men of wealth and rank. He was often a guest at the table of Lord Egremont and Lord Harewood; and at the houses of Rev. Mr. Trimmer, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. G. Jones, and others, he was ever welcome. At Royal Academy dinners he was the gayest and merriest of the band, and on the great varnishing day, before the opening of the exhibition, he was the life of the crowd. When the measure of abolishing varnishing day was hinted to him, he opposed it with all his power. "You would do away with our best social meeting," he said. With Chantrey, the famous sculptor, he was always on the best of terms. After he removed to Twickenham, he and Chantrey often used to hire a boat and spend the whole day fishing—a sport of which Turner was passionately fond. It was the sculptor to whom Turner so playfully alluded in one of the few letters written by him from Rome to his friend Jones. He writes: "Genoa, and all the sea-coast from Nice to Spezzia, are remarkably rugged and fine; so is Massa.

Tell that fat fellow, Chantrey, that I did think of him, *then* (but not the first or the last time), of the thousands he had made out of those marble crags which only afforded me a sour bottle of wine and a sketch; but he deserves every thing which is good, though he did give me a fit of the spleen at Carrara."

Turner's celebrated pictures of "Calais Pier" and the "Vintage at Macon" were fruits of his earliest Continental tour. They were exhibited in 1803.

In 1808 Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective in the Royal Academy, and about this time he removed to Hammersmith. It is curious to see the boy with whom Malton could "do nothing" filling such a position now in his manhood. It is said, however, that he did nothing even now. His knowledge of perspective was a matter of intuition, and could not be measured by line and rule. He who could develop perfect distances in his pictures failed to explain the method orally, and although he held the professorship for thirty years, he lectured very little, and then only to the mystification of his hearers, who could make nothing of his blind attempts at explanation.

Four years later he took the house in Queen Anne Street which he occupied all his life, and in the following year he purchased a country place at Twickenham, where he built a villa after his own designs, in the style of a nobleman's fishing lodge. He named his country retreat Solus Lodge, indicating no doubt his desire to be let alone there, but afterward changed it to Sandycombe Lodge. This villa he retained for nearly fifteen years, and finally sold it for the reason that too many of his friends had discovered his retreat, and their frequent visits were not consistent with his economical style of living. He was very abstemious in his habits. Every thing at Sandycombe Lodge was of the most modest pretensions. At the city residence in Queen Anne Street the same economy ruled; indeed, he had scarcely altered his style of living since the days of the little barber's shop in Maiden Lane. The barber's business had gone down, owing to heavy taxes imposed on wigs, and to the changes of fashion; and the barber himself, at the time of Turner's removal to Harley Street, had come to live with his son. He was very penurious, and many funny stories are told of him. It is said that once Turner had invited a gentleman to dine with him



TOTNESS, ON THE DART.—[FROM "RIVERS OF ENGLAND."]

—a rare occurrence indeed. Now it happened that the same day a nobleman was to give a dinner, at which he desired the company of both Turner and his friend. Hearing of Turner's previous engagement, he concluded it would be polite to call and explain matters and tender his invitation to the artist in person, the other gentleman having already accepted conditionally. Turner accordingly was waited upon, and accepted the invitation after a little demur. "Well, if I must, I s'pose I must; but—" Before he had time to complete the sentence,



THE IVY BRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE.

his father, who had been listening while preparing a canvas for the son, perhaps dreading lest any hesitation should necessitate the dinner at home, thrust open the door, and, without any disguise of his own feelings, exclaimed, "Go, Billy, go! The mutton needn't be cooked, Billy!" A dinner cooked in Queen Anne Street would have caused an alarm in the neighborhood; for to have seen any thing beyond the feeblest curl of smoke attempting to struggle and escape from Turner's chimneys would have raised a cry of "Fire!"

The old man used to strain and varnish his son's canvases, and Turner would say, laughingly, "Father begins and finishes all my pictures." He was a little, thin old man, very short, and endowed with uncommon loquacity. He had a funny habit of jumping up and down on his toes, which caused many a visitor at the Turner gallery in Queen Anne Street, of which the old man took charge, to pause in amazement. Soon after Turner went to live at Twickenham, a friend met the old man, very disconsolate, in Queen Anne Street. The cost of riding up daily to open the gallery was weighing on his heart, and life was imbittered to him by thought of the expenditure. The same friend met him a week after. He was very happy, and jumping up and down on his toes with his usual vivacity. "Why, look 'e here," said he, "I have found a way at last of coming up cheap from Twickenham. I found out where the market-gardeners baited their horses; I made friends with one on 'em, and now, for a glass o' gin a day, he brings me up in his cart on top of the vegetables." One can imagine the father of the now wealthy painter riding astride of a heap of cabbages, and the grim amusement of the son thereat. There was a great affection between the two, and one of the reasons Turner gave for selling the place at Twickenham was that "Dad" was always working in the garden and catching cold. The old man died in 1830, and Turner mourned his loss with so much feeling that he was depressed in spirit and unable to paint for some months. He was buried in Covent Garden church, and the son erected a monument there to the memory of both father and mother.

Turner's life at Sandycombe Lodge was rural and simple. He surrounded his house with a rude tangle of a garden; he grew water-plants, of which he made much use in his foregrounds, and he had a long strip of land planted thickly with willows, and was accustomed to spend hours watching the swaying of the boughs. He was a great lover of birds, and would chastise any boy he caught birdnesting, for which he was christened "Old Blackbirdy" by all the youngsters around. He had a boat in which he made sketching excursions, carrying a canvas with him, on which he painted direct from nature. He had also a gig, and an old crop-eared bay horse of which he was very fond, and of which he used to say that "he would climb a hill like a cat and never get tired." He has immortalized old Crop-ear in his "Frosty Morning." There are two horses, both taken from Crop-ear.

In the Royal Academy catalogue of 1815, soon after his removal to Twickenham, is the following entry: "J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne Street West," followed by a list of eight pictures, among which are such important works as "Crossing the Brook," "Dido building Carthage," "The Devil's Bridge," and the "Great Fall of the Riechenbach," all magnificent productions of the ripe artist. What a contrast from the catalogue of 1790, where "W. Turner, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden," is put down as the artist of one little picture —"View of Lambeth Palace." From this early date until the year of his death, 1851, his name appears in every catalogue with the exception of five. It was in 1798 that he exhibited his drawing of "Norham Castle," which he always considered as the success of his youth, and the picture which marked the turning-point in his career. At one time, when he was making sketches for the *Provincial Antiquities* in the company of Cadell, the Edinburgh bookseller, as they passed Norham, Turner took off his hat and made a low bow to the ruins. Observing this strange act of homage, Cadell exclaimed, "What the devil are you about now?" "Oh," was the reply, "I made a drawing or painting of Norham several years since. It took; and from that day to this I have had as much to do as my hands could execute." The drawing of Norham Castle was a favorite with Turner, and was engraved for the *Rivers of England*, as an illustration to "Marmion," for the *Liber Studiorum*, and also as a large single plate.



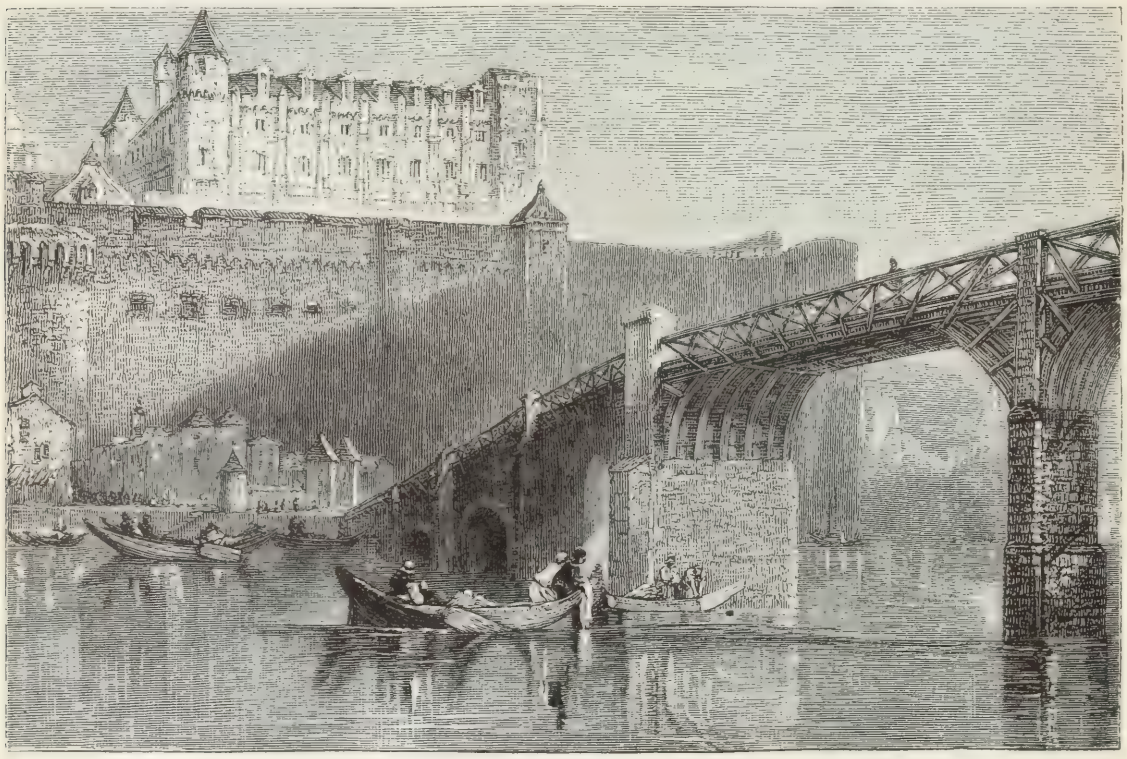
LIGHT TOWER OF THE HÈVE.—[FROM "RIVERS OF FRANCE."]

In the catalogue for the same year also appears "Buttermere Lake, with Part of Cromach Water," in which a rainbow, breaking through a shower, is arching over the golden mist. Even at this date the painter was ambitious of daring atmospheric effects. Three years later he finished "Dutch Boats in a Gale: Fishermen putting Fish on Board." At this time he was working hard with all his natural ardor and sensitive ambition to rival Vandevelde, and to become a great marine painter. He was always a great admirer of the Dutch artist, and often said he owed his first real art awakening to Vandevelde.

Turner painted in Queen Anne Street in

what he called his drawing-room, in which there was a good north light. Here he would be surrounded by water-color drawings in all stages of progress. The house itself looked cold, dirty, and forsaken, like a bankrupt's warehouse which had been deserted for fifty years; very few visitors entered it, and the quietness was principally broken by noisy meetings of all the cats in the neighborhood, which used to assemble undisturbed in the area. Turner was a great friend of cats, and had his house filled with them. Some ladies once called upon him, and upon entering his chilly sitting-room—for he rarely afforded a fire—were astonished to see seven tailless cats lying about in various places. One of the ladies bestowing some notice upon them, Turner remarked that they came from the Isle of Man, and were his favorite companions. At one time a cat badly injured one of his favorite pictures, but when the old housekeeper rushed forward to punish the offender, he rescued his favorite from the impending blows, merely remarking that the painting could be repaired.

Weather-stained and soot-grimed without, the Queen Anne Street house was still more dismal within. The gallery, where were stored treasures of inestimable worth, was dreary and dilapidated. The drugget, once red, was gray and threadbare; the screen was made of the black strips of some refuse or "remainder;" the red cloth on the walls, marked all over with tack holes, had been bought by Turner as a bargain, after having been used at the Abbey for the Queen's coronation. In winter the gallery had a little fire, but not enough to destroy the dampness which crept in at every crack and corner. Many of the pictures became cracked, warped, and seriously injured. In one picture a great white button of paint, that had stood for the sun, had dropped off. "I think some one has picked it off intentionally," said a visitor one day. "I think somebody has," replied Turner, unmoved. Here, in this cheerless little room, stacked against the walls, hanging where the rain streamed down the canvases from the warped sashes and paper-patched frames of the ill-fitting sky-lights, were collected some of the noblest landscapes that were ever painted, while in other parts of the dismal house thirty thousand proofs of magnificent engravings, piles of drawings and sketches—the rudiments and first thoughts of finished works—were stuffed in dark closets, or laid away in portfolios and presses and boxes, rotting and moulding, uncared for by any one but the tailless cats that hid among them. Notes for hundreds, checks for thousands, had been offered again and again in that gallery to the artist. He always refused to part with his pictures there. Eager and grasping to make money, he showed a strange persistency in keeping certain treasures in his possession. Although he left the "Building of Carthage" to be injured in the wretched gallery, he sternly refused it at one time to a gentleman who offered £2500 for it. "You can not have it," said he; "it is willed to the nation." This picture was originally painted for £100 for a



CHATEAU OF AMBOISE.—[FROM "RIVERS OF FRANCE."]

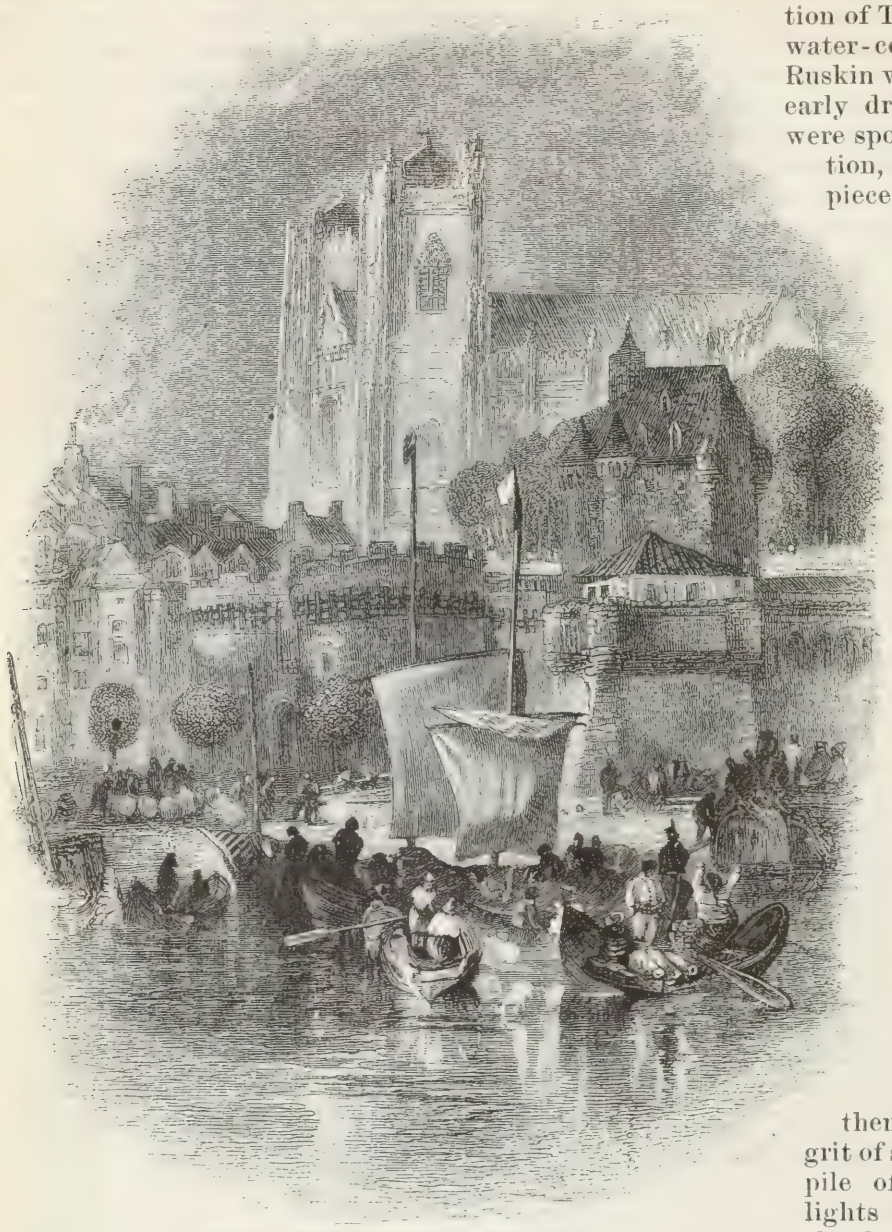
gentleman who declined to take it because the critics were very severe on its character, and Turner felt great delight in being offered such an immense sum for it afterward. "Now they can not have it," he used often to say. "They shall never buy it for money." To certain pictures he was deeply attached, and when induced to sell them, would go about wearing a look of great dejection. When pressed by some friend to explain the reason of his trouble, he would sorrowfully exclaim, "I've lost one of my children this week." Turner was always peculiar about selling pictures. At times he would receive a customer with the greatest affability, and easily make a bargain or undertake a commission; this was when he by chance was in good humor. At one time, when offered £1000 apiece for a few old sketch-books, he proceeded to turn them over leaf by leaf before the eyes of the delighted purchaser. "Well, would you really like to have them?" The man, with the money ready in his hands, was proceeding to take possession, when Turner, with a malicious, "I dare say you would," suddenly locked them in a drawer and turned on his heel, leaving the would-be purchaser in indignant astonishment. Sometimes, by a little wit and daring, of both of which Turner had a large share, and which qualities he admired in others, a purchaser would put him in a moment in a tractable mood. A rich manufacturer of Birmingham once determined to obtain admission at any price to the enchanted house in Queen Anne Street. Arrived at the blistered, dirty door of the house with the black-crusted windows, he pulled the bell, which answered with a querulous, melancholy tinkle. After a long, inhospitable pause, an old woman with a diseased face, having looked up from the area, slowly ascended and tardily opened the door. She snappishly asked the gentleman's business; and when he told her in his blandest voice, "Can't let 'e in," was the answer; after which she tried to slam the door. But during the parley he had put his foot in; and now, declining further interruption, he pushed past the feeble, enraged janitress, and hurried up stairs to the gallery. In a moment Turner was out upon him with the promptitude of a spider whose web has been invaded. The gentleman bowed, introduced himself, and stated that he had come to buy. "Don't want to sell," was the answer. "Have you ever seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visitor, with unruffled placidity. "Never 'eard of 'em," said Turner. The merchant now drew from his pocket a silvery bundle of Birmingham bank-notes. "Mere paper," observed Turner, evidently enjoying the joke. "To be bartered for mere canvas," said the visitor, waving his hand in the direction of some beautiful paintings. This tone of cool depreciation had a happy effect. Turner at once became civil, even jovial, and the visitor soon departed with several valuable pictures, for which he had paid £5000.



FALLS IN VALOMBRÉ.—[FROM ROGERS'S "VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS."]

It was the manufacturers more than the noblemen of England who were Turner's best patrons. His pictures during the later part of his life brought large prices, and since his death small sketches in water-color have sold as high as 120 guineas, and a little sketch-book containing chalk drawings of one of his river towns on the Continent brought the enormous sum of 600 guineas. The prices of his more finished oil-paintings

have ranged, in the last few years, from 700 to 1400 guineas, and all his works have now acquired quadruple the value of the sums originally paid for them. Turner was furious when he heard of any of his pictures being put up for auction, and, if possible, always bought them himself. He rarely attended in person, but generally sent some agent with written instructions to bid in his behalf. He was not always fastidious in his selection of one, and a very funny story is told of a rosy-cheeked butcher's boy, in the usual costume of his vocation, who astonished the by-standers at an auction by making advances in five-guinea strides at the bidding for two of Turner's pictures. The price was running high, the vigorous little butcher boy holding his ground, when the auctioneer became angry, thinking the boy had come in to make a disturbance, and summoned his queer customer before him. The youngster, nothing daunted, marched up and showed his credentials in the shape of a small piece of greasy paper, upon which the painter had written his instructions. It is needless to say that the bidding proceeded.



NANTES.—[FROM "RIVERS OF FRANCE."]

On the interesting question of Turner's method of water-color painting, Mr. Ruskin writes: "The large early drawings of Turner were sponged without friction, or were finished piece by piece on white paper; as he advanced, he laid the chief masses first in broad tints, never effacing any thing, but working the details over these broad tints. While still wet, he brought out the soft lights with the point of a brush, the brighter ones with the end of a stick; often, too, driving the wet color in a darker line to the edge of the light, in order to represent the outlines of hills. His touches were all clear, firm, unalterable, one over the other: friction he used only now and then to represent the grit of stone or the fretted pile of moss; the finer lights he often left from the first, even the minutest light, working round and up to them, not taking them out as weaker men would have done. He would draw the dark outlines by putting more water to wet brushes, and driving the color to the edge to dry there, firm and dark. He would draw the broken edges of clouds with a quiver of the brush, then round the vapor by laying on a little more color into parts not wet, and lastly dash in warm touches of light when dry on the outside edges."

Turner generally used Newman's colors. Ultramarine was employed by him very sparingly, and smalt and cobalt were his usual blues. He used quantities of yellow, and always called it his favorite color, saying that nature was very generous with chrome and gamboge. He was fond of brilliant effects, and at the Academy exhibitions his

pictures glowed like so many suns, often to the detriment of sober-toned paintings hanging near. "They look like holes cut in the wall, through which you get a real look at nature," said a veteran connoisseur once; and Chantrey, on a cold varnishing day, stood before one of these brilliant canvases pretending to warm his hands at it as at a fire. "Why, Turner," said he, "this is the only comfortable place in the room."

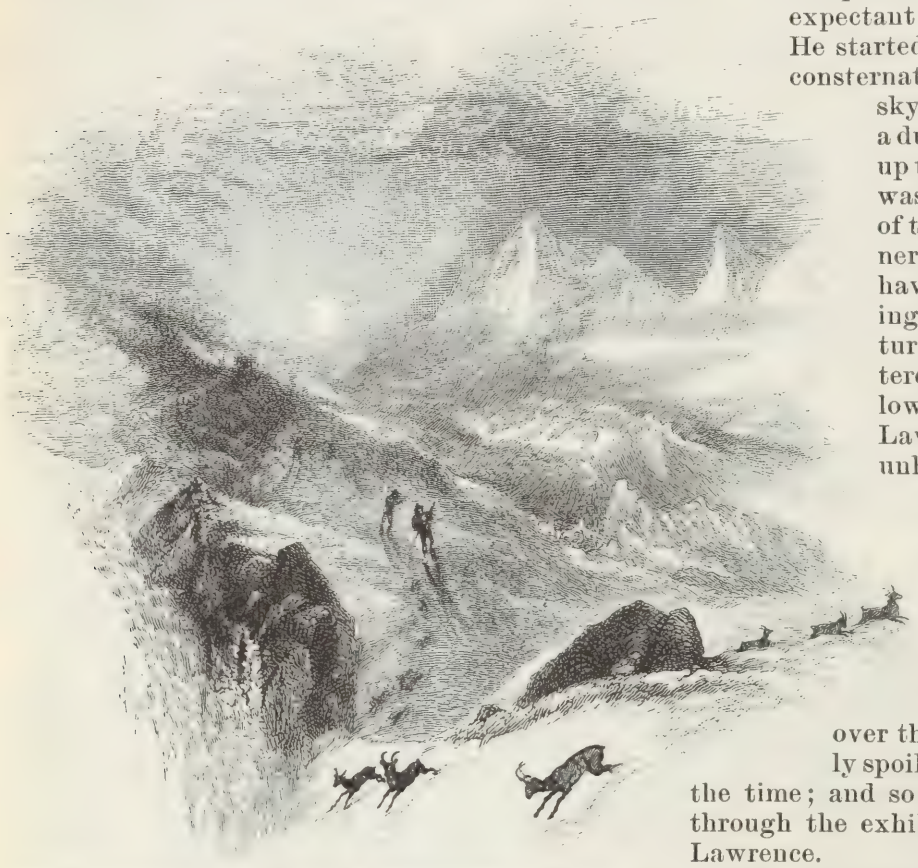
Turner worked with great rapidity. He often began and finished a fine water-color drawing in a single forenoon. When the mood took him he worked like a tiger, sponging in effects in an instant, or making the texture of a stone with a single pressure of his thumb. At Farnley, the home of his friend Mr. Fawkes, is a drawing of a man-of-war, a "First-rate taking in Stores," complete, elaborate, and intricate, with a fine frothy, troubled sea in the foreground. This Turner did, under Mr. Fawkes's observation, in three hours; tearing up the sea with his eagle claw of a thumb-nail, and working like a madman; yet the detail is full and delicate, betraying no sign of hurry. His picture of the "Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons" was almost entirely painted on the walls of the gallery during the last two days before the Exhibition opened. His facility was astonishing. "He would frequently," says Mr. Ruskin, "send his canvas to the British Institution with nothing upon it but a gray groundwork of vague, indistinguishable forms, and finish it upon varnishing day into a work of great splendor. Likewise at the Academy he frequently sent his canvas imperfect and sketchy, trusting entirely to varnishing days for the completion of his picture."



THE SLAVE-SHIP.—[SEE PAGE 397.]

It was on Academy varnishing day that all the strange contradictions of Turner's character had full play. He was jovial, he was gruff and taciturn, full of kindness for a brother artist, or striving to kill other pictures by the brilliancy of his own. Once Constable was pacing impatiently before a picture, trying in vain to discover what was wanting to perfect it, when Turner came into the room, and after hearing the artist's

trouble, seized a brush and struck in a ripple of water in the foreground. That was the missing touch; the picture was now complete. At other times, when an artist would complain of his picture, all the consolation he would get from Turner would be the gruff retort, "If you can paint any better, why don't you do it?" Wilkie Collins, when a boy, used to hold his father's paints for him on varnishing day. He remembers seeing Turner—at that time a shabby, red-faced, oldish man—sitting on the top of a flight of steps, astride a box, with his dirty chest of colors and worn-out brushes, and a palette



THE ALPS AT DAYBREAK.—[FROM ROGERS'S POETICAL WORKS.]

of which the uncleanliness was sufficient to shock a Dutch painter. Mounted on the steps, he would paint with great fury, trying perhaps to "checkmate" some brother artist, as he was accustomed to say. His sense of humor was so keen, however, that he was more amused than angry when he found himself overmatched. Once on a varnishing day he saw that the blue sky in one of his Venetian pictures was rendered dull and lifeless by the brilliancy of the sky in a view of Ghent by Jones. "I'll outblue you, Joney," he said; and, chuckling audibly, he climbed on a box and deepened his sky with a scumble of ultramarine. When he had gone away, Jones, jocularly determined to baffle him, instantly set to work and painted the sky of Ghent a blank white, which, acting as a foil, made Turner's Venetian sky look preposterously blue. Turner laughed heartily, when he returned to his picture the next day, to find himself again checkmated. "Well, Joney," was the admission, "you have done me now; but it must go."

When Turner's "Cologne" was exhibited, it was hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The sky of Turner's picture being exceedingly bright, it had a most injurious effect on the color of Lawrence's pictures, and the artist, who tried in vain for a change of position, was in despair. At a private view on the morning of the opening of the exhibition, a friend of Turner's, who had seen the "Cologne" in all its splendor, led a group of expectant critics up to it. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dun-color. He ran up to the artist, who was in another part of the room. "Turner, Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh," muttered Turner, in a low voice, "poor Lawrence was so unhappy! It's only lamp-black. It 'll all wash off after the exhibition." He had actually passed a wash of lamp-black in water-color over the sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time; and so he let it remain through the exhibition to gratify Lawrence.

He was always kind to young artists, often on varnishing day adding with a twirl or two of his brush some little touch to their pictures which would be worth guineas to them; and on one occasion when a young man's picture was rejected by the hanging committee for want of space, Turner quietly removed one of his own pictures and hung up the rejected painting in its place. To his intimate friends he was most affectionate, and were they ill, he was all consideration. The death of any one he loved affected him deeply. "I well remember," says Mr. Jones, "the morning after Chantrey's death, that he came to the house of our deceased friend. He asked for me, and I went to him, when he wrung my hands, tears streaming from his eyes, and rushed from the house without uttering a word." After the death of his friend Mr. Fawkes he could never be persuaded to visit Farnley, where that gentleman had resided.

When Wilkie died off Gibraltar on his return from the East, Turner, whose own powers were fast waning, was profoundly touched. The old days when, in a spirit of almost bitter rivalry, he had painted the "Blacksmith's Forge," and striven in every way to outdo Wilkie's brilliant coloring, were forgotten in a moment, and his sole desire was to commemorate in some way his death. He talked with some persons who had been present when Wilkie's body was lowered into the sea, and after his imagination had worked up the scene he painted the picture he called "Peace: Burial at Sea," in which every tone and tint is so attuned to the subject that the whole seems as if it were painted on crape. He painted the sails of the steamer as black as he could make them, which occasioned a remonstrance from Stanfield, who justly thought the color and effect untrue; upon which Turner simply said, "I only wish I had any color to make them blacker."

Turner's self-denying and sparing habits gave him the name of being a miser. To a certain extent he undoubtedly was; but when the grand object of his life became known, and it was found that he had done his best to bequeath an enormous fortune for the benefit of his poor comrades in art, no one could choose but honor him. It was in behalf of unsuccessful artists that he had ground down insolent publishers. It was for weeping widows and orphans that he had wrangled about additional shillings for picture-frames and cab hire.

Turner was very obstinate, and would work himself into a terrible excitement disputing over little things. He and Lord Egremont, who was as childishly obstinate as Turner, used to have hot disputes over the most trivial matters. At one time they differed as to the number of windows in the front of a certain house, and at last summoned a hackney-coach and actually drove quite a distance to settle the unimportant question. Turner once painted a picture for Lord Egremont, where on the surface of a pond he introduced some carrots floating in the water. Lord Egremont, on seeing it, insisted that carrots did not swim. "They do," said Turner. The dispute waxed hot, and Lord Egremont ordered a servant to bring in a tub of water and some carrots. Turner, to his infinite delight, was found to be right. Ever after when Lord Egremont disagreed with him, he used, with a chuckle, to remind him of the carrots.

The greatest impetus to Turner's fame was the publication of Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. In the clear analysis given in that work of Turner's genius the public were enabled to see the real character of those landscapes which had hitherto appeared more like riddles and fantasies than actual natural truths.



VENICE.

Mr. Ruskin divides Turner's art life into three periods—that of the young enthusiast, striving to copy nature as he saw it; that of the middle-aged and mature man, aiming at ideal compositions which should

portray his inward impression rather than mere transcripts of nature; and that of his waning powers, when he strove less for mechanical effect, and showed increased depths of imagination, and a quiet love of beauty. During the last five years of his life his health gave way, his mind and sight began to fail, and he painted very little of any value. Even of his most important pictures it is impossible to speak at length, they were so numerous and of such varied character. During a period of nearly sixty years he was an industrious worker.



THE OLD "TÉMÉRAIRE."

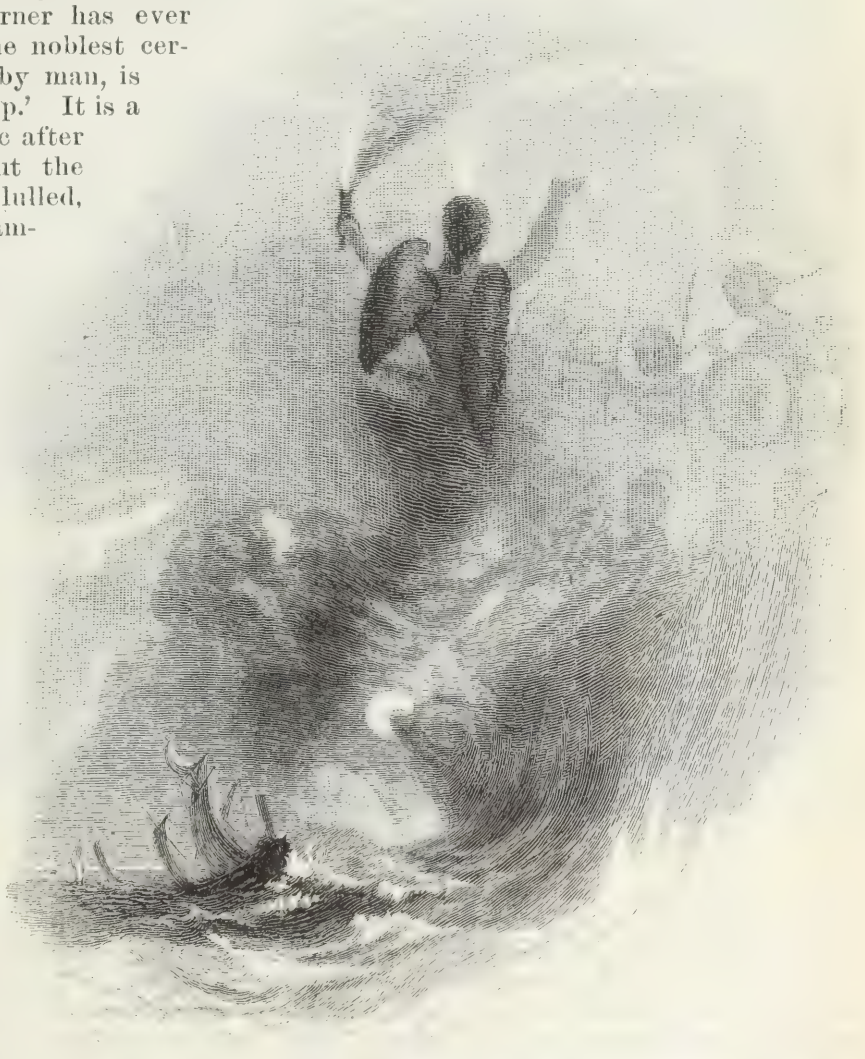
Turner was always fond of the water; ships of all kinds had a strange fascination for him. When a boy he was always prowling round in that mysterious forest of masts below London Bridge, and all his life he retained a passion for the Thames and its "black barges, patched red sails, and every possible condition of blue and white fog." He lived much on the ocean. He beat about year after year in all sorts of smugglers' boats, cruising into every corner of the English coast. He possessed an exact knowledge of a ship's anatomy and motion, and knew how vessels would balance in any weather. After his death, a large press in his house was found entirely filled with naval sketches. This love of his whole life appears concentrated in that noble picture, the crown of his mature years, "The Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth to be broken up." The subject was suggested one day when Turner was on a holiday excursion with Stanfield and a party of brother artists. The afternoon had passed in talking, with now and then a note in the sketch-book, the effect of some oar rising dripping from the water, or of some glancing sunbeam cross-barring a sail, when suddenly there moved down upon the artists' boat the grand old vessel that had been taken prisoner at the Nile, and that led the van at Trafalgar. She loomed through the evening haze, pale and ghostly, as she glided past, the steam-tug puffing and snorting as if in triumph over the great sea-monarch's dismantlement. Turner sat entranced. The old warrior going to rest was to him a grand poem, and inspired him to paint one of his most poetic pictures. The coloring in this painting is wonderful indeed. Through a thousand semitones and half-colors of gray and neutral tints the sky seems to turn to glory before our eyes; the red reflections touch the vessel as if with fire, and like a spectre she moves through the water, also brilliant crimson with reflected light. Creeping up the river is a blue haze, which one feels will shortly infold the old war-ship in its cool embrace. It is a noble poem thrown on canvas by an English painter for the English people. The artist would never part with it while he lived, and when he died left it to the nation for whose honor it was painted.

Among Turner's other celebrated sea-

pieces are the "Slave-Ship," the "Wreck of the Minotaur," and the "Shipwreck." The "Slave-Ship" was exhibited in the Academy exhibition of 1840, under the title of "Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying: Typhoon coming on," with the following extract from the MS. "Fallacies of Hope:"

"Aloft, all hands! Strike the topmasts and belay!
Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
Declare the Typhoon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying. Ne'er heed their chains.
Hope! hope! fallacious hope!
Where is thy market now?"

Ruskin's description of this terrible and wonderful picture is a magnificent piece of word-painting, worthy of the subject of which it treats. He says: "I think the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the 'Slave-Ship.' It is a sunset on the Atlantic after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley the tossing waves, by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise every where, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under-strength of the swell compels or permits them, leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling waters, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labors amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror,



AN ALLEGORY.—[FROM ROGERS'S "VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS."]

and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea."

This remarkable picture is now the property of Miss Alice S. Hooper, of Boston, who has generously permitted an engraving to be made from it for this paper. It was exhibited in New York in 1876, but failed to make the impression expected, time having

robbed it of much of its original splendor of coloring. It still is, however, and must remain, one of the greatest of modern paintings.

"The Shipwreck" was painted for Sir John Leicester, but Lady L., who had lost a favorite nephew at sea, was so affected by



THE SHIPWRECK.

the picture that Sir John was obliged to exchange it for one of a different character.

Turner painted many pictures on subjects from classic and ancient history, and often regretted his early dullness at the study of ancient languages. He was very fond of adding poetical quotations to the titles of his pictures, and Thomson, Milton, Byron, and others yielded him many texts, so to speak. He would write poetry himself sometimes—a rambling confusion of words at best—and for many years he quoted in the Academy catalogue from a MS. poem, "The Fallacies of Hope"—imaginary and unwritten, his friends believe, as no such MS. was found among his papers after his death, unless, as some one suggested, that might have been the title of his last will and testament.

The real source of Turner's great wealth was not so much what he received from the sale of his paintings as the constant income from engravings of his works. Many of his paintings were engraved as large single plates, and almost numberless were the drawings he furnished for illustrated books. It is by the publication of such works as the *Rivers of France* and the illustrations to the poems of Scott and Rogers that Turner's genius has become universally known and recognized. The *Liber Studiorum*, a collection of over seventy engravings, was the most important of all the Turner publications. The Duke of Devonshire had published the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude, and it was in a spirit of artistic self-defense that Turner commenced his work. He elaborated it with extreme care, and watched it in all its processes with jealous interest. He intended it to exemplify his command of the whole compass of landscape art, and the boundless richness of his stores both of fact and of invention. The first sketches for the work were made at the house of his friend Mr. Wells, a drawing-master.

Of the *Rivers of France*—a series of sixty-one exquisite engravings—Mr. Ruskin says that they rank among Turner's most successful works of that class. Each one is a new surprise and delight.

His illustrations to Rogers's *Italy* are among the best of his small drawings, and the artist was so delighted at the elegant way in which the sketches were printed and published that he refused to receive more than five guineas apiece for the loan of the sketches.

In 1851 Turner had no picture in the Royal Academy exhibition. It was also known that he had given strict orders at Queen Anne Street that no one should be admitted to the gallery there. His health was failing fast; no longer the sturdy, dogged, strange being of old, he was now the bro-

ken, decrepit old man. His absence from the Academy meetings, at which he had been so regular an attendant, alarmed his friends, and many inquiries were made at Queen Anne Street. He was not there; neither did the old housekeeper know of his whereabouts. He seemed determined to conceal himself and to shun company. Not very long before his death a friend found him one night in an ale-house, sitting in a corner, with his glass before him. After expressing pleasure at meeting him, the friend said, "I didn't know you used the house; I shall often drop in, now I've found out where you quarter." Turner looked at him, knit his brows, emptied his glass, and, as he rose to go out, said, "Will you? I don't think you will." And although the house was watched, he was never seen to enter it again. It was through the exertions of his old housekeeper that his retreat was discovered. An old letter she found in a coat pocket led her to suspect that he was at Chelsea. Thither she accordingly went, and after much gossiping about town with boatmen and their wives, she learned that a "queer old fellow," known as Mr. Booth—"Puggy Booth," the boys called him—was lying sick at one of the cottages by the river-side, and that for the last two months he had only been seen lying on the railed-in roof of the cottage, wrapped up in an old dressing-gown, apparently watching the river flowing by. It was supposed in town that he was an old admiral in reduced circumstances, on account of the love he had shown for the shipping and the piers, and until after he died "Mr. Booth's" boat was moored off Battersea Bridge. The old housekeeper, feeling confident that Mr. Booth and Turner were one, hurried to inform the artist's friends. Mr. Harpur, who subsequently was one of the executors, hastened to Chelsea, but he was only in time to find Turner fast sinking. On the following day, December 19, 1851, he died, passing away as he might have wished, with his face turned toward the window, through which might be seen the sunshine mantling the river and illuminating the sails of the boats drifting up and down.

Turner's will was an unfortunate document. His intention was to leave small sums to various relatives—people whom he had hated and avoided all his life; all the paintings and sketches stowed away at Queen Anne Street were to go to the National Gallery, and his large funded property was designed to found a charity for decayed English artists. It was for this charity that he had hoarded and saved all his life. It was to be called "Turner's Gift," and to remain forever a comfort and refuge for the unfortunate of his own profession. It is sad to know that this plan could not be carried out. Turner had written his own will. It was a cloudy document, full of confusions and interpolations, which four codicils, added at different dates, only served to increase. It was disputed by



JUMIEGÈS.—[FROM "RIVERS OF FRANCE."]

the next of kin; a bill was filed in Chancery, and for four years the lawyers filled their pockets with Turner's hard-earned savings. The documents in this suit are of several tons' weight. A compromise was eventually effected, by which the pictures were to go to the National Gallery, £20,000 to the Royal Academy, £1000 for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, and all the remainder of the real estate and funded property to be divided among the heirs at law. This was the end of all Turner's avarice and his dream of doing real good thereby.

There are various portraits of Turner in existence, although he never sat willingly but once, and that when he was a young man of twenty-five years. This portrait, which is one of a series of Academician portraits published by George Dance, represents a handsome young man, with rather large features, a full, prominent nose, a fine, strong-willed chin, and a rather sensual mouth, the lower lip of which is fleshy, and the upper lip beautifully curved. The eyebrow is arched, and the eyelids are long, presenting a great depth between the eye and the eyebrow. The forehead is full, but rather receding, and is covered with a stray wisp of hair, as Turner always kept it. The hair close, thick, and somewhat stubborn-looking, is long behind, and tied with a black ribbon; and he wears a white cravat, the ends of which bulge out in front of his waistcoat. The cape of his coat is of immense width, and the lapels are thrown back in a careless yet somewhat cavalier way. Indeed, unless Dance's pencil has flattered, Turner here looks a handsome, frank-hearted young man of genius. His artist friends would often take his picture by stealth, and several dinners were arranged by them with this express purpose, that they might obtain a sitting. The portrait which we give at the head of this paper is from a sketch made by John Gilbert on one of the varnishing days of the last exhibition at the British Institution (1841). Sir Edwin Landseer took a likeness of him on his palette one varnishing day morning. Turner also, when a young man, painted his own portrait. He always retained it in his possession, leaving it in the collection bequeathed to the National Gallery.

During the whole seventy-five years of his life, Turner was misunderstood and his character misrepresented. His art was so far in advance of the age in which he lived that the general public failed to comprehend it. His early disappointment, his struggle for recognition, and his fight in his youth for the bare necessities of life hardened and imbittered him; and with the exception of the society of a few discerning friends, he was lonely and isolated. Standing by his grave, one can not feel that a successful, happy life has here come to its end, but rather that a restless, irascible, disappointed man has gone to his rest.



DATUR HORA QUIETI.—[FROM ROGERS'S POETICAL WORKS.]



"GOOD-BY, MOTHER."—[SEE PAGE 404.]

MACLEOD OF DARE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SIX BOYS OF DARE.

THE sun had sunk behind the lonely western seas; Ulva and Lunga and the Dutchman's Cap had grown dark on the darkening waters; and the smooth Atlantic swell was booming along the sombre caves; but up here in Castle Dare, on the high and rocky coast of Mull, the great hall was lit with such a blaze of candles as Castle Dare had but rarely seen. And yet there did not seem to be any grand festivities going forward; for there were only three people seated at one end of the long and narrow table; and the banquet that the faithful

Hamish had provided for them was of the most frugal kind. At the head of the table sat an old lady with silvery-white hair and proud and fine features. It would have been a keen and haughty face but for the unutterable sadness of the eyes—blue-gray eyes under black eyelashes that must have been beautiful enough in her youth, but were now dimmed and worn, as if the weight of the world's sorrow had been too much for the proud, high spirit. On the right of Lady Macleod sat the last of her six sons, Keith by name, a tall, sparely built, sinewy young fellow, with a sun-tanned cheek and crisp and curling hair, and with a happy and careless look in his clear eyes and about his mouth that rather blinded one to the firm lines of his face. Glad youth shone there, and the health begotten of hard exposure to wind and weather. What was life to him but a laugh: so long as there was a prow to cleave the plunging seas, and a glass to pick out the branching antlers far away amid the mists of the corrie? To please his mother, on this the last night of his being at home, he wore the kilts; and he had hung his broad blue bonnet, with its sprig of juniper—the badge of the clan—on the top of one of the many pikes and halberds that stood by the great fire-place. Opposite him, on the old lady's left hand, sat his cousin, or rather half-cousin, the plain-featured but large-hearted Janet, whom the poor people about that neighborhood regarded as being something more than any mere mortal woman. If there had been any young artist among that Celtic peasantry fired by religious enthusiasm to paint the face of a Madonna, it would have been the plain features of Janet Macleod he would have dreamed about and striven to transfer to his canvas. Her eyes were fine, it is true: they were honest and tender; they were not unlike the eyes of the grand old lady who sat at the head of the table; but, unlike hers, they were not weighted with the sorrow of years.

"It is a dark hour you have chosen to go away from your home," said the mother; and the lean hand, resting on the table before her, trembled somewhat.

"Why, mother," the young man said, lightly, "you know I am to have Captain ——'s cabin as far as Greenock; and there will be plenty of time for me to put the kilts away before I am seen by the people."

"Oh, Keith," his cousin cried—for she was trying to be very cheerful, too, "do you say that you are ashamed of the tartan?"

"Ashamed of the tartan!" he said, with a laugh. "Is there any one who has been brought up at Dare who is likely to be ashamed of the tartan? When I am ashamed of the tartan I will put a pigeon's feather in my cap, as the new *suaicheantas* of this branch of Clan Leoid. But then, my good Janet, I would as soon think of taking my rifle and the dogs through the streets of London as of wearing the kilts in the south."

The old lady paid no heed. Her hands were now clasped before her. There was sad thinking in her eyes.

"You are the last of my six boys," said she, "and you are going away from me too."

"Now, now, mother," said he, "you must not make so much of a holiday. You would not have me always at Dare? You know that no good comes of a stay-at-home."

She knew the proverb. Her other sons had not been stay-at-homes. What had come to them?

Of Sholto, the eldest, the traveller, the dare-devil, the grave is unknown; but the story of how he met his death, in far Arizona, came years after to England and to Castle Dare. He sold his life dearly, as became one of his race and name. When his cowardly attendants found a band of twenty Apaches riding down on them, they unhitched the mules and galloped off, leaving him to confront the savages by himself. One of these, more courageous than his fellows, advanced and drew his arrow to the barb; the next second he uttered a yell, and rolled from his saddle to the ground, shot through the heart. Macleod seized this instant, when the savages were terror-stricken by the precision of the white man's weapons, to retreat a few yards and get behind a mesquit-tree. Here he was pretty well sheltered from the arrows that they sent in clouds about him, while he succeeded in killing other two of his enemies who had ventured to approach. At last they rode off; and it seemed as though he would be permitted to rejoin his dastardly comrades. But the Indians had only gone to windward to set the tall grass on fire; and presently he had to scramble, burned and blinded, up the tree, where he was an easy mark for their arrows. Fortunately, when he fell he was dead. This was the story told by some friendly Indians to a party of white men, and subsequently brought home to Castle Dare.

The next four of the sons of Dare were soldiers, as most of the Macleods of that family had been. And if you ask about the graves of Roderick and Ronald, what is one to say? They are known, and yet unknown. The two lads were in one of the Highland regiments that served in the Crimea. They both lie buried on the bleak plains outside Sevastopol. And if the memorial stones put up to them and their brother officers are falling into ruin and decay—if the very graves have been rifled—how is England to help that? England is the poorest country in the world. There was a talk some two or three years ago of

putting up a monument on Cathcart Hill to the Englishmen who died in the Crimea; and that at least would have been some token of remembrance, even if we could not collect the scattered remains of our slain sons, as the French have done. But then that monument would have cost £5000. How could England afford £5000? When a big American city takes fire, or when a district in France is inundated, she can put her hand into her pocket deeply enough; but how can we expect so proud a mother to think twice about her children who perished in fighting for her? Happily the dead are independent of forgetfulness.

Duncan the Fair-haired—Donacha Ban, they called him, far and wide among the hills—lies buried in a jungle on the African coast. He was only twenty-three when he was killed; but he knew he had got the Victoria Cross. As he lay dying, he asked whether the people in England would send it to his mother, showing that his last fancies were still about Castle Dare.

And Hector? As you cross the river at Sadowa, and pass through a bit of forest, some corn fields begin to appear, and these stretch away up to the heights of Chlum. Along the ridge there, by the side of the wood, are many mounds of earth. Over the grave of Hector Macleod is no proud and pathetic inscription such as marks the last resting-place of a young lieutenant who perished at Gravelotte—*Er ruht sanft in wiedererkämpfter deutscher Erde*—but the young Highland officer was well beloved by his comrades, and when the dead were being pitched into the great holes dug for them, and when rude hands were preparing the simple record, painted on a wooden cross—"*Hier liegen—tapfere Krieger*"—a separate memento was placed over the grave of Under-Lieutenant Hector Macleod of the ——th Imperial and Royal Cavalry Regiment. He was one of the two sons who had not inherited the title. Was it not a proud boast for this white-haired lady in Mull that she had been the mother of four baronets? What other mother in all the land could say as much? And yet it was that that had dimmed and saddened the beautiful eyes.

And now her youngest—her Benjamin, her best-beloved—he was going away from her too. It was not enough that the big deer forest, the last of the possessions of the Macleods of Dare, had been kept intact for him, when the letting of it to a rich Englishman would greatly have helped the failing fortunes of the family; it was not enough that the poor people about, knowing Lady Macleod's wishes, had no thought of keeping a salmon spear hidden in the thatch of their cottages. Salmon and stag could no longer bind him to the place. The young blood stirred. And when he asked her what good thing came of being a stay-at-home, what could she say?

Suddenly old Hamish threw wide the oaken doors at the end of the hall, and there was a low roar like the roaring of lions. And then a young lad, with the pipes proudly perched on his shoulder, marched in with a stately step, and joyous and shrill arose the Salute. Three times he marched round the long and narrow hall, finishing behind Keith Macleod's chair. The young man turned to him.

"It was well played, Donald," said he, in the Gaelic; "and I will tell you that the Skye College in the old times never turned out a better pupil. And will you take a glass of whiskey now, or a glass of claret? And it is a great pity your hair is red, or they would call you Donull Dubh, and people would say you were the born successor of the last of the MacCruimins."

At this praise—imagine telling a piper lad that he was a fit successor of the MacCruimins, the hereditary pipers of the Macleods—the young stripling blushed hot; but he did not forget his professional dignity for all that. And he was so proud of his good English that he replied in that tongue.

"I will take a glass of the claret wine, Sir Keith," said he.

Young Macleod took up a horn tumbler, rimmed with silver, and having the triple-towered castle of the Macleods engraved on it, and filled it with wine. He handed it to the lad.

"I drink your health, Lady Macleod," said he, when he had removed his cap; "and I drink your health, Miss Macleod; and I drink your health, Sir Keith; and I would have a lighter heart this night if I was going with you away to England."

It was a bold demand.

"I can not take you with me, Donald; the Macleods have got out of the way of taking their piper with them now. You must stay and look after the dogs."

"But you are taking Oscar with you, Sir Keith."

"Yes, I am. I must make sure of having one friend with me in the south."

"And I think I would be better than a collie," muttered the lad to himself, as he moved off in a proud and hurt way toward the door, his cap still in his hand.

And now a great silence fell over these three; and Janet Macleod looked anxiously toward the old lady, who sat unmoved in the face of the ordeal through which she knew she must pass. It was an old custom that each night a pibroch should be played in Castle Dare in remembrance of her five slain sons; and yet on this one night her niece would fain have seen that custom abandoned. For was not the pibroch the famous and pathetic "Cumhadh na Cloinne," the Lament for the Children, that Patrick

Mòr, one of the pipers of Macleod of Skye, had composed to the memory of his seven sons, who had all died within one year? And now the doors were opened, and the piper boy once more entered. The wild, sad wail arose; and slow and solemn was the step with which he walked up the hall. Lady Macleod sat calm and erect, her lips proud and firm, but her lean hands were working nervously together; and at last, when the doors were closed on the slow and stately and mournful Lament for the Children, she bent down the silvery head on those wrinkled hands and wept aloud. Patrick Mòr's seven brave sons could have been no more to him than her six tall lads had been to her; and now the last of them was going away from her.

"Do you know," said Janet, quickly, to her cousin across the table, "that it is said no piper in the West Highlands can play 'Lord Lovat's Lament' like our Donald?"

"Oh yes, he plays it very well; and he has got a good step," Macleod said. "But you will tell him to play no more Laments to-night. Let him take to strathspeys if any of the lads come up after bringing back the boat. It will be time enough for him to make a Lament for me when I am dead. Come, mother, have you no message for Norman Ogilvie?"

The old lady had nerved herself again, though her hands were still trembling.

"I hope he will come back with you, Keith," she said.

"For the shooting? No, no, mother. He was not fit for the shooting about here: I have seen that long ago. Do you think he could lie for an hour in a wet bog? It was up at Fort William I saw him last year, and I said to him, 'Do you wear gloves at Aldershot?' His hands were as white as the hands of a woman."

"It is no woman's hand you have, Keith," his cousin said; "it is a soldier's hand."

"Yes," said he, with his face flushing, "and if I had had Norman Ogilvie's chance—"

But he paused. Could he reproach this old dame, on the very night of his departure, with having disappointed all those dreams of military service and glory that are almost the natural inheritance of a Macleod of the Western Highlands? If he was a stay-at-home, at least his hands were not white. And yet, when young Ogilvie and he studied under the same tutor—the poor man had to travel eighteen miles between the two houses, many a time in hard weather—all the talk and aspirations of the boys were about a soldier's life; and Macleod could show his friend the various trophies and curiosities sent home by his elder brothers from all parts of the world. And now the lily-fingered and gentle-natured Ogilvie was at Aldershot; while he—what else was he than a mere deer-stalker and salmon-killer?

"Ogilvie has been very kind to me, mother," he said, laughing. "He has sent me a list of places in London where I am to get my clothes and boots and a hat; and by the time I have done that, he will be up from Aldershot, and will lead me about—with a string round my neck, I suppose, lest I should bite somebody."

"You could not go better to London than in your own tartan," said the proud mother; "and it is not for an Ogilvie to say how a Macleod shall be dressed. But it is no matter. One after the other has gone; the house is left empty at last. And they all went away like you, with a laugh on their face. It was but a trip, a holiday, they said: they would soon be back to Dare. And where are they this night?"

Old Hamish came in.

"It will be time for the boat now, Sir Keith, and the men are down at the shore."

He rose—the handsome young fellow—and took his broad blue bonnet with the badge of juniper.

"Good-by, Cousin Janet," said he, lightly. "Good-by, mother. You are not going to send me away in this sad fashion? What am I to bring you back—a satin gown from Paris? or a young bride to cheer up the old house?"

She took no heed of the passing jest. He kissed her, and bade her good-by once more. The clear stars were shining over Castle Dare, and over the black shadows of the mountains, and the smoothly swelling waters of the Atlantic. There was a dull booming of the waves along the rocks.

He had thrown his plaid around him, and he was wondering to himself as he descended the steep path to the shore. He could not believe that the two women were really saddened by his going to the south for a while; he was not given to forebodings. And he had nearly reached the shore, when he was overtaken by some one running with a light step behind him. He turned quickly, and found his cousin before him, a shawl thrown round her head and shoulders.

"Oh, Keith," said she, in a bright and matter-of-fact way, "I have a message for you—from myself—and I did not want aunt to hear, for she is very proud, you know, and I hope you won't be. You know we are all very poor, Keith; and yet you must not want money in London, if only for the sake of the family; and you know I have a little, Keith, and I want you to take it. You won't mind my being frank with you. I have written a letter."

She had the envelope in her hand.

"And if I would take money from any one, it would be from you, Cousin Janet; but I am not so selfish as that. What would all the poor people do if I were to take your money to London and spend it?"

"I have kept a little," said she, "and it

is not much that is needed. It is £2000 I would like you to take from me, Keith. I have written a letter."

"Why, bless me, Janet, that is nearly all the money you've got!"

"I know it."

"Well, I may not be able to earn any money for myself, but at least I would not think of squandering your little fortune. No, no; but I thank you all the same, Janet; and I know that it is with a free heart that you offer it."

"But this is a favor, Keith," said she. "I do not ask you to spend the money. But you might be in trouble; and you would be too proud to ask any one—perhaps you would not even ask me; and here is a letter that you can keep till then, and if you should want the money, you can open the letter, and it will tell you how to get it."

"And it is a poor forecast you are making, Cousin Janet," said he, cheerfully. "I am to play the prodigal son, then! But I will take the letter. And good-by again, Janet; and God bless you, for you are a kind-hearted woman."

She went swiftly up to Castle Dare again, and he walked on toward the shore. By-and-by he reached a small stone pier that ran out among some rocks, and by the side of it lay a small sailing launch, with four men in her, and Donald the piper boy perched up at the bow. There was a lamp swinging at her mast, but she had no sail up, for there was scarcely any wind.

"Is it time to go out now?" said Macleod to Hamish, who stood waiting on the pier, having carried down his master's portmanteau.

"Ay, it will be time now, even if you will wait a little," said Hamish. And then the old man added, "It is a dark night, Sir Keith, for your going away from Castle Dare."

"And it will be the brighter morning when I come back," answered the young man, for he could not mistake the intention of the words.

"Yes, indeed, Sir Keith; and now you will go into the boat, and you will take care of your footing, for the night is dark, and the rocks they are always slippery whatever."

But Keith Macleod's foot was as familiar with the soft sea-weed of the rocks as it was with the hard heather of the hills, and he found no difficulty in getting into the broad-beamed boat. The men put out their oars and pushed her off. And now, in the dark night, the skirl of the pipes arose again; and it was no stately and mournful lament that young Donald played up there at the bow as the four oars struck the sea and sent a flash of white fire down into the deeps.

"Donald," Hamish had said to him on the shore, "when you are going out to the steamer, it is the 'Seventy-ninth's Farewell to Chubralter that you will play, and you will play no other thing than that."

And surely the Seventy-ninth were not sorry to leave Gibraltar when their piper composed for them so glad a farewell.

At the high windows of Castle Dare the mother stood, and her niece, and as they watched the yellow lamp move slowly out from the black shore, they heard this proud and joyous march that Donald was playing to herald the approach of his master. They listened to it as it grew fainter and fainter, and as the small yellow star trembling over the dark waters became more and more remote. And then this other sound—this blowing of a steam-whistle far away in the darkness?

"He will be in good time, aunt; she is a long way off yet," said Janet Macleod. But the mother did not speak.

Out there on the dark and moving waters the great steamer was slowly drawing near the open boat; and as she came up, the vast hull of her, seen against the star-lit sky, seemed a mountain.

"Now, Donald," Macleod called out, "you will take the dog—here is the string; and you will see he does not spring into the water."

"Yes, I will take the dog," muttered the boy, half to himself. "Oh yes, I will take the dog; but it was better if I was going with you, Sir Keith, than any dog."

A rope was thrown out, the boat dragged up to the side of the steamer, the small gangway let down, and presently Macleod was on the deck of the large vessel. Then Oscar was hauled up too, and the rope flung loose, and the boat drifted away into the darkness. But the last good-by had not been said, for over the black waters came the sound of the pipes once more, the melancholy wail of "Mackintosh's Lament."

"Confound that obstinate brat!" Macleod said to himself. "Now he will go back to Castle Dare and make the women miserable."

"The captain is below at his supper, Sir Keith," said the mate. "Will you go down to him?"

"Yes, I will go down to him," said he; and he made his way along the deck of the steamer.

He was arrested by the sound of some one crying, and he looked down, and found a woman crouched under the bulwarks, with two small children asleep on her knee.

"My good woman, what is the matter with you?" said he.

"The night is cold," she said, in the Gaelic, "and my children are cold; and it is a long way that we are going."

He answered her in her own tongue.

"You will be warmer if you go below; but here is a plaid for you, anyway;" and with that he took the plaid from round his

shoulders and flung it across the children, and passed on.

That was the way of the Macleods of Dare. They had a royal manner with them. Perhaps that was the reason that their revenues were now far from royal.

And meanwhile the red light still burned in the high windows of Castle Dare, and two women were there looking out on the pale stars and the dark sea beneath. They waited until they heard the plashing of oars in the small bay below, and the message was brought them that Sir Keith had got safely on board the great steamer. Then they turned away from the silent and empty night, and one of them was weeping bitterly.

"It is the last of my six sons that has gone from me," she said, coming back to the old refrain, and refusing to be comforted.

"And I have lost my brother," said Janet Macleod, in her simple way. "But he will come back to us, auntie; and then we shall have great doings at Castle Dare."

CHAPTER II.

MENTOR.

It was with a wholly indescribable surprise and delight that Macleod came upon the life and stir and gayety of London in the sweet June time, when the parks and gardens and squares would of themselves have been a sufficient wonder to him. The change from the sombre shores of lochs Na Keal and Iua and Scridain to this world of sun-lit foliage—the golden yellow of the laburnum, the cream-white of the chestnut, the rose-pink of the red hawthorn, and every where the keen translucent green of the young lime-trees—was enough to fill the heart with joy and gladness, though he had been no diligent student of landscape and color. The few days he had to spend by himself—while getting properly dressed to satisfy the demands of his friend—passed quickly enough. He was not at all ashamed of his country-made clothes as he watched the whirl of carriages in Piccadilly, or lounged under the elms of Hyde Park, with his beautiful silver-white and lemon-colored collie attracting the admiration of every passer-by. Nor had he waited for the permission of Lieutenant Ogilvie to make his entrance into at least one little corner of society. He was recognized in St. James's Street one morning by a noble lady whom he had met once or twice at Inverness; and she, having stopped her carriage, was pleased to ask him to lunch with herself and her husband next day. To the great grief of Oscar, who had to be shut up by himself, Macleod went up next day to Brook Street, and there met several people whose names he knew as representatives of old Highland families, but who were very English, as it seemed to him, in their speech and ways. He was rather petted, for he was a handsome lad, and he had high spirits and a proud air. And his hostess was so kind as to mention that the Caledonian Ball was coming off on the 25th, and of course he must come, in the Highland costume; and as she was one of the patronesses, should she give him a voucher? Macleod answered, laughingly, that he would be glad to have it, though he did not know what it was; whereupon she was pleased to say that no wonder he laughed at the notion of a voucher being wanted for any Macleod of Dare.

One morning a good-looking and slim young man knocked at the door of a small house in Bury Street, St. James's, and asked if Sir Keith Macleod was at home. The man said he was, and the young gentleman entered. He was a most correctly dressed person. His hat and gloves and cane and long-tailed frock-coat were all beautiful; but it was perhaps the tightness of his nether garments, or perhaps the tightness of his brilliantly polished boots (which were partially covered by white gaiters), that made him go up the narrow little stairs with some precision of caution. The door was opened and he was announced.

"My dear old boy," said he, "how do you do?" and Macleod gave him a grip of the hand that nearly burst one of his gloves.

But at this moment an awful accident occurred. From behind the door of the adjacent bedroom, Oscar, the collie, sprang forward with an angry growl; then he seemed to recognize the situation of affairs, when he saw his master holding the stranger's hand; then he began to wag his tail; then he jumped up with his fore-paws to give a kindly welcome.

"Hang it all, Macleod!" young Ogilvie cried, with all the starch gone out of his manner; "your dog's all wet! What's the use of keeping a brute like that about the place?"

Alas! the beautiful, brilliant boots were all besmeared, and the white gaiters too, and the horsey-looking nether garments. Moreover, the Highland savage, so far from betraying compunction, burst into a roar of laughter.

"My dear fellow," he cried, "I put him in my bedroom to dry. I couldn't do more, could I? He has just been in the Serpentine."

"I wish he was there now, with a stone and a string round his neck," observed Lieutenant Ogilvie, looking at his boots; but he repented him of this rash saying, for within a week he had offered Macleod £20 for the dog. He might have offered twenty dozen of £20, and thrown his polished boots and his gaiters too into the bargain, and he would have had the same answer.

Oscar was once more banished into the bedroom; and Mr. Ogilvie sat down, pretending to take no more notice of his boots. Macleod put some sherry on the table, and a handful of cigars; his friend asked whether he could not have a glass of seltzer-water and a cigarette.

"And how do you like the rooms I got for you?"

"There is not much fresh air about them, nor in this narrow street," Macleod said, frankly; "but that is no matter, for I have been out all day—all over London."

"I thought the price was as high as you would care to go," Ogilvie said; "but I forgot you had come fresh up, with your pockets full of money. If you would like something a trifle more princely, I'll put you up to it."

"And where have I got the money? There are no gold mines in the west of Mull. It is you who are Fortunatus."

"By Jove, if you knew how hard a fellow is run at Aldershot," Mr. Ogilvie remarked, confidentially, "you would scarcely believe it. Every new batch of fellows who come in have to be dined all round; and the mess bills are simply awful. It's getting worse and worse; and then these big drinks put one off one's work so."

"You are studying hard, I suppose," Macleod said, quite gravely.

"Pretty well," said he, stretching out his legs, and petting his pretty mustache with his beautiful white hand. Then he added, suddenly, surveying the brown-faced and stalwart young fellow before him, "By Jove, Macleod, I'm glad to see you in London. It's like a breath of mountain air. Don't I remember the awful mornings we've had together—the rain and the mist and the creeping through the bogs? I believe you did your best to kill me. If I hadn't had the constitution of a horse, I should have been killed."

"I should say your big drinks at Aldershot were more likely to kill you than going after the deer," said Macleod. "And will you come up with me this autumn, Ogilvie? The mother will be glad to see you, and Janet too; though we haven't got any fine young ladies for you to make love to, unless you go up to Fort William, or Fort George, or Inverness. And I was all over the moors before I came away; and if there is any thing like good weather, we shall have plenty of birds this year, for I never saw before such a big average of eggs in the nests."

"I wonder you don't let part of that shooting," said young Ogilvie, who knew well of the straitened circumstances of the Macleods of Dare.

"The mother won't have it done," said Macleod, quite simply, "for she thinks it keeps me at home. But a young man can not always stay at home. It is very good for you, Ogilvie, that you have brothers."

"Yes, if I had been the eldest of them," said Mr. Ogilvie. "It is a capital thing to have younger brothers; it isn't half so pleasant when you are the younger brother."

"And will you come up, then, and bury yourself alive at Dare?"

"It is awfully good of you to ask me, Macleod; and if I can manage it, I will; but I am afraid there isn't much chance this year. In the mean time, let me give you a hint. In London we talk of going *down* to the Highlands."

"Oh, do you? I did not think you were so stupid," Macleod remarked.

"Why, of course we do. You speak of going up to the capital of a country, and of going down to the provinces."

"Perhaps you are right—no doubt you are right; but it sounds stupid," the unconvinced Highlander observed again. "It sounds stupid to say going up to the south, and going down to the north. And how can you go down to the Highlands? you might go down to the Lowlands. But no doubt you are right; and I will be more particular. And will you have another cigarette? and then we will go out for a walk, and Oscar will get drier in the street than in-doors."

"Don't imagine I am going out to have that dog plunging about among my feet," said Ogilvie. "But I have something else for you to do. You know Colonel Ross of Duntorme."

"I have heard of him."

"His wife is an awfully nice woman, and would like to meet you. I fancy they think of buying some property—I am not sure it isn't an island—in your part of the country; and she has never been to the Highlands at all. I was to take you down with me to lunch with her at two, if you care to go. There is her card."

Macleod looked at the card.

"How far is Prince's Gate from here?" he asked.

"A mile and a half, I should say."

"And it is now twenty minutes to two," said he, rising. "It will be a nice smart walk."

"Thank you," said Mr. Ogilvie; "if it is all the same to you, we will perform the journey in a hansom. I am not in training just at present for your tramps to Ben-an-Sloich."

"Ah! your boots are rather tight," said Macleod, with grave sympathy.

They got into a hansom, and went spinning along through the crowd of carriages on this brilliant morning. The busy streets, the handsome women, the fine buildings, the bright and beautiful foliage of the parks—all these were a perpetual wonder and delight to the new-comer, who was as eager in the enjoyment of this gay world of pleasure and activity as any girl come up for her first season. Perhaps this notion occurred

to the astute and experienced Lieutenant Ogilvie, who considered it his duty to warn his youthful and ingenuous friend.

"Mrs. Ross is a very handsome woman," he remarked.

"Indeed."

"And uncommonly fascinating too, when she likes."

"Really."

"You had better look out if she tries to fascinate you."

"She is a married woman," said Macleod.

"They are always the worst," said this wise person; "for they are jealous of the younger women."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Macleod, bluntly. "I am not such a greenhorn. I have read all that kind of talk in books and magazines: it is ridiculous. Do you think I will believe that married women have so little self-respect as to make themselves the laughing-stock of men?"

"My dear fellow, they have cart-loads of self-respect. What I mean is that Mrs. Ross is a bit of a lion-hunter, and she may take a fancy to make a lion of you—"

"That is better than to make an ass of me, as you suggested."

"—And naturally she will try to attach you to her set. I don't think you are quite *outré* enough for her; perhaps I made a mistake in putting you into decent clothes. You wouldn't have time to get into your kilts now? But you must be prepared to meet all sorts of queer folks at her house, especially if you stay on a bit and have some tea—mysterious poets that nobody ever heard of, and artists who won't exhibit, and awful swells from the German universities, and I don't know what besides—every body who isn't the least like any body else."

"And what is your claim, then, to go there?" Macleod asked.

"Oh," said the young lieutenant, laughing at the home thrust, "I am only admitted on sufferance, as a friend of Colonel Ross. She never asked *me* to put my name in her autograph-book. But I have done a bit of the jackal for her once or twice, when I happened to be on leave; and she has sent me with people to her box at Covent Garden when she couldn't go herself."

"And how am I to propitiate her? What am I to do?"

"She will soon let you know how you strike her. Either she will pet you, or she will snuff you out like winking. I don't know a woman who has a blanker stare, when she likes."

This idle conversation was suddenly interrupted. At the same moment both young men experienced a sinking sensation, as if the earth had been cut away from beneath their feet; then there was a crash, and they were violently thrown against each other; then they vaguely knew that the cab, heeling over, was being jolted along the street by a runaway horse. Fortunately the horse could not run very fast, for the axle-tree, deprived of its wheel, was tearing at the road; but, all the same, the occupants of the cab thought they might as well get out, and so they tried to force open the two small panels of the door in front of them. But the concussion had so jammed these together that, shove at them as they might, they would not yield. At this juncture, Macleod, who was not accustomed to hansom cabs, and did not at all like this first experience of them, determined to get out somehow; and so he raised himself a bit, so as to get his back firm against the back of the vehicle; he pulled up his leg until his knee almost touched his mouth; he got the heel of his boot firmly fixed on the top edge of the door; and then with one forward drive he tore the panel right away from its hinges. The other was of course flung open at once. Then he grasped the brass rail outside, steadied himself for a moment, and jumped clear from the cab, alighting on the pavement. Strange to say, Ogilvie did not follow, though Macleod, as he rushed along to try to get hold of the horse, momentarily expected to see him jump out. His anxiety was of short duration. The axle-tree caught on the curb; there was a sudden lurch; and then, with a crash of glass, the cab went right over, throwing down the horse, and pitching the driver into the street. It was all the work of a few seconds; and another second seemed to suffice to collect a crowd, even in this quiet part of Kensington Gore. But, after all, very little damage was done, except to the horse, which had cut one of its hocks. When young Mr. Ogilvie scrambled out and got on to the pavement, instead of being grateful that his life had been spared, he was in a towering passion—with whom or what he knew not.

"Why didn't you jump out?" said Macleod to him, after seeing that the cabman was all right.

Ogilvie did not answer; he was looking at his besmeared hands and dishevelled clothes.

"Confound it!" said he; "what's to be done now? The house is just round the corner."

"Let us go in, and they will lend you a clothes-brush."

"As if I had been fighting a bargee? No, thank you. I will go along till I find some tavern, and get myself put to rights."

And this he did gloomily, Macleod accompanying him. It was about a quarter of an hour before he had completed his toilet; and then they set out to walk back to Prince's Gate. Mr. Ogilvie was in a better humor.

"What a fellow you are to jump, Mac-

leod!" said he. "If you had cannoned against that policeman, you would have killed him. And you never paid the cabman for destroying the lid of the door; you prized the thing clean off its hinges. You must have the strength of a giant."

"But where the people came from—it was that surprised me," said Macleod, who seemed to have rather enjoyed the adventure. "It was like one of our sea-lochs in the Highlands—you look all around and can not find any gull any where; but throw a biscuit into the water, and you will find them appearing from all quarters at once. As for the door, I forgot that; but I gave the man half a sovereign to console him for his shaking. Was not that enough?"

"We shall be frightfully late for luncheon," said Mr. Ogilvie, with some concern.

CHAPTER III.

FIONAGHAL.

And indeed when they entered the house—the balconies and windows were a blaze of flowers all shining in the sun—they found that their host and hostess had already come down stairs, and were seated at table with their small party of guests. This circumstance did not lessen Sir Keith Macleod's trepidation; for there is no denying the fact that the young man would rather have faced an angry bull on a Highland road than this party of people in the hushed and semi-darkened and flower-scented room. It seemed to him that his appearance was the signal for a confusion that was equivalent to an earthquake. Two or three servants—all more solemn than any clergyman—began to make new arrangements; a tall lady, benign of aspect, rose and most graciously received him; a tall gentleman, with a gray mustache, shook hands with him; and then, as he vaguely heard young Ogilvie, at the other end of the room, relate the incident of the upsetting of the cab, he found himself seated next to this benign lady, and apparently in a bewildering paradise of beautiful lights and colors and delicious odors. Asparagus soup? Yes, he would take that; but for a second or two this spacious and darkened room, with its stained glass and its sombre walls, and the table before him, with its masses of roses and lilies-of-the-valley, its silver, its crystal, its nectarines, and cherries, and pine-apples, seemed some kind of enchanted place. And then the people talked in a low and hushed fashion, and the servants moved silently and mysteriously, and the air was languid with the scents of fruits and flowers. They gave him some wine in a tall green glass that had transparent lizards crawling up its stem; he had never drank out of a thing like that before.

"It was very kind of Mr. Ogilvie to get you to come; he is a very good boy; he forgets nothing," said Mrs. Ross to him; and as he became aware that she was a pleasant-looking lady of middle age, who regarded him with very friendly and truthful eyes, he vowed to himself that he would bring Mr. Ogilvie to task for representing this decent and respectable woman as a graceless and dangerous coquette. No doubt she was the mother of children. At her time of life she was better employed in the nursery or in the kitchen than in flirting with young men; and could he doubt that she was a good house-mistress when he saw with his own eyes how spick and span every thing was, and how accurately every thing was served? Even if his cousin Janet lived in the south, with all these fine flowers and hot-house fruits to serve her purpose, she could not have done better. He began to like this pleasant-eyed woman, though she seemed delicate, and a trifle languid, and in consequence he sometimes could not quite make out what she said. But then he noticed that the other people talked in this limp fashion too: there was no precision about their words; frequently they seemed to leave you to guess the end of their sentences. As for the young lady next him, was she not very delicate also? He had never seen such hands—so small and fine and white. And although she talked only to her neighbor on the other side of her, he could hear that her voice, low and musical as it was, was only a murmur.

"Miss White and I," said Mrs. Ross to him—and at this moment the young lady turned to them—"were talking before you came in of the beautiful country you must know so well, and of its romantic stories and associations with Prince Charlie. Gertrude, let me introduce Sir Keith Macleod to you. I told Miss White you might come to us to-day; and she was saying what a pity it was that Flora Macdonald was not a Macleod."

"That was very kind," said he, frankly, turning to this tall, pale girl, with the rippling hair of golden brown and the heavy-lidded and downcast eyes. And then he laughed. "We would not like to steal the honor from a woman, even though she was a Macdonald, and you know the Macdonalds and the Macleods were not very friendly in the old time. But we can claim something too about the escape of Prince Charlie, Mrs. Ross. After Flora Macdonald had got him safe from Harris to Skye, she handed him over to the sons of Macleod of Raasay, and it was owing to them that he got to the main-land. You will find many people up there to this day who believe that if Macleod had gone out in '45, Prince Charlie would never have had to flee at all. But I think the Macleods had done enough for

the Stuarts; and it was but little thanks they ever got in return, so far as I could ever hear. Do you know, Mrs. Ross, my mother wears mourning every 3d of September, and will eat nothing from morning till night. It is the anniversary of the battle of Worcester; and then the Macleods were so smashed up that for a long time the other clans relieved them from military service."

"You are not much of a Jacobite, Sir Keith," said Mrs. Ross, smiling.

"Only when I hear a Jacobite song sung," said he. "Then who can fail to be a Jacobite?"

He had become quite friendly with this amiable lady. If he had been afraid that his voice, in these delicate southern ears, must sound like the first guttural drone of Donald's pipes at Castle Dare, he had speedily lost that fear. The manly, sun-browned face and clear-glancing eyes were full of animation; he was oppressed no longer by the solemnity of the servants; so long as he talked to her he was quite confident; he had made friends with this friendly woman. But he had not as yet dared to address the pale girl who sat on his right, and who seemed so fragile and beautiful and distant in manner.

"After all," said he to Mrs. Ross, "there were no more Highlanders killed in the cause of the Stuarts than used to be killed every year or two merely out of the quarrels of the clans among themselves. All about where I live there is scarcely a rock, or a loch, or an island, that has not its story. And I think," added he, with a becoming modesty, "that the Macleods were by far the most treacherous and savage and bloodthirsty of the whole lot of them."

And now the fair stranger beside him addressed him for the first time; and as she did so, she turned her eyes toward him—clear, large eyes that rather startled one when the heavy lids were lifted, so full of expression were they.

"I suppose," said she, with a certain demure smile, "you have no wild deeds done there now?"

"Oh, we have become quite peaceable folks now," said he, laughing. "Our spirit is quite broken. The wild boars are all away from the islands now, even from Muick; we have only the sheep. And the Mackenzies, and the Macleans, and the Macleods—they are all sheep now."

Was it not quite obvious? How could any one associate with this bright-faced young man the fierce traditions of hate and malice and revenge that make the seas and islands of the north still more terrible in their loneliness? Those were the days of strong wills and strong passions, and of an easy disregard of individual life when the gratification of some set desire was near. What had this Macleod to do with such scorching fires of hate and of love? He was playing with a silver fork and half a dozen strawberries: Miss White's surmise was perfectly natural and correct.

The ladies went up stairs, and the men, after the claret had gone round, followed them. And now it seemed to this rude Highlander that he was only going from wonder to wonder. Half-way up the narrow staircase was a large recess dimly lit by the sunlight falling through stained glass, and there was a small fountain playing in the middle of this grotto, and all around was a wilderness of ferns dripping with the spray, while at the entrance two stone figures held up magical globes on which the springing and falling water was reflected. Then from this partial gloom he emerged into the drawing-room—a dream of rose-pink and gold, with the air sweetened around him by the masses of roses and tall lilies about. His eyes were rather bewildered at first; the figures of the women seemed dark against the white lace of the windows. But as he went forward to his hostess, he could make out still further wonders of color; for in the balconies outside, in the full glare of the sun, were geraniums and lobelias and golden calceolarias and red snapdragon, their bright hues faintly tempered by the thin curtains through which they were seen. He could not help expressing his admiration of these things that were so new to him, for it seemed to him that he had come into a land of perpetual summer and sunshine and glowing flowers. Then the luxuriant greenness of the foliage on the other side of Exhibition Road—for Mrs. Ross's house faced westward—was, as he said, singularly beautiful to one accustomed to the windy skies of the western isles.

"But you have not seen our elm—our own elm," said Mrs. Ross, who was arranging some azaleas that had just been sent her. "We are very proud of our elm. Gertrude, will you take Sir Keith to see our noble elm?"

He had almost forgotten who Gertrude was; but the next second he recognized the low and almost timid voice that said,

"Will you come this way, then, Sir Keith?"

He turned, and found that it was Miss White who spoke. How was it that this girl, who was only a girl, seemed to do things so easily, and gently, and naturally, without any trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness? He followed her, and knew not which to admire the more, the careless simplicity of her manner or the singular symmetry of her tall and slender figure. He had never seen any statue or any picture in any book to be compared with this woman, who was so fine and rare and delicate that she seemed only a beautiful tall

flower in this garden of flowers. There was a strange simplicity, too, about her dress—a plain, tight-fitting, tight-sleeved dress of unrelieved black, her only adornment being some bands of big blue beads worn loosely round the neck. The black figure, in this shimmer of rose-pink and gold and flowers, was effective enough; but even the finest of pictures or the finest of statues has not the subtle attraction of a graceful carriage. Macleod had never seen any woman walk as this woman walked, in so stately and yet so simple a way.

From Mrs. Ross's chief drawing-room they passed into an ante-drawing-room, which was partly a passage and partly a conservatory. On the window side were some rows of Cape heaths, on the wall side some rows of blue and white plates; and it was one of the latter that was engaging the attention of two persons in this anteroom—Colonel Ross himself and a little old gentleman in gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Shall I introduce you to my father?" said Miss White to her companion; and, after a word or two, they passed on.

"I think papa is invaluable to Colonel Ross," said she; "he is as good as an auctioneer at telling the value of china. Look at this beautiful heath. Mrs. Ross is very proud of her heaths."

The small white fingers scarcely touched the beautiful blossoms of the plant; but which were the more palely roseate and waxen? If one were to grasp that hand—in some sudden moment of entreaty, in the sharp joy of reconciliation, in the agony of farewell—would it not be crushed like a frail flower?

"There is our elm," said she, lightly. "Mrs. Ross and I regard it as our own, we have sketched it so often."

They had emerged from the conservatory into a small square room, which was practically a continuation of the drawing-room, but which was decorated in pale blue and silver, and filled with a lot of knickknacks that showed it was doubtless Mrs. Ross's boudoir. And out there, in the clear June sunshine, lay the broad greensward behind Prince's Gate, with the one splendid elm spreading his broad branches into the blue sky, and throwing a soft shadow on the corner of the gardens next to the house. How sweet and still it was!—as still as the calm clear light in this girl's eyes. There was no passion there, and no trouble; only the light of a June day, and of blue skies, and a peaceful soul. She rested the tips of her fingers on a small rose-wood table that stood by the window: surely, if a spirit ever lived in any table, the wood of this table must have thrilled to its core.

And had he given all this trouble to this perfect creature merely that he should look at a tree? and was he to say some ordinary thing about an ordinary elm to tell her how grateful he was?

"It is like a dream to me," he said, honestly enough, "since I came to London. You seem always to have sunlight and plenty of fine trees and hot-house flowers. But I suppose you have winter like the rest of us?"

"Or we should very soon tire of all this, beautiful as it is," said she; and she looked rather wistfully out on the broad still gardens. "For my part, I should very soon tire of it. I should think there was more excitement in the wild storms and the dark nights of the north; there must be a strange fascination in the short winter days among the mountains, and the long winter nights by the side of the Atlantic."

He looked at her and smiled. That fierce fascination he knew something of: how had she guessed at it? And as for her talking as if she herself would gladly brave these storms—was it for a foam bell to brave a storm? was it for a rose leaf to meet the driving rains of Ben-an-Sloich?

"Shall we go back now?" said she; and as she turned to lead the way he could not fail to remark how shapely her neck was, for her rich golden brown hair was loosely gathered up behind.

But just at this moment Mrs. Ross made her appearance.

"Come," said she, "we shall have a chat all to ourselves; and you will tell me, Sir Keith, what you have seen since you came to London, and what has struck you most. And you must stay with us, Gertrude. Perhaps Sir Keith will be so kind as to freeze your blood with another horrible story about the Highlanders. I am only a poor southerner, and had to get up my legends from books. But this wicked girl, Sir Keith, delights as much in stories of bloodshed as a school-boy does."

"You will not believe her," said Miss White, in that low-toned, gravely sincere voice of hers, while a faint shell-like pink suffused her face. "It was only that we were talking of the Highlands, because we understood you were coming; and Mrs. Ross was trying to make out"—and here a spice of proud mischief came into the ordinarily calm eyes—"she was trying to make out that you must be a very terrible and dangerous person, who would probably murder us all if we were not civil to you."

"Well, you know, Sir Keith," said Mrs. Ross, apologetically, "you acknowledge yourself that you Macleods were a very dreadful lot of people at one time. What a shame it was to track the poor fellow over the snow, and then deliberately to put brush-wood in front of the cave, and then suffocate whole two hundred persons at once!"

"Oh yes, no doubt," said he; "but the

Macdonalds were asked first to give up the men that had bound the Macleods hand and foot and set them adrift in the boat, and they would not do it. And if the Macdonalds had got the Macleods into a cave, they would have suffocated them too. The Macdonalds began it."

"Oh, no, no, no," protested Mrs. Ross; "I can remember better than that. What were the Macleods about on the island at all when they had to be sent off, tied hand and foot, in their boats?"

"And what is the difference between tying a man hand and foot and putting him out in the Atlantic, and suffocating him in a cave? It was only by an accident that the wind drifted them over to Skye."

"I shall begin to fear that you have some of the old blood in you," said Mrs. Ross, with a smile, "if you try to excuse one of the cruelest things ever heard of."

"I do not excuse it at all," said he, simply. "It was very bad—very cruel. But perhaps the Macleods were not so much worse than others. It was not a Macleod at all, it was a Gordon—and she a woman, too—that killed the chief of the Mackintoshes after she had received him as a friend. 'Put your head down on the table,' said she to the chief, 'in token of your submission to the Earl of Huntly.' And no sooner had he bowed his neck than she whipped out a knife and cut his head off. That was a Gordon, not a Macleod. And I do not think the Macleods were so much worse than their neighbors, after all."

"Oh, how can you say that?" exclaimed his persecutor. "Who was ever guilty of such an act of treachery as setting fire to the barn at Dunvegan? Macdonald and his men get driven on to Skye by the bad weather; they beg for shelter from their old enemy; Macleod professes to be very great friends with them; and Macdonald is to sleep in the castle, while his men have a barn prepared for them. You know very well, Sir Keith, that if Macdonald had remained that night in Dunvegan Castle he would have been murdered; and if the Macleod girl had not given a word of warning to her sweetheart, the men in the barn would have been burned to death. I think if I were a Macdonald I should be proud of that scene—the Macdonalds marching down to their boats with their pipes playing, while the barn was all in a blaze, fired by their treacherous enemies. Oh, Sir Keith, I hope there are no Macleods of that sort alive now."

"There are not, Mrs. Ross," said he, gravely. "They were all killed by the Macdonalds, I suppose."

"I do believe," said she, "that it was a Macleod who built a stone tower on a lonely island, and imprisoned his wife there—"

"Miss White," the young man said, modestly, "will not you help me? Am I to be made responsible for all the evil doings of my ancestors?"

"It is really not fair, Mrs. Ross," said she; and the sound of this voice pleading for him went to his heart: it was not as the voice of other women.

"I only meant to punish you," said Mrs. Ross, "for having traversed the indictment—I don't know whether that is the proper phrase, or what it means, but it sounds well. You first acknowledged that the Macleods were by far the most savage of the people living up there: and then you tried to make out that the poor creatures whom they harried were as cruel as themselves."

"What is cruel now was not cruel then," he said; "it was a way of fighting; it was what is called an ambush now—enticing your enemy, and then taking him at a disadvantage. And if you did not do that to him, he would do it to you. And when a man is mad with anger or revenge, what does he care for any thing?"

"I thought we were all sheep now," said she.

"Do you know the story of the man who was flogged by Maclean of Lochbuy—that is in Mull," said he, not heeding her remark. "You do not know that old story?"

They did not; and he proceeded to tell it in a grave and simple fashion which was sufficiently impressive. For he was talking to these two friends now in the most unembarrassed way; and he had, besides, the chief gift of a born narrator—an utter forgetfulness of himself. His eyes rested quite naturally on their eyes as he told his tale. But first of all, he spoke of the exceeding loyalty of the Highland folk to the head of their clan. Did they know that other story of how Maclean of Duart tried to capture the young heir of the house of Lochbuy, and how the boy was rescued and carried away by his nurse? And when, arrived at man's estate, he returned to revenge himself on those who had betrayed him, among them was the husband of the nurse. The young chief would have spared the life of this man, for the old woman's sake. "*Let the tail go with the hide*," said she, and he was slain with the rest. And then the narrator went on to the story of the flogging. He told them how Maclean of Lochbuy was out after the deer one day; and his wife, with her child, had come out to see the shooting. They were driving the deer; and at a particular pass a man was stationed so that, should the deer come that way, he should turn them back. The deer came to this pass; the man failed to turn them; the chief was mad with rage. He gave orders that the man's back should be bared, and that he should be flogged before all the people.

"Very well," continued Macleod. "It was done. But it is not safe to do any thing like that to a Highlander; at least it *was* not safe to do any thing like that to a Highlander in those days; for, as I told you, Mrs. Ross, we are all like sheep now. Then they went after the deer again; but at one moment the man that had been flogged seized Maclean's child from the nurse, and ran with it across the mountain-side, till he reached a place overhanging the sea. And he held out the child over the sea; and it was no use that Maclean begged on his knees for forgiveness. Even the passion of loyalty was lost now in the fierceness of his revenge. This was what the man said—that unless Maclean had his back bared there and then before all the people, and flogged as he had been flogged, then the child should be dashed into the sea below. There was nothing to be done but that—no prayers, no offers, no appeals from the mother, were of any use. And so it was that Maclean of Lochbuy was flogged there before his own people, and his enemy above looking on. And then? When it was over, the man called aloud, 'Revenged! revenged!' and sprang into the air with the child along with him; and neither of them was ever seen again after they had sank into the sea. It is an old story."

An old story, doubtless, and often told; but its effect on this girl sitting beside him was strange. Her clasped hands trembled; her eyes were glazed and fascinated as if by some spell. Mrs. Ross, noticing this extreme tension of feeling, and fearing it, hastily rose.

"Come, Gertrude," she said, taking the girl by the hand, "we shall be frightened to death by these stories. Come and sing us a song—a French song, all about tears, and fountains, and bits of ribbon—or we shall be seeing the ghosts of murdered Highlanders coming in here in the daytime."

Macleod, not knowing what he had done, but conscious that something had occurred, followed them into the drawing-room, and retired to a sofa, while Miss White sat down to the open piano. He hoped he had not offended her. He would not frighten her again with any ghastly stories from the wild northern seas.

And what was this French song that she was about to sing? The pale, slender fingers were wandering over the keys; and there was a sound—faint and clear and musical—as of the rippling of summer seas. And sometimes the sounds came nearer; and now he fancied he recognized some old familiar strain; and he thought of his cousin Janet somehow, and of summer days down by the blue waters of the Atlantic. A French song? Surely if this air, that seemed to come nearer and nearer, was blown from any earthly land, it had come from the valleys of Lochiel and Ardgour, and from the still shores of Arisaig and Moidart? Oh yes; it was a very pretty French song that she had chosen to please Mrs. Ross with.

"A wee bird cam' to our ha' door"—

this was what she sang; and though, to tell the truth, she had not much of a voice, it was exquisitely trained, and she sang with a tenderness and expression such as he, at least, had never heard before—

"He warbled sweet and clearly;
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was 'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'
Oh, when I heard the bonnie, bonnie bird,
The tears cam' drappin' rarely;
I took my bonnet off my head,
For well I lo'ed Prince Charlie."

It could not have entered into his imagination to believe that such pathos could exist apart from the actual sorrow of the world. The instrument before her seemed to speak; and the low, joint cry was one of infinite grief and longing and love.

"Quoth I, 'My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow?
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?'
'Oh, no, no, no,' the wee bird sang;
'I've flown sin' mornin' early;
But sic a day o' wind an' rain—
Oh, wae's me for Prince Charlie!'"

Mrs. Ross glanced archly at him when she discovered what sort of French song it was that Miss White had chosen; but he paid no heed. His only thought was, "*If only the mother and Janet could hear this strange singing!*"

When she had ended, Mrs. Ross came over to him and said, "That is a great compliment to you."

And he answered, simply, "I have never heard any singing like that."

Then young Mr. Ogilvie—whose existence, by-the-way, he had entirely and most ungratefully forgotten—came up to the piano, and began to talk in a very pleasant and amusing fashion to Miss White. She was turning over the leaves of the book before her, and Macleod grew angry with this idle interference. Why should this lily-fingered jackanapes, whom a man could wind round a reel and throw out of window, disturb the rapt devotion of this beautiful Saint Cecilia?

She struck a firmer chord; the by-standers withdrew a bit; and of a sudden it seemed to him that all the spirit of all the clans was ringing in the proud fervor of this fragile girl's voice. Whence had she got this fierce Jacobite passion that thrilled him to the very finger-tips?

"I'll to Lochiel, and Appin, and kneel to them,
Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie:

Brave Mackintosh, he shall fly to the field with them;
These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!"

Could any man fail to answer? Could any man die otherwise than gladly if he died with such an appeal ringing in his ears? Macleod did not know there was scarcely any more volume in this girl's voice now than when she was singing the plaintive wail that preceded it: it seemed to him that there was the strength of the tread of armies in it, and a challenge that could rouse a nation.

"Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!
Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the broad claymore
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie!
Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee,
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie!"

She shut the book, with a light laugh, and left the piano. She came over to where Macleod sat. When he saw that she meant to speak to him, he rose and stood before her.

"I must ask your pardon," said she, smiling, "for singing two Scotch songs, for I know the pronunciation is very difficult."

He answered with no idle compliment.

"If *Tearlach ban og*, as they used to call him, were alive now," said he—and indeed there was never any Stuart of them all, not even the Fair Young Charles himself, who looked more handsome than this same Macleod of Dare who now stood before her—"you would get him more men to follow him than any flag or standard he ever raised."

She cast her eyes down.

Mrs. Ross's guests began to leave.

"Gertrude," said she, "will you drive with me for half an hour—the carriage is at the door? And I know the gentlemen want to have a cigar in the shade of Kensington Gardens: they might come back and have a cup of tea with us."

But Miss White had some engagement; she and her father left together; and the young men followed them almost directly, Mrs. Ross saying that she would be most pleased to see Sir Keith Macleod any Tuesday or Thursday afternoon he happened to be passing, as she was always at home on these days.

"I don't think we can do better than take her advice about the cigar," said young Ogilvie, as they crossed to Kensington Gardens. "What do you think of her?"

"Of Mrs. Ross?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I think she is a very pleasant woman."

"Yes, but," said Mr. Ogilvie, "how did she strike you? Do you think she is as fascinating as some men think her?"

"I don't know what men think about her," said Macleod. "It never occurred to me to ask whether a married woman was fascinating or not. I thought she was a friendly woman—talkative, amusing, clever enough."

They lit their cigars in the cool shadow of the great elms: who does not know how beautiful Kensington Gardens are in June? And yet Macleod did not seem disposed to be garrulous about these new experiences of his; he was absorbed, and mostly silent.

"That is an extraordinary fancy she has taken for Gertrude White," Mr. Ogilvie remarked.

"Why extraordinary?" the other asked, with sudden interest.

"Oh, well, it is unusual, you know. But she is a nice girl enough, and Mrs. Ross is fond of odd folks. You didn't speak to old White?—his head is a sort of British Museum of antiquities; but he is of some use to these people—he is such a swell about old armor and china and such things. They say he wants to be sent out to dig for Dido's funeral pyre at Carthage, and that he is only waiting to get the trinkets made at Birmingham."

They walked on a bit in silence.

"I think you made a good impression on Mrs. Ross," said Mr. Ogilvie, coolly. "You'll find her an uncommonly useful woman, if she takes a fancy to you; for she knows every body and goes every where, though her own house is too small to let her entertain properly. By-the-way, Macleod, I don't think you could have hit on a worse fellow than I to take you about, for I am so little in London that I have become a rank outsider. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you if you will go with me to-night to Lord Beauregard's, who is an old friend of mine. I will ask him to introduce you to some people—and his wife gives very good dances—and if any royal or imperial swell comes to town, you'll be sure to run against him there. I forget who it is they are receiving there to-night; but anyhow you'll meet two or three of the fat duchesses whom Dizzy adores; and I shouldn't wonder if that Irish girl were there—the new beauty: Lady Beauregard is very clever at picking people up."

"Will Miss White be there?" Macleod asked, apparently deeply engaged in probing the end of his cigar.

His companion looked up in surprise. Then a new fancy seemed to occur to him, and he smiled very slightly.

"Well, no," said he, slowly, "I don't think she will. In fact, I am almost sure she will be at the Piccadilly Theatre. If you like, we will give up Lady Beauregard, and after dinner go the Piccadilly Theatre instead. How will that do?"

"I think that will do very well," said Macleod.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

BOOK FIRST

Depicts the scenes which result from an antagonism between the hopes of four persons inhabiting one of the innermost recesses of Wessex. By reason of this strife of wishes, a happy consummation to all concerned is impossible, as matters stand; but an easing of the situation is begun by the inevitable decadence of a too capricious love, and rumors of a new arrival.

CHAPTER I.

A FACE UPON WHICH TIME MAKES BUT LITTLE IMPRESSION.

A SATURDAY afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of uninclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment after moment. Overhead, the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen, the earth with the swarthiest of vegetation, their closing line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath wore the appearance of an installment of night, which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come: darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upward, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his fagot and go home. The meeting rims of the world and of the firmament seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to eve; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.

In fact, precisely at this transitional point of its nightly roll into darkness, the great and particular glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath who had not been there at such a time. It could best be felt when it could not clearly be seen. Its completed effect and explanation lay in this and the succeeding hours before the next dawn: then, and only then, did it tell its true tale. The spot was indeed a close relation of night; and when the night was beginning to draw near, a certain tendency to gravitate together could be perceived between its shades and the scene. The sombre stretches of round and hollow seemed to rise to meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy; nay, they anticipated its livery, putting on the obscurity of night while the upper night of the sky was still far in the distance. First, the heath exhaled darkness; next, the heavens precipitated it. The obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land then closed together in a black fraternization toward which each advanced half-way.

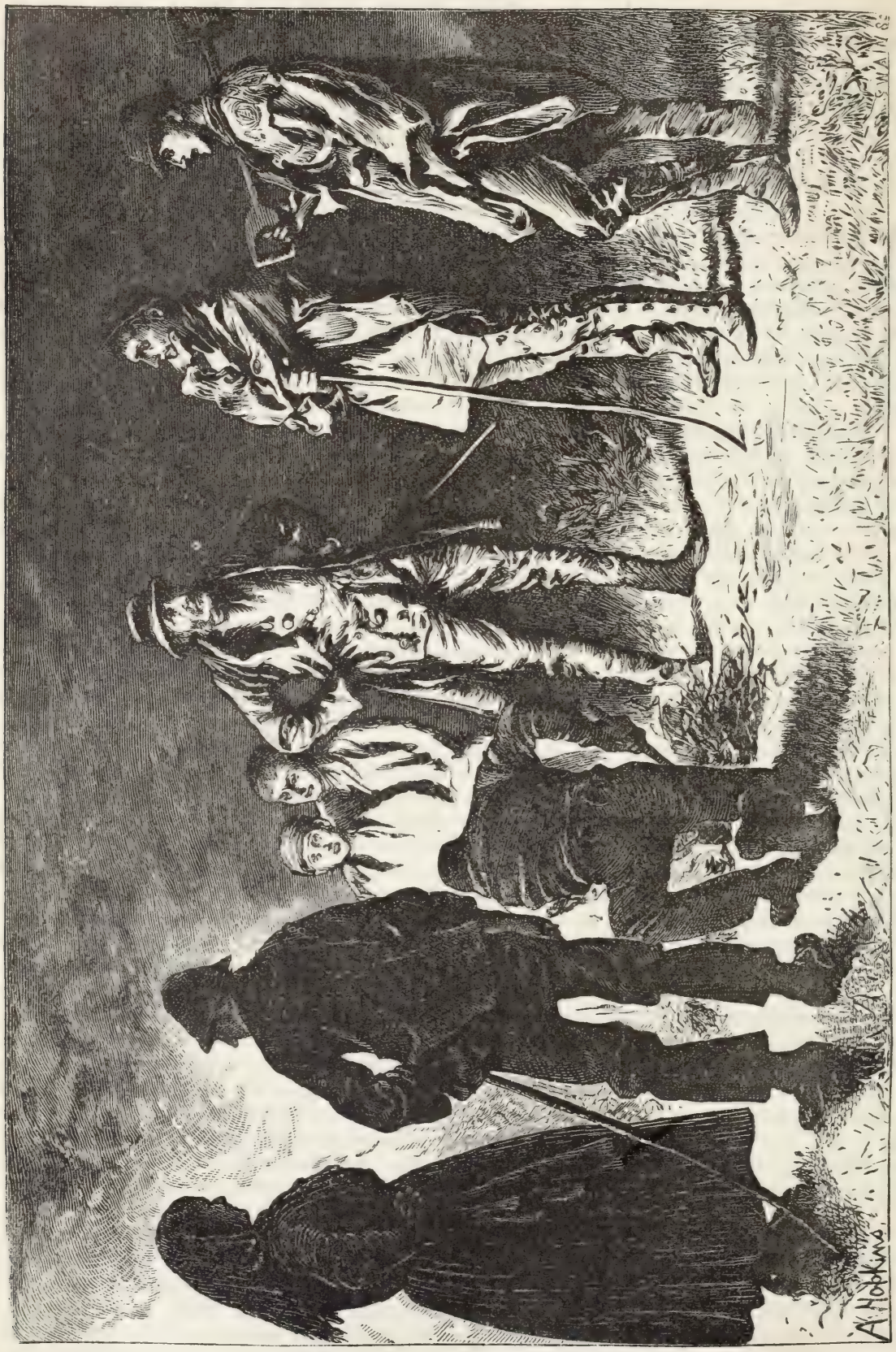
The place became full of a watchful intentness now. When other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed thus to await something. What it awaited none could say. It had waited unmoved during so many centuries, through the crises of so many other things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champaigns of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issues than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for their attractions were utterly wanting. Gay prospects wed happily with gay times; but, alas, if times be not gay! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learned emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming.

Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule: human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. Shall we say that man has grown so accustomed to his spiritual Bastile that he no longer looks forward to, and even shrinks from, a casual emergence into unusual brightness? The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is ab-

solutely consonant with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle gardens of South Europe are to him now, and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand dunes of Scheveningen.

The most thorough-going ascetic could feel that he had a natural right to wander on Egdon: he was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colors and beauties so far subdued were at least the birthright of all. Only in summer days of highest feather did its mood touch the level of gayety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by



"THE PERMANENT MORAL EXPRESSION IN EACH FACE IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO DISCOVER."—[SEE PAGE 421.]

way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists.

Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity. The storm was its lover; the wind was its friend. Then it became the lair of strange phantoms: it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present an environment perfectly accordant with man's nature—a scene neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly; neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted, enduring, and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

This obscure tract of land, this superseded country, this obsolete thing, figures in Domesday. Its condition is recorded therein as that of heathy, furzy, briery wilderness—"Bruaria." Then follows the length and breadth in leagues; and, though some uncertainty exists as to the exact extent of this ancient lineal measure, it appears from the figures that the area of Egdon down to the present day has but little diminished. "Tubaria Bruaria"—the right of cutting heath turf—occurs in charters relating to the district. "Overgrown with heth and mosse," says Leland of the same dark sweep of country.

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscape—far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untamable, Ishmaelitish thing that Egdon now was, it always had been. Civilization was its enemy. Ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress, the natural and invariable garment of the formation. In its monomorphous costume lay a certain vein of satire on human vanity in clothes. For this reason a person on a heath, in raiment of modern cut and colors, wears more or less an anomalous look. We seem to want the oldest and simplest human clothing where the clothing of the earth is so primitive.

To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as now, where the eye could reach nothing of the world outside the summits and shoulders of heath-land which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that every thing around and underneath had been from prehistoric times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, and harassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea can not claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers changed, the villages changed, the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victim of floods and deposits. With the exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow, presently to be referred to—themselves almost crystallized to cosmic products by long continuance—even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change.

The above-mentioned highway traversed in a straight line the lower levels of the heath, from one horizon to another. In many portions of its course it overlaid an old vicinal way, which branched from the great western road of the Romans, the Via Iceniana, or Ikenild Street, hard by. On the evening under consideration it would have been noticed that, though the gloom had increased sufficiently to confuse the minor features of the heath, the white surface of the road remained almost as clear as ever.

CHAPTER II.

HUMANITY APPEARS UPON THE SCENE, HAND IN HAND WITH TROUBLE.

Along the road walked an old man. He was white-headed as a mountain, bowed in the shoulders, and faded in general aspect. He wore a glazed hat, an ancient boat-cloak, and shoes; his brass buttons bearing an anchor upon their face. In his hand was a silver-headed walking-stick, which he used as a veritable third leg, perseveringly dotting the ground with its point at every few inches interval. One would have said that he had been, in his day, a naval officer of some order or other.

Before him stretched the long laborious road, dry, straight, and white. It was quite open to the heath on each side, and bisected that vast dark surface like the parting-line on a head of raven hair, diminishing to a point on the furthest horizon.

The old man frequently stretched his eyes ahead to gaze over the tract that he yet had to traverse. At length he discerned, a long distance in front of him, a moving spot, which appeared to be a vehicle, and it proved to be going the same way as that in which he himself was journeying. It was the single atom of life that the scene contained, and it only served to render the general loneliness more palpable. Its rate of

advance was slow, and the old man gained upon it sensibly.

When he drew nearer, he perceived it to be a spring van, ordinary in shape, but singular in color, this being a lurid red. The driver walked beside it. Like his van, he was completely red. One dye of that tincture covered his clothes, the cap upon his head, his boots, his face, his hands. He was not temporarily overlaid with the color as with dirt: it permeated him.

The old man knew the meaning of this. The traveller with the cart was a reddleman —a person whose vocation it was to supply farmers with redding for their sheep. He was one of a class rapidly becoming extinct in Wessex, filling at present in the rural world the place which, during the last century, the dodo occupied in the world of animals. He is a curious, interesting, and nearly perished link between obsolete forms of life and those which generally prevail.

The decayed officer by degrees came up alongside his fellow-wayfarer, and wished him good-evening. The reddleman turned his head, and replied in sad and occupied tones. He was young, and his face, if not exactly handsome, approached so near to handsome that nobody would have contradicted an assertion that it really was so in its natural color. His eye, which glared so strangely through his stain, was in itself attractive—keen as that of a bird of prey, and blue as autumn mist. He had neither whisker nor mustache, which allowed the soft curves of the lower part of his face to be apparent. His lips were thin, and though, as it seemed, compressed by thought, there was a pleasant twitch at their corners now and then. He was clothed throughout in a tight-fitting suit of corduroy, excellent in quality, not much worn, and well-chosen for its purpose, but deprived of its original color by his trade. It showed to advantage the good shape of his figure. A certain well-to-do air about the man suggested that he was not poor for his degree. The natural query of an observer would have been, Why should such a promising being as this have hidden his prepossessing exterior by adopting that singular occupation?

After replying to the old man's greeting, he showed no inclination to continue in talk, although they still walked side by side, for the elder traveller seemed to desire company. There were no sounds but that of the booming wind upon the stretch of tawny herbage around them, the cracking wheels, the tread of the men, and the footsteps of the two shaggy ponies which drew the van. They were small hardy animals, of a breed between Galloway and Exmoor, and were known as heath-croppers here.

Now as they thus pursued their way, the reddleman occasionally left his companion's side, and, stepping behind the van, looked into its interior through a small window. The look was always anxious. He would then return to the old man, who made another remark about the state of the country, to which the reddleman again abstractedly replied; and then again they would lapse into silence. The silence conveyed to neither any sense of awkwardness; in these lonely places, wayfarers, after a first greeting, frequently plod on for miles without speech; contiguity amounts to a tacit conversation where, otherwise than in cities, such contiguity can be put an end to on the merest inclination, and where, not to put an end to it, is intercourse in itself.

Possibly these two might not have spoken again till their parting, had it not been for the reddleman's visits to his van. When he returned from his fifth time of looking in, the old man said, "You have something inside there besides your load?"

"Yes."

"Somebody who wants looking after?"

"Yes."

Not long after this a sound came from the interior. It was a faint cry, apparently the voice of a female. The reddleman hastened to the back, looked in, and came away again.

"You have a child there, my man?"

"No, Sir; I have a woman."

"The deuce you have! Why did she cry out?"

"Oh, she has fallen asleep, and not being used to travelling, she's uneasy, and keeps dreaming."

"A young woman?"

"Yes, a young woman."

"That would have interested me forty years ago. Perhaps she's your wife?"

"My wife," said the other, bitterly. "She's above mating with such as I. But there's no reason why I should tell you about that."

"That's true. And there's no reason why you should not. What harm can I do to you or to her?"

The reddleman looked in the old man's face. "Well, Sir," he said at last, "I knew her before to-day, though perhaps it would have been better if I had not. But she's nothing to me, and I am nothing to her, and she wouldn't have been in my van if any better carriage had been there to take her."

"Where, may I ask?"

"At Southerton."

"I know the town well. What was she doing there?"

"Oh, not much—to gossip about. However, she's tired to death now, and not at all well, and that's what makes her so restless. She dropped off into a nap about an hour ago, and 'twill do her good."

"A nice-looking girl, no doubt?"

"You would say so."

The other traveller turned his eyes with interest toward the van window, and, with-

out withdrawing them, said, "I presume I might look in upon her."

"No," said the reddleman, abruptly. "It is getting too dark for you to see much of her; and, more than that, I have no right to allow you. Thank God she sleeps so well: I hope she won't wake till she's home."

"Who is she? One of the neighborhood?"

"'Tis no matter who—excuse me."

"It is not that damsel of Blooms End, who has been talked about more or less lately? If so, I know her; and I can guess what has happened."

"'Tis no matter . . . Now, Sir, I am sorry to say that we shall soon have to part company. My ponies are tired, and I have further to go, and I am going to rest them under this bank for an hour."

The elder traveller nodded his head indifferently, and the reddleman turned his horses and van in upon the turf, saying, "Good-night." The old man replied, and proceeded on his way as before.

The reddleman watched his form as it diminished to a speck on the road, and became absorbed in the thickening films of night. He then took some hay from a truss which was slung up under the van, and, throwing a portion of it in front of the horses, made a pad of the rest, which he laid on the ground beside his vehicle. Upon this he sat down, leaning his back against the wheel. From the interior a low soft breathing came to his ear. It appeared to satisfy him, and he musingly surveyed the scene, as if considering the next step that he should take.

To do things musingly and by small degrees seemed, indeed, to be a duty in the Egdon valleys at this transitional hour, for there was that in the condition of the heath itself which resembled protracted and halting dubiousness. It was the quality of the stillness appertaining to the scene. This was not the stillness of actual stagnation, but the apparent stillness of incredible slowness. A condition of healthy life so nearly resembling the torpor of death is a noticeable thing of its sort; to exhibit the inertness of the desert, and at the same time to be exercising powers akin to those of the meadow, and even of the forest, awakened in those who thought of it the attentiveness usually engendered by under-statement and reserve.

The scene before the reddleman's eyes was a gradual series of ascents from the level of the road backward into the heart of the heath. It embraced hillocks, pits, ridges, acclivities, one behind the other, till all was finished by a high hill cutting against the still light sky. The traveller's eye hovered about these things for a time, and finally settled upon one noteworthy object up there. It was a barrow. This bossy projection of earth above its natural level occupied the loftiest ground of the loneliest height that the heath contained. Although from the vale it appeared but as a wart on an Atlantean brow, its actual bulk was great. It formed the pole and axis of this heathery world.

As the resting man looked at the barrow he became aware that its summit, hitherto the highest object in the whole prospect round, was surmounted by something higher. What the barrow was to the hill supporting it, the object was to the barrow. It rose from the semi-globular mound like a spike from a helmet. The first instinct of an imaginative stranger might have been to suppose it the person of one of the Celts who built the barrow, so far had all of modern date withdrawn from the scene. It seemed a sort of last man among them, musing for a moment before dropping into eternal night with the rest of his race.

There the form stood, motionless as the hill beneath. Above the plain rose the hill; above the hill rose the barrow; above the barrow rose the figure. Above the figure was nothing that could be mapped elsewhere than on a celestial globe.

Such a perfect, delicate, and necessary finish did the figure give to the dark pile of hills that it seemed to be the only obvious justification of their outline. Without it, there was the dome without the lantern; with it, the architectural demands of the mass were satisfied. The scene was strangely homogeneous. The upland and the vale beneath it, the barrow and the figure above it, all of these amounted only to unity. Looking at this or that member of the group was not observing a complete thing, but a fraction of a thing.

The form was so much like an organic part of the entire motionless structure that to see it move would have impressed the mind as a strange phenomenon. Immobility being the prime characteristic of that whole to which its presence contributed a portion, the discontinuance of immobility in any quarter suggested confusion.

Yet that is what happened. The figure perceptibly gave up its fixity, shifted a step or two, and turned round. As if alarmed, it descended on the right side of the barrow, with the glissade of a water-drop down a bud, and then vanished. The movement had been sufficient to show more clearly the characteristics of the figure: it was a woman's.

The reason of her sudden displacement now appeared. With her dropping out of sight on the right side, a new-comer, bearing a burden, protruded into the sky on the left side, ascended the tumulus, and deposited the burden on the summit. A second followed, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and

ultimately the whole barrow was peopled with burdened figures.

The only intelligible meaning in this sky-backed pantomime of silhouettes was that the woman had no relation to the party which had taken her place, was sedulously avoiding these, and had come thither for another object than theirs. The imagination of the observer clung by preference to that vanished solitary figure, as to something more interesting, more important, more likely to have a history worth knowing, than these new-comers, and unconsciously regarded them as intruders. But they remained, and established themselves; and the lonely female who hitherto had been queen of the solitude did not at present seem likely to return.

CHAPTER III.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

Had a looker-on been posted in the immediate vicinity of the barrow, he would have learned that these persons were boys and men of the neighboring hamlets. Each, as he ascended the barrow, had been heavily laden with furze fagots, carried upon the shoulder by means of a long stake sharpened at each end for impaling them easily—two in front and two behind. They came from a part of the heath a quarter of a mile to the rear, where furze almost exclusively prevailed as a product.

Every individual was so involved in furze by his method of carrying the fagots that he appeared like a bush on legs till he had thrown them down. The party had marched in trail, like a travelling flock of sheep, that is to say, the strongest first, the weak and young behind.

"'Twas a long way to bring 'em," said one of these latter when he joined the rest on the summit. "I'd as soon have cut some here."

"No; 'tis best not to steal your fagots where you light your fire."

"But we all know that thieving o' fuel is no harm on the fifth of November, and you go to heaven just the same."

"So you do. 'Tis no harm when you've gone to your last world, but it might be awkward while we live at home here. All the parishes used to be let cut furze and turf any where about, but they've took the right to it away from us now. However, to-night we'll have our own."

The loads were all laid together, and a pyramid of furze thirty feet in circumference now occupied the crown of the tumulus, which was known as Blackbarrow for many miles round. Some made themselves busy with matches, and in selecting the driest tufts of furze, others in loosening the bramble bonds which held the fagots together. Others, again, while this was in progress, lifted their eyes and swept the vast expanse of country commanded by this summit, now lying nearly obliterated by shade. In the valleys of the heath nothing save its own wild face was visible at any time of day; but this apex commanded a horizon inclosing tracts of far extent, and in many cases lying beyond the heath country. None of their features could be inspected now, but the whole made itself felt as a vague confrontation of remoteness.

While the men and lads were building the pile, a change took place in the mass of shade which denoted the distant landscape. Red suns and tufts of fire one by one began to arise, flecking the whole country round. They were the bonfires of other parishes and hamlets who were engaged in the same sort of commemoration. Some were distant, and stood in a dense atmosphere, so that bundles of pale straw-like beams radiated around them in the shape of a fan. Some were large and near, glowing scarlet-red from the shade, like wounds in the flank of an Ethiopian. Some were Mænades, with winy faces and blown hair. These tinctured the silent bosom of the clouds above them, and irradiated their ephemeral caves, which seemed thenceforth to become scalding caldrons. Perhaps as many as thirty bonfires could be counted within the whole periphery of the district; and as the hour may be told on a clock face when the figures themselves are invisible, so did the men recognize the locality of each fire by its angle and direction, though nothing of the scenery could be viewed.

The first tall flame from Blackbarrow now sprang into the sky, attracting all eyes that had been fixed on the distant conflagrations back to their own attempt in the same kind. The cheerful blaze streaked the inner surface of the human circle—now increased by other stragglers, male and female—with its own aureate livery, and even overlaid the dark turf around with a lively luminousness, which softened off into obscurity where the barrow rounded downward out of sight. It showed the barrow to be the segment of a globe, as perfect as on the day that it was thrown up, even the little ditch remaining from which the earth was dug. Not a plough had ever disturbed a grain of that stubborn soil. In the heath's barrenness to the farmer lay its fertility to the historian. There had been no obliteration, because there had been no tending.

It was now as if the bonfire-makers were standing in some radiant upper story of the world, detached from and independent of the dark stretches below. The heath down there was now a vast abyss, and no longer a continuation of what they stood on; for their eyes, adapted to the blaze, could see noth-

ing of the deeps beyond its influence. Occasionally, it is true, a more vigorous flare than usual from their fagots sent darting lights like aids-de-camp down the inclines to some distant bush, pool, or patch of white sand, kindling these to replies of the same color, till all was lost in darkness again. Then the whole black phenomenon beneath represented Limbo as viewed from the brink by the sublime Florentine in his vision, and the muttered articulations of the wind in the hollows were as complaints and petitions from the "souls of mighty worth" suspended therein.

It was as if these men and boys had suddenly delved into the ages and fetched therefrom an hour and deed which had before been familiar with this spot. The ashes of the original British pyre that blazed from that summit lay fresh and undisturbed in the barrow beneath their tread. The flames from funeral piles long ago kindled there had shone down upon the lowlands as these were shining now. Festival fires to Thor and Woden had followed on the same ground, and duly had their day. Indeed, it is pretty well known that such blazes as this the heathmen were now enjoying are rather the lineal descendants from jumbled Druidical rites and Saxon ceremonies than the invention of popular feeling about Gunpowder Plot.

Moreover, to light a fire is the instinctive and resistant act of man when, at the winter ingress, the curfew is sounded throughout Nature. It indicates a spontaneous Promethean rebelliousness against the fiat that this brumal season shall bring foul times, cold darkness, misery, and death. Black chaos comes, and the fettered gods of the earth say, Let there be light.

The vehement lights and sooty shades which struggled upon the skin and clothes of the individuals standing round caused their lineaments and general contours to be drawn with Tintoretto's vigor, crudeness, and dash. Yet the permanent moral expression on each face it was impossible to discover, for as the nimble flames towered, nodded, and swooped through the surrounding air, the blots of shade and flakes of light upon the countenances of the group changed shape and position endlessly. All was unstable—quivering as leaves, evanescent as lightning. Shadowy eye-sockets, deep as those of a death's-head, suddenly turned into pits of lustre; a lantern-jaw was cavernous, then it was shining; wrinkles were emphasized to ravines, or obliterated entirely by a changed ray; nostrils were dark wells; sinews in old necks were gilt mouldings; things with no particular polish on them were glazed; bright objects, such as the tip of a furze hook one of the men carried, were as glass; eyeballs glowed like little lanterns. Those whom Nature depicted as merely quaint became grotesque, the grotesque became preternatural; for all was in extremity.

Hence it may be that the face of an old man, who had, like others, been called to the heights by the rising flames, was not really the mere nose and chin that it appeared to be, but an appreciable quantity of human countenance. He stood complacently sunning himself in the heat. With a speäker, or stake, he tossed the outlying scraps of fuel into the conflagration, looking at the midst of the pile, occasionally lifting his eyes to measure the height of the flame, or to follow the great sparks which rose with it and sailed away into darkness. The beaming sight and the penetrating warmth seemed to breed in him a cumulative cheerfulness, which soon amounted to delight. With his stick in his hand, he began to jig a private minuet, a bunch of copper seals shining and swinging like a pendulum from under his waistcoat; he also began to sing, in the voice of a bee up a flue:

"The king′ call'd down′ his no′-bles all′,
By one′, by two′, by three′;
Earl Mar′-shal, I'll′ go shrive′ the queen′,
And thou′ shalt wend′ with me′.

"A boon′, a boon′, quoth Earl′ Mar-shal′,
And fell′ on his bend′-ed knee′,
That what′-so-e'er′ the queen′ shall say′,
No harm′ there-of′ may be′."

Want of breath prevented a continuance of the song; and the breakdown attracted the attention of a firm-standing man of middle age, who kept each corner of his crescent-shaped mouth rigorously drawn back into his cheek, as if to do away with any suspicion of mirthfulness which might erroneously have attached to him.

"A fair stave, Grandfer Cantle; but I am afeard 'tis too much for the mouldy weasand of such a old man as you," he said to the wrinkled reveller. "Dostn't wish th' wast three sixes again, Grandfer, as you was when you first learnt to sing it?"

"Hey?" said Grandfer Cantle, stopping in his dance.

"Dostn't wish wast young again? I say. There's a hole in thy poor bellows nowadays seemingly."

"But there's good art in me. If I couldn't make a little wind go a long ways, I should seem no younger than the most aged man, should I, Timothy?"

"And how about the new-married folks down there at the Quiet Woman Inn?" the other inquired, pointing toward a dim light in the direction of the distant highway, but considerably to the west of where the reddleman was resting. "What's the rights of the matter about 'em? You ought to know, being an understanding man."

"But a little rakish, hey? I own to it. Master Cantle is that, or he's nothing. Yet

'tis a gay fault, Neighbor Fairway, that age will cure."

"I heard that they were coming home to-night. By this time they must have come. What besides?"

"The next thing is for us to go and wish 'em joy, I suppose."

"Well, no."

"No? Now I thought we must. *I* must, or 'twould be very unlike me—the first in every spree that's going.

'Do thou' put on' a fri'-ar's coat',
And I'll' put on' a-no'-ther,
And we' will to' Queen Ele'-anor go',
Like fri'-ar and' his bro'-ther.'

I met Mis'ess Yeobright, the young bride's aunt, last night, and she told me that her son Clym was coming home a' Christmas. Wonderful clever, 'a b'lieve: ah, I should like to have all that's under that young man's hair. Well, then I spoke to her in my well-known merry way, and she said, 'O that what's shaped so venerable should talk like a fool!'—that's what she said to me. I don't care for her, be jowned if I do, and so I told her. 'Be jowned if I care for 'ee,' I said. I had her there—hey?"

"I rather think she had you," said Fairway.

"No," said Grandfer Cantle, his countenance slightly flagging. "'Tisn't so bad as that with me?"

"Seemingly 'tis. However, is it because of the wedding that Clym is coming home a' Christmas—to make a new arrangement because his mother is now left in the house alone?"

"Yes, yes, that's it. But, Timothy, hearken to me," said the Grandfer, earnestly. "Though known as such a joker, I be a understanding man if you catch me serious, and I am serious now. I can tell 'ee lots about the married couple. Yes, this morning at six o'clock they went up the country to do the job, and neither vell nor mark have been seen of 'em since, though I reckon that this afternoon has brought 'em home again, man and woman—wife, that is. Isn't it spoke like a man, Timothy, and wasn't Mis'ess Yeobright wrong about me?"

"Yes, it will do. I didn't know the two had walked together since last fall, when her mother forbade the banns. How long has this new set-to been in mangling, then? Do you know, Humphrey?"

"Yes, how long?" said Grandfer Cantle, turning to Humphrey likewise. "I ask that question."

"Ever since her aunt altered her mind, and said she might hae the man, after all," replied Humphrey, without removing his eyes from the fire. He was a somewhat solemn young fellow, and carried the hook and leather gloves of a furze-cutter, his legs, by reason of that occupation, being sheathed in bulging leggings as stiff as the Philistine's greaves of brass. "That's why they went away to be married, I count. You see, after kicking up such a nunnywatch and forbidding the banns, 'twould have made Mis'ess Yeobright seem foolish like to have a banging wedding in the same parish all as if she'd never gainsaid it all."

"Exactly—seem foolish like; and that's very bad for the poor things that be so, though I only guess as much, to be sure," said Grandfer Cantle, still strenuously preserving a sensible bearing and mien.

"Ah, well, I was at church that day," said Fairway, "which was a very curious thing to happen."

"If 'twasn't, my name's Simple," said the Grandfer, emphatically. "I ha'n't been there to-year; and now the winter is a-coming on, I won't say I shall."

"I ha'n't been these three years," said Humphrey; "for I'm so mortal sleepy of a Sunday, and 'tis so mortal far to get there, and when you do get there 'tis such a mortal poor chance that you'll be chose for up above, when so many bain't, that I bide at home and don't go at all."

"I not only happened to be there," said Fairway, with a fresh collection of emphasis, "but I was sitting in the same pew as Mis'ess Yeobright. And though you may not see it as such, it fairly made my blood run cold to hear her. Yes, it is a curious thing; but it made my blood run cold, for I was close at her elbow." The speaker looked round upon the by-standers, now drawing closer to hear him, with his lips gathered tighter than ever in the rigorousness of his descriptive moderation.

"'Tis a serious job to have things happen to 'ee there," said a woman behind.

"'Hereafter hold his peace,' were the passon's words," Fairway continued. "And then up stood a woman at my side—a-touching of me. 'Well, be d—— if there isn't Mis'ess Yeobright a-standing up!' I said to myself. Yes, neighbors, though I was in the temple of prayer, that's what I said. 'Tis against my conscience to cuss and swear in company, and I hope any woman here will overlook it. Still, what I did say I did say, and 'twould be a lie if I didn't own it."

"So 'twould, Neighbor Fairway."

"'Be d—— if there isn't Mis'ess Yeobright a-standing up!' I said," the narrator repeated, giving out the bad word with the same passionless severity of face as before, which proved how entirely necessity and not gusto had to do with the iteration. "And the next thing I heard was, 'I forbid the banns,' from her. 'I'll speak to you after the service,' says the passon, in quite a homely way—yes, turning all at once into a common man no holier than you or I. Ah, her face was pale! Maybe you can call to mind that monument in church—the cross-legged sojer that have had his nose

knocked away by the school-children? Well, he would about have matched that woman's face when she said, 'I forbid the banns.'"

The audience cleared their throats and tossed a few stalks into the fire, not because these deeds were urgent, but to give themselves time to weigh the moral of the story.

"I'm sure when I heard they'd been forbid, I felt as glad as if any body had gied me sixpence," said an earnest voice—that of Olly Dowden, a woman who lived by making heath brooms, or besoms. Her nature was to be civil to enemies as well as to friends, and grateful to all the world for letting her remain alive.

"And now the maid have married him just the same," said Humphrey.

"After that Mis'ess Yeobright came round and was quite agreeable," Fairway resumed, with an unheeding air, which tended to show that his words, though apparently an appendage to Humphrey's, were actually the result of independent reflection.

"Supposing they were ashamed, I don't see why they shouldn't have done it hereright," said a wide-spread woman whose stays creaked like shoes whenever she stooped or turned. "'Tis well to call the neighbors together and to hae a good racket once now and then; and it may as well be when there's a wedding as at tide-times. I don't care for close ways."

"Ah, now, you'd hardly believe it, but I don't care for gay weddings," said Timothy Fairway, his eyes again travelling round. "I hardly blame Thomasin Yeobright and Neighbor Wildeve for doing it quiet, if I must own it. A wedding at home means five and six handed reels by the hour; and they do a man's legs no good when he's over forty."

"True. Once at the woman's house, you can hardly say nay to being one in a jig, knowing all the time that you be expected to make yourself worth yer victuals."

"You be bound to dance at Christmas because 'tis the time o' year; you must dance at weddings because 'tis the time of life. At christenings folk will even smuggle in a reel or two, if 'tis no further on than the first or second chiel. And this is not naming the songs you've got to sing. For my part, I like a good hearty funeral as well as any thing. You've as splendid victuals and drink as at other parties, and even better. And it don't wear yer legs to stumps in talking over a poor feller's ways as it do to stand up in hornpipes."

"Nine folk out of ten would own 'twas going too far to dance then, I suppose?" said Grandfer Cantle, inquiringly.

"'Tis the only sort of party a staid man can feel safe at after the mug have been round a few times."

"Well, I can't understand a lady-like little body like Tamsin Yeobright caring to be married in such a mean way," said Susan Nunsuch, the wide woman, who preferred the original subject. "'Tis worse than the poorest do. And I shouldn't have cared about the man, though some may say he's good-looking."

"To give him his due, he's a clever, learned feller in his way—a'most as clever as Clym Yeobright used to be. He was brought up to better things than keeping the Quiet Woman. An engineer—that's what the man was, as we know; but he threw away his chance, and so 'a took a public-house to live. His learning was no use to him at all."

"Very often the case," said Olly, the besom-maker. "And yet how people do strive after it and get it! The class of folk that couldn't use to make a round O to save their bones from the pit of salvation can write their names now without a sputter of the pen, oftentimes without a single blot: what do I say?—why, almost without a desk to lean their stomachs and elbows upon."

"True: 'tis amazing what a polish the world have been brought to, as you say," said Humphrey.

"Why, afore I went a soldier in the Bang-up Locals (as we were called), in the year four," chimed in Grandfer Cantle, brightly, "I didn't know no more what the world was like than the commonest man among ye. And now, jown it all, I won't say what I bain't fit for, hey?"

"Couldst sign the book, no doubt," said Fairway, "if wast young enough to jine hands with a woman again, like Wildeve and Mis'ess Tamsin, which is more than Humph there could do, for he follows his father in learning. Ah, Humph, well I can mind when I was married how I seed thy father's mark staring me in the face as I went to put down my name. He and your mother were the couple married just afore we were, and there stood thy father's cross with arms stretched out like a great banging scarecrow. What a terrible black cross that was!—thy father's very likeness was in en. To save my soul I couldn't help laughing when I seed en, though all the time I were as hot as dog-days, what with the marrying, and what with the woman, and what with Jack Changley and a lot more chaps winking their eyes at me through church winder. But the next moment a straw-mote would have knocked me down, for I called to mind that if thy father and mother had had high words once, they'd been at it twenty times since they'd been man and wife, and I seed myself as the next poor stunpoll to get into the same mess . . . . Ah—well, what a day 'twas!"

"Wildeve is older than Tamsin Yeobright by a good-few summers. A pretty maid, too, she is. A young woman with a home

must be a fool to tear her cap for a man like that."

The speaker, a peat or turf cutter, who had newly joined the group, carried across his shoulder the singular heart-shaped spade of large dimensions used in that species of labor, and its well-whetted edge gleamed like a silver bow in the beams of the fire.

"A hundred maidens would have had him if he'd asked 'em," said the wide woman.

"Didst ever know a man, neighbor, that no woman at all would marry?" inquired Humphrey.

"I never did," said the turf-cutter.

"Nor I," said another.

"Nor I," said Grandfer Cantle.

"Well, now, I did once," said Timothy Fairway, adding more firmness to one of his legs. "I did know of such a man. But only once, mind." He gave his throat a thorough rake round, as if it were the duty of every person not to be mistaken through thickness of voice. "Yes, I know'd of such a man," he said.

"And what ghastly gallicrow might the poor fellow have been like, Master Fairway?" asked the turf-cutter.

"Well, 'a was neither a deaf man, nor a dumb man, nor a blind man."

"Is he know'd in these parts?" said Olly Dowden.

"Hardly," said Timothy; "but I name no name . . . . Come, keep the fire up there, youngsters."

"Whatever is Christian Cantle's teeth a-chattering for?" said a boy from amid the smoke and shades on the other side of the blaze. "Be ye a-cold, Christian?"

A thin gibbering voice was heard to reply, "No, not at all."

"Come forward, Christian, and show yerself. I didn't know ye was here," said Fairway, with a humane look across toward that quarter.

Thus requested, a faltering man, with reedy hair, no shoulders, and a great quantity of wrist and ankle beyond his clothes, advanced a step or two by his own will, and was pushed by the will of others half a dozen steps more. He was Grandfer Cantle's youngest son.

"What be ye quaking for, Christian?" said the turf-cutter, kindly.

"I be the man."

"What man?"

"The man no woman will marry."

"The deuce you be!" said Timothy Fairway, enlarging his gaze to cover Christian's whole surface and a great deal more, Grandfer Cantle meanwhile staring as a hen stares at the duck she has hatched.

"Yes, I be he; and it makes me afeard," said Christian. "D'ye think t'will hurt me? I shall always say I don't care, and swear to it, though I do care all the while."

"Well, be d—— if this isn't the queerest start ever I know'd," said Mr. Fairway. "I didn't mean you at all. There's another in the country, then! Why did ye reveal yer misfortune, Christian?"

"'Twas to be if 'twas, I suppose. I can't help it, can I?" He turned upon them his painfully circular eyes, surrounded by concentric lines like targets.

"No, that's true. But 'tis a melancholy thing, and really my blood runn'd cold when you spoke, for I feel'd there were two poor fellers where I had thought only one. 'Tis a sad thing for 'ee, Christian. How'st know the women won't hae thee?"

"I've asked 'em."

"Sure I should never have thought you had the face. Well, and what did the last one say to 'ee? Nothing that can't be got over, perhaps, after all?"

"'Get out of my sight, you slack-twisted, slim-looking fool,' was the woman's words to me."

"Not encouraging, I own," said Fairway. "'Get out of sight, you slack-twisted, slim-looking fool,' is rather a hard way of saying No. But even that might be overcome by time and patience, so as to let a few gray hairs show themselves in the hussy's head. How old be you, Christian?"

"Thirty-one last tatie-digging, Mister Fairway."

"Not a boy—not a boy. Still there's hope yet."

"That's my age by baptism, because that's put down in the great book of the judgment-day that they keep down in church vestry; but mother told me I was born some time afore I was christened."

"Ah!"

"But she couldn't tell when, to save her life, except that there was no moon."

"No moon: that's bad. Hey, neighbors, that's bad for him?"

"Yes, 'tis bad," said Grandfer Cantle, shaking his head.

"Mother know'd 'twas no moon, for she asked another woman that had a almanac, as she did whenever a boy was born to her, because of the saying, 'No moon, no man,' which made her afeard every man-child she had. Do ye really think it serious, Mister Fairway, that there was no moon?"

"Yes; 'No moon, no man.' 'Tis one of the truest sayings ever spit out. The boy never comes to nothing that's born at new moon. A bad job for 'ee, Christian, that you should have showed your nose then of all days in the month."

"I suppose the moon was terrible full when you were born?" said Christian, with a look of hopeless admiration at Fairway.

"Well, 'a was not new," Mr. Fairway replied, with a disinterested gaze.

"I'd sooner go without drink at Lammastide than be a man of no moon," continued Christian, in the same shattered recitative.

"'Tis said I be only the rames of a man, and no good in the world at all; and I suppose that's the cause o't."

"Ay," said Grandfer Cantle, somewhat subdued in spirit; "and yet his mother cried for scores of hours, when 'a was a boy, for fear he should outgrow himself, and go a sojer."

"Well, there's many just as bad as he," said Fairway. "Wethers must live their time as well as other sheep, poor soul."

"So perhaps I shall rub on? Ought I to be afeard o' nights, Master Fairway?"

"You'll have to lie alone all your life; and 'tis not to married couples but to single sleepers that a ghost shows himself when 'a do come. One have been seed lately, too. A very strange one."

"No—don't talk about it if 'tis agreeable of ye not to. 'Twill make my skin crawl when I think of it in bed alone. But you will—ah, you will, I know, Timothy; and I shall dream all night o't. A very strange one? What sort of a spirit did ye mean when ye said a very strange one, Timothy?—no, no; don't tell me."

"I don't half believe in spirits myself. But I think it ghostly enough—what I was told. 'Twas a little boy that seed it."

"What was it like?—no, don't—"

"A red one. Yes, most ghosts be white; but this is as if it had been dipped in blood."

Christian drew a deep breath without letting it expand his body, and Humphrey said, "Where have it been seed?"

"Not exactly here, but in this same heath. But 'tisn't a thing to talk about. What do ye say," continued Fairway, in brisker tones, and turning upon them as if the idea had not been Grandfer Cantle's—"what do ye say to giving the new man and wife a bit of a song to-night afore we go to bed—being their wedding day? When folks be just married 'tis as well to look glad o't, since looking sorry won't unjoin 'em. I be no drinker, as ye know, but when the women-folk and youngsters have gone home, we can drop down across to the Quiet Woman, and strike up a ballet in front of the married folks' door. 'Twill please the young wife, and that's what I should like to do, for many's the skinful I've had at her hands when she lived with her aunt at Blooms End."

"Hey? And so we will!" said Grandfer Cantle, turning so briskly that his copper seals swung extravagantly. "I'm as dry as a kex with biding up here in the wind, and I haven't seen the color of drink since nammet-time to-day. 'Tis said that the last brew at the Woman is very pretty drinking. And, neighbors, if we should be a little late in the finishing, why, to-morrow's Sunday, and we can sleep it off."

"Grandfer Cantle, you take things very careless for an old man," said the wide woman.

"I take things careless; I do—too careless to please the women. Klk! I'll sing the 'Jovial Crew,' or any other song, when a weak old man would cry his eyes out. Jown it! I be up for any thing.

"'The king' look'd o'-ver his left' shoul-der',
And a grim' look look'-ed hee';
Earl Mar'-shal, he said', but for' my oath',
Or hang'-ed thou' shouldst bee'.'"

"Well, that's what we'll do," said Fairway. "We'll give 'em a song, an it please the Lord. What's the good of Thomasin's cousin Clym a-coming home after the deed's done? He should have come afore, if so be he wanted to stop it and marry her himself."

"Perhaps he's coming to bide with his mother a little time, as she must feel lonely now the maid's gone."

"Now 'tis very odd, but I never feel lonely—no, not at all," said Grandfer Cantle. "I'm as brave in the night-time as a admiral."

The bonfire was by this time beginning to sink low, for the fuel had not been of that substantial sort which can support a blaze long. Most of the other fires within the wide horizon were also dwindling weak. Attentive observation of their brightness, color, and length of existence would have revealed the quality of the material burned, and through that, to some extent, the natural produce of the district in which each bonfire was situate. The clear, kingly effulgence that had characterized the majority expressed a heath and furze country like their own, which in one direction extended an unlimited number of miles: the rapid flares and extinctions at other points of the compass showed the lightest of fuel—straw, bean-stalks, and the usual waste from arable land. The most enduring of all, steady, unaltering eyes like planets, signified wood, such as hazel branches, thorn fagots, and stout billets. Fires of the last-mentioned materials were rare, and, though comparatively small in magnitude beside the transient blazes, now began to get the best of them by mere long continuance. The great ones had perished, but these remained. They occupied the remotest visible positions—sky-backed summits rising out of rich copse and plantation districts to the north, where the soil was different, and heath foreign and strange.

Save one; and this was the nearest of any, the moon of the whole shining throng. It lay in a direction precisely opposite to that of the little window in the vale below. Its nearness was such that, notwithstanding its actual dimension—not one-quarter the probable size of the others—its glow infinitely transcended theirs.

This quiet eye had attracted attention from time to time, and when their own fire had become sunken and dim it attracted

more; for though some even of the wood fires more recently lighted had reached their decline, no change was perceptible here.

"To be sure, how near that fire is!" said Fairway. "Seemingly, I can see a feller of some sort walking round it. Little and good must be said of that fire, surely."

"I can throw a stone there," said a boy.

"And so can I," said Grandfer Cantle.

"No, no, you can't, my sonnies. That fire is not much less than a mile and a half off, for all that 'a seems so near."

"'Tis in the heath, but not furze," said the turf-cutter.

"'Tis cleft wood, that's what 'tis," said Timothy Fairway. "Nothing would burn like that except clean timber. And 'tis on the knap afore the old captain's house at Mistover. Such a queer martel as that man is, to be sure! To have a little fire inside your own bank and ditch, that nobody else may enjoy it or come a-nigh it. And what a zany an old chap must be to light a bonfire when there's no youngsters to please!"

"Cap'n Drew have been for a long walk to-day, and is quite tired out," said Grandfer Cantle, "so 'tisn't likely to be he."

"And he would hardly afford good fuel like that," said the wide woman.

"Then it must be his granddaughter," said Fairway. "Not that a body of her age can want a fire much."

"I don't know about that," said Susan Nunsuch. "She is very strange in her ways, living up there by herself, and such things please her."

"She's a well-favored maid enough," said Humphrey the furze-cutter, "especially when she's got one of her dandy gowns on."

"That's true," said Fairway. "Well, let her bonfire burn an 'twill. Ours is well-nigh out by the look o't."

"How dark 'tis, now the fire's gone down!" said Christian Cantle, looking behind him with his hare eyes. "Don't ye think we'd better get home along, neighbors? The heth isn't haunted, I know; but we'd better get home. Ah! what was that?"

"Only the wind," said the turf-cutter.

"I don't think fifth of Novembers ought to be kept up by night except in towns. It should be by day in outstep, ill-accounted places like this."

"Nonsense, Christian. Lift up yer spirits like a man. Susy dear, you and I will have a jig — hey, my honey?—before 'tis quite too dark to see how well-favored you be still, though so many summers have passed since yer husband, a son of a gun, snapped you up from me."

This was addressed to Susan Nunsuch; and the next circumstance of which the beholders were conscious was a vision of the matron's broad form whisking off toward the space whereon the fire had been kindled. She was lifted bodily by Mr. Fairway's arm, which had been flung around her waist before she had become aware of his intention. The site of the fire was now merely a circle of ashes flecked with red embers and sparks, the furze having burned completely away. Once within the circle, he whirled her round and round in a dance. She was a woman noisily constructed. In addition to her inclosing frame-work of whalebone and lath, she wore pattens summer and winter, in wet weather and in dry, to preserve her boots from wear; and when Fairway began to jump about with her, the clicking of the pattens, the creaking of the stays, and her screams of surprise formed a very audible concert.

"I'll crack thy numskull for thee, you mandy chap," said Mrs. Nunsuch, as she helplessly danced round with him, her feet playing like drumsticks among the sparks. "My ankles were all in a fever afore, from walking through that prickly furze, and now you must make 'em worse with these vlankers."

The vagary of Timothy Fairway was infectious. The turf-cutter seized old Olly Dowden, and, somewhat more gently, poussetted with her likewise. The young men were not slow to imitate the example of their elders, and seized the maids; Grandfer Cantle and his stick jigged in the form of a three-legged object among the rest; and in half a minute all that could be seen on Blackbarrow was a whirling of dark shapes amid a boiling confusion of sparks, which leaped around the dancers as high as their waists. The chief noises were women's shrill cries, men's laughter, Susan's stays and pattens, old Olly Dowden's "Heu-heu-heu!" and the strumming of the wind upon the furze bushes, which formed a kind of tune to the demoniac measure they trod. Christian alone stood aloof, uneasily rocking himself, as he murmured, "They ought not to do it. How the vlankers do fly! 'Tis tempting the wicked one, 'tis."

"What was that?" said one of the lads, stopping.

"Ah—where?" said Christian, hastily closing up to the rest.

The dancers all lessened their speed.

"'Twas behind you, Christian, that I heard it—down there."

"Hoi-i-i-i!" cried a voice from the darkness.

"Halloo-o-o-o!" said Fairway.

"Is there any cart-track up across here to Mis'ess Yeobright's, of Blooms End?" came to them in the same voice, as a long, slim, indistinct figure approached the barrow.

"Ought we not to run home as hard as we can, neighbors, as 'tis getting late?" said Christian. "Not run away from one another, you know; run close together, I mean."

"Scrape up a few stray locks of furze and

make a blaze, so that we can see who the man is," said Fairway.

When the flame arose it revealed a young man in tight raiment, and red from top to toe. "Is there a track across here to Mis'ess Yeobright's house?" he repeated.

"Ay—keep along the path down there."

"I mean a way two horses and a van can travel over."

"Well, yes; you can get up the vale below here with time. The track is rough; but if you've got a light, your horses may pick along wi' care. Have ye brought your cart far up, Neighbor Reddleman?"

"I've left it in the bottom, about half a mile back. I stepped on in front to make sure of the way, as 'tis night-time, and I ha'n't been here for so long."

"Oh, well, you can get up," said Fairway. "What a turn it did give me when I seed him!" he added, to the whole group, the reddleman included. "Lord's sake, I thought, whatever fiery mommet is this come to trouble us! No slight to your looks, reddleman, for you bain't bad-looking in the groundwork, though the finish is queer. My meaning is just to say how curious I felt. I half thought 'twas the devil, or the red ghost the boy told of."

"It gied me a turn likewise," said Susan Nunsuch, "for I had a dream last night of a death's-head."

"Don't ye talk o't no more," said Christian.

"Well, thank ye for telling me," said the young reddleman, smiling faintly. "And good-night t'ye all."

He withdrew from their sight down the barrow.

"I fancy I've seen that young man's face before," said Humphrey. "But where, or how, or what his name is, I don't know."

The reddleman had not been gone more than a few minutes when another person approached the partially revived bonfire. It proved to be a well-known and respected widow of the neighborhood, of a standing which can only be expressed by the word genteel. Her face, encompassed by the blackness of the receding heath, showed whitely, and without half-lights, like a cameo.

She was a woman of middle age, with well-formed features of the type usually found where perspicacity is the prominent quality enthroned within. At moments she seemed to be regarding issues from a Nebo denied to others around. She had something of an estranged mien: the solitude exhaled from the heath was concentrated in this face that had risen from it. The air with which she looked at the heathmen betokened a certain unconcern at their presence, or at what might be their opinions of her for walking in that lonely spot at such an hour, thus indirectly implying that in some respect or other they were not up to her level. The explanation lay in the fact that though her husband had been a small farmer, she herself was a curate's daughter who had once dreamed of doing better things.

Persons with any weight of character carry, like planets, their atmospheres along with them in their orbits; and the matron who entered now upon the scene could, and usually did, bring her own tone into a company. Her normal manner among the heathfolk had that reticence which results from the consciousness of superior communicative power. But the effect of coming into society and light after lonely wandering in darkness is a sociability in the comer above its usual pitch, expressed in the features even more than in the words.

"Why, 'tis Mis'ess Yeobright," said Fairway. "Mis'ess Yeobright, not ten minutes ago a man was here asking for 'ee—a reddleman."

"What did he want?" said she.

"He didn't tell us."

"Something to sell, I suppose; what it can be I am at a loss to understand."

"I be glad to hear that your son Mr. Clym is coming home at Christmas, ma'am," said Sam the turf-cutter. "What a dog he used to be for bonfires!"

"Yes. I believe he is coming," she said.

"He must be a fine fellow by this time," said Fairway.

"He is a man now," she replied, quietly.

"'Tis very lonesome for 'ee in the heth to-night, mis'ess," said Christian, coming from the seclusion he had hitherto maintained. "Mind you don't get lost. Egdon Heth is a bad place to get lost in, and the winds do huffle queerer to-night than ever I heard 'em afore. Them that know Egdon best have been pixy-led here at times."

"Is that you, Christian?" said Mrs. Yeobright. "What made you hide away from me?"

"'Twas that I didn't know 'ee in this light, mis'ess; and being a man of the mournfulest make, I was scared a little—that's all. Oftentimes if you could see how terrible down I get in my mind, 'twould make 'ee quite nervous for fear I should die by my hand."

"You don't take after your father," said Mrs. Yeobright, looking toward the fire, where Grandfer Cantle, with some want of originality, was dancing by himself among the sparks, as the others had done before.

"Now, Grandfer," said Timothy Fairway, "we are ashamed of 'ee. A reverent old patriarch man as you be—seventy if a day—to go hornpiping like that by yourself."

"A harrowing old man, Mis'ess Yeobright," said Christian, despondingly. "I wouldn't live with him a week, so playward as he is, if I could get away."

"'Twould be more seemly in 'ee to stand

still and welcome Mis'ess Yeobright, and you the venerablest here, Grandfer Cantle," said the besom-woman.

"Faith, and so it would," said the reveller, checking himself repentantly. "I've such a bad memory, Mis'ess Yeobright, that I forget how I'm looked up to by the rest of 'em. My spirits must be wonderful good, you'll say? But not always. 'Tis a weight upon a man to be looked up to as commander, and I often feel it."

"I am sorry to stop the talk," said Mrs. Yeobright. "But I must be leaving you now. I am crossing the heath toward my niece's new home, who is returning to-night with her husband; and hearing Olly's voice, I came up here to ask her if she would soon be going home; I should like her to walk with me, as her way is mine."

"Ay, sure, I am just thinking of moving," said Olly.

"Why, you'll be safe to meet the reddleman that I told 'ee of," said Fairway. "He's only gone back to get his van. We heard that your niece and her husband were coming straight home as soon as they were married, and we are going down there shortly, to give 'em a song o' welcome."

"Thank you indeed," said Mrs. Yeobright.

"But we shall take a shorter cut through the furze than you can go with long clothes; so we won't trouble 'ee to wait, ma'am."

"Very well—are you ready, Olly?"

"Yes, ma'am. And there's a light shining from your niece's window, see. It will help to keep us in the path."

She indicated the faint light at the bottom of the valley which Fairway had pointed out; and the two women descended the barrow.

CHAPTER IV.

AN INNOCENT PERSON GREATLY WRONGED BY ACCIDENTS.

Down, downward they went, and yet further down—their descent at each step seeming to outmeasure their advance. Their skirts were scratched noisily by the furze, their shoulders brushed by the ferns, which, though dead and dry, stood erect as when alive, no sufficient winter weather having as yet arrived to beat them down. Their Tartarean situation might by some have been called an imprudent one for two unattended women. But these shaggy recesses were at all seasons a familiar surrounding to Olly and Mrs. Yeobright; and the addition of darkness lends no frightfulness to the face of a friend.

"And so Tamsin have married him at last," said Olly, when the incline had become so much less steep that their footsteps no longer required undivided attention.

Mrs. Yeobright answered slowly, "Yes; at last."

"How you will miss her!—living with 'ee as a daughter, as she always have."

"I do miss her."

Olly's mind was of that conformation which, while it left her without the tact to perceive when remarks were and were not timely, failed, from its very simplicity, to render them offensive. Questions that would have been resented in others she could ask with impunity. This accounted for Mrs. Yeobright's acquiescence in the revival of an evidently sore subject.

"I was quite strook to hear you'd agreed to it, ma'am, that I was," continued the besom-maker.

"You were not more struck by it than I should have been last year this time, Olly. There are a good many sides to that wedding. I could not tell you all of them, even if I tried."

"I feeled myself that he was hardly solid-going enough to mate with your family. Keeping an inn—what is it? But 'a's clever, that's true, and they say he was in higher life once, but have come down by being too outwardly given."

"I saw that, upon the whole, it would be better she should marry where she wished."

"Poor little thing, her feelings got the better of her, no doubt. 'Tis nater. Well, they may call him what they will—he've several acres of heth ground broke up here, besides the public-house, and the heth-croppers, and his manners be quite like a gentleman's. And what's done can not be undone."

"It can not," said Mrs. Yeobright. "See, here's the turnpike-road at last. Now we shall get along better."

The wedding subject was no further dwelt upon; and soon a faint diverging path was reached, where they parted company, Olly first begging her companion to remind Mr. Wildeve that he had not sent her sick husband the bottle of wine promised on the occasion of his marriage. The besom-maker turned to the left toward her own house, behind a spur of the hill, and Mrs. Yeobright followed the straight road, which further on ran past the Quiet Woman Inn, whither she supposed her niece to have returned with Wildeve from their wedding at Southerton that day.

She first reached Wildeve's Patch, as it was called—a plot of land redeemed from the heath, and after long and laborious years brought into cultivation. The man who had discovered that it could be broken up died of the labor; the man who succeeded him in possession ruined himself in fertilizing it. Wildeve came like Amerigo Vespucci, and received the honors due to those who had gone before.

When Mrs. Yeobright had drawn near to

the inn, and was about to enter, she saw a vehicle and horses some two hundred yards beyond it, coming toward her, a man walking alongside with a lantern in his hand. It was evident that this was the reddleman who had inquired for her. Instead of entering the inn at once, she walked by it and toward the van.

The conveyance came close, and the man was about to pass her with little notice, when she turned to him and said, "I think you have been inquiring for me. I am Mrs. Yeobright of Blooms End."

The reddleman started, and held up his finger. He stopped the horses, and beckoned to her to withdraw with him a few yards aside, which she did, wondering.

"You don't know me, ma'am, I suppose?" he said.

"I do not," said she.

"I have been about here before, and I knew your niece Miss Tamsin a little. I have something bad to tell you."

"About her—no? She has just come home, I believe, with her husband. They arranged to return this afternoon—to the inn beyond here."

"She's not there."

"How do you know?"

"Because she's here. She's in my van," he added, slowly.

"What new trouble has come!" murmured Mrs. Yeobright, putting her hand over her eyes.

"I can't explain much, ma'am. All I know is that, as I was going along the road this morning about a mile out of Southerton, I heard something trotting after me like a doe, and looking round, there she was, white as death itself. 'Oh, Diggory Venn!' she said, 'I thought 'twas you. Will you help me? I am in trouble.'"

"How did she know your name?" said Mrs. Yeobright, doubtingly.

"I had met her as a lad, before I took up with the trade. She asked then if she might ride, and then down she fell in a faint. I picked her up and put her in, and there she has been ever since. She has cried a good deal, but she has hardly spoke, all she has told me being that she was to have been married this morning. I tried to get her to eat something, but she couldn't; and at last she fell asleep."

"Let me see her at once," said Mrs. Yeobright, hastening toward the van.

The reddleman followed with the lantern, and stepping up first, assisted Mrs. Yeobright to mount beside him. On the door being opened, she perceived at the end of the van an extemporized couch, around which was hung apparently all the drapery that the reddleman possessed, to keep the occupant of the little couch from all contact with the red materials of his trade. A young girl lay thereon, covered with a cloak. She was asleep, and the light of the lantern fell upon her features.

It was a fair, sweet, and honest country face, reposing in a nest of wavy chestnut hair. It was between pretty and beautiful. Though her eyes were closed, one could easily imagine the light necessarily shining in them as the culmination of the luminous workmanship around. The groundwork of the face was hopefulness; but over it now lay, like a foreign substance, a film of anxiety and grief. The grief had been there so shortly as to have abstracted nothing of the bloom: it had as yet but given a dignity to what it might eventually undermine. The scarlet of her lips had not had time to abate, and just now it appeared still more intense by the absence of the neighboring and more transient color of her cheek. The lips frequently parted, with a murmur of words. She seemed to belong rightly to a madrigal—to require viewing through rhyme and harmony.

One thing at least was obvious: she was not made to be looked at thus. The reddleman had appeared conscious of as much, and while Mrs. Yeobright looked in upon her, he cast his eyes aside with a delicacy which well became him. It was as if the sleeper thought so too, for the next moment she opened her eyes.

The lips then parted with something of anticipation, something more of doubt, and her several thoughts, and fractions of thoughts, as signaled by the changes on her face during those first few instants, were exhibited by the light to the utmost nicety. An ingenuous transparent life was disclosed: it was as if the glow of her existence could be seen passing within. She understood the scene in a moment.

"Oh yes, it is I, aunt," she said. "I know how frightened you are, and how you can not believe it; but, all the same, it is I who have come home like this."

"Tamsin! Tamsin!" said Mrs. Yeobright, stooping over the young woman and kissing her. "Oh, my dear girl!"

Thomasin was now on the verge of a sob, but by an unexpected self-command she uttered no sound. With a gentle panting breath, she sat upright.

"I did not expect to see you in this state, any more than you me," she went on, quickly. "Where am I, aunt?"

"Nearly home, my dear. In Egdon Bottom. What dreadful thing is it?"

"I'll tell you in a moment. So near, are we? Then I will get out and walk. I want to go home by the path."

"But this kind man who has done so much will, I am sure, take you right on to my house?" said the aunt, turning to the reddleman, who had withdrawn from the front of the van on the awakening of the girl, and stood in the road.

"Why should you think it necessary to ask me? I will, of course," said he.

"He is indeed kind," murmured Thomasin. "I was once a little acquainted with him, aunt, and when I saw him to-day, I thought I should prefer his van to any conveyance of a stranger. But I'll walk now. Reddleman, stop the horses, please."

The man regarded her with tender reluctance, but stopped them.

Aunt and niece then descended from the van, Mrs. Yeobright saying to its owner, "I think, now, that I know your face: you formerly lived near here?"

"I did," he said, and looked at Thomasin, who blushed a little. "Then you'll not be wanting me any more to-night, ma'am?"

Mrs. Yeobright glanced around at the dark sky, at the hills, at the perishing bonfires, and at the lighted window of the inn they had neared. "I think not," she said, "since Thomasin wishes to walk. We can soon run up the path and reach home: we know it well."

And after a few further words they parted, the reddleman moving onward with his van, and the two women remaining standing in the road. As soon as the vehicle and its driver had withdrawn so far as to be beyond all possible reach of her voice, Mrs. Yeobright turned to her niece.

"Now, Thomasin," she said, sternly, "what's the meaning of this disgraceful performance?"

THE TURKISH WARS WITH THE HOSPITALERS.

ABOUT the year 1050 some merchants of Amalfi, by permission of the Egyptian Caliph Monstaserbillah, founded in Jerusalem two hospitals for Christian pilgrims, naming them in honor of that benign patriarch of Alexandria, St. John the Almoner, who had merited canonization by his largesses to sufferers from the Saracenic conquest of Palestine.

After the recovery of the Holy City by the Crusaders (1099), the charitable brotherhood grew wealthy through thank-offerings, received many noble recruits, and became a monastic order. Not far from the year 1120 the Grand Master Raymond du Puis gave it a military constitution, binding it not only to succor pilgrims, but to defend the holy places and to wage war on infidels. Such was the origin of a chivalrous community which fulfilled in history the career of a nation, and left to the world unsurpassed examples of devotion and heroism.

For three and a half centuries the Hospitalers warred chiefly against the sultans of Damascus and Cairo, occasionally turning aside to wrestle desperately with the Turks of Bajazet and the Tartars of Timour. During this period they were driven from Palestine (1291), but established themselves in Rhodes (1310), and became powerful there. They resisted and expelled with severe loss an Egyptian army of 40,000 men; they scourged, in their numerous and well-appointed galleys, the Moslem coasts and commerce; they aided the Greeks of Mitylene and the Venetian garrison of Negropont against Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople.

THE FIRST SIEGE OF RHODES.

In 1480 the great Sultan, then by far the most potent monarch in the world, resolved to uproot and destroy the mailed dervishes who dared to persecute his faith and trouble his empire. The Rhodian sentinels, looking out one April day toward the mountain coasts of Caria, beheld the sea covered with the wrath and might of Mohammed. There were 160 high-decked galleys, with a multitude of smaller vessels, bearing a land force estimated at 80,000 men, including the already renowned janizaries. The commander was Mischa Palæologus, a Greek renegade of great ability, nearly related to the last Byzantine emperor.

At this period Christendom was in no condition to aid its forlorn hope in the Levant. England had but just emerged from the Wars of the Roses, and was yet to see Richard III.; France, lately delivered from Charles the Bold, was painfully gathering unity under the faithless and cautious Louis XI.; Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia, all feeble for external action, stood in awe of each other; Russia had but a few years before delivered itself from the contemptible and debasing rule of the Tartars; Spain, under Ferdinand and Isabella, was still wrestling with the Moors. It was twelve years yet ere Columbus would set sail for America.

But the Rhodes of that day was a beautiful city as well as a formidable fortress. During a residence of 170 years a rich and lordly order had filled it with costly edifices, as well as surrounded it by mighty ramparts. It was situated at the edge of a gently sloping coast, looking out upon two small but commodious havens. In the higher town were many churches, the inns or palaces of the knights, and the palace of the Grand Master, itself a citadel. In the lower town dwelt a dense population of mariners, craftsmen, and other citizens, chiefly Greeks.

The main works were two lines of wall, one within the other, strengthened by thirteen towers and five bastions, all remarkable for solidity and finish. Three of the towers, St. John, St. Nicholas, and St. Michael, exceptional for their gigantic size, and posted at the extremity of long stone moles, stood guard over the entrances of the ports. The garrison consisted of sever-

al hundred knights and 16,000 soldiers, the latter partially Rhodian militia and partially hired mercenaries.

The Turkish armament, after passing in superb menace before the city, rendezvoused at Fisco, on the Asiatic coast. May 23 it made descent upon the island, the fleet covering the circumjacent sea, the armed galleys pouring a thunderous cannonade, and the troops rowing to land with sound of tabrets and trumpets. Supported by the guns of the fortress, the Christians met the invaders on the beach, and even in the water, dyeing the warm waves with blood. But overwhelming numbers and flanking debarkations forced them back into the city, and established a landing. The Turks intrenched themselves on St. Stephen's Mount, brought their artillery to shore, and pushed forward reconnoissances. Rhodian cavalry, under the command of Viscount de Monteil, sallied and repulsed the spahis, killing Demetrius Sophian, a famous Greek renegade, and losing the Chevalier Murat.

Palæologus soon decided that to subdue Rhodes it would be necessary to cut it off from the ocean. The huge tower of St. Nicholas, situated at the extremity of a mole 300 paces long, closing the little Port of the Galleys, and commanding the mouth of the main harbor, was obviously the key of the whole position. He commenced battering it by land and water with the ponderous cannon then used by the Ottomans. The seaward rampart was an overmatch for the fire of the galleys, but the wall toward the mole gradually sank into a mere slope of rubbish. Grand Master D'Aubusson, equally sensible with Palæologus of the importance of the tower, re-enforced it with the flower of the knights, and finally entered it himself with his brother De Monteil.

On the 9th of June, two hours before daybreak, an assault was delivered. A flotilla of light-draught vessels, rowing softly through the darkness, landed a column on the mole. The Rhodian cannon opened; but the janizaries rushed on with defiant shouts, climbed the mountain of ruins by means of ladders, and sought to close with pikes and cimeters. Arquebuse fire, hurtled rocks and beams, baptisms of blazing naphtha and boiling oil, consumed swarm on swarm. The Grand Master with his strongest knights stood in the breach, thrusting and beating down those who forced their way through the storm of missiles. The assailants were repeatedly pushed downward, but as often returned to the attack. During the intervals their skirmishers shot with arquebuse and cross-bow, while the breaching batteries and galleys poured in thundering salvos. The Grand Master's helmet was knocked off by a cannon-ball; he borrowed the steel cap of a common soldier and fought on. The commander of the tower, Caretto, implored him, for the sake of the general weal, to retire a little.

"The post of danger is my right," he replied. "The order need never despair while it has so brave a knight as thou to succeed me."

The assaults continued, only to break fruitlessly on the iron wall of defenders, and to roll in blood down the ruinous slope. Of a sudden, Rhodian fire-ships pushed out among the Turkish galleys, and spread a disastrous conflagration. The cannon of the city opened on the flotilla which had brought the stormers to the mole, while the arquebusiers of the tower redoubled their fire, and swept away every formation for a final assault. The Moslems lost heart, retreated to the water's edge, leaped desperately into the sea, and perished in shoals. Between the sword, cannon, musketry, and the waves, scarce any escaped. The first assault on Rhodes had failed.

Foiled before the tower, the pasha turned his attack upon the city, bombarding the main works in two places. The basilisks and great cannon roared until they were heard, if we may believe the stories of the time, a hundred miles over-sea. Stone bullets two feet or more in diameter (some of them still to be seen at Rhodes) fell on the roofs of masonry, and broke through to the cellars. Opposite the Jews' quarter a wall twenty-eight feet thick was not only tumbled in ruins, but pulverized to rubble and dust. The besieged replied with their artillery, and also with an enormous machine for casting stones. Ponderous rocks ploughed the Turkish ranks, dashed in their mines, and crushed the sappers under-ground. Meantime the soldiers and the whole population labored night and day to supplement the defenses, levelling the houses behind the breach, and building a new rampart out of their materials.

Doubtful of carrying this point, the pasha continued his labors around the tower of St. Nicholas, constructing a huge floating bridge, which was meant to unite the mainland with the mole. An English sailor, named Gervaise Rogers, swam out to it unperceived, cut the moorings in a tempestuous sea, and sent it in wreck upon the shore. The pasha built a second bridge of boats, and had it towed into position. At three o'clock one morning a mass of Turks filed over it, while a flotilla landed another detachment on the causeway. Palæologus, the Capudan Pasha, the Pasha of Anatolia, and Ibrahim Bey, a relative of the Sultan, headed the assailing columns. They advanced and clambered with all possible silence, hoping to surprise men drowned in slumber.

But the tower had been re-enforced by the vigilance of D'Aubusson. Knights, cannoneers, and arquebusiers lay ready, with

bared weapons and matchlocks burning. Two murderous volleys of ball and small shot broke in upon the smothered clank and rustle of the crowded Moslems. The pasha instantly ordered a charge, and the breach was promptly filled with stormers, both parties fighting without a thought of quarter; steel, bullets, grenades, arrows, arbalist bolts, and blazing naphtha doing their ferocious utmost; the Rhodian fire-ships grappling with unwary galleys, and turning them into piles of shrieking conflagration; the great cannon volcanoing through all, and the huge balls crashing like avalanches. Never in all their centuries of war had the Hospitalers seen a combat so full of flame and thunder and the majesty of death.

Exposed at once to front attack and flanking fire, the Ottomans in the breach fell by hundreds. Ibrahim Bey, gashed with wounds, but disdaining to retreat, stood alone amid piles of slain comrades. Several knights went down under his cimeter. Then a common soldier pierced him clean through with a sword; and lifting his arm to strike, but lifting in vain, he dropped lifeless.

The dawn revealed a breach piled with dead and wounded, and a sea covered with turbans, spears, bows, and wrecks of galleys. The Rhodian gunners opened on the bridge, blew it to fragments, and drowned the Turkish reserves. The stormers who still clung to the tower lost heart, tumbled into the boats, and fled. The defenders rushed after them, slaughtering shoulder-deep in water, animated by the example and exhortations of a heroic friar, Anthony Fradin, who prayed and blessed and decapitated all in one breath. The assault was over, and 2500 Moslems had perished. The loss of the garrison was also severe, including twelve knights slain and many disabled.

Palæologus now redoubled his labors around the breach in front of the Jews' quarter, filling up the ditch until a troop of horse might charge across it, and levelling every obstacle in the vicinity. A broad and even way being thus made into the city, he summoned D'Aubusson, in complimentary terms, to surrender. The reply was that he would find the breasts of Christian men stronger than walls and bastions. Furious at the defiance, and feeling that he had demeaned himself in offering to treat with infidels, the pasha swore to slay every soul within the walls, prepared stakes upon which to impale the knights, and promised his soldiers the plunder of the city.

To prevent the construction of supplementary defenses, a cannonade of twenty-four hours was hurled through the breach. At sunrise on the 27th of July came the assault. The defenders, lying on the inner slope of the mound of ruins, worn out with long watching and continuous uproar, were mostly sunk in that deep sleep of utter weariness so well known to the soldier. Before they fairly awoke and commenced their battle, groups of Turks had scaled the ramparts on either side of the gap, and were firing down into it, while a body of some five hundred had succeeded in flanking the line and entering Jew Street.

The Grand Master, conceiving that the hour of martyrdom was at hand, unfurled the great standard of St. John and called upon his knights to follow him to death. Their first charge broke and slaughtered to the last man the unbelievers who had penetrated the city. Next they rushed to the captured ramparts; the stairs were choked with rubbish, but they mounted on ladders, the Turks meanwhile hurtling stones and pouring in missiles. Twice wounded, twice pushed down the ascent, D'Aubusson was the first to reach the summit, and the first to drive his half-pike into an Osmanli. Several others fell under his thrust, and meantime his companions were by his side, swiftly regaining the walls.

Palæologus hurried forward a chosen body of janizaries to the support of his escaladers. Twelve of them, bound by a solemn oath to slay the Grand Master, fought their way up to him, and pierced his armor in three places. His followers, horror-stricken and roused to frenzy, rushed on the assailants with renewed fury, sweeping them down the steeps and out of the breach. A general rout followed, bearing away the pasha himself, and tumbling back the fugitives into the Turkish intrenchments, while the swords of the Christians sprinkled the way with their blood.

It was the final effort of the invaders, and the final triumph of the defenders. On the 19th of August, after a furious siege of three months, Palæologus withdrew his armament, carrying away 15,000 wounded and leaving 9000 dead. It grieves one to learn that the renegade escaped the bowstring of his wrathful master, and was merely punished for his failure with the loss of his dignities and banishment to Gallipoli.

FORTY-TWO YEARS OF WARFARE.

Now came many years of desultory maritime warfare, somewhat in the nature of buccaneering, between the Hospitalers and the unbelievers. The navies and commerce of the Turkish sultans and of the Mameluke sultans of Egypt and Syria were alike harried by the devout and noble vikings of Rhodes. An Egyptian squadron was destroyed off the island of Lango. A richly laden fleet of merchantmen, sailing from Alexandria to Constantinople, was brought into port. Worthy of special note is the feat of a single Rhodian galley in capturing an Egyptian carack of such vast size that she would compare with the vessels of our century. It took seven men to girth her mast; she had seven decks, of which two

were below the water-line; her armament consisted of 100 guns, 1000 soldiers, and a host of sailors. A single unexpected broadside caused this so-called *Queen of the Seas* to haul down her flag, and surrender the costly cargo which she was bearing to Stamboul. A nobler deed was the cutting out and destruction of a large fleet which the Egyptians were building, by permission of the Sublime Porte, on the coast of Cilicia.

One might suppose that the Turkish sultans, rulers over one of the most prosperous and wealthy empires of the world, must have looked upon the champions of Christendom as a pack of piratical dervishes, no more worthy of courtesy than of mercy. But the fact seems to have been quite different. The order was very brave, very adventurous, and very formidable, and such qualities win respect even from the bitterest foes. Various incidents prove that Rhodes was regarded by the Moslems with respect rather than with scorn. When the great Mohammed died, and his elder son Bajazet succeeded him, the younger, Zizim or Djem, took refuge with the knights. Some twenty years later, Amurath, the son of Zizim, sought the same asylum, turned Christian, and was granted the castle of Feracle, eventually dying a martyr's death at the command of his cousin Solyman. The Shah of Persia, routed in battle by Bajazet, made an alliance with the Hospitalers. Gazelles, the Mameluke governor of Syria, having revolted against Solyman, applied to them for military stores, and received a willing though ineffectual aid.

It was perhaps this last act of hostility which decided the great Solyman to recommence the struggle in which his grandfather had failed. He had just taken Belgrade, and triumphantly closed a war with Hungary; he was at the head of a vaster and more potent empire than any of his predecessors; he had resources and fame to spare for a costly and uncertain venture. Nevertheless, the style in which he addressed himself to the order seems to show that he would have preferred amity, if he could have secured respect. To the Grand Master Villiers de l'Isle Adam—who, by-the-way, had just arrived from France, much harassed on his voyage by a Turkish pirate called Curtoglu—the Magnificent transmitted the following remarkable letter:

"Solyman, by the grace of God, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Most High Emperor of Byzantium and Trebizond, Most High King of Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, Supreme Lord of Europe and Asia, Prince of Mecca and Aleppo, Master of Jerusalem, and Ruler of the Universal Sea—to Philip Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Isle of Rhodes, greeting:

"I congratulate thee on thy new dignity and thy arrival in thy dominions. Mayest thou reign long and happily, and obscure the glory of thy predecessors! I offer thee our friendship, and entreat thee not to be the last of our allies to give us joy for our victories over the Hungarian king, whom we have stripped of the strong fortress of Belgrade, besides wasting his territories with fire and sword, and carrying away many of his people. From Constantinople. Farewell."

To this haughtily gracious missive the Grand Master returned a reply which was both a reproach and a defiance, charging the Sultan, in pretty plain terms, with the misdoings of Curtoglu, and declining his magnificent friendship. The result was a demand that the order should surrender its fortresses and retire from Rhodes. Even yet, however, the Sultan did not desire war; if the knights would go, they should go in peace and with all honors.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF RHODES.

L'Isle Adam prepared for battle. The brothers were summoned from all the commanderies of Europe. The magazines were replenished; all the crops and forage of the island stored within the walls; food, wines, and munitions brought from Candia, Sicily, Naples, and France. In all these countries, likewise, soldiers were recruited. Cautious and jealous Venice was tricked out of 500 Cretan archers, still as notable for their skill as in the days of Xenophon. The burghers and sailors were armed and drilled, the peasants and slaves turned into pioneers. The suburbs were razed, and new works laid out. The garrison, besides militia, amounted to 5000 regular troops, of whom 600 were knights.

As in 1480, the walls were twofold, and strengthened by thirteen towers, five of which were imbedded in bastions, ravelins, barbicans, and redoubts. The ditch was deep and wide, the scarp and counterscarp well faced and palisaded, the rampart lofty. Cannon commanded the entire adjacent territory, while grenades, fire-pots, and bowlders were piled on every salient. Within were minor works; the defenses extended from the glacis to the centre of the town; at every few yards an assailant would encounter fresh obstacles. Sunken galleys blocked the mouth of the bay from which Palæologus had attacked the tower of St. Nicholas. The main port was closed by a double chain.

It was the summer of 1522. Forty-two years had elapsed since the first siege. Europe in that period had gained wonderfully in power and civilization. America had been discovered for thirty years. Henry VIII. ruled in England, Francis I. in France, Charles V. in Germany and Spain, Leo X. in the papal chair. It was the great period of Wolsey, Luther, Erasmus, Macchiavelli,

Michael Angelo, Raphael, Gaston de Foix, and Pescara. The world had lately seen the rebirth of literature and art, and was now watching the birth of the Reformation. The dawn of our era of general instruction, vast military development, and wonderful mechanical ingenuity was already visible. But Christendom, so powerful in arms, wealth, knowledge, and promise, had lost its fervor of chivalry and religion, and did almost nothing for L'Isle Adam.

On the 26th of June, tumult, wailing, and supplications resounded through Rhodes, while 400 Turkish sail swept in magnificent menace past the harbor. On board this fleet (if we may believe the historians of the order) were 140,000 soldiers, besides 60,000 Bulgarian and Hungarian peasants, torn from their fields to serve as pioneers. The admiral was the pirate Curtoglu, and the general was Solyman's brother-in-law, Mustapha Pasha. The main debarkation was made in a small haven about three miles east of the city, and thirteen days elapsed before the troops, ordnance, and military stores could be all landed.

Taking no notice of the castles and minor fortresses in the island, the invaders promptly commenced a regular investment of the capital. Ground was broken beyond cannon-shot, and the parallels pushed rapidly forward, amid a pitiful slaughter of the Christian slaves, who fell by hundreds under the Rhodian artillery, or were massacred in furious sallies, only to be driven back to their work by scourge and cimeter. The first battery which was opened went to ruin before the superior gunnery of the besieged. Every day there was a sortie, destroying the materials and heaping the trenches with dead. Time dragged on, and no progress was made. Dismayed by the precision of the Christian fire, and seeing the labor of weeks end only in disappointment, the Turkish soldiers recalled gloomily the repulse of the great Mohammed, and began to show symptoms of mutiny.

Pyrrhus Pasha, a venerable man, and once the governor of Solyman, wrote to him that his presence was needed. The young and energetic Sultan assembled 15,000 choice troops, marched swiftly to Fisco, on the opposite coast, and crossed to the island. The splendor and terror of a great ceremony, in which he reproached, threatened, and frowningly pardoned his humbled army, dispelled revolt and re-illumined fanaticism. The siege was recommenced with extraordinary industry and recklessness of life. In spite of a murderous storm of shot and shell, the trenches were speedily pushed to the counterscarp, while two immense earthen mounds, ten or twelve feet higher than the walls, rose in front of the Italian bastion.*

* The posts were divided among the various nationalities of the order.

The batteries, which had previously fired too high, were depressed so as to strike the walls. The tall steeple of St. John, from whence the knights had heretofore reconnoitred the besiegers, was beaten down with heavy artillery. Gaping bombards flung in enormous stones, which broke through solid edifices from roof to cellar.

As yet, however, the Rhodian gunnery maintained a marked superiority. The cannon in front of the rampart of the German knights were speedily dismounted. Battery after battery was knocked to pieces before an incomplete and impracticable breach could be opened in the tower of St. Nicholas. The Turks cannonaded one bastion and then another, with no further effect than to deface the masonry. The return fire of the garrison wrought dreadful havoc. A single shot killed five Turkish soldiers, and took off the legs of the Sultan's master of ordnance, a renegade whose military skill was of the first importance.

Of course incessant hammering produced some impression. The bulwarks of Italy and England steadily crumbled into mounds of ruin. But the defenders erected new barricades within, which could only be carried by regular assaults. Amid manifold death, the wretched Dacian pioneers filled up the ditch by day, only to find that the Rhodians, by means of galleries, removed their materials during the night. No less than thirty-two Turkish mines were countermined, under the direction of a noble volunteer, the Venetian Martinigo. Yet such was the impulse communicated by the impetuous Sultan that only one week after his arrival a sap was successfully exploded under the English bastion, blowing up twelve yards of wall, burying several English knights, and filling the ditch with rubbish.

A storming column immediately rushed to the assault, gained the smoking ledge of the rampart, and planted several standards. But an interior breastwork checked the Moslems, and knights and soldiers rallied to the defense. The Grand Master, rising from his devotions in a neighboring chapel, seized a kind of short pike, which was the bayonet of the day, headed a furious charge on the intruders, tore down their principal ensign with his own hand, and drove them back into the trenches. Mustapha Pasha, the Moslem generalissimo, hurried forward supports, and rallied the fugitives with imprecations and blows of his sharp cimeter. Amid "thundering of shot, noise of trumpets and drums, and crying of men," the assault was renewed with double fury. When the bullet and sword failed of their work, Christian and Turk met in frantic grappling, stabbing with their poniards and yataghans. But the knights held firm. Musketry, grenades, and stones rained death among the infidels, and at last they rolled

back in panic, pursued by the Rhodian cannonade. The assault had cost them 2000 men, including three sangiacs, or governors of provinces. On the side of the order fell fifty knights—heroes worthy of Homeric song—besides many brave soldiers.

Nine days later the line of white-bearded Pyrrhus Pasha made a violent onslaught upon the bastion of Italy, penetrating through watchers overwhelmed with the drowsiness of incessant fatigue, and holding the post for a while against all the gallantry of the Italian knights. Mustapha Pasha, hastening to the edge of the ditch, exhorted the combatants and cheered on his reserves. The governor of Negropont, a young emir of renowned valor, was shot down at his side. The struggle raged indecisively, until the Grand Master arrived with a select troop, and expelled the besiegers with great slaughter. A second attack, directed upon a different point, was equally disastrous, and the Turkish soldiers rolled back to their intrenchments in a state of despondency which threatened mutiny.

But there was the terrible Sultan. Mustapha preferred to die in the breach rather than by his brother-in-law's bowstring. He concerted with Achmet Pasha, the famous aga of the janizaries, a double assault, which was delivered only four days after the repulse of Pyrrhus. The plan was that the pasha should charge the English bastion with five battalions, while the aga should blow up and storm the bastions of Spain and Auvergne. Mustapha's troops ran through a murderous fire, fought their way over ruins to the new interior rampart, and planted several standards upon it. The English rallied; some knights of France and Germany attacked the flanks of the assailants. The leading Moslems began to recoil. Mustapha drove up a supporting column, and flung himself personally into the struggle, threatening and cheering his soldiers. But already cannon and wall-pieces had been brought to bear upon the writhing mass, while a stream of musketry poured into it from the redoubt in front. The Turks reeled, broke in sudden panic, and tumbled back upon the ditch, bearing along with them their cursing and foaming general.

Meanwhile the mine under the bastion of Auvergne had taken vent, and blown out without effect. But the bastion of Spain heaved with an earthquake bellow, and its face rolled down in a slope of smoking rubbish. Achmet's veterans swarmed promptly forward, and secured a footing on the shattered pile. The Spanish knights, unshaken by the explosion, received them with a deadly fire, and held them at bay until the bastion of Auvergne could turn its cannon upon them. Swept away in crowds, unable to form for an advance, the janizary masses dissolved in blood and disappeared in despair. The two assaults had cost the Turkish army 3000 men. Several knights had greatly distinguished themselves. Two standards were taken by Christopher Valdner before he died; several Moslems were slain by Prejar de Bidoux before he was disabled. But such deeds of personal might and daring were as common at the siege of Rhodes as on the plains of Ilium. How is it that these heroes have failed of a Homer?

A week later, on the 24th of September, came a still more tremendous tragedy. Mustapha Pasha, trembling for his own head, and holding the heads of others in comparatively little esteem, suggested a general assault. It was preluded by a persevering and tremendous cannonade of the already ruinous bastions of England, Spain, and Auvergne. The Grand Master, foreseeing the coming of the storm, visited all the posts, and made a round of the city, piously exhorting both knights and citizens, and beseeching them to conquer or make for themselves a glorious grave.

An unintermitting bellow of artillery ushered in the dawn, and, under cover of the smoke, five dense, loud-roaring columns trampled forward, entering simultaneously the ramparts of Italy, Spain, England, Provence, and Auvergne. The Turks had never fought with keener incentives to valor, for on the summit of a lofty wooden tower, which commanded the arena, stood Solyman, and pasha and janizary had but to look backward in order to see their fierce young emperor, the rewarder of the valiant and the punisher of the coward. But while it was easy to mount the crumbled slopes of the defenses, it was an almost superhuman labor to advance farther. On the walls stood every able-bodied man of Rhodes, every knight and soldier and priest and citizen, while the aged, the wounded, the women and children, served in the rear, keeping the ranks constantly supplied with missiles and combustibles. The assailants were not only slaughtered, but tormented. Huge stones crushed the life out of them; buckets of burning pitch shrouded them in clinging flame; fire-hoops inclosed half a dozen at once in circles of torture. The city was girt with anguish and wailing and frantic death, as though it were the metropolis of the bottomless pit.

Mustapha Pasha attacked the bastion of England, Pyrrhus Pasha the bastion of Italy, and Achmet Aga that of Spain. The English post was a mound of rubbish, but its defenders had no need of ramparts. Mustapha's lieutenant, an officer of high reputation, was struck by a cannon-ball while planting a standard in the breach, and hurled in a battered mass through the soldiers who followed him. But the Turks surged forward every where. The janizaries especially behaved in a style worthy of famed

veterans. The ramparts of England and Italy were soon in dire peril. The Grand Master was hurrying with a select reserve to their relief, when he heard a general cry that the Spanish bastion was taken, and, turning his head, saw it crowned with infidel pennons.

It was one of those jests of fortune which sometimes decide battles and render heroism a nullity. Achmet Aga, believing that the bastion was too strong to be carried, had directed his column against a portion of the neighboring wall. The Spanish knights moved to encounter him, leaving their position in charge of a few sentinels, who presently also quitted it to help put some cannon in battery. The result was that a party of Turkish skulkers, who had taken refuge under the shattered face of the scarp, found themselves free to clamber up the ruins, sabre the gunners, and seize the little fortress. The aga soon discovered this unexpected conquest, and ordered in a support of janizaries.

A long, bloody, and doubtful combat ensued; the fate of Rhodes hung in suspense for two hours. The cannon of the bastion of Auvergne were turned upon the front of the Spanish ramparts, and besomed it with such fury that few of the Moslem re-enforcements succeeded in passing the line of fire. Meantime the Christians attacked it on three sides, the Grand Master scaling the townward face, the Commander De Bourbon struggling through a casemate, and a band of Cretans bursting in at a gate. In the end the Turks were overpowered, put to the sword, or hurled into the ditch.

L'Isle Adam now hastened to the spot where the main flood of janizaries was combing over the wall held by the knights of Spain. There the battle raged and continued to augment as if it would never cease until both parties were destroyed. All the other sanguinary struggles of the day were minor to this. Six hours of hand-to-hand wrestling, alternating with cannonade and arquebuse fire, covered that section of rampart with corpses and blood. The janizaries, sustained by their ancient discipline, and mindful that the eye of the Sultan was upon them, returned to the charge times without number. They were rallied, directed, and encouraged by the fiercest fighter and one of the ablest generals in the Ottoman army. The Grand Master, seeing at last that his line must have further re-enforcements or give way, drafted 200 soldiers and several knights from the tower of St. Nicholas. The dash of fresh troops decided the contest, and drove the wearied stormers down the ruins. This giant feat accomplished, the deadly struggle was over. Solyman, seeing his troops every where forced from the defenses, ordered the trumpets to sound a retreat.

It had been one of the bloodiest assaults in history. Fifteen thousand Moslems, including several commanders of renown, lay in the breaches and along the base of the ramparts. Nor had the garrison escaped without such a loss as it could ill afford. There was scarcely a man wearing the cross of St. John who had not received a wound. We must not forget to mention the heroic and stalwart John le Roux, who killed seven infidels before his right hand was carried off by a cannon-ball.

For this failure Mustapha Pasha came near losing his head, and did lose his command, while Admiral Curtoglu, accused of inaction, was publicly whipped and ignominiously dismissed. So disheartened was Solyman by his repulse that he might have abandoned the siege, had not an Albanian deserter brought him word that the town was untenable and its garrison greatly weakened. Achmet Aga was promoted to be pasha and generalissimo, and the siege was continued on more cautious and scientific principles. In place of assaults came mining and bombardment. The bastion of Spain was cannonaded into a shapeless heap. There was a breach in the bastion of England through which a battalion could have marched in battle front. Saps were carried beneath counterscarp and ditch clean under the main fortifications.

Meantime the besieged were equally active. Mines and counter-mines exploded into each other, making hollow ways and under-ground caverns, where the combatants fought hand to hand in the darkness, like subterranean fiends. The engineer Martinigo, looking through a loop-hole for a moment, was blinded in one eye by the fire of an arquebuse. In due time assaults followed. Over and over again were the bastions strewn with turbaned dead. For thirty-four successive nights the Grand Master slept on a pallet behind the tatters of the rampart of Spain, ready at any moment to awake and do battle. He was an old man with gray hair; he was a hero immortally young.

The knights were ere long reduced to admit that if their brothers in blood and faith did not help them, they must eventually fall. But the greatest princes whom Europe had known for centuries did nothing for a band of heroes than whom the world had never seen nobler and braver. An age which resurrected Grecian art and literature was deaf to the call of men who far surpassed in manliness the chiefs of Homer, and vied in devotion with the Spartans of Thermopylæ. While Rhodes was agonizing in bloody sweat for the faith of Gethsemane, Henry VIII. was invading Normandy, Charles V. was struggling with Francis I. for the mastership of Italy, and Adrian VI. was bargaining with the strongest.

Alone, in ruins, and with magazines nearly exhausted, Rhodes continued to resist. When the English and Italian bastions had been demolished by batteries and explosions, the knights pulled down two churches, and built a new wall out of their materials. Several sanguinary attacks were repulsed with unshaken resolution. The besiegers turned upon the Spanish bastion, blew down the whole front of it with a mine, followed up with a twenty-four hours' cannonade to prevent the erection of rear defenses, and sent in a ponderous storming column. It mounted with ease the slopes of mere débris, and was arrested for hours by a wall of heroes. A deluge of rain washed away a shoulder-work in the ditch, and left the Turkish masses exposed to the cannon of the bastion of Auvergne. Sickened with the slaughter, Achmet sounded a retreat, leaving 5000 bodies on the narrow field of battle.

Solyman fell into profound despondency, and shut himself up for several days in his tent. Achmet, trembling for his own head, but not daring to hazard another assault, continued to push the siege by skirmishes, harassing feints, and mining. Ere long he had driven his saps and trenches so far into the city that the Rhodians gave up large sections of the wall, and retired upon a new line built out of the ruins of houses. The town half belonged to the Moslems, and yet they feared to send in a column. In this situation of things the haughty and imbittered Sultan condescended to offer terms of capitulation, but the Grand Master refused to receive the messenger, and threatened to shoot the next who should present himself. Fighting recommenced; the Ottomans were repulsed in a sanguinary attack, but next day they renewed the struggle, and at last carried the Spanish bastion.

The fall of Rhodes, besieged now for about six months, was at hand. During the negotiation the engineer Martinigo had reported the place untenable, and all the principal citizens had sent in a petition praying for a surrender. Now the entire population clamorously besought the Grand Master to save them from the rapine and massacre which always followed a triumphant Turkish assault. He bowed his gray head to woful necessity, and dispatched an embassy to the Sultan. The honorable terms which Solyman granted show not only that he still feared the defenders, but also that he regarded them with soldierly admiration. Knights and soldiers and citizens were to be safe in their persons, secure in their faith, free to depart or remain, and free to bear away their property, excepting only the armament of the fortress. After one exhibition of hauteur the Sultan received L'Isle Adam with graciousness, offered him the highest dignities of the empire if he would turn Moslem, visited him in his own palace, and accorded him the title of father.

"It is not without regret," he said to Achmet Pasha, "that I drive this unfortunate old man, full of sorrow, from his home."

In token of respect for the vanquished, the Turks refrained from defacing the public inscriptions and armorial bearings of the order, and to this day they venerate the city as a place forever illustrious and worthy of reverence. Whoever visits Rhodes even now may see on the fronts of its hoary and silent palaces the blazonries of the heroes who previously beautified it and gloriously defended it.

MALTA AND ITS SIEGE.

L'Isle Adam left Rhodes, January 1, 1523, with about fifty sail, carrying all the knights and soldiers, about 4000 of the inhabitants, and much property. After wandering, homeless as Ulysses, about the Mediterranean, camping for short periods at Gallipoli, Messina, Cumæ, Civita Vecchia, and Viterbo, pursued every where by a pestilence which originated in a city of corpses, the chivalrous exiles settled for some years at Nice, in Savoy, and in 1530 obtained from Charles V. the investiture of Malta.

As a gift from the greatest monarch of Christendom to the noblest defenders of Christendom, it was nothing less than contemptible. A glaring rock, almost destitute of soil, ravaged by descent after descent of Moslem corsairs, it had but a scanty, beggarly population, and paid to Charles the paltry revenue of forty-one ducats. Under the rule of the order it speedily became a garden, and its castle of St. Angelo grew into a strong and beautiful fortress-city.

Thus provided with a dwelling-place, the Hospitalers resumed their warfare against the infidel. But we have not space to recount their many combats on sea and shore —their descents upon Barbary and the Ottoman Empire, desolating districts, storming castles, and withstanding sieges; their struggles against the Barbarossas and other vikings of Algiers and Tunis; their protracted and famous defense of African Tripoli. Frequently they had the assistance of the Venetians, the Genoese, and Charles V. But to the utmost of their powers, and far more than many mighty states, they were a bulwark of Christianity against the warlike faith of Mohammed, and against a magnificent Sultan, who struggled all his long reign toward the conquest of Europe.

We must come as promptly as possible to the great siege which Malta endured thirty-five years after the knights fixed themselves in it, and forty-three years after their expulsion from Rhodes. Solyman the Magnificent, now an old man, distinguished the last year of his life by one more effort to destroy his most persevering foes. Of course

he had had any number of provocations to war; but the cup brimmed over when certain Maltese vessels captured a Turkish galleon laden with costly stuffs belonging to the Seraglio; it was an insult to the Sultan's own household, and the result was an oath to extirpate the order.

The Grand Master, the venerable John de la Valette, discovered signs of the approaching storm, and looked about him for aid. But it was useless to appeal to the great powers of Europe, disturbed as all of them were by the struggle between Protestantism and Papacy, by the insurrection of the Netherlands, the arming of the Huguenots, and the religious tumults of Germany. Maximilian, Charles IX., and Elizabeth did as little for the Hospitalers as had been done by Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII.; and outside of 10,000 crowns from the Pope and a few troops from Spain, they had to depend on their own resources.

They were not lacking to their honor and their history; they gathered from every distant commandery to the battle. Mercenaries were levied in the Italian states, the natives of the island organized, the sailors drilled. When the day of trial arrived upon La Valette, he had 700 knights, a number of serving brothers, and 8500 soldiers. Besides the inland Città Notabile, the fortifications consisted of the Bourg, the castles of St. Elmo and St. Angelo, the works on the Mole and La Sangle, and some minor batteries. It was a cluster of fortifications, by no means sufficiently united, and but imperfectly inclosing the Grand Port. The mouth of this harbor was barred by a huge chain, supported on a float of casks and beams.

On the 18th of May, 1565, the garrison saw sweep by their ramparts 159 galleys and a fleet of transports, bearing 30,000 janizaries and spahis, with abundance of pioneers, artillery, stores, and munitions. Landing in the bay of Marsa Sirocco, Mustapha Pasha promptly opened approaches against St. Elmo, purposing to secure Port Muscait for his anchorage. On the 24th a battery of ten 80-pounders, two 60-pounders, and a basilisk throwing stone bullets of 160 pounds began to crumble the masonry of the castle. Ere long, in spite of a spirited sally, the besiegers effected a lodging on the counterscarp, and constantly increasing their batteries, reduced the ravelin to ruins. Then came a daybreak assault which carried the ravelin, and only failed of the main work through the shortness of the ladders. After two splendid rallies the stormers retreated, leaving 3000 men on the field of combat, while the defenders lost over 900.

In possession of the ravelin, only a few yards from the shattered scarp, the Moslems recommenced their bombardment with such effect that the commander, De Medran, a knight whose courage was above suspicion, soon reported the position untenable. But La Valette, whose only hope of ultimate success lay in holding out until the arrival of re-enforcements, was unwilling to abandon this important outwork until the last extremity. He offered to withdraw the defenders and replace them with volunteers. Stung with shame, the gallant men refused to move, and the desperate defense continued. At daybreak of June 16 came a specially furious cannonade, followed by a general assault.

The storming columns advanced to the sound of barbarous music, while 4000 arquebusiers and cross-bowmen volleyed at the ramparts. The musketry, grenades, and fire-hoops of the garrison made havoc among the Ottomans, but could not prevent them from swarming through the breach and dashing upon the ranks behind it. Then came a savage, clashing, shrieking struggle of pike, sword, and dagger. Again and again the assailants were borne backward by main strength of thrusting and close wrestling. They tried the seaward face, and were swept away by artillery; they plunged at the cavalier, and were tortured out with combustibles. The screams of blazing Orientals formed no inconsiderable part of the monstrous clamor of the combat. At the end of six hours the Turkish battle tumbled rearward, leaving behind it a débris of 2000 dead. Besides De Medran, who fell just as he had captured a standard, the defenders lost sixteen knights and 300 soldiers killed and wounded.

Concluding that St. Elmo was impregnable so long as it could be re-enforced, the pasha decided to sever it from the Bourg and subject it to a complete investment. By dint of sharp fighting he seized Gibbet Cape, and planted thereon a battery which swept the entrance of the Grand Port; next, starting from the ditch of the besieged fort, he ran a covered way along the outer sea-beach, and filled it with marksmen. Thus surrounded, St. Elmo was again stormed; the 21st of June saw three obstinate and bloody assaults; night alone separated the combatants. During the next day came an unavailing attempt in boats to strengthen or withdraw the garrison. That evening the beleaguered heroes, realizing that death was near at hand, partook of the sacrament in the chapel of the fort, and tenderly bade each other farewell. At daybreak they repaired calmly to their posts, those who could not stand being carried thither in chairs, so that they might find the end of heroes and not of victims. They were about 300 in number: it was the Thermopylæ of Christendom.

During the night the Moslems planted ladders and bridges at every practicable point. At dawn thirty-two pieces of enormous cannon opened the combat with their

thunder, after which came the dense storming columns, confident of victory, and roaring like the sea. For four hours the steady courage of martyrs checked the assailants and ploughed them with slaughter. Then, as only sixty persons remained in the breach, the garrison of the cavalier was summoned thither for the closing wrestle. The janizaries seized the huge earthen mound, and, standing high above the defenders, poured in a fatal fire of musketry. The commander, La Mirande, fell; the Bailiff of Negropont dropped beside him; knight after knight and soldier after soldier died. There were only a few bleeding men left. Down came the rush of Turkish cimeters, and the last Christian perished in valiant fight.

In the defense of St. Elmo the garrison had lost 300 knights and 1300 soldiers, while the Moslems had purchased it at an expense of 8000 men. Mustapha Pasha, after inspecting the contracted and shattered fortifications, exclaimed, "If the child has cost us so dear, what shall we have to pay for the father?"

He sent in proposals for a negotiation. The bearer returned with the message that he could have the ditch of the fortress for his grave. The knights renewed their oath never to surrender, and La Valette ordered that no prisoners should be taken. The siege recommenced with undiminished energy. Trenches being impossible, the Turks covered the solid rock with stone breastworks, established batteries on Mounts Sceberras, Margaret, Salvator, and the hill of Corradin, and garnished them with seventy pieces of huge cannon. To close the main port, Mustapha planned the seizure of the spur of St. Michael, just beyond the fort of the same name on the promontory of La Sangle. Warned of this danger by a Greek deserter, the Grand Master fenced the point with a water palisade and floating boom. The pasha sent swimmers by night to hew open a passage for his boats with hatchets. The knights overheard the chopping of these adventurers, and tried to drive them off by a cannonade, but without effect. Then Admiral Del Monte organized a natatory sally of Maltese, who stripped themselves naked, and, armed only with swords, attacked the hatchet men in the water, routing them after a sanguinary conflict. The Turks next fastened cables to the booms, and worked them by capstans on the opposite shore, endeavoring thus to wrench away the barrier. The sea-dogs of islanders swam out again and cut the cables.

Disappointed in this scheme, the pasha opened a general bombardment on the Bourg and La Sangle, and, under cover of his fire, pushed trenches up to the ditch of St. Michael. So closely were the two towns invested that it was difficult to pass succors between them, until a floating bridge was thrown across the lagoon. Early in July the besiegers were re-enforced by 2500 veteran Algerine troops under the Viceroy Hassan, a gallant young viking, son of the renowned Barbarossa, and son-in-law of the scarcely less famous Dragut. A double assault was now organized against St. Michael, the land column to be commanded by Hassan, and the seaward one by his lieutenant, Candelissa, a notable Greek renegade.

Multitudinous boats were dragged overland from Port Muscait to the Grand Port, and manned with 4000 Turks and Algerines. To the music of gong, trumpet, and atabal, and preceded by a barge full of praying and imprecating mollahs and dervishes, Candelissa and his men rowed stoutly toward the fortress. The Maltese cannon soon put an end to the uproar of the Moslem clergy, but the soldiers pushed on through the slaughter, and reached the palisades near the shore. A long and bloody struggle followed, the assailants hacking at the thick beams with hatchets, and the defenders distributing a murderous musketry. Repulsed here, Candelissa made for a beach near the headland, and attacked a redoubt of six guns held by the Commander De Guimeran. A close volley of cannon sunk several boats and destroyed hundreds of men without checking the advance. Candelissa landed, sent his flotilla back into deep water, and ordered his soldiers forward. Unable to retreat, they rushed through a storm of langrage and small shot, planted their ladders against the ramparts, and after a protracted struggle carried the redoubt.

There had been hours of fighting, but the knights in Fort St. Michael were indignant at seeing infidel standards floating over their outworks, and under the leadership of Admiral Del Monte a sally swarmed out to retake it, pouring in a prelude of musketry, and closing up to sharp thrusting of pike, sword, and dagger. Just as this attack was recoiling, a second column arrived with the same fury, breaking at last the tough resistance of the Algerines, and driving Candelissa to make the first flight of his life. The surviving Moslems dropped their arms and begged for quarter, but the Christians shouted "St. Elmo!" and pitilessly cut them down. Of the 4000 assailants not more than 500 regained their boats and escaped.

Meantime Hassan's attack on the landward side had roared on through cannonade and small shot to arms-length combat in the breaches and on the adjoining ramparts. More than once the Algerines who headed the column crowned the fortifications with their standards. The battle rolled from gap to gap, beating in through one or another and recoiling like the surges of a tempest. At last the conquerors of Candelissa arrived to re-enforce the defenders and scourge away the remnant of Hassan's men with intolerable musketry.

Five hours of massacre had not dismayed Mustapha Pasha, and he ordered up a division of his janizaries. The musket, pike, sword, and dagger recommenced their ferocious labor. The citizens took part in the struggle, throwing down stones, fire-works, and boiling oil upon the stormers, and aiding the pioneers to run a trench and barricade behind the breach. An Osmanli sprang into the Christian ranks, shot the Chevalier De Quincy through the head, and was instantly cut down by a sabre. There were many such incidents: at times it was a battle of duels. Eventually, at a cost of forty knights and two hundred soldiers, the janizaries were driven from the breaches and the ditch, leaving them piled with corpses.

The pasha now erected an elevated bridge from which to fusillade or storm the ramparts. Two brave young knights—De Polastron and Henry de la Valette, nephew of the commander—fell in a desperate attempt to destroy it. "All the brotherhood are my children," said the Grand Master to those who condoled with him; "I grieve as much for Polastron as for La Valette." Then he reconnoitred the spot, opened a new embrasure in the wall, brought a gun to bear on the bridge, and tumbled it in ruins.

The pasha now divided his attack between the Bourg and St. Michael. On the 2d of August a double assault was delivered, and kept up for six hours before it could be repulsed. Five days later, covered by a feint on the bastion of Castile, another storm was directed against St. Michael, the besiegers fighting their way through a dreadful fire to the top of the breach, and holding it for four hours. Knights, soldiers, citizens, and even women and children, joined in the resistance. The whole fortress was girdled like a Sinai with smoke and flame, while clash of armor and shouts of struggling men pierced the musketry and cannonade. The pasha advanced to the foot of the wall, cheered on his janizaries as they filed past him, and cut down stragglers with his cimeter. At the end of four bloody hours the defenders were beginning to give ground, when, to their joy, they heard the Turkish trumpets sound a retreat. The garrison of the Città Notabile—troopers with infantry riding behind them—had stormed down from the interior upon the rear of the Moslem camp, massacred the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and produced an impression of succors arrived from Europe, thus working this unexpected salvation.

Mining and counter-mining followed, with earthquake explosions and obscure subterraneous duelling, resulting in no good to the besiegers. August 18, Turkish patience being all exhausted, janizaries surged again into the bastion of Castile and over the breaches of St. Michael. Piali Pasha stormed onward at such a rate that Brother William, chaplain of the order, ran breathless to the Grand Master, crying, "Town taken! fly to St. Angelo!" The venerable warrior, seventy-one years old, replied by a charge which tore down the Crescent banners and drove the long carbines of the janizaries into the ditch. Musketry, grenades, and flaming hoops succeeded, making return inconvenient, and even flamingly impossible. The wearied Moslems fell to firing from behind cover and striking their swords against their bucklers in order to counterfeit the clangor of battle. Mustapha Pasha, not deceived, but grievously discouraged by these symptoms, sounded a retreat.

Next day, fresh assault. Huge Turkish bomb of cylindrical hoop-work thrown back among the assailants in the ditch of St. Michael to their murderous discomfiture; janizary banners once more temporarily triumphant on the bastion of Castile. La Valette wounded in the leg by a grenade, and Commander Bonneseigne terribly scorched by his side, losing an eye. Turks repulsed at last by a forlorn reserve of Maltese militia, at whose head fought several knights in their usual manful fashion.

August 20, another storm. The pasha purposing in his despair to kill the defenders one by one, and the latter objecting to the extent of their strength and knowledge of warfare. This time the Turks came on in wooden helmets, bullet-proof, and reaching to the shoulders—a frantic whim of some Oriental inventor, so intolerable to the wearers that they chose rather to fight bare-headed. Cheder—renowned gray-haired governor of Bosnia, probably of mountaineer Sclavonic breed—led the column in gorgeous habiliments. His color-bearer being shot, and then several others in rapid succession, he seized the standard himself, and sabred valiantly on to his doom, giving occasion for a truly Homeric fight over his body. The Moslems saved the mangled prize, but had to roll back exhausted into the trenches, leaving the field strewn with two thousand corpses and eight thousand wooden helmets.

August 23, more storming, of which the Grand Master had received anonymous forewarning from without, a letter being shot inside with the single word, "Thursday." The whole garrison, including the wounded knights in the hospitals, manned and held the ramparts for bare life. The brunt fell on the Castile bastion, where Piali Pasha swept every thing clean with cannon, and then established a platform overlooking the wall and raining musketry. A nocturnal council, somewhat dismayed by this piece of sharp-shooting carpentry, recommended abandonment of the outer fortifications and retreat into St. Angelo. The wiser Grand Master sent out a night sortie, which car-

ried the platform by surprise, and turned it into a position of defense.

September 1, the janizaries came on again, struggling athwart blasts of missiles to the summit of a breach, and fighting there for hours through the loop-holes and cracks of a wooden barricade—the only barrier between them and the defenders. This attack repulsed, Mustapha led a column into the interior, purposing to storm the Città Notabile. Mesquita, the governor, armed a host of women and children, posted them all over his battlements, and thus made such a show of force that the Turk flinched from an assault, and returned disconsolate.

His next expedient was a huge wooden tower, supporting a movable platform, which rose above the ramparts, for sharp-shooting, and then descended under cover for reloading. The Grand Master opened a new embrasure, put in a culverin crammed with chain-shot, shattered the machinery at the first fire, and dashed the marksmen to earth. The antique childishness of this invention proves the desperation of the pasha. He was, indeed, almost at the last gasp of vigor and hope. Meantime the besieged, reduced to six hundred effective men, their walls yawning with breaches, and the earth beneath them honey-combed with mines, abated no jot of confidence.

It was at this period, when the order had almost triumphed alone, that succors made a show of arriving. For some time past a powerful fleet, with 8000 imperial troops and 200 Knights of St. John, had been lying at Syracuse, waiting for the vacillating Philip II. and his temporizing Viceroy of Naples to permit a rescue of the champions of Christendom. Roused by popular clamor, the viceroy at last set sail, made his destination without difficulty, cruised irresolutely along the Maltese coast, got himself dispersed by a storm, and put back to Sicily. There the soldiers became honorably mutinous, and demanded tumultuously to be re-embarked. Stung by universal scorn, the viceroy unmoored again (September 6), landed his army in Port Melecha, and returned himself promptly to Messina—an eager man for re-enforcements.

Meantime the pasha, informed of the imperial armament, and understanding that it was very powerful, had withdrawn his garrisons, abandoned his heavy artillery, and taken ship in disorderly haste. This done, he learned the real numbers of the Christians, and, furious at having been deceived into an unnecessary retreat, resolved to disembark and struggle to the last. But it was too late to hope for success; the Turkish soldiers could hardly be dragged from the galleys, and gave little promise of valiant fight; moreover, they found their intrenchments already levelled, and Maltese banners flying over St. Elmo.

Amid these disheartening circumstances, Mustapha showed no lack of courage and promptness. Leaving some 1500 men, under Algerine Hassan, to cover his roadstead, he marched with 5500 to meet the relieving column, and fought till not a platoon would stand longer. The 200 Hospitalers won the honors of the day, the first to strike and penetrate the Turkish line, throwing off their cuirasses to pursue the faster, and slaying the fugitives till they were shoulder-deep in the sea. The desperate valor of young Hassan and the immense cannonade of Capudan Pasha Piali scarcely saved Mustapha and a feeble remnant of his army.

Thus ended, after a whole summer of slaughter, with the loss of two hundred and sixty knights, seven or eight thousand soldiers and citizens, and some twenty-five thousand Moslems, the last great struggle of the Order of St. John, the flower of Christian chivalry, against the stubborn courage and vast resources of the sons of Osman.

A GLIMPSE AT SOME OF OUR CHARITIES.

PART I.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!"

HORACE MANN said, years ago, in one of those fine aphorisms which immortalize his idea, "Nudity and rags are only human idleness or ignorance *out on exhibition*."

Unhappily this sad exhibition still continues; but it is only the body of Horace Mann which lies sleeping. The fervor for education of the people which he conjured up will not rest. Human idleness is only one form of human ignorance; and although the rapid growing of our country finds us unprepared to meet the necessity, the minds of the people are at last awakened to the need, and are sure to move forward in the right direction.

During the winter of 1867–68, while Charles Dickens was last in America, he asked of the New York Chief of Police the kindness to detail an efficient guide and guard to show him the way into the dark places of our city, that he might compare its condition, according to his own observation, with that of London. "And I assure you," Dickens said to the writer of this paper, in his own forcible manner, "I can find nothing here to compare with the hopeless dens of London. It is bad enough, Heaven knows, but I see nothing which may not, if taken in season, be ameliorated, if not cured."

These were no idle words spoken by a novice in the art of observation of crime and wretchedness. The obscure portions of London had been the study of his trained vision for the twelve later years of his life especially, and his active energies, his undying sympathies, his purse and his pen, were ever busy in the service of needy and suffering humanity.

We would not convey the idea, in quoting these words, that Dickens believed—that we believe—poverty may ever be wiped out. Pray Heaven it may not be so! If the poor sometimes need the rich, how much do the rich need the poor? What pleasure can a whole hot-house of the rarest flowers afford, compared with the joy of putting a few roses into the hands of a sick girl lying in her unfurnished room? We will re-assure ourselves from the words of the Master: "The poor ye have always with you."

Between six and seven millions of dollars a year are expended in benevolent work in the city of New York. These numbers are so large that, as we write them down, we turn to the statistics of the Bureau of Charities once more, to be quite sure there is no mistake. Unhappily a large part of this sum is every year absorbed in bricks and mortar. A "home" is no sooner proposed, a "society" is hardly organized, before the proposition is made to build. Surely this is beginning at the wrong end, as we hope we may be able to prove. The united observation of the most experienced in dealing with the suffering and uneducated always tends to show that the real growth of philanthropic work depends upon the amount of time devoted to it by good men and women whose united service is of especial value, and not upon the buildings the society has to show. Yet were these six or seven millions of dollars all irrecoverably lost and sunk as in a pit in the bosom of the earth, we might still say to the donors, "Give once more; we have paid this price for our experience."

It is a happy office to be able to point out some of the beautiful effects of this benevolence, to show that there is no such pit, but in its place a wonderful garden where trees are found bearing fruit.

In order to obtain any idea either of the needs of the poor, or of the methods of relieving them now in operation in America, our observation should extend itself in two directions. Our first interest should be to consider the question of organization; our second, to observe some of the details of benevolent work as now carried on.

With regard to organization, our first feeling will probably be that of surprise at the youthfulness of this undertaking. As early as 1855 Mrs. Jameson wrote these words for England: "There exists at the core of our social condition a great mistake to be corrected and a great want supplied: men and women must learn to understand each other and work together for the common good before any amount of permanent moral and religious progress can be effected, and, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, we need Sisters of Charity every where."

America waited for her great war for freedom before learning she had a work to do. When at last our young men died to abolish slavery and save the Union, we said to ourselves, if not to each other, "They shall not die in vain." From that moment we knew we had a country to work for and to save. The care of our soldiers' wives and widows, and the daily contact of ladies with "slop-work" women who were making soldiers' shirts too badly for them to wear, under government contract, and who were taught to sew them over by hundreds of thousands at the cost of private purses and untiring voluntary labor—this acquaintance with the "dangerous classes," then first made general, was seed grain, which seems likely to ripen into permanent advantageous growth both to giver and receiver. A new class of men was created or developed by our war—men scarcely suited, after four years of camp life, to take up with the sober ways of a mercantile community: dashing young officers from Europe, who freely declared they came over to "keep their hand in" at fighting, and the superannuated Irish laborer, who felt his old blood glow once more like that of the war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, and forthwith colored his beard and submitted his stanch old ribs to be thumped by the surgeon in order to be pronounced of fit age to enter the army. Such men are likely to make lawless or difficult members of the body-politic. The face of society was changed. Many cultivated women made a high place for themselves in that hour of affliction. Then the voice of Mrs. Livermore was first heard, then Mrs. Howe wrote her best poems, and other women, whose names it would be invidious to mention, showed the highest executive ability, proving themselves fine nurses, or soothing and comforting by their noble presence those who were weak or faint-hearted. It is true great examples were not wanting before our war. Mrs. Browning and Miss Martineau were at the height of their fame; Miss Nightingale's shadow had been already kissed by the poor soldier at the Crimea; Agnes Jones was at work in her poor-house duties; but the fact had not yet made itself clear to every woman among us that

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We may make our lives sublime."

This was only understood when the pressure of cruel necessity pushed them to the front. Then first they learned the value of organization. Mrs. Brown quite enjoyed meeting

"that Mrs. Jones" at the 'squire's on committee-meeting night, when they talked over the subject as to how many boxes could be sent to Washington in the next fortnight from their village—"she took hold so!" We discovered by experience then the significance of the old saying that "the figure one standing by the side of one makes eleven."

In view of this experience and of our country's need, a plan was conceived by Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, of New York, of such value not only to our State, but to every State in the Union, that whoever has the welfare of humanity at heart can not fail to bestow upon it the closest consideration. In Miss Schuyler's report of March 1, 1873, nearly one year after she had first organized a society under the name of the State Charities Aid Association, she calls upon our citizens to aid each other, not against armed men, but against the army of paupers who have come from Europe, and, like the grasshoppers, are devouring our substance, though not all in one season.

We propose in as few words as possible to give some idea of what this great need is for which Miss Schuyler asks the co-operation of our citizens. In brief, we find this country threatened with the curse of Europe—hereditary pauperism. But we will quote from Miss Schuyler's report with respect to the facts: "Our whole poor-law system is an inheritance from England, and unless we change it, the results will also be the same. Already in New York State, out of a population of between four and five millions, over 200,000 are supported either wholly or in part by public money, or one out of every twenty-three persons wholly or partially supported by the others." Now when we remember that this computation deals merely with paupers, or the unfortunate who have come upon the public institutions, and leaves out as impossible to estimate the unfortunate or less fortunate members of every large family who are supported by the rest, friends who by illness or misfortune become the first care of their happier comrades, and the struggling, uncomplaining misery of large cities mitigated by friendly gifts and visits, it will readily be seen that if this evil be allowed to grow, it will soon be too large for us to handle, and the sore will either fester and putrefy the State, or civilization must be crippled and retarded by the funds of the community being sunk in this vast waste heap. Happily the organization of Miss Schuyler has brought an association of men and women together which is grappling successfully with this great subject.

In order to state the leading points of this measure, we will continue to quote from this first annual report of the State Charities Aid Association, addressed to the Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities of the State of New York:

"The objects of our work are of a twofold nature. 1st. To promote an active public interest in the New York State institutions of public charities, with a view to the physical, mental, and moral improvement of their pauper inmates. 2d. To make the present pauper system more efficient, and to bring about such reforms in it as may be in accordance with the most enlightened views of Christianity, science, and philosophy."

"We have divided our work into three departments, representing a threefold division of the pauper class, as follows: children, adult able-bodied paupers, and the inmates of hospitals. The latter division includes the sick, the insane, blind, deaf and dumb, idiot, inebriate, and aged paupers."

The first question in starting an association for such a work was how to make it supplementary to the duties of State authorities, truly a "Charities Aid," and not a body antagonistic or interfering either in act or spirit. Fortunately a slow-growing recognition of the need of such assistance for the State had already dawned on the mind of the government when Miss Schuyler came to its assistance. A quarter of a century before, Miss Dix had reported upon "the deplorable condition" of our county poor-houses. In 1857 a select committee, going over much the same ground, reported: "Common domestic animals are usually more humanely provided for than the paupers in some of these institutions." In 1865 Dr. Willard rendered similar testimony, and it was still two years later before the Board of State Commissioners of Public Charities was appointed, "composed of eight persons, who serve without compensation," whose business it is to visit every institution receiving State aid at least once in two years, and report upon the same to the Legislature, "with such advice and suggestion as may conduce to practical measures of reform." This first step of the Legislature came not a moment too soon. The company of eight persons struggled under its burden unassisted for the period of two years. At the end of that time they report, in 1869, "little interest taken by citizens in the counties in the condition of the poor-houses, and we attribute in a great degree to this apparent indifference the miserable state into which these houses have fallen. Though we make a strong and urgent appeal to the benevolent to look into the condition of the poor, yet, judging from appearances, there has been little if any response by that class of persons."

What could the public do? As will be seen later, even when working with authority, the visitors who went to observe abuses were sometimes insulted by the managers. The time was not yet come.

On the 11th of May, 1872, "in the hope of helping to create this active public interest in our State institutions of charities," and to act in accordance with the views of the

Board by responding to them, was first organized in the city of New York the State Charities Aid Association.

Before we proceed to show the growth and working of this plan, let us pause to remember the recent date of its birth. Some account of the beginning is here laid very briefly before you, and we pray, in view of the large result, which shall speak for itself, that not only the work may be increased in New York, but that other States shall follow, and Boston at least, which loves not to be behind in good work, shall lead the way for Massachusetts. The success of the Elberfeld system, the valuable suggestions of Mrs. Jameson, the example of Miss Nightingale, and the practical living work of Miss Octavia Hill paved the way for Miss Schuyler, and after the signal success she has made in New York, the work should never be allowed to pause or fail in these United States.

Sir Arthur Helps puts it into the mouth of one of his Friends in Council to say, in reference to the petty ambition which seems to beset women as well as men to start new projects: "I wish that men would devote themselves to furthering the projects and aims of some man who is greater than themselves, or at least more suggestive." Ellesmere replies: "Well, since I have formed one of the Friends in Council I have heard many vast propositions put forward, but never any like this. Are you aware that most people are rather vain? And yet you want them to devote themselves to a kind of hero-worship, the heroes being alive, and having only made sensible propositions."

I can hardly do better than to quote a few words from Mr. E. L. Pierce's report of the Massachusetts State Board of Charities, describing the plan of working at Elberfeld. Miss Schuyler has substantially adopted the same idea in her organization for New York. Mr. Pierce says: "The characteristic idea of the system is, that it establishes a very minute and constant *supervision*, carried on by unpaid visitors of the best class. The result has been that in 1852, with a population of over 50,000 inhabitants, 4000 paupers were relieved at a cost not exceeding $44,000. Although the population increased, yet the number of paupers and the cost of relief largely diminished as soon as the system was put in operation, so that in 1869, with 71,000 inhabitants, only about $19,000 were expended, and the number of paupers had fallen to 1062."

Nothing so general as this thorough system of investigation has yet been thought out for the great world of New York city, but Miss Schuyler's plan is far-reaching, and possesses every possibility within its scope. Equal room is given to founding new projects or supporting the old, the main idea of co-operation lying at the root of the whole. The work of the association is divided, as has been before stated, into three departments, "representing a threefold division of the pauper class, as follows: children, adult able-bodied paupers, and the inmates of hospitals."

"It shall be the duty of the Committee on Children to inform itself of the number, present condition, plan of education, and ultimate disposition of the children in the reformatories of this State and in the State institutions of public charities. It shall be the duty of this committee to urge upon the community the very great importance of enforcing such enlightened measures in the care and training of these children as may tend to effectually destroy hereditary pauperism in this State, and to best enable them to become useful citizens and good men and women."

"It shall be the duty of the Committee on Adult Able-bodied Paupers to ascertain the number of able-bodied pauper men and women supported in the almshouses of this State, and the character and value of the labor, if any, performed by them. It shall be the endeavor of this committee to have work-houses erected; to have the laws for the arrest and commitment of vagrants enforced; to relieve the industrious members of the community from the support of the idle; to uphold the dignity of labor; and in a country where work can always be obtained, to take such measures as shall tend to abolish beggary and vagrancy."

"It shall be duty of the Committee on Hospitals:

"1st. To inform itself of the number and present condition of the sick, the inebriate, insane, blind, deaf and dumb, idiot, and aged paupers in the New York State institutions of public charities, and to urge the adoption of such measures as are best adapted to secure the health, alleviate the sufferings, secure the humane care and comfort, and contribute to the happiness of these afflicted and aged people.

"2d. To collect and impart information in regard to the latest and most improved plans for the construction, ventilation, and disinfection of hospitals and asylums; to prepare plans of organization for their kitchen, linen, laundry, and nursing departments; and to acquaint themselves with such hygienic and sanitary regulations as are in accordance with the most advanced views of the medical profession."

These are the words of a portion of the constitution—a part of the sketch of the frame-work. However interesting and useful it might be to give still further particulars of Miss Schuyler's organization, we dare not pause here, but must pass on to the end of the first year, that we may see *what* work has really been done, and *how* it has been done. Before twelve months had passed, six local visiting committees had been organized, numbering in all 150 persons. "They are, with the exception of some thirty advisory members, all active, earnest workers, visiting regularly and systematically, once a week or once a fortnight, the ward of the hospital or the department of the almshouse assigned them. Our visitors belong to no one political party, to no one creed. We are men and women working together, supplementing each other's powers, with the one object of helping and elevating our poorer classes."

Four of these six visiting committees were hardly more than organized, and could therefore render no account of work, when the first report was issued, but the experience of the two pioneers is most valuable, and should not be omitted.

The first was a committee for visiting the Westchester County Poor-house, and contained forty-nine members; the second, for Bellevue Hospital, New York city, with fifty-three members.

We will endeavor to give a picture in brief of affairs at the Westchester poor-house during the year and the result of the first twelve months of labor. It was proposed to visit this institution every fortnight, and, without assuming any authority in the management (for this they did not possess), they hoped to work with the superintendents of the poor for the greater comfort of the inmates. "For the sake of insuring harmony of action, they met the superintendents once a month at the poor-house. So long as the ladies were contented to work themselves, and make no criticism upon the management of the institution, every thing moved on smoothly. But in the course of visiting they became aware of many things needing immediate reform—an absence of classification, which led to gross immorality; a want of enlightened treatment of the insane; no nursing for the sick; the children badly fed, badly clothed, badly taken care of, and exposed to the degrading influence of those in immediate charge of them."

The details of evils induced by lack of care and nursing in the poor-house may be found in the report of the voluntary visitors. They are almost too painful and necessarily too diffuse to be reproduced in these pages. Wasting children, neglected paralytics, were seen day by day; and when suggestions for reform were made to the superintendents, they were listened to with apparent civility, but were utterly disregarded. Finally the visitors were turned out altogether, and it was only after an appeal to the Board of Supervisors of the county and a delay of many months, and ultimately by an act of the Legislature, that the ladies were allowed to resume their duties, armed with sufficient authority to wipe out some of the cruel wrongs they had been forced at first to witness in silence.

Let us turn now to the report of the committee for Bellevue Hospital. These statements of poor-house and hospital visiting are not based on returns of boards who "walked through these buildings once a year, or once a month, or once a week;" but in Bellevue Hospital, for example,

"Each of the twenty-nine wards has been visited every week, the same visitors for the same ward, by ladies whose experience in the supervision of their own households has made them experts as regards washing, the care of linen, cooking, nursing the sick, etc. They go often enough to know every patient in the ward, to study the character of the person in charge, to know what the work of the ward is and how well it is done; they go in the morning, in the afternoon, at meal-times, sometimes one day, sometimes another. They write an account of every visit in books kept for the purpose. Each book is the history of the condition of that ward and its inmates for the past year. There were, to be sure, weeks in summer when the visits were discontinued, owing to absence from the city, but the whole number of visits average at least one visit a week to every ward. It is much to the credit of the city Commissioners of Charities that, fully aware what such a searching examination must result in, how it must necessarily bring to light abuses of which they could not otherwise know, but which would reflect upon their management, they freely and generously threw open the wards of the hospital, and from first to last have cordially welcomed our visitors, have listened to and acted upon their suggestions, and have furthered their plans in every way. The Commissioners have themselves told us there were many household duties in a large hospital only understood by women, and they would gladly avail themselves of the help we had to offer."

It is hard to believe the report of the condition of the New York hospitals when the ladies of the State Charities Aid Association first began their work. Lack of space, no decent washing, no soap, no proper nursing, and no classification of diseases, were found to be an every-day story. By means of a Training School for Nurses, and by careful weekly visiting, radical changes have been effected, and every month cheering accounts are given of improvements. The Training School for Nurses is worthy of mention as a most important good accomplished. The school was opened in May, 1873, at Bellevue Hospital, with a lady superintendent, and a staff of six nurses, who passed through their two years' course of practical study at that great hospital, and graduated with credit. They were immediately followed by other classes, and now more applications for admission from excellent women in all parts of the country are received than the managers can accept. The nurses go to attend the sick in private families, in hospitals, and are sent by the Board of Health to the poor. They have been found a blessing every where. Many who formerly resisted the suggestion to call in a nurse now eagerly seek them, and surgeons in certain instances have refused to perform operations without the aid of the *trained* nurse on whom they could rely. There seems no doubt of the future high development of this new means of good.

We are compelled by lack of space to add nothing to these simple statements to prove the value of the first year's work of Miss Schuyler's organization. But we will stay to look at the result of the second year's labor, to be quite sure there is growth as well as usefulness in her plan.

On the 1st of March, 1874, we find "the most enlightened and influential members of the community, men and women, have enrolled themselves for active duty; those who have never worked before in a systematic way; those whose time is the most precious thing they have to give."

This powerful body recognize deeply the importance of a movement whose *highest end* is "the study of pauperism with a view to its reduction." However beautiful any branch

of charitable work may be made, however important it is to nurse the sick, to care for the unfortunate, what can compare in importance with this endeavor for *prevention* of these evils? A reduction of pauperism by giving useful labor to the idle, sending boys to Western farms and girls to house-work or skilled needle-work, would soon do much to empty hospitals, poor-houses, work-houses, station-houses, and refuges for the unfortunate. If no comfort had been given by these visitors of the association, no food to the sick, no instruction to the ignorant, during these past twelve months, the making plain this one great truth, that the most important labor before our people "is the study of pauperism with a view to its reduction"—this clearing up and clearing away of despair by a diagnosis of the disease—should be sufficient reward, if any were needed, to the organizers of this measure.

In order to show the necessity for more general organization from another point of view, let us turn to the report of the Bureau of Charities for the city of New York. "It may be mentioned that one person was found to be on the list of nine societies at once." Also, "where many beneficiaries reside in one house, a regular system of barter and sale of relief tickets exists." "Furniture will be removed from room to room, and medicine bottles placed conspicuously about, to deceive the unwary or inexperienced visitor." This is by no means the sad part of the lack of proper organization and investigation. Who would not rather give twice to the wrong person, if the right one were at last provided? but, alas! if the money go wrong, there is none left for the deserving. For instance, the amounts supplied even to assured cases of suffering from the city bureau or charitable societies are extremely small. In the case quoted as one where relief was given by nine different societies to the same person, the whole sum received was only eight dollars; and the writer of this paper is cognizant of the case of a widow with children in great need who was presented by an acknowledged authority to the Chardon Street Bureau of Charity in Boston, and received only two dollars as her share of the city's bounty. In the report of the New York Bureau of Charities we read, "It is evident, with the present want of system, great individual suffering can exist; in fact, a family might starve before it could be relieved." Surely this is inexpressibly sad, and the end of such folly and injustice should be near at hand.

But to return to the State Aid Association. One joyous feature of this organization is its hopefulness, and upon this point we would especially insist in speaking of the benevolent work of our country. There is room for all—a place for each one. We read in their second report: "When we contrast the hopelessness of so many would-be reformers in the older countries with the moral power possessed by the individual here, is not our faith in our republican institutions more than ever strengthened?"

It would be impossible for us, in spite of the intense interest this subject excites, to follow this energetic body of more than a thousand workers—a body which is daily increasing—into the various details of their noble work. Some idea of the scope of its labor may be derived from the fact that its active committees exist in every county of the State, the last annual report containing detailed accounts of the condition and improvement of local institutions from eight of these committees. Subsidiary organizations for out-door relief have been formed in Newburgh, Rochester, and elsewhere with success, and several cities in other States are copying the plans of the association in the treatment of their own poor. Its influence is thus being very widely felt, and its success is so assured that the association ought no longer to be called an experiment.

Little need be added here to the valuable facts we have quoted with regard to the importance of sustaining the work of the State Charities Aid Association. Here is employment for all, suited to every age and every capacity—for the inexperienced as well as the experienced, for the delicate as well as for the strong. On the corps of the Flower Mission, or in the ranks of those needed to read to or to carry delicacies to the sick in the hospitals, even the most tender girl might serve, and learn, perhaps, through the cultivation of her sympathies as well as of her intelligence, how by-and-by to take a still larger part in this great service.

Neither, let us hope, will it be "damnable iteration" if, in the face of such a noble association, which has cost the whole strength of many lives to bring into its present working order, an association which can employ in one or other of its three great branches all the time and all the money which may be unselfishly brought into it for the highest good of the State—in the face of all this, we venture to repeat the warning of every report we open upon benevolent work, and of every earnest address from those who have had experience, "that the public should support those private charities which apply the labor test;" that "there is a large class who make begging a trade, or who will only do such work and at such wages as suit them;" and "where ignorance prevails the most, there is the greatest amount of pauperism and crime."

Let us turn now to observe the working of some of the independent charitable societies, which, in the absence of State censorship, work on, sometimes wisely, sometimes

blindly, and thus far, in the aggregate, without apparently lessening in the smallest degree the weight of misery which overwhelms our crowded cities. The relieving of the wants of the few seems to attract a new crowd of paupers, of whom the census shows an increase rather than a decrease.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD,

a volunteer society of New York city—office, 52 Varick Street.

Of the 194 charitable institutions in the city of New York, not including ninety-two branch establishments, let us choose this large volunteer organization among the very few we can visit together on these pages. This large number of institutions represents "almost every known agency for meeting and supplying the material wants of a vast mixed population like that of New York." Naturally the question arises in the public mind, why, then, does so much distress still exist?—"why are such terrible cases of poverty, suffering, and starvation brought forward from time to time in the papers and by individuals? and why there seems so much difficulty in the way of adequately relieving urgent distress, and of directing the sufferers to the proper agencies of relief?" The only rational answer to these perfectly unavoidable questions is that the *methods of relief* must sometimes be mistaken ones.

Pauperism must occasionally be created where the benevolent intention of the giver was simply to alleviate poverty. An examination to this end was made in New York last season, and a computation made of the thousands of idle persons attracted by the free soup-houses and lodging-houses. The particulars may be found in the report of the American Social Science Association, and the result of that one winter's experience may well serve as a warning to other cities.

Let us now return to St. John's Guild, and observe what is done under that organization. First, we find a large body of contributors, of every rank and every age, bringing money to the amount of $32,700 for one year, and goods of every description, giving their offerings into the hands of one man, the Rev. Alvah Wiswall, who signs himself "Master." This great responsibility is shared, of course, by either Andrew W. Legget or Henry C. De Witt, one of these gentlemen being the so-called "almoner" (or distributer, according to Worcester's Dictionary) of the Guild; but as the name of the first appears on the title-page, and the name of the last at the foot of the accounts, it is not clear who really acts in this position. Besides these two officers, the names of only two men appear, those of the excellent women who, we presume, give their time and money, and should give the weight of their names, to the society, not appearing on these pages. One of these men holds the subordinate position of "warden," the other that of "clerk." We can not but feel how heavy the labors of Mr. Wiswall must be, understanding as we all do the difficulties which beset the minds of the wisest and most experienced with regard to these complicated questions of relief—questions which are of such vast importance to the welfare of the community. How these difficulties are settled, and to what end the public money is used, can readily be seen by referring to the pages of a recent report.

"Ladies and gentlemen" are here referred to as those who assist in the distributing of the funds and the visiting of the sick, but no names are given, and no special reports are ever rendered. "Tenement-house inspection is ordered in times of distress," but *who* are ordered to make the inspections, or *how thoroughly* the labor is done, does not appear. In all this the need of detail is so great as almost to vitiate our faith in the completeness of a labor which, if well done, would be one of the difficult achievements of our age. Miss Octavia Hill has indeed reformed certain tenement-houses in London; but her name has already become famous throughout the English-speaking world. During the past year upward of $10,000 were distributed in groceries among the poor, and other necessaries of existence in like proportion, by the Guild. "Unemployed clerks" received gifts to the amount of about $2000 in money, without any recorded service in return.

The beautiful and truly self-sacrificing labors of physicians in connection with the Guild seem to be beyond praise. Indeed, it is with a feeling of sadness that we see how much more they give, in proportion, than the rest of the community. "Time is money," said Franklin; but a physician's time is often all the money he has. The names of six physicians, "one or more of whom are in daily attendance at the Guild," are given, and the whole sum received by them during the year is stated to be $584 66. "The poor are charged nothing either for attendance or medicines."

The sum of $477 74 is paid for the rent of sewing-rooms, while only $43 is paid for sewing done, this room being used altogether by ladies, who cut and make garments for the naked and the sick. In spite of their continued and utmost endeavor, the need seems rather to increase than to diminish, and continual appeals for assistance and heart-rending descriptions of "cases" appear in the New York newspapers. Meanwhile between three and four thousand dollars are paid out in rent for "widows and others"—surely a large sum of money, considering that this society can show only forty-three dollars as *earned* by this same class. We know the need is all here; we know the sums of money are small

in comparison with the suffering; yet what "visitor" intrusted with the hard-earned money of others to give away, or even when acting as steward of the superfluity of the rich, has not often felt the difficulty of knowing *how* to give? A few days since a friend saw a woman in the street during the coldest weather, covered only with two cotton garments. She was very cold, and the lady gave her a few cents, saying she would go the next day to see her. She found the woman, when she called, dead drunk upon the floor, and was told by the neighbors that her appetite for drink was such that she was in the habit of exposing herself with as little clothing as decency would allow in the severest cold for the sake of getting a bit of money to fill her bottle when it was empty.

It was our privilege to go one day with Charles Dickens to the East End of London. It was a quarter where formerly much coaling was done upon the river, but some change in the current had caused the vessels to be carried elsewhere. Such hopeless, helpless poverty may the Lord never send to our shores! Certainly there is none such here now. "I wish you to observe," said Dickens, "how these people receive me, and then remember I have never given them one penny." Wonderingly we followed him, and any thing more touching than the smiles of welcome and tender words of farewell given in exchange for his sympathy we have never seen. They were *sure* he was doing his utmost. Somewhere and somehow they felt he was putting his shoulder to the wheel, and light must follow the sunshine of his presence. Poor creatures! We hope they make a part of the favored ten thousand for whom Octavia Hill is spending her life.

One branch of the labors of the Guild is that of the sick children's summer excursions. A floating hospital for mothers with sick children was established in the summer of 1873, and eighteen or twenty excursions are made during the warm weather. Surely this is a most beneficent work, and we pray the ladies and gentlemen of New York, when summer returns, to visit the Master of the Guild, and to assist him in rendering his organization as perfect as possible. He calls upon no sect and no class in particular; therefore is the work open to all. And during coming winters we pray *him*, in face of the impossibility of feeding all who are hungry, while the hungry will stand still to be fed, to teach the women how to *make* clothes instead of making them for them, and, above all, to teach the children, in order that they may help their parents, and to gather together the growing boys, for whom the great West is always crying, "Give! give!"

Our farms every where are needing women as well as men. Why, then, do we let them starve upon the cold pavements of our cities? Let five of the ten thousand dollars spent in small groceries be expended in sending men and women and little ones where they shall learn to know they too are God's children, and have a place in the world.

THE HOLLY-TREE COFFEE-ROOMS.

As the cold weather approached, in the autumn of 1870, it was observed in Boston that although there was a great talk made about temperance in the Legislature, intemperance among the poor was on the increase. In the streets where ladies were wont to do their shopping, and in the vicinity of banks and good business localities, there were plenty of restaurants, where, at certain hours, excellent food was to be obtained at two or three times the market price, as may be seen in every large city. But in the poorer streets, in the avenues chiefly frequented at half past six in the morning by sewing-women hurrying to their tasks, and by teamsters already started on their long routes, nothing decent in the way of food or drink could be obtained, and what was offered could be found only at certain hours. At every corner, of course, whiskey, brandy, and gin were given out at a moment's notice, with hot or cold water, or none at all; and for the price of ten cents the half-chilled driver or woman, who had left home, perhaps, in the gray dawn with little enough to eat, was made to feel warm and comfortable. Surely the thought was not a new one that "if you want to conquer a vice or a bad habit, you must introduce some good one to take its place."

Probably there is no vice for which the truly benevolent are so filled with compassion as for this one of drunkenness. Men can not divest themselves of the feeling that somehow it is more or less their fault that their brother has failed, and it is this feeling which has given a partial success even to the most violent and extraordinary means for its prevention. But there was nothing either violent or extraordinary in this new measure. One small coffee-room was soon opened in close proximity to many drinking shops on a crowded thoroughfare. The place was made bright and clean; hot coffee and tea of good quality were found ready at all hours for five cents a cup, and a few necessary articles of food were furnished at the lowest possible prices. The rent of the place and the furnishing were paid for by friends interested in the experiment; but "as a power-loom will go on working at the same kind of cloth without intermission, or a printing-machine will turn out an endless quantity of one newspaper, so by the like principle of mechanical reiteration may a few ordinary articles of food be cooked and served up on a gigantic wholesale

plan at the merest shade of profit over the first cost of the articles." Thus it was that the first little coffee-room was firmly established before two months were over, and a decided change became visible in its vicinity. Others sprang up, not only in Boston, but in many other places, large and small. It was soon seen that, "*properly conducted*, these coffee-rooms will pay—pay the interest of capital risked, cover outlays of every kind, and that by resorting to them working-men will feel that, while being fairly served, they really pay for all they get, and are in no manner of way treated as paupers." Indeed, these shops run their own business so entirely that a cursory observer was heard to say, "I don't see why they call *that* a charity." Perhaps this speech was as high a tribute as the work could receive. But only a beginning has been made in this direction. There should be more shops and better ones opened in the lower parts of all our cities, where men in the evening and on Sundays should find papers, "harmless games, which are the surest modes of recreation," and a decent, comfortable corner to talk with a friend. We are stopping too soon with this labor only just begun. There is a bare show of closing the drinking shops for a few hours on Sunday morning, but for the rest of the day and night their lights flare out, and draw in the cold and the unwary, as the summer lamp will draw the silly moths. The Holly-tree Coffee-Rooms are a suggestion for something more to be accomplished. The cooking dépôts established by Mr. Corbett at Glasgow are the best examples of this plan. They are described in *Good Words* for December, 1862, and January, 1863. Mr. Corbett himself writes as follows with respect to them: "The Glasgow cooking dépôts do not fall under the category of charities, at all events, directly. They were, on the contrary, originated, and have all along been conducted, on the strictest business principles—with the determination to make them thoroughly self-supporting. The success has been so great that the net profits placed at my disposal amount to upward of £10,000, which, in carrying out my principle of conducting the institution entirely on public grounds, I have had the pleasure of appropriating entirely to charitable objects..... All articles of ordinary cooked provisions, such as a cup of tea or coffee, bowl of soup or broth, bread and butter, plate of potatoes, etc., are supplied at the fixed and uniform rate of one penny. Of such rations there are upward of 30,000 sold daily."

HOMES FOR THE POOR.

For twenty-five years the thoughts of the wise and the benevolent have been exercised upon this subject. The narrow island on which New York is built was long ago crowded to suffocation on its lower end. In its struggle for air it has pushed itself out into Brooklyn and Jersey City, and is stretching almost indefinitely up the bank of the Hudson River, yet the crowded nucleus remains as black as ever. We have been told of one ward of the city (we think the Eleventh) which covers an unusually small area, and is said to contain 80,000 inhabitants. This is probably a rude estimate, but it expresses to the mind the appearance of the district, crowded and swarming as it is with human life. Who can forget those painful letters, printed in the New York *Tribune* only four or five years ago, describing the fearful condition into which these tenement-houses had fallen, which had been visited by the reporter? Or who can cease to be grateful for that paper by Dr. Henry J. Bowditch, of Boston, printed in the report of the Massachusetts State Board of Health for 1871, recording his own inspection of homes for the poor, both in London and in Boston? The work of the latter has been fruitful of good result. Dr. Bowditch is not a man to see a great evil and sit down idle before it. Although Boston is so much smaller than New York or Philadelphia, the uneven grades upon which it is built, and its peninsular form, tend to bad drainage of the streets, and crowding together of its inhabitants. Emigrants have dropped into holes, as it were, and burrowed in them, until these pestiferous districts, if not as wide in extent as in New York, seem quite as bad.

London is not unworthy of study by those hopeful of reform for our large cities. With regard to building tenement-houses, a slight mistake in judgment in choosing the site, in internal arrangements, in the price of rents, may make, as we see there, the difference between comparative failure and success. Mr. Peabody, Miss Coutts, Sir Sydney Waterlow, and Mr. Allan have erected noble buildings, but with varying results; and the greatest success, after all, seems to have been achieved with very little money, comparatively, through the extraordinary personal influence of Miss Hill, who sums up the observations she has made upon this subject by saying, "Health more often depends on the way the house is kept than in its construction and appliances."

This subject of the homes in which our poor dwell can not fail to be a peculiarly painful one. The slight progress made in improvement thus far, in spite of reports repeatedly published, does not look encouraging for the future. But we remember, happily, that only a few years have passed since Dr. Bowditch gave his report to the public of the condition of Boston, and his study of the efforts made in London for better habitations for the poor. Our perfect faith in the "peculiar philanthropy and benevolence" of our fortunate classes leads us to believe that the end even of this evil may also one day be

reached. In the city of Boston alone—and we take Boston for example, partly because it is more strictly measurable than New York, and partly because there is in that city an organized attempt for relief, founded upon Dr. Bowditch's observations — there were *sixty-four* separate localities specified in the annual report of the State Board of Health for 1873 as being "unequivocally bad." This by no means included all, yet this report was published three years after the State was made aware of these pest-holes. The list is somewhat changed from that rendered in 1870, but it is no shorter. An attempt was made nearly twenty-five years ago in Boston to prevent the crowding of the poor by building excellent tenement-houses upon improved methods of the adjustment of space, and admission of light and air, in desirable quarters of the city. Similar enterprises have been entered into in Brooklyn, where the best sanitary and hygienic conditions were secured by the tenants at a less rate than they could secure the same space for any where else. The houses immediately became a perfect success commercially, and the vast number of applications received proved how great a want was thus partially met.

But as we have seen by the foregoing, or as we may have learned perhaps by some experiences of our own, the end of decent homes for the poor can not be obtained in that way alone. Miss Octavia Hill's "organized work among the poor" proves to be the one lever by which order may be brought out of chaos. It is impossible in the range of this article to give a full picture of her labors, but the main features of her work will be understood, we think, if we should suppose a lady of our acquaintance to buy one of the worst dens at Five Points or in North Street, and become the landlady of such tenements, taking her chance of the thieves and cut-throats who haunt these localities. No go-between is employed, the lady calls weekly for her own rents. She gives no charity, but by her attempts to give the people work and to further their welfare inspires confidence in her sympathy.

This is Miss Hill's plan, and the details of her success are worthy the profound study of every man or woman who desires to help the needy and unfortunate.

Philadelphia is the paradise of working-men. That city seems to bear the palm not only for comfortable tenements, but for co-operative companies, which work great advantage to the laboring classes. Not one of the smallest of the good ends achieved by the Centennial Exhibition was a more extended knowledge of the humanity and wisdom of Philadelphia in this particular. The phrase "poor working-man" is hardly known in that favored city. Mr. Josiah Quincy, who has labored most earnestly for a better condition of the working people, says he was long ignorant of the cause of this desirable state of the laboring-men of Philadelphia, until he discovered that there existed within its limits five hundred loan and building associations.

Apart from new tenement-houses for the poor, there was started in Boston, as a direct result of Dr. Bowditch's efforts, in April, 1872, the Boston Co-operative Building Company, in order to ascertain, by some well-considered experiments, by what methods, profitable enough to be readily followed, comfortable and healthy dwellings for working people could be furnished in and near Boston. Three such experiments, namely, the hiring, the buying, and the building of tenement-houses, have been entered upon. Perhaps the most interesting act the corporation has performed is the hiring of a place called the Crystal Palace. This building was selected "as the abode of filth, robbery, drunkenness, and prostitution. Under the rule of the company the following excellent results have been obtained: The building outside, instead of being a disgrace to the street by its filthy look, has a neat appearance. It has changed its name, and now instead of the name of contempt, 'Crystal Palace,' it is styled the Lincoln Building. Before the corporation entered, riot, disorder, and arrests for drunkenness and family broils were of constant occurrence. All is now changed. The trade of the police is virtually gone. The chief of the district reports that during two months he heard of no complaints there. The grog-shop that had existed from the time of the erection of the building was swiftly swept away. A Holly-tree Coffee-House has taken its place. The basement tenements were shut up immediately after the company took possession. Very large shafts have been cut through all the floors, with ventilators above them, and rooms that have never had light and air have now a sufficiency of both."

We should add here what is not, perhaps from motives of modesty, laid down in the report, that the true success of the Lincoln Building is founded upon the plan adopted from Miss Hill's example of "organized work." This building and a few others in Boston are visited by two or three ladies with an energy, self-devotion, and persistency, as well as tact, sure to bring success in the end.

"What a small world it is!" Dickens used to say sometimes, laughingly, when the same people would turn up in widely different places; and so we reiterate again and again the same idea as underlying all our labor for the poor which is to any good end: "Educational and preventive charities are those which most truly and permanently benefit the country."

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

IT really is no affectation on my part, but a genuine preference for obscurity, which has always led me to publish anonymously. I have not yet been able to conquer that disagreeable feeling that I am standing in the stocks when my name is attached to an article or story. I know I am weak, and I am quite willing to admit, also, that I have a confused enjoyment in hearing my work praised. In one respect only am I like the Apostle Paul. I have written some clever things—have, that is, up to this time; but I am so insignificant in appearance, and make such a poor show in conversation, that I have no difficulty in maintaining my incognito. The only time that I ever was so brazen-faced as to appear before an audience as a lecturer was in a country town where a friend lived who had an overweening confidence in me. His confidence was so great that he overcame the indifference of the lecture committee and my own timidity, and arranged to have me lecture in the winter's course. He did his part with great energy, devising enormous posters, and spending an entire day with a horse and wagon and bucket of paste blazoning my name and topic throughout the neighborhood. He met me at the station and took me in his wagon, intending to take me about town as they do a menagerie before the show begins, only he had not the sagacity to put me in a covered wagon as they do the wilder beasts. He took me into a country store, where I saw, as in a distorted mirror, my name in expansive letters on one of the posters. He introduced me to the storekeeper, to whom I said a few friendly words, and then retreated in some embarrassment. He followed me shortly after, hustled me into his wagon, and drove home with me, where he kept me till the hour for the lecture, and fed me with bronchial troches all the afternoon, till my throat was like the neck of a much-used mucilage bottle. After the lecture he ventured to repeat what the store-keeper had said of me:

"Is that Mr. Brunell? Why, I expected to see a much larger man—a very much larger man." His tone was so discouraging that my friend took alarm, and did not exhibit me until he had bagged his audience at the hall. My lecture was good enough, but I did not come up to the brag, as Emerson says. This insignificance has probably had something to do with my content at being anonymous. Yet there was one time when I had some reason to think that reputation could do something, even though one had done actually nothing to earn the reputation. I had set out on a summer jaunt, partly for rest, partly in search of the picturesque for a new story; for I hold that there is an advantage of being anonymous, that one can flay his dearest friend without being suspected. I, for example, in a country hotel, could note characters and incidents to my heart's content, and always pass myself for a good-natured nobody who had a pleasant smile—I know I do smile pleasantly—but not at all a person to be on one's guard against; in fact, I might briefly describe myself as enjoying all the privileges of a silent traveller in a horse-car, listening with placid, meaningless face to the revelations of domestic life which are usually saved for that convenient unburdening-place. There is nothing malicious in all this. I know perfectly well that I can lay out my friends in a story without any one's being the wiser. A story-teller uses his friends as lay figures, and one knows very well how difficult it would be for a lay figure to recognize himself, or to be recognized by his friends, under different drapery. Besides, I never copy the external features of my friends. If I did, I should be charged with the crime, although the mental and moral characteristics of my personages were poles apart from the people whose faces and tricks they might carry. No; I copy characters, and disguise them by changing age, sex, and condition, and no one recognizes the original of my creations. Here, for example, is my character Bardwell. He was in college with me—of course you instantly perceive that the original is an entirely unlettered and ignorant fellow—and used to excite my admiration by the seesaw which he kept up between education and livelihood. He was said to be working his way through college, though why on earth he took such a laborious method of earning his living, I never could fully understand. Out of college, he could have supported himself and laid up money; in college, he was constantly embarrassed by the necessity of making some show of intellectual labor. He rang the college bell and kept a boarding club for his support, besides taking care of a recitation-room, and doing any odd job that came along. To ring the bell made it necessary for him to be at the rope at least once an hour, and that interfered seriously with his boarding-club business, for in order to make that pay a good profit, he was obliged to be always on the hunt in the neighboring country for cheap provisions. He kept a horse and wagon so as to save time; but though he took care of the horse at odd times, and did his own harnessing, and spent days in buying oats cheap, he was always getting behindhand. Why he should have been so highly regarded by the college faculty was not plain. He was punctual at prayers, to be sure—he had to be, for he rang the bell; and he was, for the same reason, in the immediate neighborhood at recitation and lecture hours; but then he was incontestably the poorest scholar in the class.

Of course he couldn't study, and in recitation his mind was naturally on his butter and oats. Yet he seemed to be looked upon as pursuing a commendable course. He always wanted to make a little more money, so that he might study, and then he would presently have to give up study, so as to pay his debts.

In this way he backed and filled through college, and took his degree, and was as much a graduate as the rest of us; but for some reason did not make his appearance at Commencement, and did not report himself to the class secretary, so that nobody seemed to know where he had gone to. Indeed, a good many asked me, somewhat anxiously, for he owed them money; and though nothing very public was said about it, the impression became general that Bardwell had a good many debts in town. I had rarely been reminded of him, until on this summer jaunt of which I have spoken, when I suddenly came upon him as I was walking up the hill on my way to the hotel at Jackson. I was in walking costume, and picturesque rather than elegant—harmonizing, that is, better with blueberry bushes than with Eastlake furniture. Bardwell, on the other hand, had the same air of gentility which he carried at college. I never knew him to wear a slouch hat, and he had now a dress hat and a general appearance of dignity which made me feel as if I might compromise him if I were to accost him too familiarly. I knew him in an instant, but he did not know me till I spoke to him and called him Bard, as in college days—Bard of Avon was his full nickname, both because of his native place in Connecticut, and because he was known to write verses, composed, he once told me, when ringing the bell, which served as a kind of metronome. I will say this for Bard, that his verses, if somewhat monotonous, could always be scanned.

He was gathering ripe blackberries in a great burdock leaf which he carried, and it suddenly flashed across me that he might be keeping the hotel at Jackson, and was out getting blackberries for supper. I felt a little hesitation about questioning him very closely, because of the slight cloud under which he had been supposed to be. There was, indeed, a little hesitation in his manner, and he seemed a little distracted by something which was or which was to be at the foot of the hill.

"I say, Ned Brunell," said he at length, "are you going to stay at Jackson?"

"Yes; how long I don't know. I'm off on a jaunt—walking, you see."

"Yes, I see. Well, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen any of the fellows this long time. The fact is—I don't mind telling you—I've been living very quietly up here in the country. I've been keeping school."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Yes, I know. The fact is, I had a hard time of it at college. You know I worked my way through, but I didn't make my two ends meet. I sold my horse and wagon too, and did every thing I could to come out square, but it was no use; and rather than bring the class into disgrace, I left a little earlier than the rest. When I get money enough, I mean to go back and settle some of the bills, or else send back; perhaps it will be better to send back. I might send through some one else, and so avoid disagreeable personalities."

"But can you save much, teaching school?"

"No, not a great deal. In fact, I'm a little behindhand; and then I'm studying law, and that takes a good deal of time. I thought I'd use my spare time for writing, and turn an honest penny that way—support myself, in fact, while teaching and studying."

"Well done. So you have turned author?"

"Yes. I've written a good deal, though I don't use my own name much. You may not know, perhaps, that I wrote *Nobody's Business*, that people are talking about," and he looked at me slyly. The book he named was an anonymous novel which had lately come out, and set people agog to know who wrote it.

"The devil you did!"

"Of course I shouldn't say outright that I did; nobody would. The book's anonymous. But I don't mind telling you, as of course you'll hear of it at the hotel, that I am credited with it here. Now, as a personal favor, Ned, I wish you would just fall in with the current. Of course I don't want you to fib about it; but you are the only person hereabouts who ever knew me before, and they'll very likely ask you about me, or would if you gave them a chance. Of course I can't prevent you from saying you knew me at college, but you know you can say that you don't know I didn't write the book—eh?"

"Go on," said I.

"Oh, there isn't so very much to be said. The fact is, I have a special reason for all this. And then if I did write the book, and wished to have it unknown, I shouldn't say I did and I shouldn't say I didn't write it. I'd let other people do all that talking, don't you see?" At this point there was a sound of wheels on the road, and Bard stopped his talk and looked toward the vehicle. It was one of the mountain stages, and he abruptly left me and walked down to meet it. I watched him jump upon the step as the stage slowly climbed the hill, with his leaf of berries in his hand, which he evidently was bestowing on somebody within. For myself, half amused and half irritated, I kept on my way to the house, and was on

the piazza when the coach rolled up, with Bard still standing on the step. He jumped off, opened the door, and helped out a girl in a travelling dress, very dusty, who was at once received with loud exclamations from a group on the piazza. I easily inferred from the hubbub of voices that Sadie—which was as far into her name as I then advanced—had been making the round of the mountains with her mother, a nervous lady, who had shaken herself like a great dog after getting out of the coach, and was safely back at her starting-place. The landlord bustled about, and I had abundant leisure to watch the people, as nobody paid any attention to me. Moreover, my valise had failed to come by the stage, and I was compelled to make shift with such wardrobe as my small pack contained. I could not transform myself very much, therefore, and I felt a trifle uneasy in my somewhat conspicuous isolation. I did not find that my acquaintance with Bardwell served me any good purpose. He was too much engaged with the company in the house to interest himself in me, and I have no doubt he wished within himself that he had not been so solicitous to secure my friendly aid, when he saw how unimportant I was. I know this sounds rather bitter, but I am justified in it. He spoke to me casually, as any of the gentlemen might, but no one showed any curiosity about me, and my valise failed to arrive, to my great annoyance. It had my money in it, and I was compelled to stay until it did come.

I was a little angry with myself, and resolved to make the best of my situation. I had come to Jackson in part for social material, and at least I need not be balked of setting down what I saw and heard, even though I was scarcely a part of it. Heaven knows I saw enough, and more than enough, to record. Bardwell himself was something of an enigma to me. He flourished about with an air so compounded of impudence and reserve that I fancy he was a puzzle to others as well as to myself. I caught some notion of his position when I had a chat with the landlord one day. I was a little piqued, I own, at my total obscuration, and I may have been a little malicious in what I said. I had been reading a letter from Jackson in one of the city papers, and I spoke of it to Mr. Pinkham.

"That's a flattering letter about the Notch House, Mr. Pinkham, in the *Journal* here."

"Think so? Well, I reckon it's about just."

"Do you know who wrote it?"

Mr. Pinkham was a reflective rather than a demonstrative man, and he jerked his thumb over to a group, of which Bardwell was the centre.

"Not Bardwell?" said I. Mr. Pinkham nodded contradiction to my doubt. Bardwell himself was showing his white teeth in some easy joke, and I said—I say again I am afraid it was a little malicious—"Well, he ought to know; he used to keep a hotel himself."

"What?" said Mr. Pinkham, letting his chair drop upon its four legs.

"Well, not strictly speaking. He was in college with me, and kept a club—supplied the table, you know. That's what I call keeping a hotel." Mr. Pinkham listened attentively. He looked at me narrowly. My valise, as I have said, had not yet come.

"Have you been to college?"

"Yes, I've been to college."

"And you knew Mr. Bardwell there?"

"We were in the same class. He was bell-ringer."

"Bell-ringer? a Swiss bell-ringer?" and Mr. Pinkham looked puzzled.

"Oh, not that kind. He rang the bell for prayers and recitation."

"That's curious," said he, reflecting. "Well, now," and he drew his chair a little nearer mine, "he was a great scholar, wa'n't he? and a great writer? He came out fust best?" I hesitated. I felt that I had gone far enough, and that I had Bardwell's reputation, as it were, in my hand. I answered the easiest question.

"Yes, he wrote a good deal. He used to write poetry." I felt that I was building Bardwell up again.

"Ah! now that was smart. Yes, he's a smart fellow. That was a smart letter he wrote to the *Journal*. Here's another to the *Press*," and he opened his pocket-book and drew out a newspaper clipping. I ran it over. It sounded very much like the other. "I don't mind telling you," he went on, "as you're an old friend of his, that he writes these letters for his board. But you mustn't mention it. I agreed not to tell in the house." Mr. Pinkham seemed a trifle repentant, lest his pride at keeping a poet had betrayed him. I suppose he wanted to find some one to blame then, and I was the nearest. "When do you expect your valise, Mr. Brunell," said he, with suspicion in his voice.

"I hope it will come by the next stage; it ought to, for I have traced it to Portland, and sent for it. It's got to come," said I, desperately. "I've spent my last postage-stamp in writing about it." I knew I was a little reckless in talking so to the landlord, but I thought that a little candor would perhaps put us on a good footing. It was intolerable to feel that I was gradually furnishing myself with a character that was under suspicion, and I thought I detected that the landlord's unwise confidential disclosure to me had already set him against me. Nevertheless, my announcement to him of my acquaintance with Bardwell was be-

ginning to work, I could see. I flatter myself that beneath my pedestrian garb I did have something of a refined air. I used to pace the piazza a good deal, and look at the view in what I think was a connoisseur manner, and not many hours after my conversation with the landlord I was accosted by a grave-looking gentleman, who seemed to have some sort of connection with Miss Sadie Denham and her mother. He joined me as I was pacing up and down, and made some friendly reference to the weather, which was outrageous just then. I replied with a phrase which I sometimes used to make people see that it was not necessary always to be commonplace about the weather:

"The weather in the mountains is the one changing element that keeps the mountains themselves in apparent motion. Fixed weather, whether fine or bad, would be destructive to mountain scenery."

Mr. Severance stared a little.

"You have not many acquaintances in Jackson, Mr. Brunell?" All he wanted of the weather was to furnish ways for his conversational launch.

"No. I came here to make them," I said, a little tartly.

"You know Mr. Bardwell?"

"Oh yes. I've known him a long while." I was determined to be on my guard now.

"You were in college together, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know you were in college with him." Good heavens! was Bard such a scholar that he must have the whole college to himself? "I never heard him say much about his college life. You were in his class?"

"We were in the same class. Both names begin with B, A comes before R, so he sat above me in recitation. We didn't have the custom of 'going up to the head of the class' after a good recitation," said I, smartly.

"It's a doubtful custom," said Mr. Severance, gravely. "Competition may make good scholars, but its moral influence is questionable. Mr. Bardwell was a good scholar?"

"He never came into competition with any body," said I.

"Ah! He has made quite a name for himself since leaving college."

"In what way?" I asked, innocently.

"He is the reputed author of *Nobody's Business*."

"Oh, did he write that book?"

"That's what every body says, and he does not deny the soft impeachment." The mention of a literary subject seemed to give Mr. Severance a slight touch of misquotation. "The ladies are quite clear about it."

Mr. Severance was called off at this point, and I continued my walk alone. I could not help seeing that there were some glances directed toward me by the ladies in the parlor, who sat at their work overlooking the piazza. But what made me chuckle most—I really am not ill-natured—was to see that Bard himself began to be a little more attentive. He proposed a walk to me that afternoon, and we climbed a little hill near by.

"It's mighty hard work pushing one's way," said he, tentatively, as we sat on a big rock overlooking the road.

"Not when you're a successful author," said I, with a grin.

"That's all very well," said he, unnoticing my innuendo; "but that's living by your wits;" and he laughed a little at his own joke. "The real thing is to make a fixed position for yourself, and then start from that point. That's what I'm after," and he looked furtively at me.

"Are you getting into a fix?" I asked. He laughed again. Bardwell did have a handsome row of teeth.

"Ned," he said, after a pause, "I don't mind telling you. You're a clear-headed and a close-tongued fellow. I'm in for it with Miss Sadie Denham down there at the hotel. I don't like to speak of such things, of course; but things have gone so far that I can mention it to you. Between you and me, then, and that old dead pine that will do for a post, I think it's pretty sure."

"Has she got money?"

"Oh, the brutal cynic!" said Bard, with a forced laugh, and I knew at once she had.

"Is she in love with the author of *Nobody's Business?*"

"Now look here, Ned Brunell. I'm in love with her, and up here I'll say out loud that I'm pretty sure she—she returns it. My being the author of *Nobody's Business* hasn't much of any thing to do with it. If she hadn't suspected that, she would have liked me all the same. Grant, for the sake of the argument, that I didn't write the book—mind I don't say I didn't—what I want is to have her like me whether or no."

"Just as, O logician, granting, for the sake of the argument, that she has money, you want to like her whether or no."

"Say no more, old fellow, but let me introduce you to her to-night."

"Who is Mr. Severance? Is he in her party?"

"Not exactly. He is a friend of her father's, I think; lives next door to them at home, or something of that sort. A dull old fellow, or rather he is a quiet, dignified gentleman, who takes a great deal of pleasure in doing things regularly. I dare say now he has been making inquiries of you about me?"

"A few."

"And you satisfied him?"

"I shouldn't wonder if he asked me some more hard questions. We were interrupted."

"Now look here, Ned," said Bard, getting

up and shaking himself, "this may be fun to you, but you ought to understand that it's serious business to me. I must keep up appearances. It's my last chance at getting into a respectable position, and if you are the honorable fellow I take you to be, you will give me a lift, or at least not pull me down when I am climbing."

The impudence of the follow! I looked at him, but he didn't flinch.

"Come along," said I; "introduce me, for I am bound to know her anyway."

As luck would have it, the stage brought my valise that afternoon, and I effected such a change in my appearance that it might have been supposed I kept my double in that valise. I paid my bill, too, and old Pinkham was wonderfully gracious, and spent five or ten minutes abusing the railroad company for its carelessness. Mr. Severance greeted me with a warm gravity, if I may say so, and I began to feel that I had just arrived. I never before wished so much that I had conversation. There was Bardwell rattling away and showing his teeth, while I was sitting in a corner with Mr. Severance and listening to his measured opinions on finance, of which I knew nothing whatever. Presently Bardwell came over and joined us. I knew what was coming then, and I dreaded it, for, as I tried to delude myself, I had been out of practice so long that I knew I should appear any thing but easy.

"Mr. Severance," said he, with that confoundedly impertinent ease of his, "I am under orders to arrest this young gentleman and bring him before Portia." Mr. Severance bowed, and Bardwell marched me off like a school-boy. If I had had my wits about me, I should have knocked off something about Portia being an advocate and not a judge. As it was, I only smiled what I know was a silly smile, not my best and intelligent one, and walked off with Bard. He introduced me to Mrs. Denham and Miss Denham, and three or four other ladies who were in the group, whose names were all mixed up with mine. Of course I said at once, "I am happy to see you, Miss Brunell." I always do; and then, as there was no chair, I stood and played with my watch chain. Mrs. Denham came to my rescue.

"You are quite a walker, Mr. Brunell—at least, so Mr. Bardwell tells us. He says you often used to take mountain walks with him when you were at college."

"Yes, 'm, we did. The mountains were very convenient." I thought I saw Bard titter, and I was roused. "I walked more than Bardwell, for he kept a horse and wagon."

"Why shouldn't we have a dance?" said Bardwell, suddenly; and as every one seemed to feel a little uncomfortable, for some reason, his proposal was seized on with alacrity. He turned to me.

"Thank you; I don't dance."

"Oh, then," said Mrs. Denham, briskly, "Mr. Brunell will keep me from being dull." And they made up a couple of sets, leaving us by ourselves. This was what Mrs. Denham wanted, I soon saw, though I doubt if Bard wanted it. We sat where we could watch them, and had rather a jerky conversation. I like to see dancing, and talk at such times is apt to be rather distracting; but Mrs. Denham was bent on asking me questions. I saw that in a moment, and I was vexed that I must be a kind of sponsor to Bardwell, and answer for him.

"Mr. Bardwell must have been quite rich to keep a horse and buggy when he was in college?" said she.

"Oh, it wasn't a buggy," said I, willing to give him a little dig. "It was a wagon—a regular country wagon, with a buffalo over the seat."

"What a queer fancy! He dances well, doesn't he? He has a fine figure."

"And good teeth." She looked at me a little astonished. I laughed somewhat awkwardly. "Oh, we were naming his points, and that is a strong one."

"I thought you were his friend?"

"And why not?"

"Mr. Severance gathered from what you said that Mr. Bardwell was not a brilliant scholar when he was in college."

"Mr. Severance gets his inferences easily, it seems to me. I don't remember saying that."

"But you don't deny it?"

"Well, many a person who doesn't shine at college makes his mark afterward."

"Very true; and the girls here all think Mr. Bardwell is a writer. He is so quick at repartee; and then, you know, he is said to be the author of *Nobody's Business*."

"Does any one say so but himself?"

"Oh, I see you are prejudiced against him. But of course he doesn't say so."

"Oh no; and he doesn't deny it, does he?"

At this moment Bardwell and Miss Denham came up to us from behind, the dance being over, and Miss Denham caught my last words.

"Come," said she, playfully—"come, Mr. Brunell, tell us who *you* think wrote *Nobody's Business*. We haven't had your opinion yet." They all began to gather about us.

"The way to judge," said I, getting a little red, "would be, I suppose, to compare it with some acknowledged work by the person said to be the author."

"But what if it should be the first work of a person of genius?"

"I deny that it is the work of a person of genius."

"Oh! oh!"

"At any rate," I continued, "even gen-

iuses do some work, like college poems, for instance, before they produce their public work."

Bardwell laughed uneasily. "The poems of men of genius in college are easily forgotten," said he.

"By the poet, perhaps," said I; "but there was a poet in our class who wrote some memorable lines."

"Oh, what were they? what were they?" they all cried, looking alternately at me and at Bard.

"Don't you remember those lines on the 'Great Deep,' Bard? or those on the 'Happy Valley?'" Bard turned red. He knew what I meant. There were two or three lines in each which the fellows were always quoting to him.

"Oh, Mr. Bardwell, repeat them," said Miss Sadie Denham.

"My memory is not as good as Mr. Brunell's, I am afraid," said he, smiling faintly.

"Just as I said—poets forget what their friends remember."

"It seems to me you are wandering from the subject," said Mrs. Denham. "What I want to know is Mr. Brunell's opinion as to the authorship of *Nobody's Business*."

"It is like the old fairy tale of *Cinderella*," said I. "To whom does the glass slipper belong?" I was beginning to feel a little excited in conversation.

"But there is no slipper," said Miss Denham. "Nothing has dropped out of the story."

"The glass slipper is this: If you remember, there is a riddle in verse in the story, toward the close, and no answer is given. Now the author of the story must know the answer. Let him make a verse containing the answer, and it will show by the fitting of the slipper—"

"You forget," said Bardwell, "that whoever is the author will not allow himself to be put to any specific test. He would be destroying the mask behind which he is playing."

The mischief! that is just what I had forgotten. I did not know what to say, and all the self-confidence I had been rapidly acquiring deserted me. I made some excuse soon, and left the company. I went out again upon the piazza. Miss Denham came to the door carelessly once or twice, and I spoke to her the second time. She had something she wanted to say to me, but she hesitated.

"Do, Mr. Brunell, do me a favor. I want to tease Mr. Bardwell a little. Won't you tell me the lines of poetry which he wrote in college—for I am sure you must have meant him?"

"'Swift glides the dugong with the keen-eyed shark.'

"'A place where Nature's thumb had pressed,
And left a giant imprint on the soil.'"

"What?" said she, a little bewildered.

I repeated the lines.

"But they are ridiculous," said she. "You're making fun of me."

"Heaven forbid!" said I. "It is only persons of pretense whom it is worth while to ridicule."

"Mr. Brunell," she said, quite seriously, "you did not really express your opinion this evening. You evaded the question. Tell me frankly, do you think the author of *Nobody's Business* is staying in this house?"

"Now you are not quite straightforward, Miss Denham. Tell me, frankly, who do you think is the author of the book, and then I shall be able to tell you if he is in the house."

"You have an understanding with each other; yet for all that—" and she hesitated.

"Well?"

"I think you are his enemy."

There was something so candid about this girl that I could not understand how she could be taken in by Bardwell. I was suddenly seized with a strong desire to free her from the entanglement. There was an awkward silence of a few moments, which I broke finally by a revelation. I don't think I have much *finesse*, yet I thought her frankness best met by a like spirit.

"Miss Denham," said I, "it is perhaps rather presumptuous in me to ask you to receive any thing from me in confidence, and I won't. I'll make my disclosure, and let you promise you won't tell afterward. I wrote *Nobody's Business*."

Miss Denham stopped, dropping my arm; for we had been walking the piazza.

"Does Mr. Bardwell know this?"

"No, I never told him."

"Oh, you never told him. And pray why do you tell me?" I was silent. I had at least discretion enough not to tell the truth. "And you expect me to believe it, do you?" she went on. "You talked of tests this evening. Let me propose one. How is it that in the book you have so perfectly described the country about here, when I have heard you say that you were never in Jackson before?"

"Why, I never thought of it before, but there is some likeness between the scenery of the book and this place."

"Some likeness! No one could have written it who was not familiar with Jackson. It was that that first led us to suspect Mr. Bardwell. He showed by the way he talked of the localities here—yes, and the characters too—that he knew them in the same way that the writer of that book knew them."

"He probably saw some likeness," said I, faintly, being rather nonplussed by this unexpected turn, "and made the most of it, confound him!"

"You must excuse me if I bid you good-evening, Mr. Brunell," said the young lady.

"Wait a moment," said I. "You won't mention this?" I was getting deeper into the mire.

"That lies with you, Sir," said she, with a meaning look, and passed in. I saw clearly that I had lost my own character with this girl, and had not exposed Bardwell. And yet had I not gone to work in a straightforward way? I walked up and down that piazza, vexed with myself, yet more than ever resolved to show up Bardwell. Every once in a while I looked through the blinds and saw the company there. I could see that Miss Denham had, as it were, gone directly to Bard, and been more than usually friendly, as if to make amends for even listening to me. I knew very well that there was not much time for me to work in. I laid my plans then and there, and, before I went to bed, had paid my bill and arranged with the landlord to leave by the early stage. When the morning came I was on hand. The only guest who was about was Mr. Severance. I thought that a piece of luck.

"What! are you off, Mr. Brunell?" said he.

"Yes; I made a sudden resolution to leave. And, by-the-bye, Mr. Severance, will you do me a favor? I did not have a chance to say good-by to Mrs. Denham and her daughter. Will you kindly say it for me? And will you just say to Miss Denham that I wish she would read the advertisement of *Nobody's Business* in the *Journal* for—let me see, this is Thursday—for Saturday, and withhold all speculations till then? It is a matter of discussion between us."

"But the book's published," said Mr. Severance.

"I know it," said I from the top of the stage, which was just starting; "but that's nothing. It will be advertised all the same."

"Mr. Bardwell will know all about it," was Mr. Severance's parting shot. "Here he comes; I'll tell him."

It was in vain for me to explain. The coach was rolling rapidly away; and as I looked back I saw Bard, in his black hat, talking deferentially with Mr. Severance. As for me, I reached town that evening, and the next morning I called on my publishers. I found Mr. Hartlif in. He received me cordially.

"*Nobody's Business* is having a good run, Mr. Brunell," said he, smiling a good copyright smile. "It is a real hit. At least I think we shall make it go, though you never can be sure when a book won't stop dead short." My publisher was very apt to check himself and me when either of us was appearing sanguine.

"I'm glad to hear it," said I. "I came to see you about it this morning. I want my name advertised with it in the *Journal* of Saturday."

"Oh, impossible, impossible, Mr. Brunell! We mustn't kill the goose that has laid this golden egg. Why, it's the mystery that sells the book. The book is good; that is, we haven't many good novels, and this is a little out of the ordinary run—a little different, you understand. But, oh no, it would never do to advertise the name. I'll be frank with you. Who knows Edward Brunell? Who is going to care to see your name in the advertisement? As long as people think it may be some eminent author, they'll guess about it, and advertise the book socially; the moment the name of an unknown author is given, the bottom will drop out."

"But there's a scamp who is giving out that he wrote it."

"Let him; the more the merrier. We can prove it, you know, any time it's necessary, so that you run no risk. No, no, we can't put your name on, not yet."

"I only want it for a specific purpose. Would you mind writing a letter and stating the fact?"

"Oh, now, really, Mr. Brunell, don't you see that the thing would be out instantly? Of course a letter gets out; and the more confidential it is, the quicker it gets out. No, no; stick to the contract—stick to the contract."

These last words had a horribly malicious sound in my ears. The fact is, in my desire to remain anonymous as to this my first novel, I had insisted on a clause in the contract by which each party was bound not to disclose the authorship. I had never supposed I should want to tell, and the publishers had seized upon it as a means of creating a mystery, making a terrible pother about their being under solemn oath not to give the author's name.

I left the office in chagrin. Saturday came, and I thought of that paper going to Jackson. I wondered how much of my character was lying about in the hotel. I could only solace myself with thinking that if Mr. Severance told my story straight, and Miss Denham reported my words to Bard, he would be pretty uneasy all Friday and Saturday.

And this is the reason why I said, at the beginning, that for once I wished for reputation. It would not be very difficult for me to give a turn to this story, and show how I discomfited that fraud Bardwell, and married Miss Denham myself. That would be poetic justice. But the prose outcome is that I did not discomfit Bardwell. Frauds have their partial successes. I saw in the paper yesterday a notice of his marriage with Miss Denham, and that's the reason I wrote this story. I shall send a copy to Mrs. Bardwell. I hope she'll believe me.

A PAINTER ON PAINTING.

"SOME artists," said Mr. George Inness, as he leaned over to relight his cigar (I was conversing with the landscape painter) —"some artists like a short brush to paint with, and others a long brush; some want a smooth canvas, and others a rough canvas; some a canvas with a hard surface, and others a canvas with an absorbent surface; some a white canvas, and others a stained canvas. Deschamps, you know, bought old pictures and painted over them; his canvas was a painting before he touched it; and I should say that if a man wished to paint as Delacroix painted, an old picture would suit him as well as a new canvas to put his scene on. On the other hand, Couture painted only over a fresh, clean canvas, slightly stained, while Troyon evidently preferred a plain white surface, because he and Couture used transparent washes of color, through which the original surface of their canvases could often be seen. But Delacroix painted solid all through, and his quality, unlike that of Troyon, Couture, Ziem, and other artists, does not depend upon the transparency of the color. Some artists use quick-drying oils for varnishing, and others slow-drying oils. Most artists prefer to paint in a north room, because there the light is more equable—the sun does not come in. But Mr. Page likes a south room, although I don't know why. You see, there are no absolute rules about methods of painting."

"Principles, I suppose, are the things that should be looked after."

"Yes, principles—a few of them, that's all. Pupils can't be taught much by an artist. I have found that explanations usually hinder them, or else make their work stereotyped. If I had a pupil in my studio, I should say to him as Troyon once said in similar circumstances, 'Sit down and paint.' Still, now and then, I should tell him a principle of light and shade, of color, or of *chiar-oscuro*, and criticise his work, showing him where he was right and where he was wrong, as if I were walking with him through a gallery of pictures, and pointing out their faults and their merits. The best way to teach art is the Paris way. There the pupils—two, three, or more—hire a room, hire their models, and set up their easels. Once or twice a week the master comes in, looks at their work, and makes suggestions and remarks, advising the use of no particular method, but leaving each pupil's individuality free. If a young man paints regularly in the studio of his teacher, he is apt to lose spontaneity and vitality, and to become a dead reproduction of his teacher. Van Marcke suffered, I think, from this cause. He painted within arms-length of Troyon, and he has become a sort of inanimate Troyon."

"What is it that the painter tries to do?"

"Simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which a scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. This emotion may be one of love, of pity, of veneration, of hate, of pleasure, or of pain; but it must be a single emotion, if the work has unity, as every such work should have, and the true beauty of the work consists in the beauty of the sentiment or emotion which it inspires. Its real greatness consists in the quality and the force of this emotion. Details in the picture must be elaborated only enough fully to reproduce the impression that the artist wishes to reproduce. When more than this is done, the impression is weakened or lost, and we see simply an array of external things which may be very cleverly painted, and may look very real, but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and the difficulty of an artist is to combine the two, namely, to make the thought clear and to preserve the unity of impression. Meissonier always makes his thought clear; he is most painstaking with details, but he sometimes loses in sentiment. Corot, on the contrary, is, to some minds, lacking in objective force. He is most appreciated by the highly educated artistic taste, and he is least appreciated by the crude taste. He tried for years to get more objective force, but he found that what he gained in that respect he lost in sentiment. If a painter could unite Meissonier's careful reproduction of details with Corot's inspirational power, he would be the very god of art. But Corot's art is higher than Meissonier's. Let Corot paint a rainbow, and his work reminds you of the poet's description, 'The rainbow is the spirit of the flowers.' Let Meissonier paint a rainbow, and his work reminds you of a definition in chemistry. The one is poetic truth, the other is scientific truth; the former is æsthetic, the latter is analytic."

"You do not, then, think highly of Meissonier?"

"I do, and I do not. Meissonier is a very wonderful painter, but his aim seems to be a material rather than a spiritual one. The imitative has too strong a hold upon his mind; hence, even in his simplest and best things, we find the presence of individualities which should have been absent. That idea which came fresh into his mind from the scene that he saw had in it nothing of self. Why should he not have conveyed it in its original freshness and purity, unalloyed by the mixture of those individualities? Even in his greatest efforts there is not that power to awaken our emotion which the simplest works of a painter like Deschamps possess. There every detail of the picture is a part of the vision which impressed the

artist, and which he purposed to reproduce to the end that it might impress others; and every detail has been subordinated to the expression of the artist's impression. Take one of his pictures, 'The Suicide'—a representation of a dead man lying on a bed in a garret, partly in the sunlight. All is given up to the expression of the idea of *desolation*. The scene is painted as though the artist had seen it in a dream. Nothing is done to gratify curiosity, or to withdraw the mind from the great central point—the dead man; yet all is felt to be complete and truly finished. The spectator carries away from it a strong impression, but his memory is not taxed with a multitude of facts. The simple story is impressed upon his mind, and remains there forever.

"Contrast such a work with a Meissonier. Here the tendency seems to me to be toward the gratification of lower desires, and you see long-winded processions and reviews; great historical compositions; you see horses painted with nails in their shoes, and men upon them with buttons on their coats—nails and buttons at distances from the spectator where they could not be seen by any eye, however sharp or disciplined. Meissonier's *forte* lies in his power of representing one, two, or three figures under circumstances where they can be controlled by a single vision; and his best works are small pieces, like his 'Chess-Players,' for instance. But this very power of his, when used in representations like his great historic subjects, is a fault. Indeed, all historic subjects have in them necessarily more or less of what belongs to the literary mind. Their successful treatment depends upon a general ability to represent, and not so much upon great ability to imitate. By the greater intensity of mind, which removes him from external things to the thorough representation of an idea, Deschamps surpasses Meissonier. Gérôme is worse than Meissonier, and in the same way. So is Detaille; so are the multitudes of their school. It is the same story all through. Deschamps's mind is more perfectly governed by an original impulse, and it obeys more perfectly the laws of vision."

"Who are the best landscape painters?"

"As landscape painters, I consider Rousseau, Daubigny, and Corot among the very best. Daubigny, particularly, and Corot, have mastered the relation of things in nature one to the other, and have attained in their greatest works representations more or less nearly perfect. But in their day the science underlying impressions was not fully known. The advances already made in that science, united to the knowledge of the principles underlying the attempts made by those artists, will, we may hope, soon bring the art of landscape painting to perfection. Rousseau was perhaps the greatest French landscape painter; but I have seen in this country some of the smaller things of Corot which appeared to me to be truly and thoroughly spontaneous representations of nature, although weak in their key of color, as Corot always is. But his idea was a pure one, and he had long been a hard student. Daubigny also had a pure idea, and so had Rousseau. There was no affectation in these men: there were no tricks of color."

"Is Turner as great a painter as Mr. Ruskin pronounces him?"

"Parts of Turner's pictures are splendid specimens of realization, but their effect is destroyed by other parts which are full of falsity and clap-trap. Very rarely, if ever, does Turner give the impression of the real that nature gives. For example, in that well-known work in the London National Gallery which presents a group of fishing boats between the spectator and the sun (the sun in a fog) we find that half of the picture, if cut out by itself, would be most admirable. Into the other half, however, he has introduced a dock, some fishermen, some fishes: an accumulation of small things impossible under the circumstances to unity of vision. Frequently, as in this case—in fact, almost continually—the sun is represented as before us, and objects are introduced for the purpose of conveying Turner's ideal of effects in all sorts of false lights, as though there were half a dozen different suns shining from various positions in the heavens. Of course all this may appeal—as probably he intended it should—to foolish fancies, which are only sensuous weaknesses, and not the offspring of profound feeling. His 'Slave-Ship' is the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It has as much to do with human affections and thought as a ghost. It is not even a fine bouquet of color. The color is harsh, disagreeable, and discordant. Turner was a man of very great genius, but of perverted powers—perverted by love of money, of the world, or of something or other. His best things are his marines, in which appear great dramatic power. Constable was the first English painter of the modern landscape idea; and the French school to which Troyon, Corot, Daubigny, and others I have mentioned belong was founded upon him. These Frenchmen learned from Constable, and improved upon him. But in Turner the dramatic predominated—the desire to tell a story. His 'Wreck,' for example, contains little figures in boats, and other details which are incompatible with the distance, and which prevent that impression which comes to the spectator from a vision of nature. The greater of the French artists would have given to that boat and those figures only a general appearance of more or less complex forms suitable to convey the sense of weight and the

sense of distance. While looking at the Claude which hangs next to one of the Turners in the National Gallery—and which knocks the Turner all to pieces—I seemed to be in the presence of a great, earnest mind. The picture, to be sure, manifests some childishness that resulted from a certain lack of artistic knowledge; but the general impression is of something out-doors. The canvas is as fresh as if painted yesterday, and all seems air and light, while the Turner, on the contrary, is a mere make-up of fancies. I think the general estimate that any true artist must form before the works of Turner is that he was a very subtle scene-painter. He stands alone, it is true, and I do him all reverence; but his genius was not of the highest order."

"You prefer French art?"

"Among the French artists, undoubtedly, have been found the best works of art. Delacroix, for example, was one of the greatest of them. His 'Triumph of Apollo,' on a ceiling of the Louvre, is a most sublime story. It really signifies, I think, the regeneration of the human soul. An enormous serpent represents the sensual principle; the smoke from its mouth, forming the whole base of the picture, represents all ideas of darkness and gloom, and, as it spreads and rises, assumes monstrous forms, which are the evil consequences of natural lusts. Above is Apollo, the sun-god, standing in the brilliant light, his chariot drawn by horses which are intelligences, and surrounded by various divinities which drive down the monstrous forms that are rising. It is a splendid allegory, painted with immense power, but, of course, with no attempt to realize nature, to represent what we see. Yet it is a true story, both ideal and descriptive. Nevertheless, many of Delacroix's pictures are bad—broken, confused, and presenting the appearance of efforts to describe what can not be described, to realize what he never saw, and could not have seen, but what he only heard. Hence arises the confusion, though the realization in parts is wonderful. Firmin-Girard (to take a more modern instance) seems to have gone from a higher to a lower degree of description. His description was first of heaven; it is now of the world. The 'Flower Market' is painted in a thoroughly worldly spirit—a 'Market' for a market—and dollars were apparently demanded according to the number of people and things described. Such a picture is not a description of any thing significant, of any thing worth describing. Here is an example of a man who, apparently from the lack of success in a higher sphere, has given himself up to pander to wealth and popularity; for in a sale last winter of pictures in the Kurtz Gallery there was an earlier work of his—a small pastoral description, which belonged to another world. I noticed it among all the paintings in the room. Its singular beauty and tenderness arrested my attention. It seemed to carry the spirit of conjugal love almost into the reality of nature. No appreciative mind could look at it without being possessed by the gentlest emotions, and without being excited to the purest desires. Every thing around it, in comparison, seemed to be animated by the spirit of lust and of the world. Yet the picture was not generally appreciated. Scarcely any body stopped before it, and at the sale it went for a song. It is a great misfortune for Firmin-Girard that he should not have held his own."

"Was Washington Allston a great painter?"

"Washington Allston's 'Vision of the Bloody Hand' was, excepting Deschamps's 'Suicide,' the most significant picture, in my opinion, in the Johnston collection. In the *technique* of color and form it is inferior, and the spectator received, in consequence, a disagreeable impression of woodenness. But the story is given with the simple earnestness of the 'I saw' of inspiration. Allston's misfortune was that the literary had too strong a hold upon his mind, creating in him ideas which were grandiose. By the literary I mean the influence upon us of what we have heard or read of things we have not seen. In 'Belshazzar's Feast,' by the same artist, we perceive a powerful feeling overwhelmed in a mass of literary rubbish. Who cares for Belshazzar or his feast, unless we can meet him on 'Change, and he asks us to dinner? The story of *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* is a story of to-day, and if Allston had freed his head from the clouds of literary fancy, and taken notice of the facts before his eyes, he would not have struggled (his picture bears most evident marks of a struggle) with the impossible. The powerful emotion which the vision of Belshazzar, really seen, would have evoked, forcing the spectator to overlook or disregard impertinent vessels of gold and of silver and all the paraphernalia of external circumstance, should and might have found in Allston an admirable translator, for when not trammelled by the ghosts of other men's fancies he worked well and nobly. We see this in his portrait of Benjamin West, in the Boston Athenæum, in the knock-down argument of an individual character. How real seems that portrait alongside of Stuart's pink fancy of Washington! and what a piece of bosh, by contrast, is the 'Portrait of Benjamin West, Esquire' (I believe he wasn't 'Sir'd'), 'President of the Royal Academy,' by Sir Thomas Lawrence! Things that were can be properly represented only in things that are."

"What is the tendency of modern art buyers?"

"Our country is flooded with the mercan-

tile imbecilities of Verboeckhoven and hundreds of other European artists whose very names are a detestation to any lover of truth. The skin-deep beauties of Bouguereau and others of whom he is a type are a loathing to those who hate the idolatry which worships waxen images. The true artist loves only that work in which the evident intention has been to attain the truth, and such work is not easily brought to a fine polish. What he hates is that which has evidently been painted for a market. The sleekness of which we see so much in pictures is a result of spiritual inertia, and is his detestation. It is simply a mercantile finish. Who ever thinks about Michael Angelo's work being finished? No great artist ever finished a picture or a statue. It is mercantile work that is finished, and finish is what the picture-dealers cry for. Instead of covering the walls of his mansion with works of character, or, what is better, with those works of inspiration which allure the mind to the regions of the unknown, he is apt to cover them with the sleek polish of lackadaisical sentiment, or the puerilities of impossible conditions. Consequently the picture-dealer, although he may have, or may have had, something of the artistic instinct, is overwhelmed by commercial necessity. The genuine artist sometimes supposes that he suffers because his love is not of the world. But let him beware of such a fancy. It is a ghost. It has no reality. Our unhappinesses arise from disobedience to the monitions within us. Let every endeavor be honest, and although the results of our labors may often seem abortive, there will here and there flash out from them a spark of truth which shall gain us the sympathy of a noble spirit."

"What is the true use of art?"

"The true use of art is, first, to cultivate the artist's own spiritual nature, and secondly, to enter as a factor in general civilization. And the increase of these effects depends upon the purity of the artist's motive in the pursuit of art. Every artist who, without reference to external circumstances, aims truly to represent the ideas and emotions which come to him when he is in the presence of nature, is in process of his own spiritual development, and is a benefactor of his race. No man can attempt the reproduction of any idea within him, from a pure motive or love of the idea itself, without being in the course of his own regeneration. The difficulties necessary to be overcome in communicating the substance of his idea (which in this case is feeling, or emotion), to the end that the idea may be more and more perfectly conveyed to others, involve the exercise of his intellectual faculties; and soon the discovery is made that the moral element underlies all, that unless the moral also is brought into play, the intellectual faculties are not in condition for conveying the artistic impulse or inspiration. The mind may, indeed, be convinced of the means of operation, but only when the moral powers have been cultivated do the conditions exist necessary to the transmission of the artistic inspiration which is from truth and goodness itself. Of course no man's motive can be absolutely pure and single. His environment affects him. But the true artistic impulse is divine. The reality of every artistic vision lies in the thought animating the artist's mind. This is proven by the fact that every artist who attempts only to imitate what he sees fails to represent that something which comes home to him as a satisfaction —fails to make a representation corresponding in the satisfaction which it produces to the satisfaction felt in his first perception. Consequently we find that men of strong artistic genius, which enables them to dash off an impression coming, as they suppose, from what is outwardly seen, may produce a work, however incomplete or imperfect in details, of greater vitality, having more of that peculiar quality called "freshness," either as to color or spontaneity of artistic impulse, than can other men after laborious efforts—a work which appeals to the cultivated mind as something more or less perfect of nature. Now this spontaneous movement by which he produces a picture is governed by the law of homogeneity or unity, and accordingly we find that in proportion to the perfection of his genius is the unity of his picture. The highest art is where has been most perfectly breathed the sentiment of humanity. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hill-side, the sky, clouds—all things that we see—can convey that sentiment if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth. Some persons suppose that landscape has no power of communicating human sentiment. But this is a great mistake. The civilized landscape peculiarly can; and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant. Every act of man, every thing of labor, effort, suffering, want, anxiety, necessity, love, marks itself wherever it has been. In Italy I remember frequently noticing the peculiar ideas that came to me from seeing odd-looking trees that had been used, or tortured, or twisted—all telling something about humanity. American landscape, perhaps, is not so significant; but still every thing in nature has something to say to us. No artist need fear that his work will not find sympathy if only he works earnestly and lovingly."

Editor's Easy Chair.

TO many of our readers who are familiar with the city of New York it will seem as strange that the Philharmonic concerts used to be given in a little hall on Broadway below Canal Street as that "within the memory of men still living" all fashionable concerts were given at the City Hotel on Broadway below Cortlandt Street.

"Yes, 'twas a garret,"

sings Béranger, with proud and affectionate remembrance, as he recalls the happiness of his life in the days of Marengo and Austerlitz; and even so 'twas at the Apollo—not the Mermaid—that there were nights of memorable music when the Philharmonic was young. The amateurs and the gilded youth who came home from the grand tour and bestowed their patronizing presence upon those entertainments had, indeed, an air of patient sufferance as they listened, and between the modest efforts of the orchestra they described the splendid evenings at the Sing-Akademie in Berlin or the Conservatoire in Paris with all the benignity of superior beings dealing with those who had not enjoyed heavenly opportunities. Still it was pleasant to hear those old concerts, and it is pleasant to remember them as the beginnings of the triumphs of to-day. The presence of the travelled amateurs and their infinite condescension were, indeed, solemnizing, and served to restrain outward enthusiasm. But the devoted lover of music, as he heard the C minor symphony of Beethoven, or the "Jupiter" of Mozart, or the *Midsummer Night's* overture of Mendelssohn, privately jeered at the conceited tolerance of the travellers, and enjoyed with all his soul, scornful of the suggestion that there could be a better performance.

The other day when the Easy Chair heard a rehearsal of the Philharmonic orchestra under Thomas it smiled as it recalled those old days and nights of the Apollo. It looked about for some freshly returned tourist, to inveigle him into the ruts of the old conceit, and at the moment of his loftiest endurance of "an American concert" to say to him: "Sir, I was at the hall of the Sing-Akademie on the evening of its memorial concert for Mendelssohn, and the orchestra was not more finely trained nor the performance more exquisite than that to which we have now the honor to listen. The orchestra of the Conservatoire I heard but once, but it was not a better orchestra than that before us." Of course to such a remark at "an American concert" there could be but one reply from the fine foreign traveller. He could only regard the Easy Chair silently through a round glass fixed in one eye.

Yet it would be the truth. The overture was Cherubini's *Water-Carriers*, and the mass of orchestral tone, its fullness, its richness, its velvet softness, and its delicate shading, were unsurpassable. There was a sense of self-restraint, of reserved power, which is as impressive in an orchestra as in a man. For that hour in the great Academy of Music, New York was the peer of Paris, of London, of any capital in the world. There was but one thing that was discordant, and which showed the audience to be unequal to the orchestra—that was the disturbance of the late comers. Houris rustling and squeaking along the aisle in the most hushed and delicate passages of the music suggested an imperfect sense of heaven. Many of them come merely to be seen, and to be accounted lovers of fine music. Will not some good angel whisper to them that they literally trample upon the possibility of such a faith? Nobody who is a sincere lover of music believes that any body else loves it who disturbs an audience in the midst of an orchestral performance. There is no excuse whatever. Every man, woman, or child who arrives late at a concert can wait until there is a pause in the music before proceeding to his place. Indeed, that is the instinct of every lover of sweet sounds.

Once Thomas turned. Then, like the Irishman at the second story, we had hopes. In Washington, a few years since, when a party of late comers advanced giggling and bustling to the front of the hall, he rapped his orchestra to silence, and addressing the audience, quietly said that the music seemed to interfere with conversation. It was an admirable rebuke, enforced by the general feeling of the audience. On this occasion, perhaps, he did not feel at liberty to make so pointed a remark, because it was not a rehearsal of his own orchestra, but of that of the Philharmonic Society. Yet if he had said a good-natured word, suggesting that he had evidently begun too soon, the hearty response of the audience would have apprised the delinquents that they had not come soon enough. An unavoidable accident may delay the arrival of Euterpe herself, but if it should delay her, Euterpe would wait at the door until the movement was ended. This day she would have heard with delight the playing of Cherubini's work, which is one of the "classical" overtures that were first played in this country at concerts of "the great masters." More than thirty years ago, when the lithe Schmidt led the orchestra of "the Academy" in Boston, this overture was played, and it has always held its place in the list of dignified works from which selections are to be made.

It was followed by the "Pastorale" of Beethoven. There are connoisseurs who prefer their music, like their Champagne, exceedingly dry, and who politely dismiss this symphony as an admirable musical imitation. If it were that only, a pretty piece of orchestral colored wax-work, the worth of which lay in the felicity with which instruments were made to imitate birds and flocks, thunder and the pattering of rain, it would no more be fine music than the wax image in Berlin dressed in the old regimentals of Frederick the Great is a noble statue of the king. Those imitative sounds are mere ripples upon the surface of the deep stream. The symphony is a pastoral hymn of joy, graceful and rich and melodious, charming as the measures of Mozart, the music of youth and beauty and enjoyment. It is easy to follow its suggestions into exact detail, and to construct an idyl of circumstance, chasing through it the cloud shadows, and hearing the gurgling of brooks, the merry dance, the song of birds, the roll of thunder, and the sudden shower, the fright, the hurry, the escape, and the psalm of thanksgiving. There doubtless are all these, but they are not all that is there. In music the "Pastorale" belongs with Claude's joyous land-

scapes in painting and with Milton's "L'Allegro" in poetry. Indeed, as you listen enchanted, the rippling verse of "L'Allegro" echoes and answers the symphony:

"Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade:
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday."

What a benefactor is Thomas and the orchestra who give this perfect pleasure! We can all enjoy the beautiful picture and the poem, "buxom, blithe, and debonair," without an interpreter. But there must be a hundred interpreters to enable us to enjoy the symphony. And they must be most carefully and delicately trained to move in harmony, or a throng of evanescent graces escape us without our knowledge. There must be a smooth accord, an increasing and diminishing force, a shading, a suppression, a mingling, which are indispensable to the true effect, yet which can be gained only by a most dextrous and accomplished conductor. The difference in the "Pastorale" under a loose and careless and under a masterly and inspiring direction is that between "L'Allegro" not only slovenly and inertly read, but with the felicitous adjectives misread or omitted, and the "L'Allegro" exactly and exquisitely rendered by a reader whose voice is attuned to it, and whose heart keeps time to its melody. Thomas is that reader, and when he conducts the "Pastorale" with the great Philharmonic orchestra, you hear the symphony as Beethoven heard it in his soul,

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Thirteen years ago, on a windy November night, a beautiful tribute of respect and admiration was offered to Mr. Bryant on his seventieth birthday. It was at the Century Club—a club originally of artists and authors and men interested in literature and art—and his fellow poets and writers united in showing that literary genius and the unofficial faithful citizen are most truly honored even in the community which is supposed to be given over to the love and pursuit of the almighty dollar and of political glory. It is the satisfaction of such a tribute that it is paid to the man, and not to an official position nor to an accident of any kind. It is very pleasant, also, as symbolic of the real hold that intellectual power in its purer and unselfish forms has upon the public mind.

The tradition that the poet is a master, a leader, in human society has been somewhat lost in modern and highly civilized communities, where he has been often told, as Jean Paul said to music, "Away! thou speakest to me of that which never was nor shall be." But his power is impregnable and his influence sure. The man whose song reaches and touches the heart of youth inevitably affects it. If, as is sometimes said, the poet is the child of his time, so also is he its teacher, and, in a certain sense, its leader. The influence of Byron upon his generation is an interesting study; that of Wordsworth and of Tennyson might also be traced. Our own poets, until the choir now living arose, were in great part echoes. But we should be surprised could we know the direct and positive influence that some of these have had upon the character and career of those who are more evidently public leaders. We are not now speaking of general but of special influence. The fact that Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell took part, as poets, in the antislavery protest was a distinct and efficient element of the movement, and Lowell's "Biglow Papers" were a powerful ally of good political influences. Those sharp and canny strokes of satiric humor were quite as effective as any speeches.

But the most prolonged and noted influence of this kind, the leadership of the poet in affairs, is undoubtedly that of Whittier in the antislavery crusade. It was very quiet and unobserved, but it was very radical. The heart that resisted argument and statistic was melted in the fervor of his appeal. It was absolutely impersonal and unselfish, and his voice was that of the pure conscience. The simplicity and directness of his Quaker training gave also a singular charm to his verse, and his personal isolation from politics and current affairs deepened its moral power. Those days happily are gone. The poet has lived to see the dawning of the golden age that he foresaw, and he has not sought to prolong bitterness of feeling as the condition of his own opportunity for distinction. It is, indeed, within the last fifteen years that his fame has been most truly national, and it is pleasant and significant to see that on his seventieth birthday the tributes of honor and regard are not limited by sectional lines.

It was a happy thought of the *Literary World* to celebrate that day by a garland of verse and prose from a few of the friends of the poet, who should speak, each of them, for a large following. It was a formal recognition of the standing of the poet among eminent citizens who are to be highly honored for great public service. It is akin to the erection of the statue of Halleck in the Central Park in New York—a perpetual suggestion, by the side of the memorial of Morse and of Webster, that the poet and the inventor as well as the statesman shall be held in grateful remembrance. The first words of greeting at the literary feast of honor to Whittier were most fitly spoken by the poet who last year reached the same hale and benignant term. This is his beautiful sonnet, which needs no signature to show that it is Longfellow's:

"THE THREE SILENCES.

"Three Silences there are; the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.
These Silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect Silence that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.
O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!"

This is a cordial salutation from the South:

"TO THE POET IN WHITTIER.

"From this far realm of Pines I waft thee now
A Brother's greeting, Poet, tried and true;
So thick the laurels on thy reverend brow
We scarce can see the white locks glimmering through!

"O pure of thought! Earnest in heart as pen,
The tests of time have left thee undefiled;
And o'er the snows of threescore years and ten
Shines the unsullied aureole of a child."

And these are the warm responses of the two oldest American poets:

"I am sorry to say that your note asking me to contribute to your extra number on Mr. Whittier was mislaid and unopened at the Shore during my illness. I regret not having time to write something more satisfactory to myself, yet I am loath to let the opportunity go by without giving some mark of respect and regard to a poet whose truth to Nature has taught others to see and love her, and whose manliness and independence is so stirring to the spirit. Although this be little else than an apology, I offer it with the plea that in one's ninetieth year not much could be expected at a day's notice. RICHARD H. DANA."

"I should be glad to celebrate in verse the seventieth return of John Greenleaf Whittier's birthday, if the thoughts and words fitting for such an occasion would come at call, to be arranged in some poetic form, but I find that I must content myself with humble prose. Let me say, then, that I rejoice at the dispensation which has so long spared to the world a poet whose life is as beautiful as his verse, who has occupied himself only with noble themes, and treated them nobly and grandly, and whose songs in the evening of life are as sweet and thrilling as those of his vigorous meridian. If the prayers of those who delight in his poems shall be heard, that life will be prolonged in all its beauty and serenity for the sake of a world which is the better for his having lived, and far will be the day when all that we have of him will be his writings and his memory. WILLIAM C. BRYANT."

The publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which his later poems have appeared, also commemorated the birthday by a dinner in Boston, to which the noted authors of the country were bidden. A king might envy the poet whose threescore years and ten are crowned with such honor, love, and troops of friends.

IT was fortunate that in the holiday season of this year, which has been conspicuous for the beautiful books upon household art and decoration and bric-à-brac, there should have been so striking an illustration of the riches of New York households in those kinds as was afforded by the Loan Exhibition at the National Academy. The most eminent connoisseurs and collectors of pottery, porcelain, tapestry, jewelry, metals, pictures, missals, laces, fans, and all kinds of characteristic fabrics of all countries and times, contributed the best specimens to an exhibition open to the public at a most moderate charge and under the most careful auspices, which secured a very tasteful and intelligent arrangement, the whole resulting in one of the most unique and delightful collections of the kind that could be imagined by the most enthusiastic virtuoso.

This taste is doubtless willful and extravagant, like the *haut gout* in game. It is largely artificial and conventional, and Disraeli had his gibe at it long ago in *Vivian Grey*. It is readily stigmatized as frivolous and trivial; and mere rarity presently overcomes the sense of beauty, and age supersedes fitness. The most delightful and luxurious chair of to-day, with every splendor of upholstery, is valueless beside a *Mayflower* chair, although the purpose of chairs is evident, and that should obviously be preferred which seats most comfortably. But this is a kind of reasoning unknown in the world of bric-à-brac. In that world beauty, grace, fitness, are not the prime elements of value, although they are not discarded. It is, indeed, a world as hospitable to monsters as to the Graces, and welcomes the sea-dragon equally with Andromeda. It is, however, a truly catholic realm; and interesting historic association, if of adequate antiquity, sheds the necessary glamour upon the plainest and most unattractive object. Yet who could enter the East Room of the Academy during the exhibition and not own the spell of bric-à-brac? "Let him fair sex it to the world's end," sneered Swift, bitterly, at Addison. But after more than a century and a half Addison smiles at Swift serene and triumphant. The censor may have arrived at the exhibition full of impatience at triviality and the wicked waste of money upon monstrosities. But when he entered this enchanted room Calypso seemed to urge him upon one side, and Circe, with spell reversed, upon the other.

In this room was an exquisite tapestry of gorgeous stuffs and brilliant colors beautifully harmonized. The stuffs were Japanese, Chinese, French, and others. But the more remote the country from our civilization and standards of art and taste, the more subtle seemed the color, the more refined the workmanship. In form absolute grotesqueness has absolute value in the domain of bric-à-brac, and in barbaric fabrics monstrous form seems to be as probable as exquisiteness and grace. Indeed, that inconsistency is one of the characteristics of barbarous taste, or taste uncivilized in our sense. In Damascus the Western traveller sees in the houses the harshest and most incomprehensible juxtaposition of dream-like beauty of detail with squalid coarseness. Indeed, the wondering neophyte in this difficult communion feels that skill and perfection in these decorative arts are no test of civilization. Here is some East Indian salver wrought with felicitous skill, on which Ganymede might have offered a cup of nectar to Venus, and near by is a silver vessel given by Queen Anne to Peter Schuyler in 1710. If the comparative civilization of the two countries be measured by these specimens, alas for the Augustan age of Anne! And in the Japanese articles of every kind, what neatness of workmanship, what masterly ease of finish, yet what an imperfect sentiment of beauty! Yet again, in the English work, how the deftness, the grace, that are elsewhere evident disappear, and a certain characteristic clumsiness and dowdiness replace them! The pitifully ignorant Easy Chair renders this account with the largest E. E., and with due deprecation of the wrath of the learned.

'Tis a region enchanted, and how gladly the loiterer would linger! But here in the North Room are pictures, the flower or the gems of the finest private collections in the city. They are interesting in many ways. It is a small and choice collection, mainly of living artists. The pictures are among the best of their authors, and they are a key both to the character of the art treasures in the houses of New York and to the taste of the collectors. There is always that magic about pictures. They show not only the genius of the artist, but the taste of the buyer. Not that a man is to be measured strictly by the character of his pictures, because his purpose may be that of a collector, to illustrate the works of a school, of a time, of an artist, or some other special end. But every man impresses himself upon all his real interests. There are names of artists here not very generally known, and there are delightful specimens of noted painters. It is not often that we see in this country an Alma Tadema, nor has there been seen here a more striking Diaz than the glimpse of Fontainebleau. Then Rossi,

an unfamiliar name, attracted and repelled by his "Old Age of a Prince," which yet had a melancholy moral. But why, since the vision is vanished, mention in detail the delights that are no more? Why allude to the wonderful lace, the *point de Venise*, such as the dear dead women that listened and danced to the toccata of Galuppi might have worn? or the châtelaine that is said to have hung from the girdle of Marie Antoinette? or the fans that the ladies of Isabella might have borne? or the china and glass that, according to the spectator's fancy, may seem to have come from a stately Elizabethan mansion or the glittering court of Versailles.

It was a timely and delightful exhibition, and it will not be the least of its uses to develop new forms of industry in the domestic arts, as well as to enrich and refine those that already exist. In America it is not enough that we see beautiful things; we must make them universally accessible.

It is a natural step from the Exhibition of the Decorative Arts to the Cesnola collection in the Metropolitan Museum. The kinds of treasure that have been displayed for admiration in the rooms of the National Academy, Di Cesnola has revealed among the remains of the oldest civilization. The trinkets and ornaments and vessels that were used in the first historic eras can be curiously compared with these specimens of a later day. General Di Cesnola's book, which was published while the Decorative Exhibition was still open, is one of the most entertaining of its kind.

A story of excavations among old tombs, even of the discovery of buried cities, is not always attractive in style, however interesting and valuable the results may be. But Di Cesnola's narrative is exceedingly fascinating for its manly and modest simplicity and essential interest. He is an Italian gentleman, bred to arms, and after active service in the Crimean war, twenty years ago, he came to America and took a distinguished part in our civil contest for the Union. He married, and subsequently left the army, and going as consul to Cyprus, he found himself in a secluded country almost without an accessible history. His active mind and habits led him to such historical explorations as were practicable, and by them he was drawn to excavations, from which the most important consequences have flowed. General Di Cesnola has unearthed, upon a virgin site, an extraordinary mass of Phœnician and Greek relics of the highest historical value, constituting, in fact, a more complete and continuous historical series of actual remains of progressive civilizations than is elsewhere known. It is extraordinary that Dr. Schliemann's record of explorations at Mycenæ should have been published simultaneously, for Di Cesnola's volume interprets Schliemann's, and his collections complete and explain much of the Mycenæ speculation.

General Di Cesnola obtained control of an immense district of buried cemeteries, the Greek overlying the Phœnician, and there he found the most superb and instructive relics. His book with singular freshness and charm tells the story, and upon the shelves of the Metropolitan Museum you may follow and authenticate it, and proceed step by step through that historic development. The friends of the Easy Chair at a distance sometimes privately complain that it appears to forget that its diocese is not limited to a city or to a section, and that the interests of any one city, however large and self-important—like New York, for instance—are not universal interests. But surely the book of General Di Cesnola is as attractive to the intelligent reader upon the Texas frontier as upon the Aroostook, and his wonderful collection is no more interesting to the citizen on the Hudson than on the Mississippi. The reader every where can see the book and its illustrations for himself. But the Easy Chair is certainly not unfriendly in telling him of the treasury of beautiful relics that awaits his coming to the city. The city and the country are both richer for them. Such excavations and discoveries only make us wonder what others of the same kind remain to reward similar enterprise. Not, indeed, that every consul could do what Di Cesnola has done; for, as the noted Eastern correspondent of the London *News*, Mr. Forbes, said that he was but a newspaper war correspondent, that is, a man who can speak several languages, ride a hundred miles, face a battery, understand a battle while it is going on, fast for three days without minding it, and write letters in the saddle—in other words, that to do Mr. Forbes's work he must be Mr. Forbes—so to do what Di Cesnola has done, a consul must be Di Cesnola.

Old James Howell, the learned royalist who was imprisoned by Parliament for his fidelity to the king's cause, and whose name is familiar as the author of *Howell's Letters*, thanked God "that he had this fruit of his foreign travels, that he could pray unto Him every day of the week in a separate language, and upon Sunday in seven." This scholar, of a contented mind, wrote one little work, among his many, which he called *Instructions for Forreine Travel*. The reader of Charles Sumner's *Early Life*, as of the memoir of George Ticknor, of which we spoke two years ago, could easily imagine that they had both carefully read Howell and followed his advice. In any case, what Howell says, and what Sumner and Ticknor did, show that sensible men of all times and civilized countries are much the same. You may open *Forreine Travel* any where, and you are sure to find something which the two American scholars and travellers justified and illustrated.

It is pleasant to associate Sumner with Howell—an association which would not have displeased the American, however much the tough devotee of Charles the Martyr may have looked askance at Charles the Emancipator. But an hour of friendly intercourse would have melted all barriers, and Howell would have owned that he had found an apt pupil of his wisdom and a companion of true sympathy. As for Howell's "instructions" for France, Sumner could have asserted, in the language of the country, that he had followed them *au pied de la lettre*.

> "Being come to France, his best course will be to retire to some university about the Loire, unfrequented by the English—for the greatest bane of English gentlemen abroad is too much frequency and communication with their own countrymen—and there let him apply himself seriously to gain the practical knowledge of the language.....This he may do with more advantage if he repairs sometimes to the Courts of Pleading and to the Public Schools."

The young American did precisely this, and not

less did he observe other directions of the old Cavalier:

"One thing I must recommend to his special care, that he be very punctual in writing to his friends once a month at least, which he must do exactly, and not in a careless, perfunctory way, for letters are the ideas and truest mirror of the mind: they show the inside of a man, and by them it will be discerned how he improveth himself in his courses abroad; there will be plenty of matter to fill his letters withall once a month at least."

To turn over the simple book of Howell's is to be reminded at every page of Sumner's methods of foreign travel, the record of which is an important part of the delightful story of his early life. It is a book which is not only most attractive in itself, but which is well worthy the meditation of young men, because it shows how much more of the very kind of enjoyment that most men seek in life, beyond mere eating and drinking, is to be obtained by diligence, study, and careful preparation. While Mr. Sumner was abroad, forty years ago, it was rumored at home that he was having an unprecedented "success," which meant that he was seeing in the most agreeable manner that society which every intelligent foreigner naturally wishes to see in every country—the society not merely of rank and fashion, but of the highest eminence in every intellectual kind. The secret of this success was not money, or social position, or personal distinction, or official rank; it was nothing which in any way could be called an accident; it was not an especial charm of manner, nor tact; still less was it any thing unworthy of a gentleman: it was simply proper and adequate preparation.

During the entire period covered by this *Early Life*, Mr. Sumner was a young and scholarly lawyer, without much public repute of any kind, fond of books, of educated society, and the intimate friend of men who were making themselves famous. If he had ambition, it was wholly literary. Only once or twice does he allude to public political affairs, and then with the air of a man otherwise engaged, and who is made impatient by cowardice in matters with which he has no concern. There is a great deal of cheap talk about self-made men. But in the best sense of the words Charles Sumner was self-made; that is to say, he owed nothing to wealth, to social influence, or to connections or advantages of any kind except such as he made for himself by his own ability. When he went to Europe he took letters from Judge Story, which opened to him the most interesting legal society in England. But Judge Story was attracted to him solely by his character, his cleverness, and his admirable accomplishment. And the English letters would have been useless to Sumner if he had not personally justified all that they said of him, so that he was every where welcome. And to the end of his life Mr. Sumner had very much more enjoyment than other men, because he had cultivated and enlarged and multiplied his means and capacities of enjoyment.

Of course if a man is to be self-made, he must have the force and the means of making himself. This youth was diligent from his birth. He lost no day. He read good books. He sought good companionship. He spent no money and no time on any form of mere dissipation. It was not labor thrown away. It was the careful cultivation of a kindly soil. Yet he did nothing that any young man may not do, although many a young man may do what he did and not be famous.

The *Early Life* of Sumner is a complete story by itself. It is a study, which every young man may wisely keep in full view, of what may be done by conscientious diligence. For "forreine travel," of which we are all so fond, it is as good as James Howell's "instructions." If the Easy Chair is moralizing and preaching, it is because such a record is a sermon in spite of itself. It is part of the good estate of so wise a use of time, such resolute holding of the fleet angel until he leaves his blessing, that it not only helps the hero, but the very story of it makes others heroic.

Apart from this is the essential interest of the letters from Europe in which Sumner sketches the celebrated persons that he saw. He was often thought to be exclusive, egotistical, and cold. His *ego* was certainly immense, but he was as artless as a child, and no man was ever more affectionate or more boundlessly generous in his estimates of others, and in his expression of those estimates. This appears in these letters, as it did in his private intercourse, and it went with him through all the storms of his public career to the end. Aside from the deep furrowed ruts in which his public life moved, there were always these fresh dewy paths of sympathy and affection and interest in persons and things. Under all and over all an indefeasible sweetness and simplicity endeared him to those who knew him best. There might be warm and excited differences; there might be even the form of alienation; but the living stream ran quick below, and the ice was of a night, the stream of eternity. He was, like most public men, largely indebted to circumstances, to the nature of the public questions of his time, and to the kind of treatment which they demanded. Kings and warriors died unsung before Agamemnon, but Helen was not yet born. They had it doubtless in them to lead the Trojan host; but there was no host, there was no Troy. Sumner came into public life at the moment which demanded just his temperament, his training, his character, his unconscious courage. There was much that he could not do, but his own peculiar work was a great part greatly played.

It is pleasant to read this tale of unconscious preparation, the accumulation, the meditation, the increasing impulse—the kindling fires that burst out into the great conflagration with which the volumes end. It was not alone the striking theme of the Fourth-of-July oration upon the "True Grandeur of Nations," nor the vivid contrast of the military association and presence, nor the uncompromising force with which the challenge to accepted tradition was hurled, but it was the vast perspective of erudition advancing to his support, which touched the imagination, and was resented with an indignation which was all the hotter from conscious inability to cope with it. This was the happy alliance that his wise youth had furnished. These were the forces that his earlier years of thoughtful preparation sent to the field. He never lost the immense advantage of that ample preparation of study. Beyond these two volumes Sumner passes into the great and long battle of his life. He, the elegant student, eager to cap verses with an English schol-

ar, and to contribute a Greek inscription from an American friend to a memorial of Chantrey's skill in sporting, proud to be called by a judge to sit with him on the bench, and earnestly following the eloquence of French advocates, suddenly enters into the most momentous political contest of modern times. How impossible for any friend of Sumner's to believe when he returned from Europe that within forty years an illustrious poet would sing of him most truly:

"His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

"Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.

"Then from the fatal field,
Upon a nation's heart,
Borne like a warrior on his shield:
So should the brave depart."

Editor's Literary Record.

WE group here three biographies which we have read together, and which are united by the common bond of sympathy between characters whose lives were in different fields, whose religious education led them to adopt a materially differing philosophy, but who nevertheless were alike in the purity of their purpose, the simplicity of their piety, the heartiness and self-sacrifice of their consecration—*Christianity and Humanity: a Series of Sermons*, by THOMAS STARR KING, with a memoir by EDWIN P. WHIPPLE (J. R. Osgood and Co.); *All for Christ: a Sketch of the Life and Labors of Rev. Charles H. Payson*, edited by his brother (American Tract Society); and the *Life of E. N. Kirk, D.D.*, by DAVID O. MEARS (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.). What Mr. Whipple says of Mr. King might with exact and equal truth be said of the other two: "His indestructible faith was that a personal God did in some way open a path for Himself into the human soul, and that through the highest spiritual affections He found easy approach to every finite human being who was capable of saying, 'I am.'" This living faith in a living God is the true secret of all piety, all spiritual earnestness, and is common to all men who have powerfully affected men in the spiritual realm, from Socrates to Dwight L. Moody. The life of Starr King is a matter of current history. His parish was only his harbor, out of which he sailed to a campaign that embraced, if not the whole country, at least all the Northern States. The same moral purpose animated him on the platform as in the pulpit, and the volume of lectures, *Substance and Show* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is in character as well as form a true companion volume to the sermons. The only fault of Mr. Whipple's memoir is its brevity. The first and strongest impression left on our minds by reading Mr. Whipple's sketch is the sense of its inadequacy. An admirable sketch it certainly is, but so noble a nature ought to have some worthier record of his noble life than so slight an outline. The question how far a biographer may use the revelations of personal character afforded by private correspondence is an unsolved, perhaps an insoluble, one, to be determined rather by the moral judgment than by fixed rules; but surely there must have been left some material out of which at least a fuller disclosure of the inner life of Starr King might have been made without violating the proprieties of life. Rev. Charles H. Payson was one of the great army of unknown but noble witnesses to the value of vital Christianity, a living exemplification of the truth that the poor still gladly hear the voice of Christ in His servants. His whole life was spent in mission work in the city of New York. His character was one of peculiar loveliness, of true saintliness. Possessing much of the spirit of devotion which made the ministry of his uncle, Rev. Edward Payson, of Portland, so marvellous in the history of the American pulpit, with far less imagination and emotional power, and far more intellectual balance and executive and administrative ability, it is reasonably certain that if Mr. Payson had desired greater reputation and a more splendid position, both might have been his. In an age of self-seeking, which affects the pulpit as well as the press, this is a book useful as an inspirer of a high and unselfish spirit of consecration. To the student of the problem how the Gospel is to be brought to the masses in our great cities, the accord of Mr. Payson's methods and their success is peculiarly valuable. Of Mr. Mears's life of Dr. Kirk it is perhaps enough to say that it is worthy of its subject. To read it is the next best thing to a personal acquaintance with one who possessed spiritual magnetism to a greater degree than any other man we ever knew. This is the real secret of the power of every true preacher; it was almost the only secret of Dr. Kirk's power. He was not powerful logically, nor brilliant in imagination, nor a rare master of rhetoric, nor dramatic in delivery. Yet on his oratory hundreds hung entranced, and the power of his prayers was even greater than that of his sermons. The curious, almost supernatural power produced by the intensity of his spiritual emotions is strikingly illustrated by the story of Mr. Moody's conversion, the origin of which we do not remember to have seen before. While yet a boy, he was attending one Sabbath the Mount Vernon Church, fell asleep during the sermon, slept on throughout it, and was awakened just in time to hear the closing four words of the prayer—"for Christ's sake. Amen." There was that in the tones of the preacher's voice which arrested his attention, fastened the words upon his mind, sent him home repeating them to himself, and suffered them never to leave him till they brought him to Christ. Scarcely less was this masterful spiritual power illustrated by his benedictions, which were always brief prayers, a single sentence phrased and adapted to the text, and never two alike. Something of this personal spiritual power, so characteristic of the man, resides in the book. It is more than a memorial to the dead; the life of the living palpitates in it. The biographer conceals himself. He has shown wisdom in his selection and arrangement of materials, and he is generally self-restrained in the utterance of his own opinions and feelings. If he

overeulogizes Dr. Kirk's participation in the anti-slavery conflict, he at least quotes Dr. Kirk's own words, so that the reader may easily correct the too exalted estimate presented of him as a political leader and teacher. Every man is not for every work, and Dr. Kirk was not formed to be a teacher of mere ethical science, either in the abstract or the concrete. The book is full of suggestive hints to the preacher, and will give spiritual impulse and help to any Christian reader, lay or ministerial.

The third volume of *Supernatural Religion* (Roberts Brothers) completes a remarkable work, but one whose actual effect will hardly be commensurate with its apparent scholarship. The author is familiar with German critical literature, and reproduces it, without quotation, in a clear style, with a lawyer's effective massing of objections, discovering and elaborating all difficulties presented in the New Testament records, and quietly ignoring the greater difficulties presented by the hypotheses of Baur and his school of criticism. He that has read *Supernatural Religion* knows all of the distinctive skeptical criticism of the present generation.

Dr. Cunningham Geikie's *Life and Words of Christ* (D. Appleton and Co.) is misnamed. It should be entitled the "Life and Times of Christ." As a picture of the civilization of Christ's time and country it is admirable. Dr. Geikie has made himself thoroughly familiar with all those phases and aspects of truth which study can make available in interpreting the wonderful life and teachings and yet more wonderful character of the founder of Christianity. He is thoroughly familiar with Greek and Roman civilization. He has read the teachings of Christ in the light thrown upon them by contemporaneous Rabbinical teachings. His archaic knowledge is not the product of a special cramming for this book. It is digested knowledge: it appears less in learned footnotes than in the coloring of the entire narrative. In this respect no life of Christ, except Renan's, compares with it; and it is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Geikie's life of Christ is not a humanitarian but a Christian life. What Conybeare and Howson have done for the life of St. Paul, Dr. Geikie has done for the life of Paul's Lord. The learning is not less full nor less luminous; it is in some respects more thoroughly harmonized with and incorporated into the life itself. This work is possibly less popular in its style than the analogous work of Dr. Farrar, and less fervent and spiritual in tone than Dr. Hanna's, but more suggestive and more rich in real scholarship than the former, more thoughtful than the latter, and more valuable to the Bible student than either.

If it really was the intention of either author or translator of Robert Houdin's *Secrets of Conjuring and Magic* (George Routledge and Sons) to enable the ordinary reader "to become a wizard," the book is a most stupendous failure. We need not tell our readers that Robert Houdin was the father of modern magic, for something of his life has been recently told them in the pages of this Magazine. Nor need we remind them that the translator and editor of this book, Professor Hoffmann, is without a living superior in his peculiar department. This Literary Recorder has always enjoyed "magic," and always been accustomed to make the children a convenient excuse for going to see Blitz or Hoffmann, or Hermann or Heller, and he therefore took up this book with regret that the fascinating mystery was henceforth to be no mystery. The fear was needless. The explanations are more marvellous than the performances. It is all very simple; you are simply to hold balls, money, playing-cards, in the palm of the hand and go on using your fingers as though nothing were in it; are to put things into one pocket and take them out of the other, with all eyes fixed upon you, and yet without detection; are to pick up balls as big as a hat by means of your little finger; are to make the whole audience look at one point in order that, before their very eyes, you may do something unobserved at another point; compel them to take any card you choose, and so arrange that they will always do it, etc., etc., all of which is as simple to read as it is incomprehensible in the practice. We shall go to the next *prestidigitateur's* performance with new interest in the mystery, which is only more mysterious than it was before. As an illustration of the power of development of which the human muscles are capable this book is really a useful contribution to the study of human nature; as an illustration of the power of one man, with a definite purpose, over the thoughts and even the eyes of an audience, it is a curious study in psychology; and to the thoughtful student it will suggest an explanation of some phenomena more important than any that are ever witnessed on a wizard's stage.

Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey's magnificent work, *Political Science; or, The State* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is the ripened product of a lifetime, the work of a specialist familiar with his theme, and bringing to its elucidation both a thorough scholarship and a rare power of insight. The author seems to us to have had too little in view the fact that such a work is not merely a treatise to be read, but a cyclopedia to be used in the reference library. But as Dr. Woolsey has himself called attention to the difficulties occasioned by his method of treatment, we may perhaps assume that any different method presented to his mind other and more serious difficulties, which are equally as great though not as apparent to the critic who has not thoroughly considered them. The work is in three parts—Part I. treating of the doctrine of personal rights; Part II., of the theory of the state; Part III., of practical politics. This last is the largest; it embraces three chapters in the first volume, and all of the second volume; but the most important portion of the work appears to us to be Part II., since out of Dr. Woolsey's theories of the state all his conceptions of practical politics are evolved. They occupy more room, as the branches occupy more room than the root; but it is the root that gives character to the tree. The artificial theory that the right of the state to exist depends upon a purely imaginary compact, by which individuals surrender certain of their rights and liberties for the sake of protection and other corresponding advantages derived from social organization, Dr. Woolsey repudiates; he places its right to be on the fact that it is, "in the natural order of things, God's method of helping men toward a perfect life." The conveniently simple philosophy that "the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community against his will is to prevent

harm to others," the axiom on which John Stuart Mill's political economy is all founded, Dr. Woolsey denies; he maintains, on the other hand, that "the sphere of the state may reach as far as the nature and needs of the man and of men reach; .....and the people, the age, the sentiments expressed in a constitution, must decide how far it actually shall reach." The consistent application of these two radical and far-reaching principles to practical questions really produces Part III., on practical politics. The author is consistent in their application; he maintains the right of the state to educate, not as a mere economical police measure, but because education helps men toward a better life, though he does not appear to lean toward state universities; he even recognizes the right of a state to maintain an established church, provided it does not interfere with the liberty of individual worship; the expediency of doing so is, of course, another matter. As a comprehensive view of the fundamental principles of political science the work has no peer in either English or American literature, and, so far as we know, is without an equal in the literature of Germany.

Vol. III. completes Henri Van Laun's *History of French Literature* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), beginning with the close of the reign of Louis XIV. and ending with the close of the reign of Louis Philippe. This covers the period of the Revolution, and includes some account of its forerunners, Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and other contemporaries. The author's moral judgment is not so good as his literary judgment; his passionate but not too intense hostility to the degradation and despotism of preceding eras blinds somewhat his eyes to the radical faults of the literature of the Revolution. He writes as one either conscious of its vices and unwilling to expose them, or conscious of the all but unanimous verdict against the encyclopedists and their school, which he dares not attempt to set aside, but yet with which he does not heartily agree.—Francis Parkman adds another to his incomparable series of American histories in *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* (Little, Brown, and Co.). To say that this book is as interesting as a novel does its author's dramatic power scant justice. It is a volume to give to any young person whose uncultured imagination is being damaged, and whose mind is being filled with false conceptions, by reading so-called historical romances, which are rarely either romance or history. This book is both. Incidentally it throws some light on the questions of to-day. Skeletonizing our army in the far West has produced effects only a repetition on a small scale of results of the same policy in New England in 1688–89 (p. 222–224); and the treachery of the Indians, if they are peculiarly treacherous, has been learned from Christian teachers: nothing in the history of the Modoc Indians is more disgraceful and inhuman than the shameful treachery of Denonville (p. 139–142).—The *History of the Ottoman Turks, from the Beginning of their Empire to the Present Time*, by Sir Edward Creasy (Henry Holt and Co.), is the first American, from a second English, edition. The original edition, in two volumes, was published in 1856. The present work is brought down to the commencement of the present war. The basis of this work is Von Hammer's—a recognized standard European book on the subject. The great changes which have taken place in modern times in the Turkish Empire, and which Dr. Hamlin has so admirably though concisely sketched in his *Among the Turks*, are scarcely adequately portrayed by Chief Justice Creasy. His estimate of the Turkish character is wanting in that judicial balance which we naturally look for in a chief justice. A people which possess "dignity of manner, honorable self-respect, truthfulness, honesty, sense of justice, gentleness, and humanity, even toward the brute creation," do not present a strong claim on the missionary sympathies of the American people; rather it should seem that England and the United States should import some Turks to teach us the Christian virtues. Nevertheless, as a history of the Ottoman Empire, this volume supplies a serious lack, and if not all that we could wish, is at all events quite the best which we possess on the subject.—*Burgoyne's Campaign and St. Leger's Expedition*, by William L. Stone (Joel Munsel), is the product of historic enthusiasm. The author has ransacked much inaccessible literature, some of it in manuscript, to produce this curious and interesting monograph. The portraits, the notes, the appendix which occupies nearly one-half the volume, as well as the minute detailed information embodied in the narrative itself, give abundant evidence of the author's research. The ordinary reader of history will hardly care to master such a treatise on a single episode, although important, in the American Revolution, but the student will find in it a valuable addition to his historical resources.

The Khedive's Egypt (Harper and Brothers) thoroughly justifies its right to be, and quite adequately answers the question of the preface: "What can any body have to tell us about the Nile land that has not already been said or sung *ad nauseam?*" Edwin De Leon has much to say, and says it exceedingly well. For many years a resident in Egypt as consul-general, maintaining intimate public and private relations with the last three rulers, including the present Khedive; a student of the public life of Egypt; a close observer not merely of its social life, but of the changes which have taken place in that life; sympathizing with Egyptian character, and therefore able to comprehend it as a mere tourist can not—Mr. De Leon has been able to furnish a real and valuable addition to our stock of knowledge respecting the past political history, the present civil condition, and the future prospects of the oldest of the living world empires. Some of his observations throw a real light on European problems, as his suggestion to revive the idea of an Oriental empire, with its head-quarters in Egypt, and with Syria as one of its defenses and provinces, as a breakwater to Russia; others throw a real light on American problems, as his account of the endeavor to turn the tide of Chinese emigration from the American continent, where cheap labor is not wanted, to Africa, where it is; or his account of the endeavor to transform Egypt from an agricultural into a manufacturing country, and the disastrous results—a lesson to the political economists on some of our Western prairies. We have kept ourselves pretty fully acquainted with modern contributions to the story of the life of Egypt. There are other books that cover more geographical ground; books of tourists that tell you what the outer aspect of the country is—its

ruins, its deserts, its strange manners, its curious costumes; but we know of none that gives so much really fresh, interesting, and valuable information as to the real life of Egypt, the life of her people and their institutions, the life that makes the country what it is and will determine what it is to be, as is furnished by *The Khedive's Egypt*.

The Christmas tree bloomed late this year, and some of its fruit was not ready for plucking when our January number went to press. We group them here in a paragraph. One of the handsomest books of the season is *The Rhine Illustrated* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). It is scarcely too much to say that it is worthy of the theme. It is a large volume, for the table rather than for the library shelf, a worthy companion of Doré's *Spain* or the *India* of previous years. It is a translation from the German; three authors and some twenty artists have combined to make it what it is. The pictures are reproduced, many if not all of them, from some of the German illustrated papers —if our memory serves us aright, from the *Ueber Land und Meer*. There is no finer work done abroad in periodical literature than that of the German illustrated papers, for Germany cares more for art than to be "up with the times;" her illustrations of nature are therefore unsurpassed. There is considerable variety in the excellence of these illustrations; some of them seem to be either imperfectly printed or to be impressions of worn electrotypes; but, take it as a whole, it is a thoroughly enjoyable book, both in an art and a literary point of view. The descriptive matter is imbued with a poetic feeling which lifts it quite above the ordinary notes of a mere tourist. The volume will be a favorite souvenir to those who have visited the Rhine, and it will serve a good purpose, in lieu of a visit, to those who have never been there.—*Early New England Interiors*, sketched by Arthur Little (A. Williams and Co.), possesses a double interest. The author suggests in his preface—and the suggestion is not an unreasonable one—that while we are reviving the old Queen Anne style of architecture, borrowing the restoration impulse from abroad, it would be not inappropriate to revive colonial architecture, creating an original impulse for ourselves. The book has, in this aspect, an architectural value. It presents sketches of interiors of houses in Salem, Marblehead, Portsmouth, Kittery, and Little Harbor—houses built as far back, some of them, as 1670, and still, after two centuries of use, in a good condition. One sketch gives the outline of a paper which was put upon the walls of Governor John Wentworth's house in Portsmouth in 1769, and is still "in excellent preservation." The carpet and curtains that were put there when the house was built are also still there. The Puritans made their work to last. The book has thus a historical and archaic interest. It carries us literally to the firesides of the forefathers of New England. The pictures are etchings; in some cases we wish the artist had given them a little more careful finish. We also wish, from the one exterior given as a frontispiece, that he had given some exteriors, or that a second volume of exteriors may follow and supplement this one.—*Wanderings in Four Continents* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) presents in two volumes a series of sketches of travels in India, South America, Turkey, and European countries. They are by various writers, and are quite elaborately illustrated, a number of the pictures being reproductions. The volumes will make entertaining winter evening reading; but their value would have been considerably enhanced if there had been some arrangement such as would give at least a *quasi* continuity to the narrative and a unity and symmetry to the volumes.—We should not have guessed that *All Around a Palette*, by Lizzie W. Champney (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.), was for children, were it not that the words "Children's Art Series" are printed on the cover. The book belongs to that school of modern literature in which very abstract or poetic ideas, which only a mature mind can comprehend, are furnished with a pretense of being intended for children, but really with an unconscious eye to the fathers and mothers. The stories which make this volume incidentally convey considerable art information. The illustrations, by J. Wells Champney, are unique.—In writing for children *About Old Story-Tellers* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), "Ik Marvel" does not lay aside the sweet dignity of his real character to amuse and entertain his young auditors by a romp, but as a serene grandfather invites the children into his library, and makes the quiet evening hour the most delightful and sacred of all the day to his invited guests. His object is twofold—first, to introduce to the rising generation old friends in literature, *Arabian Nights*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Grimm Brothers' *Tales*, and the like; second, so to tell the story of these books and their authors as to convey useful information concerning epochs and eras in literature. The book is decidedly original in structure and admirable in execution. The illustrations are charming.—Miss Alcott gives us another characteristic volume of scraps from *Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag* (Roberts Brothers).—*Gold and Gilt* (H. Hoyt) is a collection of stories, connected by a common thread, illustrating the golden texts of the Sunday-school lessons for 1878: a good book for the Sunday-school scholar.—*Tom*, by G. L. Chaney (Roberts Brothers), is a companion volume to *G. F. Grant and Co.:* object, to show boys how to be brothers: good object, well carried out.—The *Prince of Argolis* (H. Holt and Co.) is magnificently gotten up; on paper as thick as cardboard, illustrations on every page, and tissue-paper against every page; but the beauty is all in the dress. Archaic stories are rarely fascinating; this is no exception to the general rule of dullness. An Englishman's Greek romance is neither English nor Greek; it has neither the romance of the olden nor of the modern time. As examples of the photo-relief process the illustrations are remarkable; decidedly superior to any thing of the same kind which we are accustomed to produce on this side of the water.—Scribners republish a volume of *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb, first published in 1809, for a long time out of print, and now recently brought to the light and anew given to the public: a book interesting in itself as well as from its curious history.—We note another of Jules Verne's wild romances, *Hector Servadac; or, the Career of a Comet* (Scribner): of course wholly impossible: elaborate in gilt binding and illustration.—Sophie May sends out another girls' book, *Quinnebasset Girls* (Lee and Shepard). She is a voluminous writer—a little too voluminous, perhaps; capable of doing better work if she did less of it.—*Dora's Housekeeping* (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.) is a companion to *Six Little Cooks*, a story of a little girl's

housekeeping, and a capital book for young girls, both as an incentive and a guide to housekeeping, and the American girls generally need both.—N. Bouton sends us Part III. of *Le Costume Historique*, the characteristics of which we have heretofore given.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—The Paris Observatory announces the discovery, by M. Henry, on November 5, of a planet of the tenth magnitude, in 2 hours 32′ right ascension, and 17° 15′ north declination, with a daily motion of 4′ south. This is No. 176. No. 177, of the eleventh magnitude, was discovered November 6 by Dr. Palisa, of Pola.

Professor Newcomb, of Washington, has an important note in *Silliman's Journal* (November) on the mean motion of the moon. It is an abstract of researches which will be published in full elsewhere.

Professor Newcomb has made a discussion of all trustworthy recorded observations of the moon before 1750—eclipses and occultations. These materials are:

1. Ancient eclipses (total) of the sun, such as the celebrated ones of Larissa, etc. Professor Newcomb comes to the conclusion that the accounts which remain to us are in no one case sufficient to connect the eclipses computed back from modern data with the phenomenon recorded by the historian. In many cases it is not even certain that this phenomenon was an eclipse at all.

2. The nineteen eclipses of the *Almagest* give data which are at the best uncertain.

3. The eclipses of the Arabian astronomers, which are now for the first time utilized.

4, 5, 6. The observations of Tycho Brahe, etc., of Gassendus and Hevelius, are not valuable for this purpose, as they were taken without the aid of telescopes, and are not of sufficiently ancient date.

7. The observations of De la Hire, De l'Isle, and others, from 1672 to 1750, are now discussed for the first time, and prove to be most valuable material. From 1750 to 1860 or 1865, Hansen's tables represent the observations well. The whole series is better represented by omitting the empirical terms of Hansen depending on eight times the mean motion of Venus. The value of the acceleration from observation alone is 8.8″, Hansen's adopted value being 12.17″. This value 8.8″, however, requires to be changed by −0.9″ in a century to satisfy observations, and there are several ways in which this may be effected. The rotation of the earth may not be uniform, the analytical theory may not be complete, or other and undiscovered bodies may enter in. A term expressing the total correction to Hansen's tables is deduced and provisionally adopted. Its theoretic basis requires further investigation. Dr. Haughton has considered these ancient eclipses in a memoir read to the British Association. Dr. Weiler has also a series of papers on the theory of the secular acceleration, in the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 2060 *et seq.*

Tisserand continues in the *Comptes Rendus* his researches on the system of Saturn, and has published the motions of the perisaturnium of each of the five inner satellites. For *Mimas* this motion is 349° per annum. Tisserand further shows how the mass of the ring itself may be determined, as well as the oblateness of the ball. For this, continued observations of *Mimas* and *Titan* are necessary.

Dr. Dreyer calls attention, in *Nature*, to a probable observation of the solar corona A.D. 1030, August 31, and to the fact that Plutarch noticed the faint light round the sun during a total eclipse.

Dr. Janssen's physical observatory is in operation at Meudon, near Paris, on the site of the old palace which was burned during the siege. M. Janssen has been taking for some time photographs of the sun with a large-sized objective. By an enlarging lens very perfect pictures of the sun are obtained of fifteen inches in diameter, showing details on the solar surface of less than 1″. According to Mr. Lockyer, "an attentive examination of these photographs shows that the surface of the photosphere has not a constitution uniform in all its parts, but that it is divided into a series of figures more or less distant from each other, and presenting a peculiar constitution." These figures are polygons, more or less rounded, and sometimes 1′ in diameter.

Colonel Tennant, R.E., has published two accounts of astronomical expeditions in India. The first is a "Report on the Observations of the Total Eclipse of the Sun December 11–12, 1871;" the second, "Report on the Preparations for and Observations of the Transit of Venus, as seen at Rourkee and Lahore December 8, 1874."

A letter from Mr. David Gill, dated the 8th October, gives an interesting account of his heliometer observations on Mars. He says: "I am happy to say that, so far as it is possible to judge without complete reduction, this expedition has been successful; 25 morning and 32 evening complete series of observations have been obtained, including in all 327 complete measures (1408 *pointings* on star and planet)."

M. Trouvelot, of Cambridge, has (November 13) 130 drawings of Jupiter and 122 of Mars, made in 1877. On Jupiter some of the same markings are now visible which appeared in April.

The Hydrographic Office has published "An Observing List of Stars selected for the Determination of Time in the Southern Hemisphere." This is a list of 408 polar and clock stars, nearly equally distributed throughout the 24 hours. The approximate right ascensions and declinations are given (right ascension to the nearest second, declination to nearest 0.1′), with a reference to one authority for each place. It is for use in the longitude expedition under Lieutenant-Commander Green, U.S.N.

Meteorology.—During November we have received the annual report for 1876 of Mr. Meldrum, the director of the Royal Alfred Observatory at Mauritius. Twenty-nine rain-fall stations distributed over that small island report monthly to him. The central observatory makes full return for the slight expense of its maintenance by keeping up a sharp look-out for the cyclones of

the Indian Ocean. The study and prediction of these storms have for years been Mr. Meldrum's specialty, and he has now attained to such expertness that "there is no country in the world so well provided for in this respect as the little colony of Mauritius." The incurving vortical motion of the air in every cyclone has for seventeen years been maintained, and is now further considered in opposition to the purely circular theories. Charts showing the tracks of cyclones in the Indian Ocean for the thirty years 1847 to 1876 are now nearly complete. The annual rain-fall for 1876 shows a remarkable deficiency over the whole island; the cyclones were fewer, and of notably less extent and intensity, both agreeing with Mr. Meldrum's former conclusions as to a sun-spot cycle in meteorology, for 1876 was a year of minimum sun-spot frequency. The most important magnetic storms occurred on February 19–20 and March 25–26.

The recent publications of the Indian Meteorological Office at Calcutta, under Blanford, include, besides the "observations" and the "memoirs" previously noted, also the "instructions" and the "tables" for the use of observers. In the latter Blanford gives especial attention to the tables to be used with the dry and wet bulb psychrometer, which tables he has compiled for the altitudes 300, 2000, 4000, and 7000 feet; so far as regards relative humidity these can be used in other countries as well as India; but as regards vapor tensions they are specially adapted to the latitude 22°, in order to allow for the variation of gravity. This slight correction was, according to Blanford, first applied by Robert Dixon.

The annual report of the United States Coast Survey for 1874–75, just received, contains in its numerous appendixes some highly important contributions to terrestrial physics. Among these we especially note the voluminous report of C. A. Schott on the secular change of magnetic declination in the United States and North America. This change, although well represented by the so-called circular functions, yet need not be of a periodic nature. The circular function merely represents the phenomena observed during the past few centuries, and nothing should be inferred as to their future course, or as to the true cause of the observed changes. Forty-three stations are available to Mr. Schott in the study of the magnetic declinations. A cursory examination shows that the needle became stationary and then reversed its secular motion in the New England States toward the end of the past century, in the Atlantic coast States to the west and south early in the present, and in Mexico about the close of the first third of the present century. In California, Oregon, and Washington Territory it has not yet reached its stationary point.

Another important memoir by Schott gives the results of the discussion of the photographic-magnetic record at Key West, 1860–1866.

After considering the normal monthly averages, Schott takes the hourly and monthly means of all the disturbances by which he understands all those individual readings that are rejected by "Peirce's Criterion." The easterly disturbances exceed the westerly in every year but two. The evidence of a connection of some kind between the amplitude of the daily variation and the sun spots is quite strong.

In *Physics*, we notice that the new form of Sprengel pump described last month, the fall tube of which is only ten inches long, is for sale by Mawson and Swan, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at the price of £7 10*s.* sterling. This firm also make a compound pump of this sort having three fall tubes, by which the exhaustion is very much accelerated, at the price of £9. A small vacuum tube was exhausted with the former instrument in twelve minutes so perfectly that an electric spark of half an inch in air would not pass through it. With the compound pump the exhaustion took but three minutes.

Terquem shows very elegantly the phases of a vibrating plate by placing a wide-mouth bell-jar over the plate, connecting the jar with one of König's manometric flames. If the axis of the bell be exactly over the centre of the plate, the flame is entirely unaffected; so, also, if symmetrically placed over a nodal line. When the bell is displaced even slightly, the flame shows serrations, which reach a maximum when it comes over a ventral segment. The experiment may be modified by using two smaller bell-jars, connected to the same capsule by a Y tube, a sliding tube being placed on one of the branches for adjustment. In this way the serration of the flame may be made very strong, being the sum or difference of the separate segments according as the bells are placed over alternate or adjoining portions. The gas jet used is made more brilliant by carbonizing the gas before burning, and by inclosing it in a tube through which a current of oxygen is passed. A cylinder of mica, blackened except opposite to the flame, surrounds the outer tube.

M'Leod, according to *Nature*, has described some experiments made with his new apparatus upon the exact number of vibrations made by tuning-forks. He used two sets of forks belonging to the South Kensington Physical Laboratory, and a third set just received from König. The results showed a remarkable concordance, the extreme measurements in the worst set of observations on a fork of 256 complete vibrations only differing by 0.005 per cent., while in the good set they agreed within 0.00078 per cent. The new series from 256 to 512 he found to give from 0.3 to 0.5 of a vibration more than was anticipated, but this he ascribes to difference of temperature.

Ellis, who some months ago questioned the accuracy of König's forks, has made more experiments with Appun's tonometer, upon the indications of which he based his statement, and finds (1) that the beats of the harmonium reeds in Appun's tonometer are affected by taking place in a confined space of air; (2) that they are accelerated; and (3) that the acceleration being roughly about one per cent., will probably, when completely ascertained, account for the discrepancy observed. The acoustic fact thus ascertained has undoubtedly important bearing on other similar phenomena.

Börnstein has experimented to determine the influence of light upon the electric resistance of metals, and gives the following as his conclusions: 1st, the property of having the resistance to an electric current diminished by the action of light is not limited to the metalloids selenium and tellurium, but occurs also in platinum, gold, and silver, and hence most probably in all the metals; 2d, an electric current lessens the conducting power of a conductor as well as its sensibility to

light; but in both cases the former value of these constants is gradually attained after the current ceases to pass through the substance.

Javal has described an apparatus for determining astigmatism, and at the same time the number and position of the axis of the correcting glass regarded as a cylindrical lens. Two vertical disks, movable around the same horizontal axis, carry each a system of lenses, those of the first disk being cylindrical, inserted in mountings toothed upon their borders and gearing with a toothed wheel so that they can be simultaneously revolved; those of the second disk are spherical. The first disk is used to determine astigmatism by viewing through its lenses a circle divided into sectors of 15° by radii; and having determined its direction and adjusted the axes of the lenses to it, rotation of the disk gives the focal adjustment sought. The second disk permits the myopia and hypermetropia to be corrected. The instrument is called an optometer.

Cazin has studied the spectrum of the electric spark taken in compressed gas, both directly and by photography; and he concludes that the spark under these circumstances is compound, containing incandescent gaseous particles producing a spectrum of lines, and solid or liquid particles producing a continuous spectrum. The first of these come from the gaseous medium and from the electrodes; the second are torn from the electrodes or from the adjacent walls of the tube. The solid or liquid particles are collected in the central portions, the spark proper, while the aureole is formed of gaseous particles. This aureole is to the total spark what the bluish base of a candle flame is to the entire flame. As the pressure increases, the solid or liquid particles become more abundant, and their continuous spectrum predominates, finally extinguishing by its superior brightness the linear spectrum of the gaseous portion. Hence he regards it as incorrect to say that the gaseous lines widen and unite to a continuous spectrum.

Becquerel has published an extended memoir on magnetic rotatory polarization. The results which he has obtained tend to show that both the direct and reverse magnetic rotations of the plane of polarization of light, as is the case in the phenomena of magnetism and diamagnetism, have a common origin, and are the manifestation of a general property of bodies—that of becoming magnetic. This property is possessed to a more or less considerable degree by various substances, and the effects which have been observed may be regarded as due to a difference between the magnetic action of the molecules of the bodies and that of the medium which envelops them.

Planté has constructed what he calls a rheostatic machine by combining a number of condensers (made of mica and tin) so as to be easily charged from a secondary battery in quantity, and discharged in tension. The commutator is a long cylinder of hardened caoutchouc, having longitudinal metallic bands, and traversed by bent copper wire (for the two objects named). Metallic springs are connected with the two armatures of each condenser, and fixed on an ebonite plate on each side of the cylinder, which is rotated. A series of sparks can be got between the branches of the exciter in this arrangement, quite like those from electric machines with condensers. The discharges are always in the same direction, and the loss of force is less than in induction apparatus. A great many discharges can be had without the secondary battery being perceptibly weakened, as each discharge removes only a small quantity of electricity.

In *Chemistry*, we note the address of Professor Kekulé, on entering upon the duties of rector of the University of Bonn, upon the scientific position of this science and its fundamental principles. He defined chemistry, and differentiated it from physics and mechanics, thus: "Chemistry is the science of the statics and dynamics of atoms; physics, that of the statics and dynamics of molecules; while mechanics considers the masses of matter consisting of a large number of molecules." In opposition to the opinion that theory should be banished from the exact sciences, he regarded it as an actual felt necessity of the human mind to classify the endless series of individual facts from general stand-points—at present of a hypothetical nature—and that it was precisely the discussion of these hypotheses which often led to the most valuable discoveries.

Friswell and Greenaway have re-investigated the compound obtained by the former in 1871, and called thallous platinocyanate. It was a colorless body, while the body previously obtained by Carstanjen was blood-red in color. For this purpose platinocyanic acid was produced by the action of sulphuric acid on barium platinocyanate. To one portion an equivalent quantity of thallous carbonate was added, and the solution crystallized; the result was a colorless salt. To the other portion double this quantity of the carbonate was added; the result was the dark red salt referred to, which was a double carbonate and platinocyanate. To confirm this result, barium platinocyanate and thallous sulphate were mixed in solution; the resulting crystals were perfectly colorless.

Kern has described more fully some of the chemical reactions of his new metal, davyum. The metal itself belongs to the platinum group, is silver white in color, hard, malleable at a red heat, and has a density of 9.385 at 25° C. It is easily soluble in aqua regia, difficultly so in boiling sulphuric acid. Potassium hydrate precipitates its hydrate yellow, the precipitate being readily soluble in acids, even in acetic. Hydrogen sulphide gives a brown precipitate, soluble in alkali sulphides, yielding sulpho-salts. The sulphocyanate is in dark red crystals, becoming black on heating. The nitrate is a brown mass, and yields a black monoxide on calcination. With potassium cyanide, davyum chloride gives double salts beautifully crystallized. The chloride is soluble in water, in alcohol and ether, and is not deliquescent. It forms double chlorides, that with sodium chloride being almost insoluble in water. Its atomic weight has not been accurately determined, but is believed to be not far from 150.

Atterberg has subjected to fractional distillation the so-called "wood oil," which is obtained as a first product in distilling the wood tar made in Sweden from resinous woods, principally that of *Pinus sylvestris*. In this way he succeeded in isolating a terpene having the properties of australene, and another having the odor of fresh pine wood, and not identifiable with any other similar body. To this, therefore, the author gives the name sylvestrene. The two terpenes together constitute eighty per cent. of the oil. Sylves-

trene has a density of 0.8612 at 16°, rotates the polarized ray 19.5° to the right in sodium light, and forms two compounds with hydrogen chloride. Heated with potassium hydrate, sylvestrene yields an oil having a strong pelargonium odor.

Zulkowsky has sought to produce rosolic acid from a mixture of cresol and phenol precisely as rosaniline is produced from toluidine and aniline, the corresponding amines. For this purpose two molecules of cresol, one of phenol, and three of sulphuric acid were heated with arsenic acid to 120°. The mixture became dark brown and thick, and yielded to water a gummy substance with a metallic lustre, having all the properties of rosolic acid. The relation of this coloring matter to rosaniline is thus rendered quite apparent.

Schmidt has discovered that by the action of aqueous ammonia upon carbonyl sulphide, urea is produced. For this reaction it is only necessary to pass the carbonyl sulphide gas through a concentrated aqueous solution of ammonia. The solution becomes yellow, and on spontaneous evaporation evolves ammonium sulphide and carbonate, and leaves a residue of urea. Pushing the saturation further, there is formed a compound by direct union.

Bougarel claims to have isolated from the leaves of the cherry laurel a new organic acid, to which he gives the name phyllic acid. The leaves are steeped in boiling alcohol, the alcoholic extract treated with ether, the ether distilled off, the amorphous grains dissolved in dilute potash, and crystallized. On redissolving and adding an acid, phyllic acid is precipitated as a resinous mass, soluble in alcohol, but insoluble in water. It is without taste, has a density of 1.014, rotates the yellow ray 28° to the right, and fuses at 170°. Analysis gave it the formula $C_{72}H_{64}O_{16}$. Further experiment showed that this acid was contained in the leaves of the quince, apple, peach, almond, lilac, and sycamore.

Anthropology.—The committee charged with the anthropological department of the Paris Exhibition continue to perfect their arrangements and to publish pamphlets of advice and direction to collectors. If one-half of their plans are realized, the anthropological exhibition will be far the grandest that the world has ever witnessed.

The Anthropological Society of Munich, a branch of the German general society, have commenced during the present year to publish a separate organ, entitled *Beiträge für Anthropologie und Urgeschichte Bayerns.*

An anthropological exhibition will be opened in Moscow in 1879. Several parties are already in the field making archæological collections. Among them M. Kelsief has been very fortunate in his researches around the borders of the White Sea and among the Lapps.

Several valuable though short sketches of the tribes on the border-land between Russia and Asiatic Turkey have appeared in the *Geographical Magazine.* It would require all the space allowed to these notes merely to copy the titles of works in Trubner's catalogue upon the seat of war and upon the ethnography of British India.

The *American Bookseller* has consolidated with the *Index*, and since April 1 has continued to furnish the titles and references not only of anthropological articles, but also upon many other important topics.

The subject of American anthropology, so long neglected and so much abused, is likely now to be more systematically studied. Major Powell has already in hand material for two or three additional volumes of contributions to American ethnology. The ethnological department of the National Museum, now under the direction of Dr. Charles Rau, has been so greatly enriched by contributions from Bowers, Powers, Schumacher, and others that material is in hand for another archæological volume. Professor Putnam, of Salem, having made very extensive excavations in Tennessee, after the Nashville meeting of the American Association, is prepared to classify mounds not only by shape, etc., but by race or tribe. The unique collection from Turk's and Caicos islands, mentioned and partly figured in the Smithsonian Report of 1876, has been greatly enriched by contributions from George J. Gibbs and J. D. Murphy. The chief importance of these specimens is the light thrown upon some puzzling forms of stone implements once supposed to be metates, but now known to have been stools. The death of Professor Orton while prosecuting archæological researches in Peru is a great loss to American anthropology. The portions of the subject least developed among us are anthropotomy and biological anthropology, for which no other land furnishes such varied material. It is to be devoutly wished that the spirit of Jeffries Wyman may inspire some of our rising anatomists and biologists to give their time and talent to this neglected chapter of American anthropology.

In *Botany*, we have to notice the appearance of the first fasciculus of the *Ferns of the United States*, by Professor D. C. Eaton, with plates by Mr. J. H. Emerton. Four excellent figures are given of *Lygodium palmatum*, *Cheilanthes cooperæ*, *Cheilanthes vestita*, and *Asplenium serratum*, and the work does great credit to its projectors. A second fasciculus of the *Wild Flowers of North America* contains plates of *Iris versicolor*, *Steironema lanceolatum*, *Rudbeckia columnaris*, and *Viola sagittata.* This fasciculus maintains the high artistic standard of the first, and the plate of *Iris versicolor* is especially beautiful. Another illustrated work, similar to the *Ferns of the United States* in size, is just published by G. E. Davenport, on *Botrychium simplex* and its allies.

In the *Botanische Zeitung* are two interesting papers. One by Rostafinski and Woronin is on the development of *Botrydium granulatum*, and is illustrated by several fine plates executed by Woronin. The development was studied by Rostafinski at Strasburg and Woronin in St. Petersburg, and the results were compared. They found that the species passes through several different phases, which had been considered by preceding botanists as distinct species. There are several different modes in which the zoospores are produced, and some are furnished with one and others with two cilia. The latter unite in twos or some larger number, and may be said to conjugate, forming what Rostafinski calls an isospore. The second paper, on the development of *Acetabularia mediterranea*, is by Professors De Bary and Strasburger. The growth of the plant until the formation of the spores had previously been studied by Woronin at Antibes. In the present paper the spores are shown to contain zoospores, and so should rather be called zoosporangia. There is also described a peculiar basal process.

In the *Annales des Sciences* there is a number of interesting papers on different subjects relating to vegetable physiology. Van Tieghem relates his experiments on the digestion of albumen. He made use of seeds containing albumen of two different kinds, as fleshy and farinaceous, and employed two different methods—first, where the albumen was isolated and submitted to the germinating process; and second, where the whole seed was allowed to germinate. He concludes by saying that the fleshy albumen has an activity of its own. It digests itself, and the embryo simply absorbs the products of this internal digestion. The farinaceous albumen, on the contrary, is passive, and is digested by the embryo itself. There is also a translation in the same journal of the article of Wiesner on the influence of light and radiation of heat on exhalation. The theory of Wiesner is that luminous rays are transformed into calorific rays by the action of chlorophyll —certainly a brilliant discovery.

Engineering and Mechanics.—The Ohio River Improvement Commission recently held a meeting at Pittsburgh, at which the chairman of the executive committee submitted a report of progress. This report affirms that the progress of the Ohio improvement "has been vexatiously delayed by misjudged opposition." The government engineers were prevented from prosecuting their labors on the Davis Island dam on account of the delay on the part of the State of Pennsylvania in granting jurisdiction over the ground for the lock and abutments of the dams, which has only lately been obtained. After dwelling at some length upon the national importance of the contemplated works of improvement of the Ohio, the report contained, among other significant remarks, the following statement: "At the present time the domestic commerce of the towns and cities upon the Ohio is stated by the Senate Committee on Transportation at $1,647,000,000, or nearly double the whole foreign commerce of the United States.

Captain Eads, replying to certain adverse criticisms as to the progress of his work of improving the Mississippi, affirms that there has been no shoaling as has been charged, but that on the contrary there has been an appreciable deepening of the channel for a considerable distance outward from the ends of the jetties.

An effort is being made to induce Congress to take the necessary steps for the improvement of the navigation of the St. Croix, Chippewa, and Wisconsin rivers, in the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, by establishing storage reservoirs at their head waters, after a proposition to this effect lately made by Major Farquhar.

The Federal Council of Switzerland has addressed a circular to the governments of the cantons interested in the completion of the St. Gothard tunnel and railroad, calling attention to the notable progress made in the construction of the tunnel during the fifth year of the work, as compared with preceding years, and affirming that, should no unforeseen difficulties intervene, the tunnel will be completed within the next three years.

The appearance of several communications in the proceedings of English and German technical societies indicates that the question of the utilization of blast-furnace slag is attracting increasing attention. In addition to the slag block and slag wool produced in great quantity at the Georg-Marien Hütte at Osnabrück, we learn that a variety of products is now being made by the Cleveland Slag Company, at Middlesborough. These products consist of building blocks, cement, and concrete. Concerning the cement, it is said that while it is but little inferior to Portland in strength, it is seventy-five per cent. cheaper in price. Extensive and, it is said, successful experiments have also been made to produce glass according to the method of Mr. B. Britton, by taking the molten slag from the blast-furnaces and transferring it to Siemens glass furnaces, where certain amounts of carbonate of soda and silica are added. These trials are affirmed to have proved so successful that special works for the production of glass bottles have been erected.

The growth of the silk industry of the United States has lately been pointedly noticed by our representative at Lyons, France, whose report to the State Department shows that for the year ending September 30, 1877, as compared with the year preceding, there was a decrease in the exportation of silk goods to the United States from that port alone of $1,730,370, or more than one-fifth of the whole export of these manufactures. An increase of exportations of raw silk to the United States during the same period, amounting to $500,000, indicates very clearly that the decrease in the exportation of manufactured silk was owing to the increase of home manufactures.

The German journals have the information that the construction of the net-work of subterranean telegraph lines to connect the chief cities of the empire is being rapidly pushed forward. In addition to the completion of the branches already noticed in these columns, we are informed that work has commenced upon the Potsdam-Magdeburg branch, which is to be completed this year, and to be extended next year, by way of Braunschweig, Hanover, etc., to Cologne. The Hamburg-Kiel branch has also been commenced.

Professor Tyndall, reporting the results of some elaborate experiments conducted at the South Foreland Light-house, with the view of determining the adaptability of the electric light for light-house uses, and the relative merits of the several forms of magneto-electric machines, declares that "the new machines mark a great advance both in economy and power as regards the application of the electric light to light-house purposes." The report is understood to indicate the superiority of the Siemens machine. The success that has attended the experimental trials of the electric light in Europe for lighting railway stations, docks, etc., appears to warrant the statement that the time is close at hand when we shall see its very general introduction for illuminating and signaling purposes.

M. Clenandot has succeeded, it is said, in producing iridescent glass by treating glass under a pressure of from two to five atmospheres with acids. Glass thus rendered artificially iridescent is said to be quite as beautiful as the ancient specimens so highly prized by antiquarians.

The *Hardware Reporter* notices that there is an establishment at New Cumberland, West Virginia, at which fire-bricks are made from natural gas from a well near by. Nine kilns, three steam-boilers, and ten drying furnaces are supplied with this fuel, and the daily product is fifty-five thousand.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of December.—The House of Representatives, November 24, passed the bill for the repeal of the third section of the Resumption Act, by a vote of 133 to 120.

On the 1st of December M. C. Butler was admitted to the Senate from South Carolina, and W. P. Kellogg from Louisiana; on the 10th, J. B. Eustis was admitted as Senator from Louisiana.

The nomination of J. M. Harlan as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court was confirmed by the Senate November 29.

The extra session of the Forty-fifth Congress was finally adjourned December 3, and the regular session was opened. A number of nominations remained unconfirmed. Among these were those for Collector, Naval Officer, and Surveyor of the port of New York. On the 11th the Committee on Commerce reported against the nominations of Messrs. Roosevelt and Prince for Collector and Naval Officer, and in favor of Mr. Merritt as Surveyor. Their report was sustained by the Senate.

The President's first annual Message and the department reports were submitted at the opening of the session. The President reiterated the principles of his Southern and civil service reform policies, and advocated the resumption of specie payments, favoring a limited issue of silver coin, but insisting that the public debt, principal and interest, should be paid in gold. He recommended the establishment of a national university and a national museum in Washington.—The Secretary of the Treasury reported the expenses of the government for last year as $238,660,008 93, and the surplus revenue as $30,340,577 69.—The Secretary of the Interior suggested important reforms in the Indian service. The nomination of Ezra A. Hayt as Commissioner of Indian Affairs was confirmed December 13.

Two bills were introduced in the House, December 4, providing for a revival of the income tax.

The House, December 14, concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Paris Exposition Bill.

The Fishery Commission, sitting at Halifax, Nova Scotia, November 23, gave a verdict against the United States, and awarded Great Britain the sum of $5,500,000.

On the 10th of December the Russians captured Plevna, and with it Osman Pasha's army and seventy-seven cannon. Osman Pasha, on the morning of that day, made a desperate attempt to break through the Russian lines in the direction of Widdin. He was defeated with a loss of 4000 killed and wounded. In the mean time Plevna was occupied by the Russians, and Osman Pasha unconditionally surrendered. Servia formally declared war against Turkey December 14.

After the fall of Plevna the Porte addressed a circular note to the signatory powers of the treaty of 1871, offering to make all the reforms which were demanded before the war if Europe would interpose in her behalf. The note concludes thus: "The country is not at the end of its resources, and is still prepared to fight in its own defense. It is ready, moreover, to sacrifice all for the independence and integrity of the father-land; but the Porte is desirous to stop the further effusion of blood, and therefore appeals to the feelings of justice which must animate the great powers, hoping that they will receive these overtures favorably."

The French crisis was terminated, December 13, by a complete submission of President M'Mahon to the Left. On November 23 a new cabinet had been formed unacceptable to the Republicans. The Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 323 to 208, refused to accept the new ministry. The Budget Committee, December 4, declared against voting the direct taxes until a parliamentary ministry should be organized. On the 13th, the French President organized a new cabinet as follows: M. Dufaure, President of the Council and Minister of Justice; M. De Marcère, Minister of the Interior; M. Waddington, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Bardoux, Minister of Public Instruction; General Borel, Minister of War; Admiral Pothua, Minister of Marine; M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance; M. Teisserenc de Bort, Minister of Commerce; M. De Freycinet, Minister of Public Works. In the course of a message to both Chambers, on the 14th, President M'Mahon said: "In order to obey parliamentary rules, I have formed a cabinet selected from both Chambers, composed of men resolved to defend and maintain these institutions by the sincere exercise of the constitutional laws. The interests of the country imperatively demand that the crisis through which we are passing shall be set at rest, and demand with no less force that it shall not be renewed....By the Constitution of 1875 a parliamentary republic was formed. The Constitution, while establishing my irresponsibility, instituted the joint and individual responsibility of the ministers. The independence of the ministers is the condition of their responsibility. The principles of the Constitution are those of my government. The termination of the crisis will be the starting-point of a new era of prosperity, for the promotion of which all the public powers will concur."

The French Chamber of Deputies, December 15, and the Senate, on the 18th, voted the four direct taxes, and two-twelfths of the budget. The Minister of the Interior has removed the restrictions upon the hawking of newspapers. In the Chamber of Deputies, on the 18th, M. Dufaure presented a bill abrogating the law on press offenses. Eighty-five prefectoral changes have been gazetted.

DISASTERS.

November 24.—The United States sloop of war *Huron* went upon the rocks near Oregon Inlet, North Carolina. Nearly one hundred lives lost.

December 5.—A dispatch from Chili announces the loss of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steam-ship *Atamca*, with seventy-two lives.

December 20.—Explosion in a confectionery manufactory on Barclay Street, New York city. Ten lives lost and forty-two persons injured.

OBITUARY.

November 24.—In New York city, Moses H. Grinnell, a distinguished merchant, in his seventy-fifth year.

December 17.—In France, General D'Auralie de Paladine, a distinguished soldier, and one of the Life Senators of the Upper Chamber of the French Parliament, aged seventy-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE Stories, the Sketches, the Poetry, the Illustrated Articles, the Easy Chair, the Critical and Scientific departments, and the News Summary having been duly perused and enjoyed, the reader comes last to his steady and cheery old friend the Drawer. Here he is sure of a laugh. Why not?

What saith Charles Lamb? "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

How doth Douglas Jerrold put it? "What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus."

What did Carlyle say? "No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad."

And Oliver Wendell Holmes? "The riotous tumult of a laugh, I take it, is the mob law of the features, and propriety the magistrate who reads the riot act."

What did wise and witty Sydney Smith write? "Genuine and innocent wit is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could not direct his way by plain reason and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl."

"I am persuaded," says Lawrence Sterne, "that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to his fragment of life."

How charmingly Addison expresses it! "If we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from laughter, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life."

> Laughter! 'tis the poor man's plaster,
> Covering up each sad disaster.
> Laughing, he forgets his troubles,
> Which, though real, seem but bubbles.
> Laughter! 'tis a seal of nature
> Stamped upon the human creature.
> Laughter, whether loud or mute,
> Tells the human kind from brute.
> Laughter! 'tis Hope's living voice
> Bidding us to make our choice,
> And to cull from thorny bowers,
> Leaving thorns and taking flowers.

OUR "not prepared" college anecdote in the November number suggests the following:

Professor Hailman some years ago filled the chair of chemistry in the Louisville High School. He was a man of the intensest application to the dry subjects of his serious calling, yet withal never lost his native relish for the humorous. Silliman was his text-book, and from this a chapter or two was each day's lesson for the class; but one day in the week it was customary, by way of variety, for the professor to deliver a lecture on some subject of general interest connected with chemistry. It so happened that just before we came to the chapter on strychnine the professor took for his weekly lecture the subject of "Antidotes." Learned, abstruse, and experimental, he spoke of and tested every antidote for every poison that chemical analysis had yet discovered, in all of which he was, I fear, more interested than his unappreciative audience. When he closed, so absorbed was his mind by his subject that he was about to dismiss his class without giving them a lesson for the next day. One of the boys reminded the professor of his neglect. "Ah!" said Professor Hailman, abstractedly, as he took up the book; "yes—let me see. The next chapter is— Well, boys, you may take strychnine for to-morrow."

"Strychnine!" exclaimed one of the boys, who, by-the-way, had been especially inattentive to the lecture. "Does the professor really intend us to take strychnine?"

"Oh," said the professor, with a twinkle in his eye, "if you have duly appropriated the lecture you have just heard, the strychnine *can't* hurt you; *you are prepared for it.*"

THERE has been recently published in England an interesting biography of Colonel Meadows Taylor, an Anglo-Indian soldier and novelist. His career was a checkered and romantic one, but his talents won for him some fame as a writer, and high official position in India. In the course of his book occurs the following amusing account of one of the Nizam's Portuguese officers, not less remarkable for its quaintness than for its catholicity. It is about a Major Freeman:

"This Major Freeman was a strange character. When his wife was very ill, a religious friend offered to read and pray beside her; but he declined, saying, in his broken English: 'My dears friends, I do not want yous. I's got Catholic priests, they prays for my wife; Brahmins makes *jâps* for my wife; Gosains sits in de water for my wife; Mussulmans fakeers makes prayers for my wife; I prays myself for my wife. *Little of all is best, dear friend.*'"

THIS from Grand Rapids, Michigan:

An elderly, prim, spectacled spinster recently took a passenger train at Chester station, on the Grand River Valley Railroad. The car was nearly filled. The first sitting she glanced at was more than half occupied by a young man who had expectorated tobacco juice within his territory until the bottom of the car was a puddle. The spinster lectured him severely on the evils of a habit so injurious and filthy, and hoped hereafter he would abandon it. The young man made no reply. Two seats in front was a seat partly occupied by a young man who was gazing from the window. The spinster, resting her bundles upon the seat arm, peered down upon the floor to detect possible traces of the weed; after which, in strident tones, she said, "I say, young man, do *you* use tobacco?"

"No," was the quiet reply; "but I can get you a chew in a minute, if you want one."

DURING Mr. Gladstone's recent visit to Ireland, where he was "ovated" to the largest extent, he happened one day to be standing at the base of Nelson's Pillar, in Dublin, in company with a nobleman, when he was approached by a citizen who appeared to be distressingly out of the perpendicular. Mr. Gladstone and his noble companion stood aside out of the wavy motion in which the citizen was progressing. But the citizen had recognized the statesman, and lurching forward, seized his hand and shook it most cordially. Then, gen-

tly swaying, with his gaze fixed on the face of the great but rather embarrassed statesman, he said, "Mes'r Gl'stone, there's one thing you've got yet do f'r Ireland."

"Some other time, Sir, I shall be glad to discuss with you—"

"Hear me now. You've done much—incalc'ble boon. But t'earn 'ternal grat'ude 'rishmen, you mush reduce duty n'shnal beverage, an' give Irelan' cheap whiskey. Take that fr'm me."

"And take *this* from me, my good friend. You have only to go on reducing the national beverage at your present rate, and, in your case at least, reduction of duty will cease to be a question of personal interest."

The native dropped the hand that had cut down the Upas-tree, swayed thoughtfully, smiled slowly, and, with his gaze fixed on the calm countenance before him, muttered, "Bedad, mebbe you're right." So saying, he resumed his intricate course.

HUMAN NATURE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Two little children five years old,
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play
Two little rabbits soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To the dear little pets—their treasure-trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced that the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie—*her rabbit's dead!*"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm so sorry for Charlie—*his rabbit's dead!*"

Not many years ago Professor —— was instructor of mathematical science at the University of Virginia. Aside from being a foreigner of noble birth, he was a man of striking peculiarities, prominent among which was a slight disregard for the teachings of the Fourth Commandment. He never missed an opportunity, however, to reprove a student for a violation of its precepts.

Late on Saturday afternoon Tom S——, one of the students, and a veritable wag, made up his mind to force the professor to the wall, and in accordance with this determination approached the latter, and asked a loan of the notes of Friday's lecture, pleading that he had been unable to transcribe them while in class, and signifying his intention of copying them on the following (Sunday) afternoon. Here was a chance to rebuke the sinful Thomas, and assuming a horror-stricken expression, the professor began:

"Siree Tommy, do you understand, Sir, I am zurprized zat you should vish to vork on ze Zabbath."

"But, professor," Tom replied, "you write out your notes on Sunday. Is it any worse in me to copy them?"

"Oh, Siree Tommy, zat is very different. Ze Scripture say if a man haf an ox or an ass, and he fall in ze pit on ze Zabbath, it shall be lawful if ze man pull him out." And then, elevating his brows, and giving his words peculiar emphasis, he added, "*And you know, Siree Tommy, I haf zo many of ze long-eared animals in my class zat it shall be proper.*"

The tables were turned.

The following anecdote was told by Mr. Legare, of South Carolina, when he was Secretary of the Treasury, to a friend of ours in Boston.

Mr. Legare owned a likely lad by the name of Scipio. Whether by reading abolition tracts or by hearing in some other way of the great advantages of liberty, Scip took it into his cocoa-nut that he would like to be free. Accordingly he made proposals to Mr. L. for the purchase of himself. As he acknowledged that he was very comfortable and had no fault to find with the overseer, Mr. L. endeavored to dissuade him from the idea, but in vain.

"No use, Massa Legare," said Scip. "What 'll you take for me?"

"Well, Scip," said Mr. L., "you are worth $2000; but if you *will* go, and can raise $1000, you shall have your papers."

Scip admitted that this was liberal; and as he had no inconsiderable sum already laid by, he soon managed, with the assistance of friends, to raise the whole amount. One morning he came capering into Mr. L.'s study with cash in hand, claiming his promise.

"Better stay where you are, Scip, and let me take care of this money for you," said Mr. L. But his advice was not heeded, and he reluctantly took the money, and gave Mr. Scipio Africanus a bill of sale of himself. As it was, Scip left with a tear in his eye, although there was a broad grin on his face.

It was not long before he found employment on a railroad. Things went pretty well with him for a time, until one day there was a collision between an express train and train of gravel cars. Wagons, engines, white folks, and darkies were tossed into the air generally, and some twenty of the latter were killed, while many more were maimed for life. Scip, however, found himself high and dry on a sand-bank, and free from any injury. But his nerves had received a terrible shock, and he was so mortally afraid of another similar accident that he left his employment, and obtained a situation on board a river steamboat. But here, again, his luck was not of long duration. Just as the boat was leaving the wharf an explosion took place, which sent forty or fifty colored ladies and gentlemen to the places where good or bad darkies go. But our friend Scip merely went partly over the river, and dropped into the stream in company with the smoke-stack. He paddled himself ashore, and, without waiting to

change his clothes, travelled, with wings lent him by fear, straight to the home of his old master.

"Look a-heah, Massa Legare," he exclaimed as soon as he could catch his breath, "jus' you give me dat money back and take me. Dis yeah nigger property well 'nough for rich men like you, but d—— poor 'vestment for dis chile. 'Tain't safe; darsn't risk 'em no longer."

A CLERICAL friend in Colorado sends us the following, copied from a grave-stone at Fairfax, in that State. After giving the name and age of the defunct, follows this verse:

Great God! what sorrows I must feel,
Caused by a pitchfork tine,
Which wounded my poor husband's heel,
And died in six weeks' time!

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, in a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, ripples out the following anecdote:

When an Oxford Professor of Biblical Criticism recently put to his class the question whether they could think of any reason why the grave of Moses should have been so strictly concealed, a simple youth, who unfortunately stammers, and who appears to be a frequenter of shows, thought it must "be because they would t-take him up and st-stuff him."

JUDGE POLAND, of Vermont, has always had the reputation of being a kind, liberal, good-feeling man. An old farmer, one of his boyhood associates, recently called upon him at Lyndon, Vermont, and was invited to take dinner at the hotel. When the old man took his seat at the table one of the waiters laid a bill of fare before him; but he promptly handed it back, saying, "Judge Poland settles my bill."

A FEDERAL functionary in Wisconsin sends us the following amusing incident, which occurred recently in one of the circuits of that State:

A motion was called early in the term, and fully argued *pro* and *con*, the judge reserving his decision. On the last day of the term his honor announced his readiness to dispose of the motion. Seeing from the drift of the judge's remarks that he was going to be beaten, the attorney for the moving party, a waggish Irishman, sprang to his feet and interrupted the Court: "Your honor, just wait a minute. I don't want you to take any stock in what I say or in what my brother B. says; we are interested parties; but just take the papers and show 'em to some candid, disinterested lawyer; *take his advice, and govern yourself accordingly.*"

ELDER S——, a worthy minister of the Methodist Church, is known throughout Northern Indiana for the success that attends his appeals to the generosity of his hearers. Consequently, whenever it is found necessary to raise funds for church purposes, his services are called into requisition. On one occasion it was desirable to raise money for the benefit of the Valparaiso M. and F. College, that institution being under the auspices of the M. E. Church. A meeting was therefore announced for a certain Sunday evening to gather in the sequins. A large congregation assembled. The elder made one of his most effective appeals, which was handsomely responded to. As each person signified a willingness to contribute, the amount and name were given to the audience. At last the name of Zaccheus G—— was announced for the sum of $5000; at which the elder arose and said, "Is the name Zaccheus or Zachariah?"

"Zaccheus," was the reply.

"Then, my friends," said the elder, in his peculiar manner, "*Zaccheus has come down.*"

THE following bright and touching little poem is by a young lady of Buffalo:

NIGHT.

Night came down o'er all the earth,
And took the tired Day,
And clasped her tightly in her arms,
And bore her far away.
The moon like some vast light-house seemed,
Far up in the Milky Way;
The glistening stars, like tiny barks,
At anchor round her lay.

And like a single silver thread
That twines in some dark curl,
The river wound through trees and brakes,
A gleaming band of pearl.
I heard the soft low dip of oars,
Like a weary slow heart-throb;
And the wavelets lapped the bow of the boat—
A low half-broken sob.

And on that night, so long ago,
A vision wondrous sweet
Came to me in its fullest joy,
So perfect and complete.
O golden dream! why did I wake
To find it past and gone?
The dream was like a glorious day;
The waking, cold gray dawn.

'Twere better far that I had died
Believing it were true,
'Twere better far to sleep for aye
Beneath the sky so blue,
Than live, when each long weary day
Seems longer than before;
When life is but a constant pain—
A wound unhealed and sore.

The river still flows murmuring on;
The stars are just as bright
As when the vision came to me
That restful summer night.
The same? Yes. I alone am changed.
O God! each weary day
I wish that I had died the night
The vision passed away.

A TELEGRAPHIC operator in Minnesota was asked by a gentleman if the small birds alighting upon the wires did not interfere with the message when sent, and if the electric current would not kill the birds. The operator, with perfect gravity of look, replied: "Well, no, it don't hurt the birds much, but they are apt to pick out the little words in a message as it goes along, and that bothers the operators a good deal."

A MODEST gentleman of Denver, Colorado, sends the following "first effort" of an invalid to the Drawer:

About the 1st of June last the Rev. Dr. Armitage, an eloquent Baptist clergyman from the East, made Denver a flying visit, and preached on Sunday morning to an overflowing house. In the evening the Central Presbyterian Society tendered him the use of their commodious edifice, which was filled at an early hour. Just before service commenced, two ladies entered, and followed the usher (a bachelor, and one of Denver's leading business men) up to the front pews, expecting to find seats, but were disappointed. On turning, in a perplexed manner, to scan the room

for sittings, he was nudged gently in the ribs by one of the ladies, who said, in a hoarse whisper, "Give us *good* seats: we are from *Chicago!*" The usher, being a gallant man, did his "level best," and finally planted them in an eligible position.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

What! verbs the hardest of grammar?
They are hardly worth a thought;
That is—pray note the exception—
If they are properly taught.
Theory confuses beginners,
Abstractions puzzle at best:
The way I begin is with practice;
Time will take care of the rest.

How I would teach conjugations
Is something nearly like this:
"I kiss, thou kissest"—don't start, dear;
Indicative plural, "we kiss."
Clearly to fix these examples,
Once more o'er the tense let us go:
"I kiss"—dear me, how imprudent!—
I kiss, and you answer with, "Oh!"



Now, just at the moment of action,
Present gives way to the past;
You kissed, and the verb is imperfect,
So short does your kissing act last.
"If I kiss" is present subjunctive—
I doubt if a kiss is my due—
"May I kiss?" I ask, in potential;
You answer, imperative, "Do!"

Pluperfect "had" has no int'rest,
Future with "shall" is for fools;
Perfect "I have" is prosaic,
While "shall I have kissed" doubts all rules.
I kiss, thou kissest, we kiss, dear,
Now, as we sit, seems so true
That I really think that the "present"
Is the best tense at present—don't you?

A droll baronet, Sir Tollemache Sinclair, has left the House of Commons and public life partly because the Duke of Argyle never returned his visits. The incident recalls a story of Daniel Webster's whist-playing Mr. Fox, formerly British minister at Washington, who had a habit of shutting himself up and refusing to see people. An Englishman who had business at the legation complained bitterly of this to the secretary, who promised to speak to his chief and set things right. Shortly afterward, meeting the gentleman accidentally, the secretary asked him innocently if he had heard from the minister. "Heard from him!" wrathfully replied the other; "I should think I had. He has sent me the plate of his card, with permission to strike off as many as I like in return for those I have left on him."

A Kentucky friend sends us this:

When schools were established in the South for the education of the negro, they were eagerly patronized by the colored folks of all ages. Coy maidens of thirty and bashful lads equally old gayly trudged to school with diminutive primers in their hands, while the small fry swarmed in the school-houses, and were enthusiastic on the education question. Of Pete, the subject of our anecdote, it might be truly written that "ne'er did pencil trace a whiter eye or blacker face." His former master, Dr. H——, had taken great pains with him, instructing him daily in reading and writing. In the fall Pete was to go to school, and anxiously looked forward to it. This was in 1869, when the sun was in total eclipse in August. There were all sorts of rumors among the colored people about calamities which would happen at the time of this phenomenon. A few days before it occurred the following conversation took place between Pete and a friend:

"Pete, did you know dar was gwine to be a 'clipse ob de sun next week?"

"Yes," said Pete, "I heard de folks talkin' 'bout it."

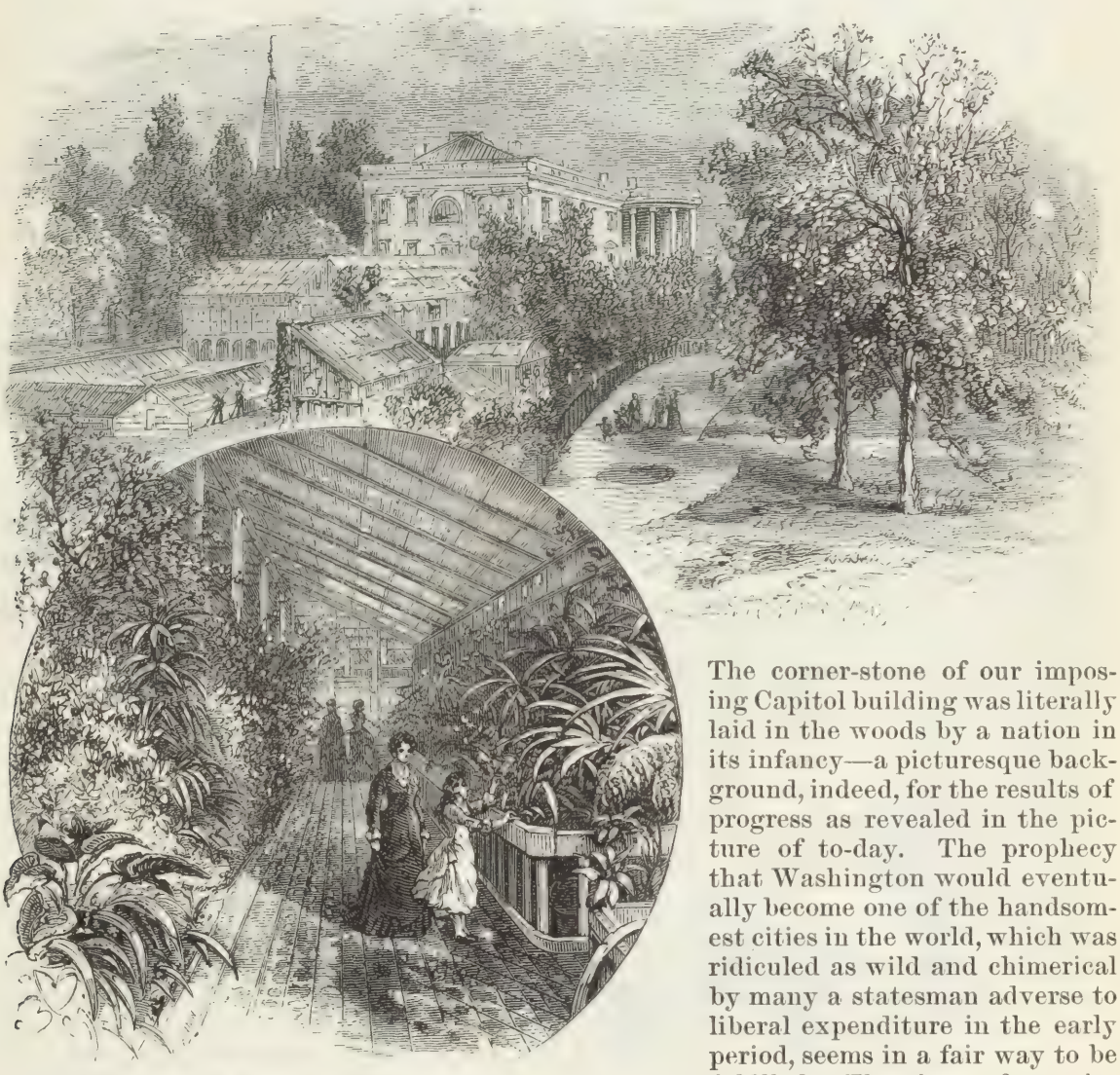
"Pete, I hear dat awful things is gwine to happen when it comes. Dey say dat de world is gwine to come to an end."

Curling his lip in scorn, and fixing his big white eyes on him, Pete answered, with contempt, "Go 'way, niggah. Don't you know dat school opens in *September?* How, den, can de world come to an end in *August?*"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXXIV.—MARCH, 1878.—Vol. LVI.

STATE AND SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.



THE WHITE HOUSE AND CONSERVATORY.

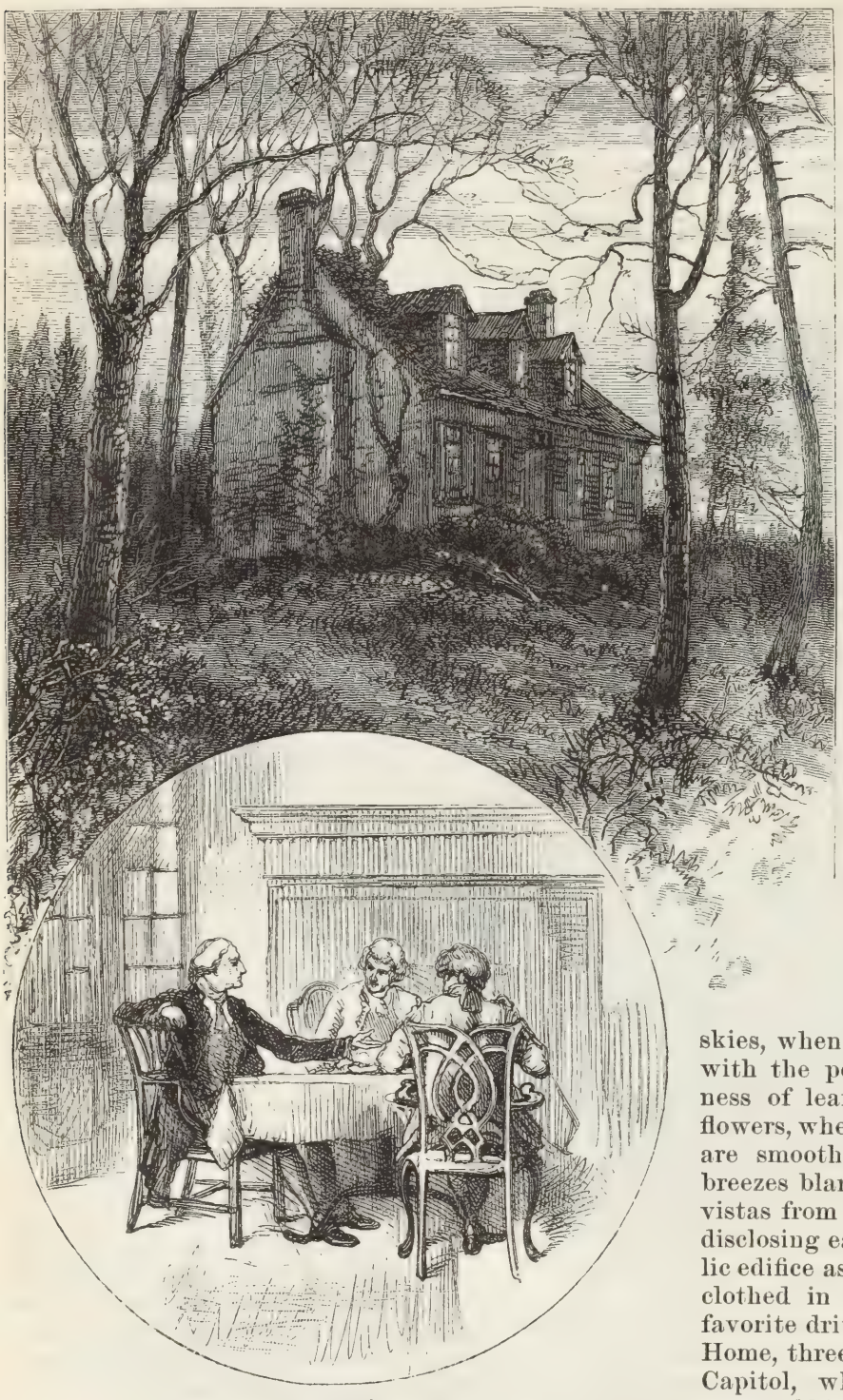
THERE is no spot toward which the American eye turns with more intense interest, or where the American mind anchors with more supreme anxiety or satisfaction, than the beautiful city on the Potomac which seventy-seven years ago last October became the seat of our republican government.

"It was then a city only in name,
The houses and barns had not yet a frame,
The streets and the squares no mortal could see,
And the woodman's axe had scarce hit a tree."

The corner-stone of our imposing Capitol building was literally laid in the woods by a nation in its infancy—a picturesque background, indeed, for the results of progress as revealed in the picture of to-day. The prophecy that Washington would eventually become one of the handsomest cities in the world, which was ridiculed as wild and chimerical by many a statesman adverse to liberal expenditure in the early period, seems in a fair way to be fulfilled. The signs of promise are vividly apparent in the broad streets and broader divergent and grand transverse avenues, lined with double rows of trees, which cross each other with geometrical precision, forming upon every corner the most charming triangles, circles, and squares, filled with choice shade trees, shrubbery, statuary, fountains, and flowers; and in the elegant and costly private dwellings, surrounded by highly cultivated and spacious grounds, which have sprung up in every direction and in remote distances from the public buildings.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

The quaint old house of David Burns, where Washington met the land-holders, Daniel Carroll, Notley Young, Samuel Davidson, and David Burns, to agree upon the terms of purchase of the site of Washington, is still standing at the foot of Seventeenth Street, on the shore of the Potomac. Burns owned what is now the best part of the city. His only daughter, Marcia, married General Van Ness, from New York, about 1802, and they, inheriting the property, enlarged the buildings, erected greenhouses, planted trees and shrubs, and beautified the place until it was esteemed one of the finest homesteads in the country. It is no longer in possession of the family, but lifts its hoary head in the middle of a shaded square inclosed by a high brick wall, with a fine gateway and two lodges, and is considered a point of exceptional historic interest.



DAVID BURNS'S HOUSE.

Washington, to be fully comprehended, must be visited in summer. It is not enough to watch the movements of its varied machinery during the winter months, nor yet to contemplate it as the seat of the prominent events in the nation's political history, and the place where all our public men have figured. We should learn more of the vital part of our national self, of the centre from which radiate influences affecting, healthfully or otherwise, the destinies of forty-five millions of people. The city should be seen under soft skies, when the air is redolent with the perfume of a wilderness of leafy foliage and rare flowers, when the smooth drives are smoothest, and the bland breezes blandest, and when the vistas from innumerable points, disclosing each some great public edifice as through a glass, are clothed in greenest green. A favorite drive is to the Soldiers' Home, three miles north of the Capitol, where five hundred acres of high rolling land have been converted into a superb park, including forests, meadows, lakes, streams, and twenty or more miles of fine roadway. This is a self-supporting institution. It was founded by General Scott with the pillage-money levied on the city of Mexico at the time of its capture, and is for the benefit of disabled army soldiers. The original fund has been increased from time to time through appropriations, forfeitures, stoppages, fines, and a tax of twelve cents

per month on each private soldier of the regular army. Suitable buildings have been erected, and improvements have followed improvements until it is a most delightful retreat. The soldiers keep it in order and perform police duty, being paid liberally for all services rendered. A plain, substantial mansion near the Home has been occupied as a summer residence by four of the heads



THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER HOUSE.

of our nation—President Pierce, President Buchanan, President Lincoln, and, during the last summer, President Hayes. It is unpretentious as a structure, but has an air of comfort as well as an airy location, and, encircled as it is by landscape beauties which overlook the city itself, seems admirably adapted for Executive retirement. Another route through the Potomac Valley to the Great Falls, sixteen miles from the White House, is prolific in revelation, since it is the region through which the most wonderful and gigantic monument of modern skill conveys to Washington a constant and everlasting supply of over sixty-seven million gallons of fresh-water every twenty-four hours. At Rock Creek, which separates the cities of Washington and Georgetown, the aqueduct pipes form an arch two hundred feet clear span, supporting a roadway. At Cabin John Creek, seven miles from the city, is the largest masonry arch in the world, spanning a ravine one hundred feet in depth by a single leap of two hundred and twenty feet. The water channel through it is nine feet in diameter, lined with bricks and asphaltum. The embankment of the aqueduct forms a level road some part of the distance; many hills are tunnelled, and ravines and rivulets are spanned with graceful arches. The various reservoirs are built in a massive and durable style. The scenery becomes more and more wildly picturesque as we near the falls, where a dam of great strength crosses the river, and a mammoth construction in cut stone guards the fountain-head of the countless fountains which lend such a charm to the city of shade. These water-works cost the government some four million dollars, and will doubtless last for ages. Toward all points of the compass, both within and without the limits of Washington, we may turn for entertainment and reap profit. The great arms of the gnarled oaks of Arlington beckon, and we plunge under their shadows to take a fresh lesson backward in the sad history of our late war; and among the enormous pillars of the portico of the mansion sacred to precious memories, we obtain a view of such significance that we with difficulty find language to express our admiration.

It is by attaining a proper measure of humility that education is perfected. But not in one chapter. Washington is many-sided. When it has been studied as a whole,

and in all seasons, it should be taken piecemeal. Its features as connected with the affairs of our government are of the highest importance, and with its inner social life concern us all.

The department which quietly and unostentatiously overshadows all others, and with which the American public are the least familiar, is that of State. Our foreign relations, like our domestic ties, are protected with jealous care from the impertinently curious. A century has rolled over our national head, and rolled into our national archives all manner of rare, curious, and original documents—treasures beyond price. These are guarded with the same loyal vigilance as the state secrets. The new structure which has arisen for the accommodation of the State Department, and which, when completed, will be the home of the War and Navy departments also, is absolutely fire-proof. The interior finish is of iron, excepting mahogany doors, the stairs are of granite, with bronze balusters, and the floors of brick and marble.

Few are admitted beyond the main floors, where the chief business of the department is transacted. There is little to allure the ordinary sight-seer, unless it is the severely classical architecture, the imposing corridors, and the closed portals. It is well known that the Secretary of State is the custodian of the great seal of the United States, and that his signature must be affixed, with that of the President, to the commissions of the other members of the cabinet; that he carries out the instructions of the President in all matters relating to diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, negotiates treaties, grants passports, signs and seals with the great seal all Executive pardons, conducts all official correspondence with the different representatives of other governments, either at home or abroad, prepares and attests the commissions of all officers confirmed by the Senate, and superintends the publication of all treaties and acts of Congress, preserving the originals. But of the wheels, and the wheels within wheels, through which the complex appara-



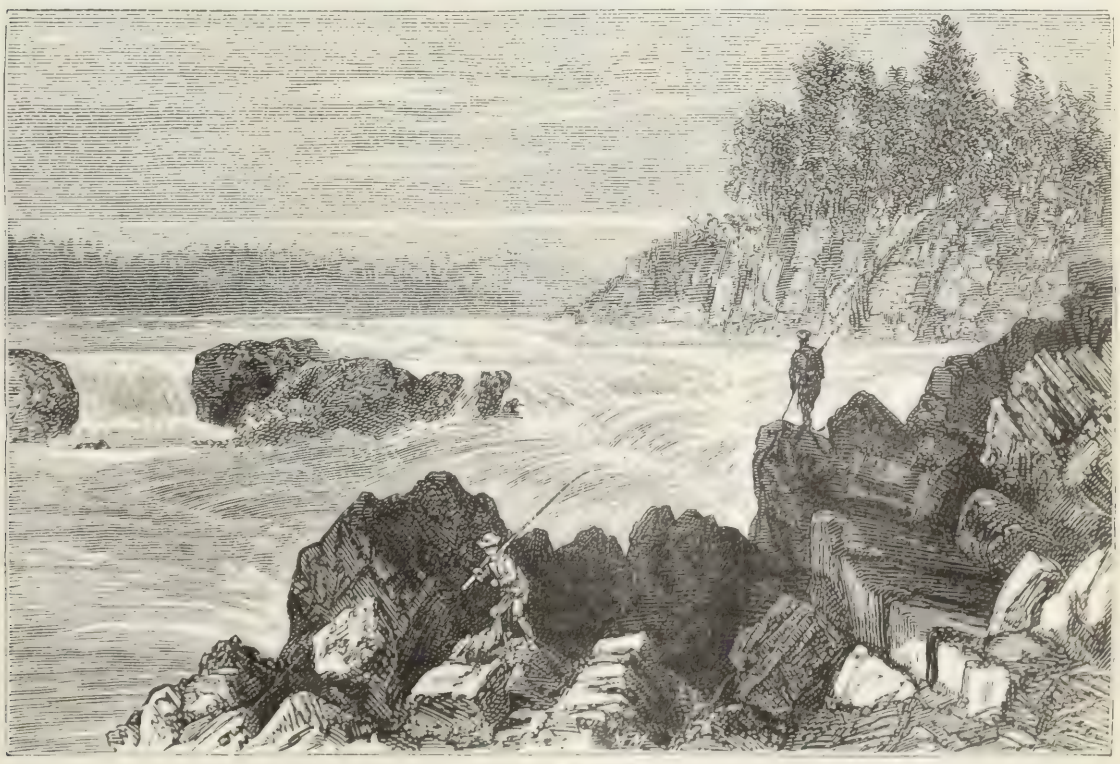
ROCK CREEK.

tus of this department is moved with as much regularity as the clock which detects the watchman if he pauses a second in his nightly round, we stockholding Americans are not overstocked with knowledge. Hence I will conduct such of my readers as covet glimpses of light upon the subject on a tour of observation.

The courteous doorkeeper at the main outer entrance guides us to the elegant elevator, and we ascend noiselessly, our pulses quickening as we approach the seat of power. Let us proceed at once to the room set apart for commissions and pardons. Here is kept the great seal of the nation, and here all commissions are executed to the ministers and consuls for foreign countries. Perhaps you never before dreamed the world was quite as large. Surely no district school geography ever overwhelmed you with so long a list of proper names. The walls of the great apartment from floor to ceiling are lined with pigeon-holes, and every pigeon-hole wears a label. You read, your ideas expanding meanwhile. You dwell upon the army of men it must needs take to fill all these appointments. Consulships and agencies, at least, must be easy to obtain. You discover that Nongpo, and Wequill, and Oajaca, and Dandlekeen, and the Cannibal Islands are minus consuls at the present moment, and modestly inquire if they are eligible posts. The clerk turns the leaves of a huge folio, and reads for your edification, commencing alphabetically: "Cannibal Islands—consul mysteriously disappeared; natives reticent on the subject; fees twelve dollars. Dandlekeen—consul lost in an earthquake; fees nothing. Nongpo—consul shot by mistake; fees five dollars. Oajaca—consul died of the plague; fees—" You decline to trouble your informant further in that direction, but have the curiosity to ask if there are any applicants for the vacancies. "Oh yes," is the reply; "for the Cannibal



THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.



POTOMAC FALLS.

Islands alone there are three hundred." Therefore you decide not to apply for yourself, and pass on.

But your advanced geographical notions plunge you into an abyss of research. What of the immense correspondence involved? The solution of the problem is contained within the walls of four apartments, alike in architectural finish, and each about fifty-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. These apartments are devoted to the Bureau

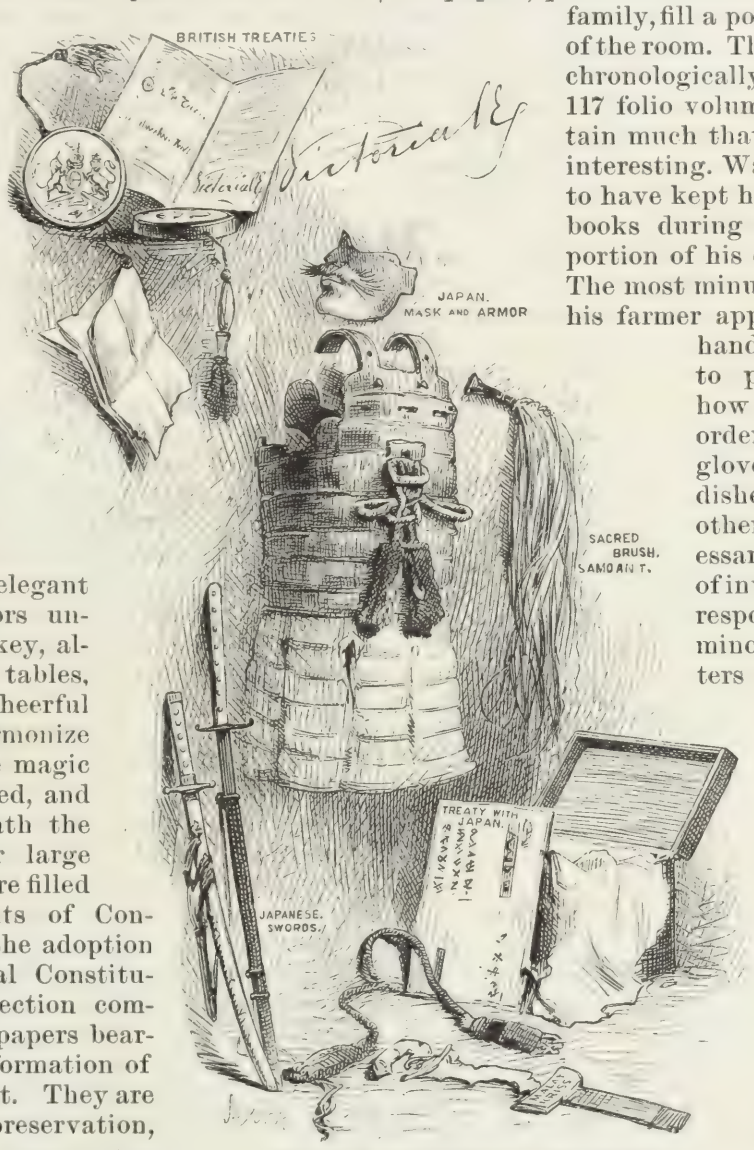


SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE.

of Indexes and Accounts, under the immediate charge of John H. Haswell. This bureau is the pivot upon which the whole paraphernalia of the department turns. Here the mails are opened, and all the letters of the Secretary and his officers indexed before being delivered to them for perusal, then returned here for further disposition. Here are registered daily full abstracts of all communications to and from the department, and all letters are indexed both by subjects and persons. The work is divided into three branches—the diplomatic, the consular, and miscellaneous. Each branch has its subdivisions; for instance, the diplomatic correspondence of Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy is placed under one head, and that of the Barbary States, Central America, China, Egypt, Feejee Islands, Friendly and Navigators islands, Hawaiian Islands, Hayti, Japan, Liberia, Madagascar, Mexico, Muscat, San Domingo, Siam, Society Islands, Turkey, and other countries is placed under another head, etc., etc. The consular correspondence is distributed under similar heads. Outside of the diplomatic and consular, the miscellaneous register covers all communications, even the most trivial. And these streams of correspondence have been ebbing and flowing ever since friendly relations were first established with the various countries. The vast accumulation of material would seem enough to appall the common mind. With its perpetual increase—we are told that instructions to consuls alone swell into two immense volumes every month—the wonder is that it can be turned to account in the multiplicity of emergencies where instantaneous reference is demanded. The perfect order and method of arrangement, however, achieve this triumph. The system of indexing has been brought to such a high science that any document from any country or person, or to any country or person, upon any subject, and of any date, may be found within half an hour. It is the duty of the employés in this bureau to answer calls for correspondence from the Secretary and other officials of the department; and if you loiter a few moments you will learn somewhat of the variety and character of these wants—a letter concerning the Cuban Claims Commission, documents from France in 1840, the charter of a college in Wisconsin about which there is a curious litigation pending, correspondence with Spain

concerning the extradition treaty and Tweed, letter from the Mayor of Boston in 1813, papers relating to the Italian Labor Society, documents concerning the Texan Frontier Commission, and so on indefinitely. Inquire for the letter you wrote the Secretary of State a year ago on some private aspirations of your own, and, behold! it is at once forthcoming.

Directly above these apartments are others of similar dimensions, with equally lofty ceilings, and walls lined with appropriate cases for the valuable archives of the nation, pervaded, however, with a restful quiet unlike the busy scene below. The eye takes in little save long rows of elegant mahogany doors under lock and key, although the tables, chairs, and cheerful windows harmonize in effect. The magic wand is applied, and we look beneath the surface. Four large upright cases are filled with documents of Congress prior to the adoption of the national Constitution; the collection comprises all the papers bearing upon the formation of our government. They are in excellent preservation, none missing save one small unimportant volume. Their history savors of the romantic. One incident deserves mention. In 1812 they were tumbled into carts as the British approached Washington, and transported with much celerity across the Potomac and twenty or more miles into the woods of Virginia; and at the very moment they were being quietly secured under a farmer's roof, the torch of the enemy was applied to the building from which they had been rescued.



TREASURES OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

Attached to one side of the window near these cases, in an antique box about two feet long, is the original draft of the Declaration of Independence by Jefferson, with erasures, interpolations, etc. Upon the opposite side of the room, stretching on into another fifty-five-foot room, and beyond, are the original manuscripts, bound in cloth, of all the laws which have ever been enacted for our national good behavior. One feels very much governed in such an atmosphere. The race of lawyers need never despair, but return thanks for lumber with which to encumber legal processes to the keen foresight of our illustrious national sire. The Washington papers, purchased from the heirs of the family, fill a portion of one side of the room. They are arranged chronologically, and bound in 117 folio volumes. They contain much that is curious and interesting. Washington seems to have kept his own account-books during a considerable portion of his eventful career. The most minute directions to his farmer appear also in his handwriting — how to plant seed and how to plough, the orders for scissors, gloves, grain, hats, dishes, nails, and other domestic necessaries, and copies of invoices. His correspondence is voluminous. In the letters written to him are the autographs of all the great men of his time. One of the volumes contains the sentence and original signatures of the famous tribunal which tried and executed André.

The Jefferson papers have their home in this room also. They consist of 136 folio volumes. One feels as if there should be some connection between them and their guardian, Ferdinand Jefferson, the chief of this bureau, but he claims no relationship. The collection of Madison papers is quite extensive, and, with the Monroe papers, is similarly bound. Carefully arranged in a monster volume in one of the cases are autograph letters from emperors, kings, princes, and potentates. Turning the pages seems to bring you face to face with the sovereigns of the world for a full century. The bold handwriting of Louis XVI., of Robespierre and his associates, of Napoleon (in one instance writing to announce his marriage with the

archduchess Maria Louise of Austria), of Ferdinand of Spain, of Christian VII. of Denmark, of Christian Frederick, Regent of Norway, of Donna Maria of Portugal, of the Czar of Russia, of the King of Holland, of Queen Victoria, and a multitude of others, awakens curious reminiscences. The treaties which hold us in one firm bond of union with the rest of Christendom are in the same stronghold. The first was made with France in 1778—a treaty of alliance. The second was with England—the definitive treaty of peace, dated September 3, 1783, and signed by John Adams, B. Franklin, and John Jay for the United States, and by David Hartley for Great Britain. Among the subsequent treaties with the various nations are some of striking interest. One of the most gorgeously elegant is that of Turkey, with its sign manual in golden letters. The novelty is that of Japan. It is inclosed in a costly lacquered box, and incased in a beautiful silk wrapper with heavy tassels. The characters expressing the Japanese language are bold and clear, covering many pages of paper of unique texture. To read, you must commence at the end, and will find the royal sign manual at the beginning. The translation is attached. It was sent to America by two Japanese officials, who were answerable for its safety with their lives, and who triumphantly entered the Department of State bearing it on two poles like a sedan-chair, the box which contained the treaty resembling a dog kennel with a sharp-pointed roof.

Some official letters from the Orient, one in an envelope two feet long, are illustrative of the importance attached to all communications of state by Eastern nations. Rare gifts have oftentimes attended such letters. From the King of Siam is a magnificent sword, the handle of solid gold, and scabbard inlaid with gold. From the monarch of Japan is a sword of great beauty, the hilt ornamented with a golden landscape; and also a complete set of exquisitely carved Japanese armor.

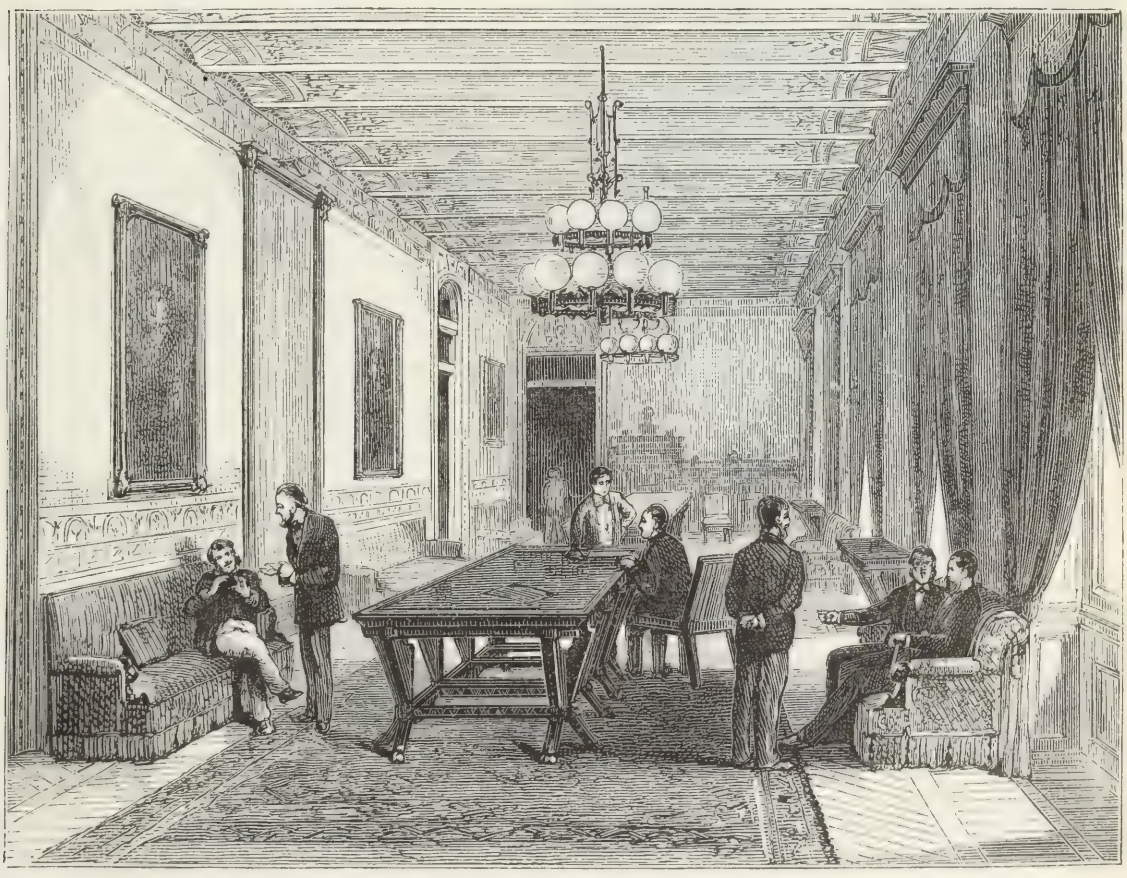
One of the immense apartments is devoted to international commissions and claims—a few tons, of what has been said about them, what allowed, and what disallowed.

Ascending higher, the apartments are as spacious. American newspapers! Bound in straightforward uniformity, from the first that was printed this side of the Atlantic to the present year! Somebody estimates that there are in one room alone "twenty-five hundred feet of bound newspapers." In another room are English newspapers from the beginning, and French and Spanish, and from many foreign countries. Rare copies from the West Indies and Central America are shielded with proper care. Four large mahogany cases contain petitions for pardon from those who participated in the late rebellion. Two or three rooms are devoted to pamphlets; in one of these stands the old table which graced the office of Secretary Seward. There is no more interesting point than the room devoted to maps. It is literally filled. Solve all your doubts now about the size of the globe. The maps are before you—all the valuable maps published by the different governments. It may take you a lifetime to go through them, but the opportunity is not wanting. Nearer the skies the publications of our government monopolize the space. We have lost count of the rooms comprising the archives, but can distinctly recall thirteen.

The library is the gem of the bureau. Architecturally, the room is the pride of the building. The work is of iron, without an appearance of heaviness. The airy grace of the balconied interior is heightened by the pure white and delicate pearl-colored decorations, touched here and there with gilt. It is illuminated by a square dome, through which the softened sunlight falls upon the tiers of literary treasures. This library was founded by Jefferson in 1789, and many of the earlier purchased works bear his impress and autograph. It was in September of that year that the Secretary of State was empowered by Congress to procure the laws of the several States. Now one tier of the three roomy galleries is devoted exclusively to the collection of the laws of the States, and is very complete. The library contains the best and largest collection of books relating to international affairs that can possibly be obtained, including the great work of Dumont on international law, the first ever published on the subject, and made up from the most ancient sources, and from all the known governments in the world; and the works of the great writers of all ages, down to the latest publication of to-day. We might mention, as illustrative of the scope of this alcove, the magnificent folio statutes of the realm of Great Britain; *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, in some three hundred volumes; the state papers not only of Great Britain, but of other foreign countries; the *Mirror of Parliament*, in twenty great volumes, upon which Charles Dickens was employed; a series of forty or more folios devoted to Russian law; and Thomas Rymer's great work, which contains the treaties, leagues, manifestoes, capitulations, correspondence, and other public documents of England and the various countries of the world. The department of history is equally full. Our national book collectors have done themselves credit by the manner in which they have culled jewels from all parts of the earth. Histories of all nations and in all languages grace the shelves. One curiosity is a universal history from the creation, called the *Nuremberg Chronicles*, printed in

1493. The cuts display singular artistic talent; they were executed by the master of Albert Dürer, and before his time. The artist was so enamored of his own pictures that he often used the same one again and again, as in the case of a fine representation of Jupiter, which he afterward repeated for St. Paul. A later acquisition is an *Abridged Universal History*, produced in Japan. It contains historical sketches of all the nations of the world, with portraits of distinguished public characters, which are quickly recognized in spite of Japanese peculiarity of execution—Charles II., Napoleon, Lincoln, Victor Emanuel, Christopher Columbus, the Emperor of Russia, Washington, etc., etc. It is neatly printed in Japanese characters, and intended for the use of their normal schools. In the alcove devoted to biography, memoirs of all the notable Frenchmen of every age indicate somewhat of the length of the catalogue. Among the numerous books of travels is a rare English work, published in London, by permission of the Society of the Dilettanti, in 1769. It is a report of an expedition to the Ionian Islands, in 1764, for data concerning the ruins and monuments of antiquity there, and abounds in illustrations and descriptions of ancient art. Alcoves are appropriated successively to scientific, philosophic, and theological works. Diplomacy and fiction, if not contained within the same nook, are affectionately near each other, suggestive of the fact that diplomacy is the product of fiction. And poetry and art have each a place within these precincts.

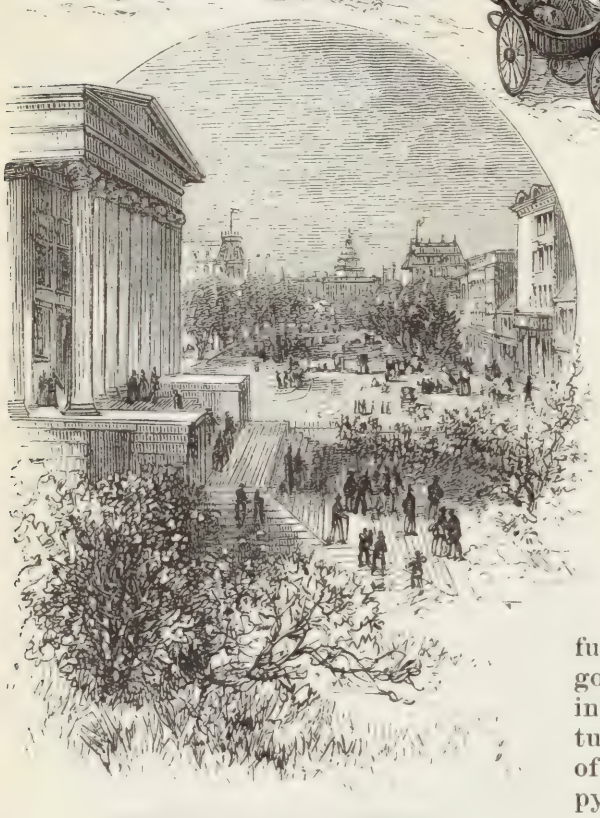
The library is for the use of the department, and is a spoke of invincible strength in the great wheel of state. The accomplished librarian, Theodore F. Dwight, is a cyclopedia in himself, as familiar with the wealth of resource here arranged with mathematical precision as the master of the feast with his wines. Among the many curiosities is Mr. Burlingame's letter of credence in the Chinese language, and also in the Tartar dialect. It is in the form of a scroll, imperial color—bright yellow—with black characters on each side of an imposing red seal. The scroll is bordered with dragons in all attitudes, as hideous as a "heathen Chinee" could devise, each five-toed, indicating their right to emblazon an imperial commission. The most striking object of curious interest, however, is a fac-simile in plaster—presented to the State Department by General Meredith Read—of the first treaty in the history of the world. It was concluded between the ancient Athenians and the Chalcidians 446–445 B.C. It was in the age of Pericles, that most brilliant age of ancient Athens; and it was the great, handsome, dignified, magnetic statesman and military commander, who ruled forty years, fostering meanwhile every branch of art and literature,



DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION-ROOM, STATE DEPARTMENT.



STATE DEPARTMENT.



VIEW FROM STATE DEPARTMENT.

who caused this treaty to be engraved upon a slab of Pentelig marble in the southern wall of the Acropolis. It was discovered in the course of excavations made by the Archæological Society of Greece, June 28, 1876.

Descending to the common level, let us pause in the pleasant apartments of the Bureau of Accounts. The great combination safe suggests that the property of the department must necessarily have a keeper; that the care of indemnity funds and bonds, and the custody and disbursement of appropriations under direction of the department, are of vital consequence. Here is the sword of Jackson, which he broke in the battle of New Orleans, and caused to be mended in the first blacksmith's shop he reached; also the watch-clock, one of the triumphs of science before mentioned, which deserves a special chapter of description. The next room is devoted to the issue and record of passports and the opening of foreign mails. The department has its own telegraph office and its own lithographing appliances, as secret work is often imperative, that which it would be highly improper to parade in a public printing-office.

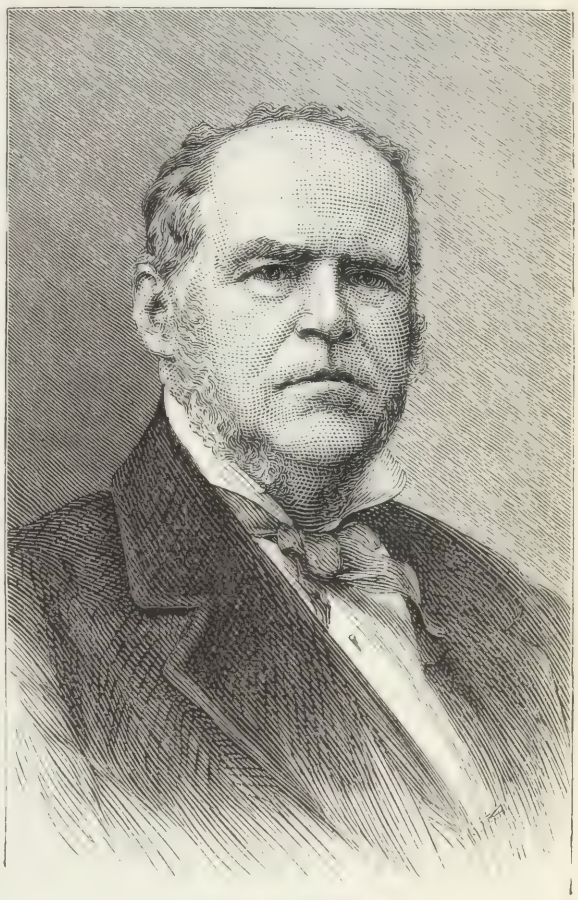
The diplomatic anteroom, where foreign dignitaries await audience with the Premier, is handsome in its appointments. Opposite the entrance hangs a full-length portrait of the Bey of Tunis in gorgeous uniform—a gift to the department in the time of Secretary Seward. Other pictures of interest adorn the walls: a portrait of the President of Hayti; a portrait, on papyrus, very beautiful, of the Emperor of Morocco in 1788; two scrolls, elegantly mounted, containing resolutions of condolence on the assassination of Lincoln—one from the borough of Stafford, and one from the city of Manchester, England; and between the windows a photographic group of the Senators and Representatives who voted in favor of the resolution, "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist within the United States, nor any place subject to their jurisdiction."

The diplomatic reception-room, sixty feet long by twenty wide, is entered by two doors, between which is a massive mirror with frame of ebony and gilt reaching from floor to ceiling. On the right of the mirror is a portrait of Webster, and on the left a portrait of Seward. The furniture is of ebony, upholstered in a brocaded combination of blue and brown, through which gleam silver threads; the heavy drapery of six great windows is of the same material. The tessellated floor is nearly covered by

two Persian rugs of deep maroon ground, the patterns seeming to have grown without design or premeditation into a heterogeneous blending of harmonious colors so charming to the cultivated eye. Two chandeliers, hanging above the two great ebony centre tables, are of unique design. The effect of the whole is pleasing in the highest sense. The arrangement was under the direction of Secretary Fish, who has thus bequeathed to us his ideal of quiet elegance.

From here we may pass into one of the most delightful rooms in the building, the private office of our national Prime Minister. Three broad windows look out upon a southern portico and down upon the placid Potomac. The drapery matches the frescoes upon the walls—Egyptian figures in gray chocolate and gilt, traced upon a pearl ground—and the foot falls upon another of those wonderful hand-made Oriental rugs in which colors blend into artistic combinations, and thus adapt themselves to almost any style of decoration. Portraits of several of our Presidents, in various settings, ornament the room; and at the massive central table sits the Secretary of State. At a desk upon one side of the apartment sits his private secretary. Upon the opposite side a door swings into a less pretentious but equally well furnished and cheerful room, the office of the Assistant Secretary of State. Upon the walls are pictures—a photograph of the American members of the Geneva Tribunal, also a photograph of the English members of the same tribunal, and portraits of the Assistant Secretaries who have filled this office since its creation in 1853. Among them is that of the present Second Assistant Secretary of State, William Hunter, whose knowledge of the workings of the department is more thorough than that of any other man in the country. He has been employed in the department nearly half a century, his first appointment dating May 22, 1829, this being the longest official career of any in connection with our national government.

Washington is yet so young in years that its social position among the cities of the world is hardly pronounced. It has ever been peopled largely by a floating population. Customs diverse and characteristics peculiar have been dragged before the public eye. Families who have lived and moved in high places during the winter months have been known no more with the roll of the seasons. We are apt to lose sight of the metal in the cup when it partakes inordinately of dross. And yet it is the metal, not the dross, which is entitled to notice. Our capital is the seat of the most refined and polished society in America, and the permanent residence of many who have achieved the highest excellence in art, science, and literature. It is not only where our public buildings do credit to modern architecture, where our archives, memorials, and trophies are stored, and from whence issue all the forces which impel life currents, but it is where our palaces are, and



WILLIAM HUNTER.

where we receive ambassadors and guests; and it is in connection with the remembrance that great lights of foreign statesmanship, diplomacy, and letters are either visitors or dwellers here at all times and in all seasons that our national self-respect is awakened, and fresh importance attached to the doing of national honors and national hospitalities. We even twirl our national eyeglass to satisfy our national selves that the higher obligations of polite life are scrupulously fulfilled.

From the first, Washington was invested with a courtly tone. The flavor of royalty clung to the habits and manners of speech of the early heads of the government. This was more than sustained by a few Virginia families of the old school, who made the new city the place of their abode. Every recognized form of etiquette was rigidly observed. Mrs. Madison was approached as "the queen," and the President's house was called "the palace." Dress was a matter of serious moment. On New-Year's Day, 1813, Mrs. Madison received in a robe of pink satin, trimmed elaborately with ermine, gold



THE EAST ROOM, WHITE HOUSE.

chains and clasps around her waist and wrists, and upon her head a white velvet and satin turban, with a crescent in front, and crowned with nodding ostrich plumes. The guests came in great numbers, until President Madison, who was low of stature, was pushed and jostled and nearly lost in the crowd; but the mistress of the mansion was at all times visible to the throng through her towering feathers. One of the social celebrities present tells the story of an arrival, as follows: "Attention was attracted to what seemed like a rolling ball of burnished gold carried swiftly through the air upon two gilt wings. It stopped before the door, and from it alighted, weighted with gold-lace, the French minister and suite. We now perceived that what we had supposed to be wings were gorgeous footmen with *chapeaux bras*, gilt braided skirts, and glittering swords."

It was Mrs. Monroe who first carried into execution the custom of never returning calls. The growth of Washington had made it necessary to draw some line, and the question of propriety as to indiscriminate visiting on the part of the ladies of the President's family, particularly the wife of the President, was hotly debated. A social revolution was imminent, and there were heart-burnings. The contest grew serious, involving diplomatic and state correspondence. It was finally adjusted by John Quincy Adams, who drew up the formula which has since regulated the etiquette of the social superstructure.

Neither the President nor his wife is required to return calls, although other members of the Presidential household may. Mrs. President gives afternoon receptions during the fashionable season—between New-Year's and Lent—on such days as she may select, and is assisted by ladies of her own choosing. No invitations are issued. Any one is at liberty to attend. The dress prescribed for such occasions is whatever is the prevailing style for morning visits. The President often assists after business hours, and the presentations are always made in the Blue Room. At the first reception given by Mrs. Hayes all Washington was present, and all Washington's visitors, representing every State in the Union. The throng was so great that in many instances it took

persons an hour to pass from the anteroom through the Red Room to where the Presidential party were standing. After paying their respects to the President, Mrs. Hayes, and the ladies who assisted, guests passed on through the Green Room to the great East Room. The conservatory was also thrown open. Mrs. Hayes surprised every one by receiving in a toilet of heavy black silk, relieved only by bits of costly lace at the throat and wrists. Mrs. Madison, in her time, and in her pink satin and feathers, commanded hardly more genuine admiration. Shortly after the inauguration Mrs. Hayes presided at a state dinner given to the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, in an elegant robe of creamy white gros grain silk

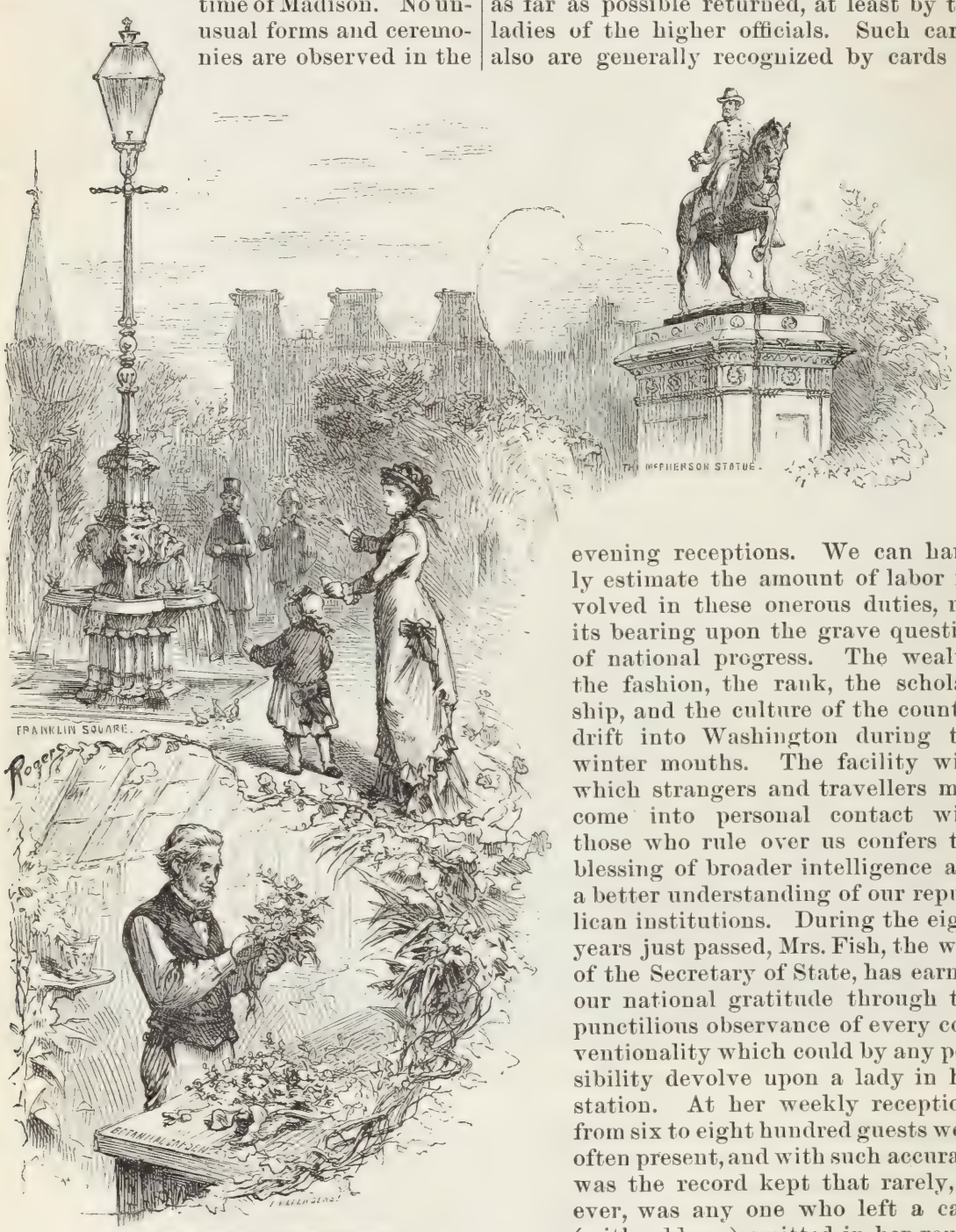


THE RED ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

trimmed with flowers, thus revealing her notions of fitness and taste. Upon the other hand of the Grand Duke at this banquet sat Mrs. Waite, the wife of the Chief Justice, in a toilet of violet satin, exquisitely trimmed with white satin leaves and a profusion of English violets. She is a brunette, with glossy black hair, which, like Mrs. Hayes, she always wears drawn back from her forehead and dressed in a coil, or Grecian style. It is a little remarkable that two leading ladies of the land should, without concert or knowledge of each other's fancies, have adopted similar modes of wearing the hair, manifestly becoming to each, and independent of the tyrannical dictates of fashion.

The President and family receive informally in the evening, sometimes in the Red Room and sometimes in the Library. These visits, however, are only made by intimate personal friends, or by those warranted through their acquaintance to call in a social manner. The evenings in the Library are very charming. Brilliant and cultivated men and women gather in little knots in different parts of the spacious and cheerful apartment, and wit sparkles and anecdote enlivens conversation. The President frequently disappears; he has a private library, where he retires when any gentleman present wishes to speak with him on matters of policy or politics; but he soon returns, to all appearances as unruffled as if the great sea of public opinion had settled into a perfect calm. Mrs. Hayes entertains her visitors in an easy, courteous, cordial manner, moving among them with stately grace, and scattering pleasant words. Great gentleness and sweetness pervade the whole domestic life of the President's family. Little Fannie, the only daughter, a bright child of nine years, the pet and favorite of all who know her, is never visible at dinner or to evening visitors. "I am obliged to compromise with my little lady," remarked

Mrs. Hayes, with a smile, "as I found her growing old too fast for her years; we serve her dinner in her room, which she esteems a high compliment." The private dining-room of the President's family is the only one of their private apartments which is on the great main floor of the White House. The meals are breakfast, lunch, and dinner, instead of breakfast, dinner, and tea, as in the time of Madison. No unusual forms and ceremonies are observed in the service further than those at any gentlewoman's table. The hospitalities of either lunch or dinner are frankly tendered to any familiar guest who may chance to be calling at the specified hour, and not infrequently accepted.



LEAF FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.

Afternoon receptions are given not only by the wife of the President, but by the ladies of the Chief Justice, of the cabinet ministers, of the Speaker of the House, of the General of the Army, of the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court, and by many others. They are announced in the newspapers, and are open to all. Cards, with address as well as name, should always be left in the hall. These visits are recorded in a book kept for the purpose when the reception is over, and as far as possible returned, at least by the ladies of the higher officials. Such cards also are generally recognized by cards to evening receptions. We can hardly estimate the amount of labor involved in these onerous duties, nor its bearing upon the grave question of national progress. The wealth, the fashion, the rank, the scholarship, and the culture of the country drift into Washington during the winter months. The facility with which strangers and travellers may come into personal contact with those who rule over us confers the blessing of broader intelligence and a better understanding of our republican institutions. During the eight years just passed, Mrs. Fish, the wife of the Secretary of State, has earned our national gratitude through the punctilious observance of every conventionality which could by any possibility devolve upon a lady in her station. At her weekly receptions from six to eight hundred guests were often present, and with such accuracy was the record kept that rarely, if ever, was any one who left a card (with address) omitted in her round of returning visits. At her formal evening receptions invitations were not often issued to less than one thousand persons; and she presided over each gathering with queenly dignity, untiring affability, and a certain high-toned courtesy unsurpassed in our social annals. Her mantle has fallen upon Mrs. Evarts, and no one is more competent to wear it gracefully, who,

assisted by four young lady daughters, welcomes the surging multitude. The ladies of Washington residents not in official life make the first call. The lower officials call upon the higher, and ladies the same. Strangers call first upon officials and the ladies of officials of whatsoever rank. The ministers from foreign courts, however, always receive the first call, and no one attends their entertainments except by card of invitation.

Dinners are a prominent feature of Washington society, and are among the most effective groupings of brilliant people that the world affords. Of these only such strangers as are entitled to distinguished consideration know any thing by actual participation. Guests are bidden with discriminating care, and elegance of style in every detail of the banquet is esteemed obligatory. The rules of high breeding are the same every



RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH MINISTER.

where, in every clime, and well understood by the cultured disciples of social law. It is only the unrefined and under-bred who fail to perceive their import, and sit in judgment respecting formalities which convey to them no subtle intelligence. Entertainments of this character are not idle, profitless amusements; they are often strong links in the chain which binds distant nations together. Could we find a door ajar, and, like the younger generation, catch peeps from the landing and bits of table-talk, we should see men of genius and science, statesmen and noblemen, heroes in warfare by land and sea, and ever and anon a crowned head or the scion of some royal family; ladies also, gifted and beautiful; and in the play of intellect which renders conversation a boon we might lose sight of the rich costumes, the multitudinous courses, and costly appointments.

The diplomatic corps has always comprised many personages of high birth and much learning. The old Decatur mansion, the first private house built on Lafayette Square (in 1819), yields a few reminiscences to the point. After the Decaturs, who lived in splendor and were much courted, the first tenant was the accomplished Baron de Neuville, who represented the French aristocracy of the old *régime*, as did the renowned Lord Stratford de Redclyffe that of Great Britain at the same period. He entertained magnificently, and it is said his lovely wife always received her visitors with the cordial greeting, "I am charming to see you." Monsieur Roux succeeded De Neuville during the Bourbon dynasty, and dwelt in the same house, to which he brought from Europe a valuable gallery of paintings, as he was not only a statesman, an author, and a man of letters, but a devotee of the fine arts. It next became the residence of the Russian minister, Baron Tuyl, who was an epicure, and famous for the excellence of his dinners. He said, "Washington, with its venison, wild turkeys, canvas-backs, oysters, terrapins, etc., furnished better viands than Paris." Henry Clay, while Secretary of State, occupied this mansion, as also did Martin Van Buren, who succeeded Clay; and Edward Livingston, the great jurist, who succeeded Van Buren as Premier. During all these years it was much frequented by foreign magnates. While the celebrated Mrs. Livingston dispensed hospitalities it was the

popular centre for Europeans of distinction. In the next administration Livingston was minister to France, and Sir Charles Vaughan, the British minister, dwelt in the mansion. He was a bachelor of fifty, polished, courtly, highly educated, a fellow of Oxford, and brother of Baron Vaughan. He gave delightful dinners and parties. When he left the country a ball was given him at the theatre, on which occasion General Van Ness offered the toast, "Sir Charles Vaughan, H. B. M.'s minister near the court of Washington," which created great merriment and shouts of applause. Since that date this historical dwelling has been the residence



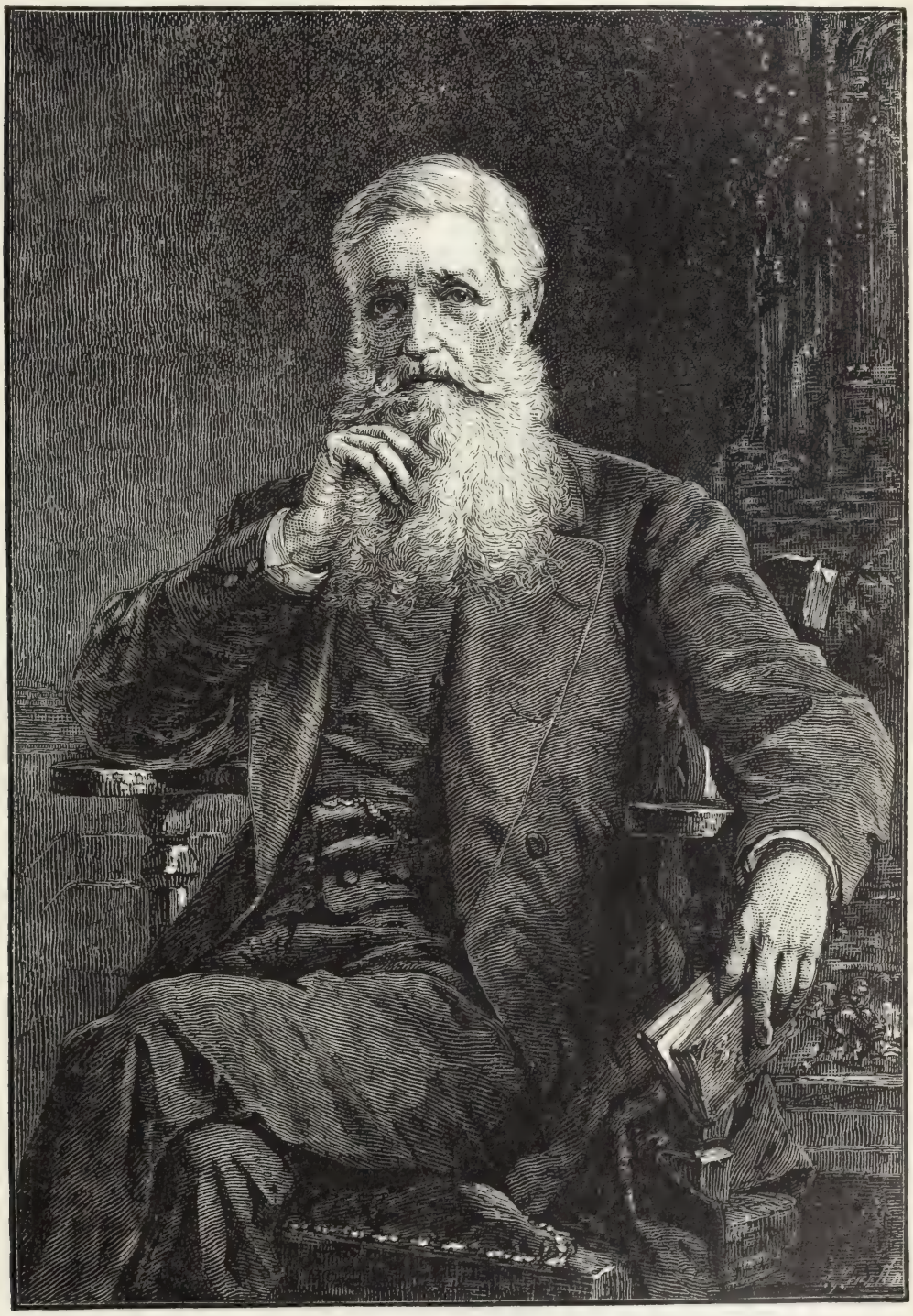
THE CEILING OF THE CAPITOL DOME.

of a succession of distinguished families—the Gadsbys, the Galeses, the Kings, the Appletons, the Benjamins, and many others. Senator Benjamin furnished it luxuriantly, partly from the furniture of Louis Philippe in the Tuileries.

In the time of Vaughan, Baron Krudener, the Russian minister, lived in the Corcoran mansion, built by Thomas Swann, father of Governor Swann. He was an amiable, witty, accomplished man, charming in society, but very deaf. He was the son of the distinguished Madame Krudener, a devotee, who, through her influence over the emperor, brought about the Holy Alliance. Daniel Webster, while Secretary, bought this house, where he lived in lordly style. His neighbor in the mansion next St. John's Church, the sanctuary where the early Presidents worshipped, was Lord Ashburton, the British minister. This distinguished nobleman came charged with full powers to settle, among other important matters, the boundary question on a principle of compromise. His retinue consisted of three secretaries and five servants, and he brought with him from England his own carriage and horses. He was sixty-five, but a much finer-looking man than Lord Morpeth, who had been a lion in the social world. His dinners cast all others in the shade, except those possibly of M. De Bodisco, the most sagacious and popular ambassador ever sent from Russia to this country, and who did more toward promoting our cordial relations with that power than all other influences combined. He was a bachelor of forty-two, handsome, captivating, a man of fine presence, cultivated tastes, and manners shaped through long intercourse with the most polished courts of Europe. This was his fourth embassy to different governments. He spoke every modern language fluently. He began his American career with a brilliant *fête* given at his residence in Georgetown. His house, as approached on the memorable evening, was in such a blaze of light that it resembled a conflagration. Its furniture, nearly all imported, was elegant, and ornaments and curiosities gave it the effect of a museum. The china service was very rich, and the plate pure silver inlaid with gold and steel of novel workmanship. He received in the costume of his court—blue covered with silver lace to a great depth, and adorned with precious stones. The buckles of his pumps were set in brilliants. At supper the ladies were seated the whole length of the table, which was laden with gold and mirror plateaus, costly chandeliers, Grecian temples and castles in candied sugar, fruits in ornamental dishes, and gold forks. This was but a prelude to a series of entertainments of similar elegance. In 1840 De Bodisco married the beautiful Miss Williams, of Washington, and the wedding scene was one of great magnificence. The first of eight bride-maids was Miss Jessie Benton (now Mrs. General Fremont), who was attended by Mr. Buchanan. Henry Clay gave away the bride.

The house erected by the British government for its resident minister is one of the

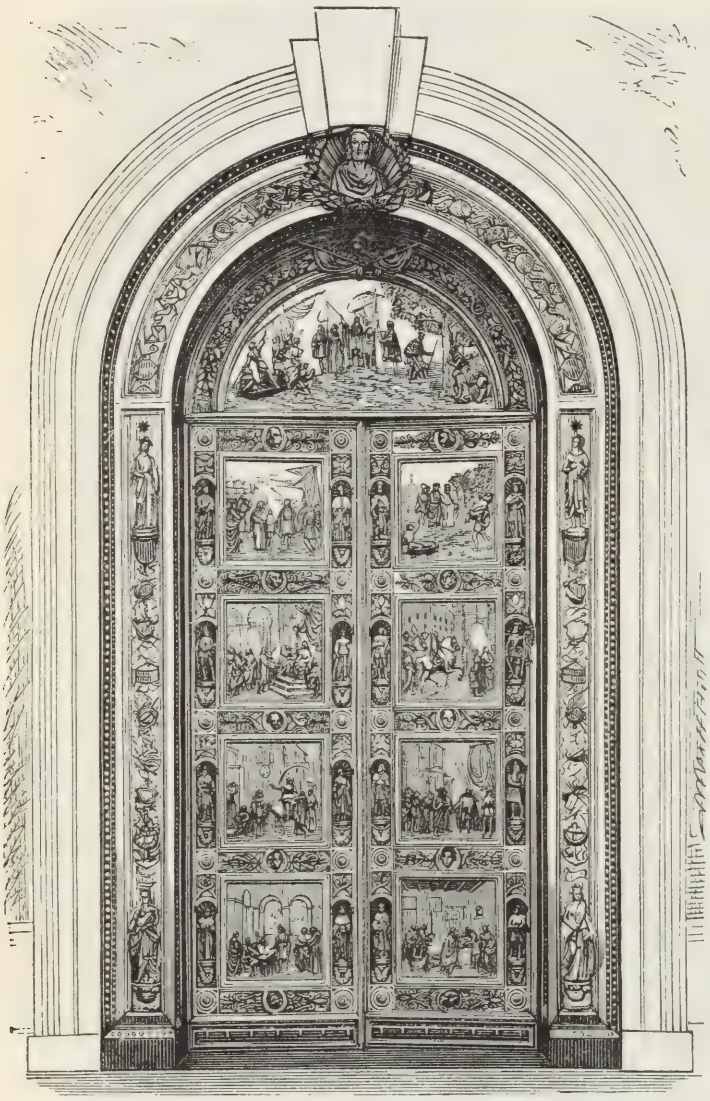
most substantial and elegant in the city. Since its occupation by the accomplished diplomate Sir Edward Thornton it has been the scene of many a gathering of notables, not least among which was a magnificent dinner given to the Emperor of Brazil. Lady Thornton is happy in doing the honors, and her daughters are favorites in every circle graced by their presence. Sir Edward, like his illustrious predecessors, is a man of varied talents, wide experience, and extensive culture. He represented his government in Turin, Mexico, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and other countries before his appointment (in 1871) to the Joint High Commission to consider the various questions affecting the relations between Great Britain and the United States. His father was the late Right Hon. Sir Edward Thornton, G.C.B., for some time Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal, where the king conferred upon him the title of Count of Cassilhas in that kingdom. Notwithstanding the glamour of retrospect, there was probably never a period in the history of our government when the ministers from the various European and other courts of the earth were men of greater eminence in their respective countries than now. And as regards ceremonious social inter-



GEORGE BANCROFT.

course, never were its requirements more religiously fulfilled.

A score of mansions in the immediate vicinity of Lafayette Square teem with interest, historical, biographical, moral, political, romantic, and social. They are like



BRONZE DOOR OF THE CAPITOL, EASTERN FRONT ENTRANCE.
[DESIGNED BY ROGERS.]

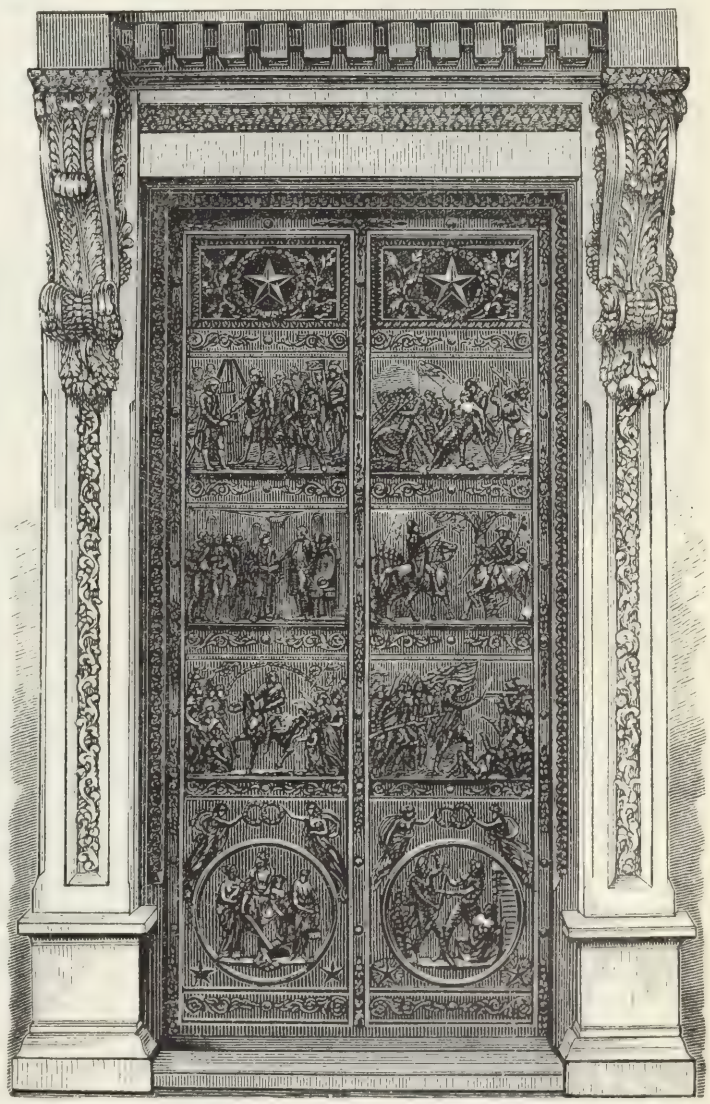
some people, older than their years; that is, have existed longer in the same space of time than their contemporaries. The associations hovering about each one might furnish a library. The subject is too large to be treated in these narrow limits. But a few brief pen strokes will indicate the depth of the well of enlightenment below the surface. The mansion purchased by Mr. Corcoran, when Webster retired from the cabinet, was improved and its grounds beautified, until it became a princely establishment. Its master wielded great influence, and distributed his wealth lavishly. His magnificent entertainments outrivalled all others, and for a considerable period his dinners were perpetual and far-famed. The house owned by Mrs. Madison, where she spent the evening of her life receiving visits and presiding over dinner and other parties, the observed of all observers, has been the residence of a succession of public characters. Crittenden while Attorney-General —of whom it was said, "As Damon, Clay should have been his Pythias"—and his family; the famous Senator Preston, of South Carolina, and his family; Mr. Roosevelt, of New York, whose wife, a descendant of the Van Ness family, was pronounced the most charming hostess of her time; Admiral Wilkes, who owned the property; General M'Clellan while commanding the army; and its roof has sheltered Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Chartres, the Comte de Paris, and any number of foreign princes and dignitaries. The Tayloe mansion just beyond, built in 1828, was for forty consecutive years the scene of the most liberal and courtly hospitality. The Tayloes represented worthily the aristocracy of Virginia. Of lordly descent and enormous wealth, several generations of men perfected themselves in classical and *belles-lettres* scholarship. Colonel John Tayloe returned from Eton and Cambridge to succeed to the largest estate in Virginia, owned 500 slaves, built brigs and schooners, worked iron mines, and converted iron into plough-shares, the labor being wholly performed by his own subjects. He contributed largely to the early growth of Washington. Prior to the building of a church in the new city he was in the habit of driving to Georgetown in a chariot drawn by six horses to attend public worship on the Sabbath. It was his son, Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, who built the house on the square, and who spent years in foreign travel and in intimate association with the best people of two continents. His home was the resort of such men as Cass, Clay, Calhoun, Preston, Webster, Tyler, Buchanan, Scott, Irving, Prescott, and Bancroft. It is a much larger dwelling than appears upon the face of it, the parlors or drawing-rooms numbering four or five, and it overflows with choice souvenirs, curious mementos, and valuable relics. Among these the card-table of Washington, the parlor chairs and private escritoire of Alexander Hamilton, a cane of Napoleon Bonaparte, Sèvres plates from the table service of Marie Antoinette, and paintings from the old masters, are by no means least. Since the death of her husband Mrs.

Tayloe has taken little part in social gayeties, but in a quiet, unostentatious manner serves tea informally to a select circle, embracing the highest refinement and culture, drawn hither by the most potent of all charms, intellectual magnetism. On the same block is the mansion where Seward resided while Secretary of State.

Not far from here, in H Street, is the handsome home of George Bancroft, the distinguished scholar and historian, whose name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken, and whose genius and capacity have been honored in the councils of the nation, as well as enriched literature. His library is one of the most extensive private libraries in the country, and his collection of original portraits and rare old pictures of priceless value. The chairs in his drawing-rooms formerly belonged to Edmund Waller, the English poet. Socially some of the most attractive assemblages in Washington are entertained within these walls. Mrs. Bancroft, the presiding genius, is a lady of great elegance and personal worth.

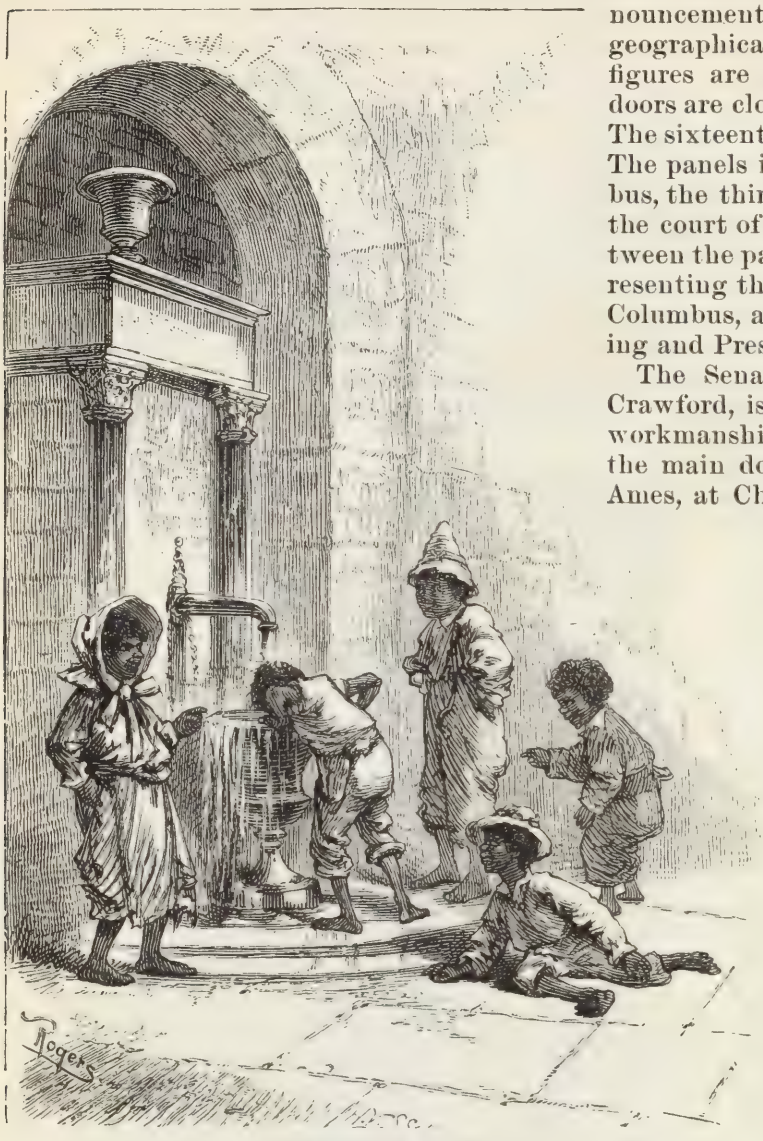
Nor must we lose sight of the fact that some of the greatest of living astronomers are residents of Washington; as, for instance, Professor Newcomb, who has charge of the observatory, and under whose superintendence the great refracting telescope was constructed and mounted. And like the silent stars in their modesty, a coterie of brilliant scientists cluster about Professor Joseph Henry, whose learning is only equalled by the value of his discoveries, and whose name is honored wherever science finds a votary. There are literary circles purely, chief among which is one under the auspices of Mrs. Commodore Dahlgren. And many resident artists of eminence, whose receptions are always attractive —which brings us to the great historical painting of the Electoral Commission in the Supreme Court room, by Mrs. Fassett, whereby we are reminded of the nine judges, who present such an imposing appearance in their robes of office, apart from the associations connected with the most exalted legal tribunal in the land, and who with their families reside permanently in Washington, contributing their full share to the exactions of society. And since we have unwittingly fallen into the Capitol, let us step into the national library and note the crowd of eager readers. The gentleman with classic features, straight smooth hair, and inexhaustible urbanity is Mr. Spofford, the librarian, whose unlimited practical knowledge of books of every age and in every language enables him to tell in five minutes all the best works upon any subject under the sun, and as quickly produce them for search and research.

We must not linger here, but pass through the rotunda and the great bronze door to the outside world. The dome of the Capitol, the most finished specimen of iron architecture in the world, would detain us too long were we to ascend its dizzy height. We must content ourselves with looking into the canopy where Brumidi's allegorical picture represents Washington seated on the rainbow, with Liberty on his right and Victory on his left, while thirteen maidens with joined hands form a semicircle symbolic of the original thirteen States. Around this central group are six other characteristic groups—War, Agriculture, Mechanics, Commerce, the Marine, and the Arts and Sciences. This work alone cost the govern-



THE SENATE BRONZE DOOR, CAPITOL.—[DESIGNED BY CRAWFORD.]

ment $40,000. The great bronze door from the rotunda to the grand portico is a credit to the edifice, and we shall hardly be held excusable if, like the average multitude, we pass through without seeing it. It was designed and modelled in Rome by Rogers, and cast in Munich. The leaves or valves of the door, which is double, stand in superbly enriched casing, and when opened fold back into fitting jambs. Each leaf is divided into eight panels in addition to the transom panel under the arch. Each panel contains a complete scene in *alto-relievo*. The scenes portrayed constitute the principal events in the life of Columbus and the discovery of America, with an ornate enrichment of emblematic designs. On the key of the arch of the casing is the head of Columbus, and on the sides of the casing are four typical statuettes in niches arranged chronologically—Asia, Africa, Europe, and America. The remainder of the casing is embellished with a running border of ancient armor, banners, and heraldic designs, and at the bottom, on either side, an anchor, all in *basso-relievo*, and emblematic of navigation and conquest. On the frame of each leaf of the door, set in niches, are sixteen statuettes of the patrons and contemporaries of Columbus, given in the order of their association with the announcement and execution of his theory of geographical exploration. The first eight figures are associated in pairs when the doors are closed, and divided when opened. The sixteenth is Pizarro, conqueror of Peru. The panels illustrate the career of Columbus, the third scene being his audience at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. Between the panels are a series of heads, representing the historians of the voyages of Columbus, among which are those of Irving and Prescott.



THE CAPITOL SPRING.

The Senate bronze door, designed by Crawford, is equally interesting, and the workmanship as fine in every respect as the main door. It was cast by James T. Ames, at Chickopee, Massachusetts. The upper panel of each valve contains a star surrounded by oak leaves, and acts as a ventilator. In the foot panel of each leaf are figures typical of Peace and War. There are six panels, constituting the body of the door, in which are represented, in *alto-relievo*, events connected with the Revolution, the foundation of our government, and the erection of the Capitol, chronologically as follows: the battles of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, and Yorktown; the welcome of Washington in Trenton on his way to New York in 1789 (the same panel contains portraits of the sculptor, his wife, three children, and of Rogers, the sculptor of the main door); the inauguration of Washington in 1789; and the laying the corner-stone of the Capitol, September 18, 1793. The prominent figures are all likenesses. The frame over the door is supported by enriched brackets. The ornamentation is scroll-work and acanthus, with the cotton boll, stalks and ears of corn, grapes and entwining vines.

DOUBT.

How can it be that here within my heart
  Two forces war as if to bind my soul?
And both are love, and each now holds a part,
  And each contends to subjugate the whole.
For when with sorrow low my spirit bends,
  Depressed and lonely, like a wounded dove,
It turns to thy kind face, my best of friends,
  Choosing the shelter of thy tender love;
But when high aims and passion fill my breast,
O prouder love, to thee my soul's confessed.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

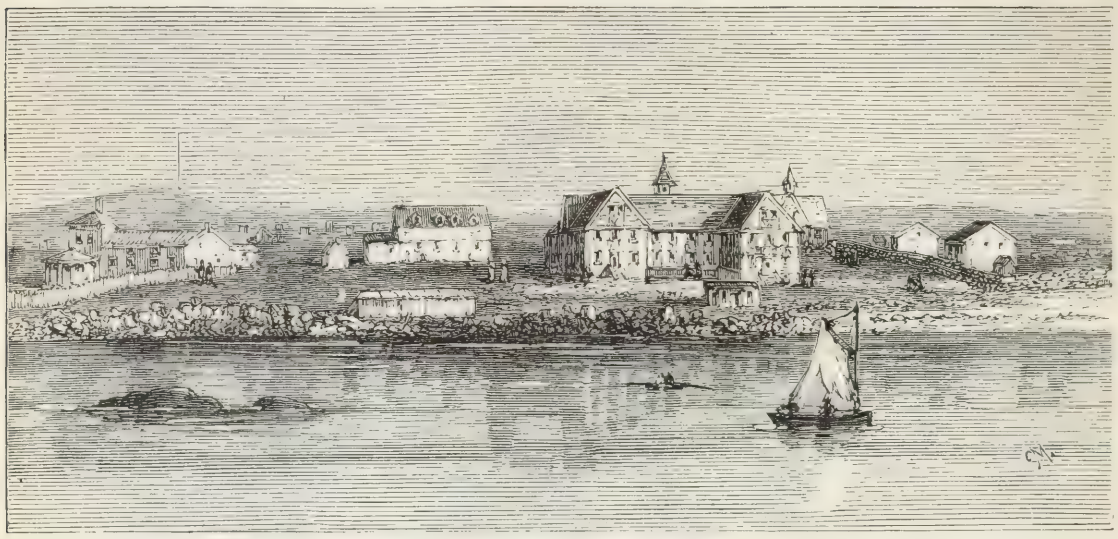
THE teacher in our public schools who graduated from college or seminary twenty or thirty years ago finds himself bearing much the same relation to science which Rip Van Winkle, after his twenty years' nap, awoke to find himself bearing to the daily gossip of his neighborhood. While the teacher has been absorbed in his school-room work, science has not only vastly enlarged its boundaries, but it has also simplified its principles to the understanding of children. By the simplicity of these principles, and by the constantly recurring illustrations which they receive from the every-day phenomena of nature, science has become a study peculiarly adapted to the student in the high school and the academy. But the same advance which fits it to form a part of the young student's course unfits it as a subject upon which the teacher may lecture or instruct. The student, therefore, demanding that his instruction shall be at a level with the high-water mark of scientific investigations, obliges his teacher to acquaint himself with at least one department of modern science. But this knowledge the teacher can not gain with satisfaction from the ordinary text-books; for nature, like a tenth-century manuscript, must be studied in its various phenomena at first hand. The daily work of the school-room, also, usually prevents a teacher from attempting voyages of discovery into new departments of learning; and he is, moreover, seldom able, for pecuniary or other reasons, to establish a laboratory, which is necessary to his pursuit of scientific studies. To furnish teachers, therefore, with instruction in the various departments of natural science is the primary design of the establishment of the numerous schools which are held each summer.



IN THE FIELD.

But this is not their only design. As the

courses of instruction in our colleges are enlarged by means of elective studies, the student finds he is able to avail himself of hardly a tithe of the privileges his college offers. He finds that four years are too short for him to gain a liberal education in all the departments of knowledge. If he wishes to make a careful study of either the classics, mathematics, or philosophy, he is compelled to neglect the physical sciences. But the summer school provides him with a royal road to either chemistry, zoology, botany, or geology. By its advantages he is able in the course of six weeks to gain a comprehensive knowledge of a single department of science, and also to lay up an amount of mental energy sufficient to meet the drafts of his next year's work. After a tramp through the Catskills, with genial professors and jolly fellow-students, engaged in studying the geological formation of the region, he returns to New Haven or Cambridge as well fitted for a year of hard work as if he had spent the summer in yachting alongshore, or in casting a fly on the Rangeley Lakes. He brings back with him, moreover, a knowledge of geology clearer in its principles and of greater practical use than his chum is likely to gain in his whole college course.



ANDERSON SCHOOL, PENIKESE ISLAND.

But a third purpose remains which the summer school fulfills. To a young woman of scholarly tastes a course of experiments in chemistry is more attractive than Saratoga or the White Mountains. She would rather be a door-keeper in a chemical laboratory than dwell in the Profile or the Grand Union. Many a young lady of wealth and of culture finds more happiness, not to speak of knowledge, in spending six weeks in dissecting a clam and a lobster's ear than her sister is able to extract from a life of Sybaritic leisure at the sea-side.

The summer school is, however, hardly a new element in our educational system. On several occasions previous to the summer of 1873, when the Penikese School was opened, Professor Agassiz and his colleague Professor Shaler made expeditions with a small number of students for the purpose of scientific study and investigation. As early as the summer of 1869 a dozen professors and students, chiefly from the scientific school of Harvard University, made a trip to Colorado, where they achieved scientific results of considerable value. In the first four years of the present decade parties of students, under the charge of Professor Marsh and other Yale professors, made several expeditions to the region of the Rocky Mountains. The collections they secured were large and valuable, and are now deposited in the Museum of Natural History at New Haven. It was the custom of Professor Orton, of Vassar College, to spend a couple of weeks of his spring or summer vacation in visiting with a company of his enthusiastic students the coal regions of Pennsylvania, the Helderberg Mountains of New York, or some other region equally rich in geological interest. It was not, however, till the middle of the year 1873 that the first permanent summer school for the study of nature was established.

It was near the close of the year 1872 that our great naturalist announced a purpose, which he had for a long time cherished, of organizing a school of natural history near the sea-side during the summer months. It was chiefly designed, Professor Agassiz announced, for teachers who proposed to introduce the study of natural history into their schools, and for students preparing to become teachers. For a time after the announcement it seemed probable that financial difficulties would prevent that realization of the project which it was universally recognized to deserve. But the generosity of Mr. John Anderson, of New York, proved to be the *placidum caput* which quieted the

troubled sea of pecuniary needs that threatened to wreck the undertaking.

In Buzzard's Bay, twenty-five miles southeast of Newport, Rhode Island, stands the little island of Penikese. It is the most easterly of the three western islands of the Elizabeth group, containing about one hundred acres of great fertility, with several springs of fine fresh-water, and is locked in on its southern shore by a beautiful bay. Owned and occupied by Mr. Anderson as his summer home, it was presented to Professor Agassiz for the use of his school. To its new sphere it was admirably adapted. Specimens burrowed in the sand of its beach and swam in the waves that broke upon it. The summer's sultriness was unknown to its sea-locked acres. Its buildings were fitted to the needs of the school. From an endowment fund of fifty thousand dollars, also the gift of Mr. Anderson, a larger building was erected, with laboratories, aquariums, dissecting tables, and lecture-room on the first floor, and with fifty-eight bedrooms, for the use of the students, on the second.

On the 8th of July, 1873, the summer school at Penikese was opened. The address of its founder to his twoscore of students on the morning of that day indicates those purposes of his life which he now saw beginning to be realized: "Our object is to study nature, and I hope I may lead you in this enterprise so that you may learn to read for yourselves. We should make nature our text-book. Whenever we read books, we are removed from the things we could be better acquainted with. Instead of the things themselves, we appropriate the interpretation of some one else; and however correctly we may have done this, we invariably return to the study of the things themselves whenever we wish to make real progress; and I hope to live long enough to make text-books useless and hateful, without even implying a reflection upon the services text-books may have rendered in past times.....The advantages you enjoy today have given you greater facilities for work, better appliances, than I had myself, not merely when commencing my career, but when making some of my most important investigations."

A day at Penikese was a day of hard work combined with that enthusiastic enjoyment which alone springs from the successful pursuit of knowledge. Every student on the island worked with that enthusiasm which Agassiz himself felt, and with which he always inspired his pupils. There were no summer heats to dissipate the intellectual and physical energies; there were few or no interruptions from inquisitive visitors; there were no dullards to retard the progress of ambitious students. The women spurred the men to attempting more advanced investigations, and the men urged the women in turn to greater thoroughness in their analyses. Of a morning, Aurora has hardly risen from her ocean bed when the student, descending from his eight-by-ten bedroom, begins the day with the performance of that humble scientific duty, digging clams. He is accompanied by his sister student, who, in long apron and short dress, is examining the contents of the lobster cages. Successful in their expedition, each returns to the simple breakfast that the island and its waters afford, and at its close, hastening to the lecture-room, they listen to a talk of Professor Agassiz (Agassiz's lectures were always talks) upon the methods of studying natural history. With their enthusiasm at the boiling-point, they begin at its conclusion the regular work of the day at the dissecting table in the laboratory. While one is engaged in studying the muscles of the clam which he has unearthed, the other is absorbed in the contemplation of the wonders of a lobster's ear. The water in each of the forty-four aquariums is splashing with the movements of the newly captured animals; the tables are covered with the débris of the dissections; the lines of students are picturesque, with the long-sleeved aprons and Greek-knotted hair of the women, and with the bare simplicity of the gentlemen's toilet; the rough board walls echo the jests and expressions of surprise that fly from mouth to mouth. To the walk of the teacher among his students succeeds an intenser zeal, both on the part of one to whom he offers a corrective suggestion, and on the part of another to whom his word of praise is a much-needed tonic. In breaking with hammer and cutting with razor, in observing with eye, microscope, and lens, in tracing on paper the forms analyzed, in walking along the shore in search for specimens, and in discussing with professor or friend the value of some new theory in science, the student finds the hours of the day rapidly passing away. The evening brings the closing lecture of the day's work, by Dr. Packard on articulates, or by Professor Wilder on vertebrates, and at its close he is sufficiently weary to ascend to his bare-walled chamber to see visions, like Peter on the house-top, of all manner of beasts and creeping things.

The programme of a day's work at Penikese differed, of course, with the days and with individuals. Some students studied only a few forms of animal life, while others made their work of a general nature. Some devoted much time to the microscope and its revelations, while others preferred to dredge for specimens near the "Sow and Pigs" and "Hen and Chickens" reefs, where the nets brought to the surface animals of as singular appearance as the names of the rocks to which they clung. Indeed, the students, nearly all of whom were engaged in



LABORATORY OF THE SALEM SCHOOL.

teaching in our high schools and academies, were fitted by long years of study to select and to do their work without the direct supervision of their professors: guiding others, they knew how to guide themselves.

But soon after the close of the session various difficulties began to darken the prospects of the school. Near the end of the year that busy brain in which the conception of the plan of the Penikese school took place ceased to think. Only a small sum of the endowment fund remained from the expenses of organization and of the first session. Appeals for aid made to the superintendents of public instruction in the different States proved ineffective. A second session, however, was held in the summer of 1874, which, in the character and method of the work done, did not differ essentially from the first. But before the appointed date for the opening of the third session a discussion arose in a public journal in regard to the management of the school, between Professor Alexander Agassiz on one side and Mr. Anderson and his friends on the other, the ultimate result of which was the closing of the school. In this discussion the public can be interested only so far as to lament that it succeeded in blasting an educational movement which was bright with the promise of the highest and most extended usefulness. The island has recently been deeded back to Mr. Anderson, with all its contents, but it is still encumbered with a small debt.

The universal regret arising from the abandonment of the Penikese school was lessened, however, by the establishment of numerous other schools on a similar basis and with similar purposes. The Kirkland School at Cleveland, under the charge of Professor Comstock, of Cornell University, attracted a score of enthusiastic students in the summer of 1875; but the superior attractions of Philadelphia in the next summer did not permit a second session. A summer school of biology, of zoology, and of botany was also established by the Peabody Academy of Science in 1876, at Salem, Massachusetts. The attendance and the pecuniary results of the first two sessions indicate that it may be as permanent an annual as certain species of the flowers which its students analyze. Intended primarily for the teachers of Essex County, it has attracted by its distinguished corps of instructors students from several States and from several colleges. Among the twenty students of the last session Virginia and Louisiana were represented, and of our colleges, Vassar, Wellesley, Cornell, and Williams sent either professors, graduates, or students. The emphasis which this school lays upon a personal acquaintance with nature and upon the importance of forming a correct method of scientific study is indicated in Dr. Packard's opening address to the students: "Biology as well as geology is a science of observation. The facts concerning the morphology, mode of growth, and mutual relations of organisms must be learned by handling, observing, and drawing the objects themselves. .....We shall endeavor to study nature at first hand, and the scalpel, the pencil, and microscope will be the instruments of research. It will be better for us to study a few forms of life thoroughly, and thus from

one type learn how to study others. Specialists in the knowledge of a few forms, we shall learn how to study and observe, so that for a knowledge of others only time will be wanting..... The idea I would impress upon you is to spend the bulk of your time in the thorough study of a few typical forms of life, dissect and draw, learning how to observe; and when you have learned to observe for yourselves, it will be easy to teach others. After becoming thoroughly acquainted with the structure of a sea-weed, a fern, a pine, a lily, a sea-anemone, a sea-urchin, clam, snail, worm, insect, fish, and bird, their structure and mode of development, then what time you have left you can devote to identifying species and observing their habits, collecting, and studying the classifications of the different groups."

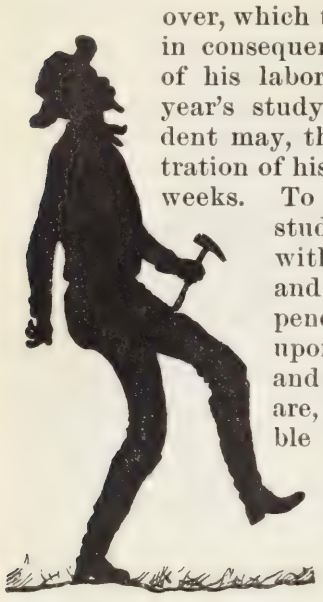


MUSEUM, PEABODY ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, SALEM.

During the session of the Salem school held last summer, the instruction comprised some ten lectures a week upon zoology and botany, by Dr. Packard, Mr. John Robinson, and other distinguished scientists. The principal work, however, of the students consisted of laboratory practice in the dissecting and drawing of specimens. The clam alone occupied the attention of a part of the students for a week, and to the grasshopper an equal amount of time was allowed. In addition to the regular biological studies, Mr. Charles S. Minot gave a course of six lectures and practical demonstrations in histology; and the Rev. E. C. Bolles, one of our most distinguished microscopists, gave instruction in the use of that necessary instrument of scientific investigation.

In the summer of 1874 Harvard University established at Cambridge courses of instruction in chemistry and botany for teachers and for others qualified to pursue them. It added the next summer a course in geology. These three or four courses, for phenogamic and cryptogamic botany form two distinct courses of study, make up the oldest, most complete, and largest of our summer schools. Established by and under the care of a university, their students receive the same training that is open to the college student of a similar degree of proficiency. The classes of thirty-five in botany and of twenty-five in chemistry are sufficiently large to allow that competition in study which numbers give, and not, on the other hand, large enough for the student to lose the sense of his individual responsibility. Open to both men and women, the majority of whom are teachers, these schools attract as faithful

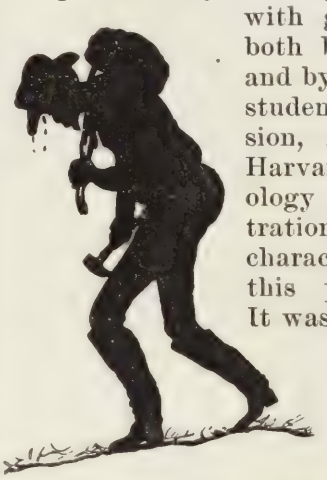
and as brilliant a body of students as those who are the regular students of the college. That attainment in a single subject, moreover, which the college student, in consequence of the division of his labor, gains only by a year's study, the summer student may, through the concentration of his work, make in six weeks. To these schools the student is admitted without examination, and his progress depends almost entirely upon his own ability and effort. The courses are, moreover, so flexible that he can carry forward his studies summer after summer, taking them up at the beginning of one session at that point where he laid them down at the close of the session of the previous year.



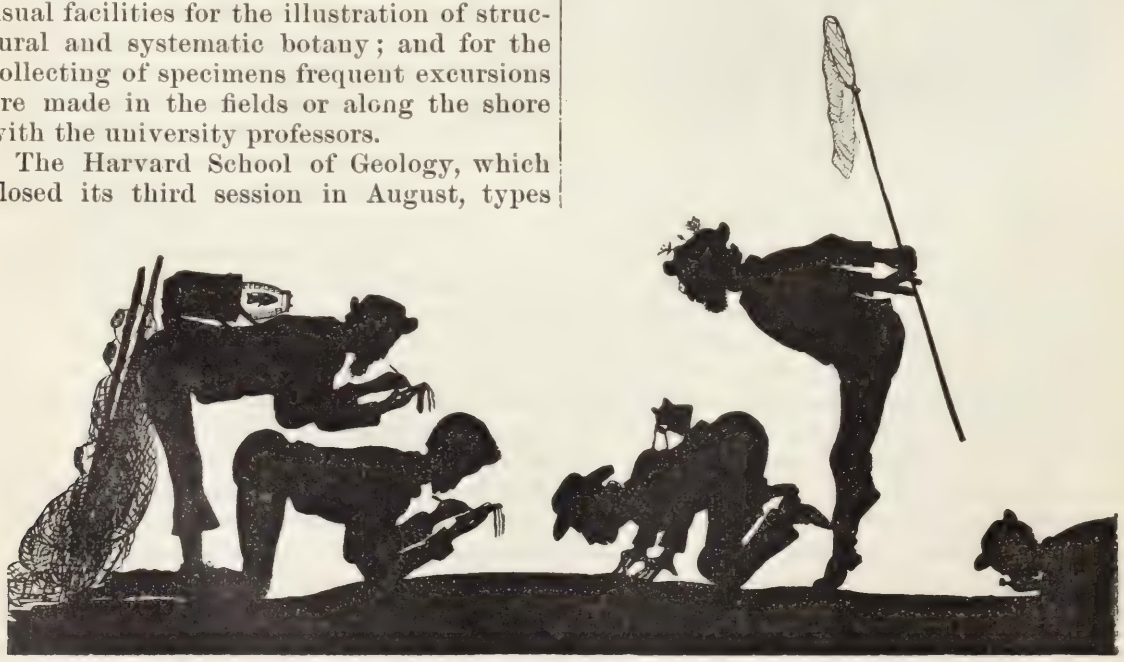
LEAVING CAMP, 7 A.M.

The instruction in chemistry consists of exercises and experiments in the laboratory and of occasional lectures. Connected with this course is a course in qualitative analysis, in which lectures, supplemented by laboratory practice, are provided upon the methods of analyzing "bases, acids, and substances of unknown composition." The instruction in the two schools of botany also consists of work in the botanical laboratories with microscopes and dissecting needles, and in numerous lectures. All the greenhouses and botanical museums, with which the university is fully equipped, are open with the same privileges to the summer student as to the Harvard Senior. They afford unusual facilities for the illustration of structural and systematic botany; and for the collecting of specimens frequent excursions are made in the fields or along the shore with the university professors.

The Harvard School of Geology, which closed its third session in August, types these summer schools, which, like Israel of old, dwell in tents and have no permanent abiding-place. The last session consisted, after a fortnight of introductory work at Cambridge, of a trip along the Connecticut in Western Massachusetts, and of an excursion through the Catskill and Helderberg mountains of New York. On the Connecticut the quarries at Turner's Falls, famous for their bird tracks and vegetable remains, were visited and investigated. In the Catskills and Helderbergs the geological problems presented by these regions were studied with great enthusiasm both by the professors and by the half score of students. The first session, however, of the Harvard School of Geology is the best illustration of the work and character of schools of this peripatetic type. It was held at Cumberland Gap, where Virginia and Kentucky meet on the northern boundary of Tennessee — one of the most beautiful and picturesque regions of our whole country. The charm of the unbroken forests, the beauty of the Yellow Creek and Powell's valleys, the ruggedness of the mountain ranges, formed a scene of Alpine grandeur to men who had been imprisoned in college dormitories with their philosophies and classics. The region offers, moreover, unusual opportunities for the study of the American paleozoic rocks and of the structure of the Appalachian Mountains. About Cumber-



RETURNING TO CAMP, 7 P.M.



STRUCK A VEIN.

land Gap, too, is centred considerable interest arising from our late war. The place was occupied during the four years by detachments from one of the opposing armies, and the Gap and the heights on either side still bear the marks of earth-works and batteries. The white tents of Camp Harvard were pitched where an artillery camp once stood, and that point from which the battery thundered was the location of the lecture tent, where he listens to a talk by one of the professors on the geological problems that the day's tramp will present. Equipping himself with compass, clinometer, a hammer for breaking and a lens for examining the rocks, and a knapsack for specimens, he sets out for a point three or four miles away, where nature reveals the secrets of her early ages to his eye. The professor, who is at once his instructor and

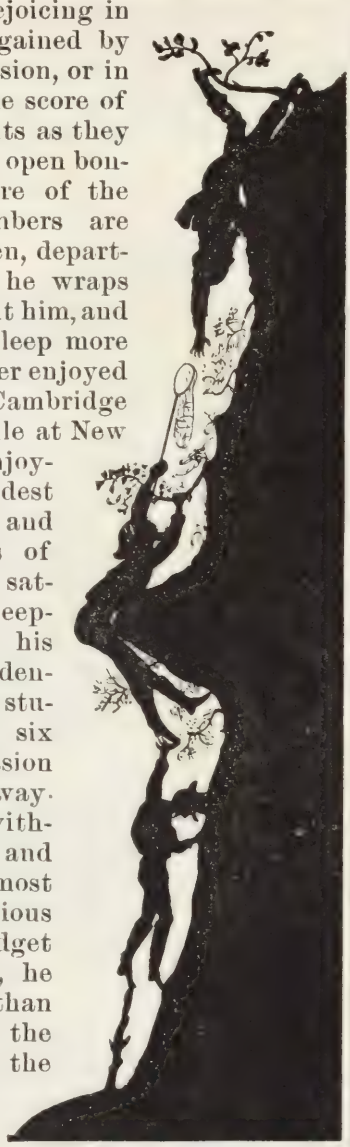


CAMP HARVARD, CUMBERLAND GAP.

tent. In this tent students who had ten years before been soldiers in either army studied and took their lecture notes, as eager in their examination of a newly discovered fossil as once they were to turn each other into the condition of the trophy they scrutinize.

The day of a student at the Gap was the combination of the life of the primitive backwoodsman with the training of colleges and laboratories. He rises with the lark, and, after as simple a toilet as that which it requires, he breakfasts on smoked bacon and other delicacies such as the camp's larder affords. At its close he hastens to the fellow-student, accompanies him. Questions relating to geological difficulties are asked and discussed. Stories are told, and the peals of laughter which they awaken echo and re-echo through the woods and along the cliffs. The two are as jolly as hunters with good game within their rifles' range, and as wise as a college professor and his faithful student. The enthusiasm in the discovery of fossils, in coal measures, and of sub-carboniferous limestones is mutual. In discussion and study, in digging and breaking, in tramping and climbing, the hours of the day rapidly speed away. With his knapsack heavy with specimens, and his

appetite sharp for his dinner of bacon, he returns to camp in the late afternoon. In the evening he writes up the notes of his day's tramp, or discusses some scientific question with the botanist or the entomologist, who are rejoicing in new specimens gained by their day's excursion, or in chatting with the score of his fellow-students as they gather round the open bonfire in the centre of the camp. The embers are burning low when, departing to his tent, he wraps his blankets about him, and lies down to a sleep more sound than he ever enjoyed in old Hollis at Cambridge or in South Middle at New Haven. In the enjoyment of the grandest natural scenery and of the novelties of camp life, in his satisfaction at the deepening brown of his face and his hardening muscles, the student finds the six weeks of the session rapidly passing away. He gains rest without dissipation, and knowledge almost without conscious study, and the budget of his expenses, he finds, is smaller than if he had spent the summer either in the mountains, or at the beaches of Old Orchard or Long Branch.



ARDENT ASPIRANTS.

One of the most successful, from the scientific point of view, as well as one of the most ubiquitous of the schools of the last summer was that connected with Butler University, of Irvington, Indiana. It was composed of a dozen professors and students, and in the course of its eight weeks' session its members travelled over a thousand miles by rail and three hundred miles on foot. Its route of travel lay through parts of Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, and embraced the most picturesque scenery of the central Southern States. The mountains and caves of Cumberland Gap, the gorges, cliffs, and Niagara-like rapids of the French Broad (see Mrs. Woolson's article in the April number of this Magazine for 1875), the valley of the Swanwanoa, with its magnificent white laurels, the rugged grandeur of the Black Mountains, and the falls of the Toccoa, as well as the glen and cataracts of the Tallulah, formed a series of the most sublime and beautiful views of mountain and river scenery. No school of the last summer traversed a region in which nature has displayed in greater variety or beauty her handiwork. But the athletic and social element, as well as the æsthetic, was more carefully cultivated by the members of the expedition than is usual among schools of its peripatetic type. A base-ball club was organized which was wont to consider itself worthy to meet any nine in the Gulf States. Along the line of march, too, the frolicsome enthusiasm of the party found a vent, and its lagging footsteps were oftentimes quickened by its song:

"We're a band of jolly brothers;
From the Hoosier State we come,
And we're known through Northern Georgia
For our wisdom, wit, and fun."

The scientific results of the expedition are, however, as valuable as the trip was delightful. Collections from the flora of the regions traversed were made, and specimens illustrative of several departments of geology and zoology were gathered. The collection of fishes was, however, the fullest and the most valuable. After leaving the Black Mountains, the school seined in all the rivers along its route, and succeeded in securing specimens of twenty-three new species of fish, as well as of one genus hitherto unknown to science—the *Lagochila*. Many thousands of specimens of little-known or otherwise desirable species were also collected, as well as a large amount of information in regard to the fishes of the Southern rivers. The United States National Museum will soon publish a bulletin of the scientific results of the trip, by Professors Jordan and Brayton. An expedition of a similar character is already planned for the next summer, which offers a line of study and of travel no less interesting than that of the last. Starting from Livingston, Kentucky, the party will proceed through Big Creek Gap to Knoxville, and will thence strike across the Great Balsam Mountains, through Rabun Gap, to the Tallulah Falls. From this point it will travel in a southwesterly direction to the Gulf, and thence northwestward through Alabama, and down the Tennessee River.

The schools whose work has already been sketched seem to type in most respects the various other schools which were in session the last summer. The "Normal Institute," however, that met at East Greenwich, on the western shore of Narragansett Bay, was so comprehensive in its course of study, and so enthusiastically supported by a large body of instructors and lecturers, that its leading features should be briefly touched upon. It was primarily a school of music, in which the course of instruction was essentially

identical with that offered by the best conservatories. Dr. Tourjée, of the New England Conservatory, acted as director, and among the other distinguished instructors were Mr. Carl Zerrahn, Mr. J. C. O. Parker, of the Boston University, and the eminent pianist Mr. B. J. Lang. Courses of study were, however, also provided in elocution, French, German, and drawing. In addition to the regular instruction, numerous lectures were delivered by as eminent scholars as Colonel T. W. Higginson, Walter Smith, of the Massachusetts Normal Art School, Mr. Henry N. Hudson, and Hon. B. G. Northrop, of the Connecticut Board of Education. But the social interests of the school were not allowed to be neglected. The large body of its members boarded together, and shared in the same pleasures and sports. Excursions were frequently made to picturesque points along the shore and to islands in the bay, to Newport, Block Island, and to Rocky Point—famous for its clam-bakes.

The school of languages at Amherst, as well as the music school of Dr. Tourjée, represents a new departure in summer instruction. The former school, if not the first, is one of the first of the summer schools devoted to the exclusive study of the ancient and modern languages. Its master was Dr. Sauveur, who is well known in educational circles for his new method of studying the "living languages." In the school of the last summer French was the principal subject of study, but classes were also formed in Latin and German. Its attractions were sufficient to gather over a hundred pupils, among whom Amherst and Vassar colleges, the Normal College of New York, and the Packer Institute were represented by either professors or students. The success of the first session has enabled the master to announce the opening of a second session the next summer, in which a course of study in the languages much more extended than the curriculum of most colleges affords will be provided. Greek, Italian, and Spanish will be studied, and two classes will be formed in Latin, three in German, and four in French.



MOVING CAMP INTO THE GULF.

The future position and character of summer schools depend upon the same causes from which their establishment originally sprang, and which have for four successive summers prompted their continuance. That lack of training in science which so many teachers bitterly experience will continue for at least another decade, and this lack can usually be supplied only by the facilities which the summer school provides. With the increase in the number of the courses of instruction of the college curriculum the scholarly Sophomore will be more and more inclined to relegate his botany, zoology, and geology to the summer school, since the method of study which it demands is so different from that required by the classics or philosophy that, through a complete change in the character of his mental work, he can receive that mental rest and recreation which he needs. The number of the young women, also, who desire to receive first-rate instruction in science is, I believe, constantly increasing. This instruction they are seldom able to obtain at the boarding-school, and therefore, in the future, the summer school will draw a large proportion of students from this class. But the same general reasons which caused the formation of summer schools of natural science have also tended to establish schools of a similar character devoted to topics other than scientific. Of this type are the music school on Narragansett Bay and Dr. Sauveur's school of languages, as well as Professor Kraus's German school at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The schools of this type will doubtless increase in number and patronage, but not, I think, to any considerable extent; for the subjects in which they offer instruction are too similar to the regular curriculum of college or academy to allow many students to devote their vacations to the studies they provide. The schools of science, however, will probably continue to increase in number and influence. Although in Massachusetts as many are already organized as can be well supported, yet the establishment of several in the Western States would succeed, I doubt not, in attracting a large number of students. If the University of Michigan would establish summer courses of instruction, as her sis-

ter university at Cambridge has done, she would greatly increase that debt of gratitude which the whole West already owes her.

One of the most delightful features of the summer schools as now established is their popular character. They are pre-eminently common schools. Their charges for instruction and the other expenses connected with them are so low as to allow any teacher or student of moderate income to become a pupil. The sea-side laboratories which have recently been established in Europe were intended only for the professional few. But our summer schools of science were and are intended for the teachers and students of the whole country, and, through them, for every child in every red school-house in every State.

I can not close this article without expressing my gratitude to Professor Alexander Agassiz, Dr. Packard, Mr. W. M. Davis, Jun., and Mr. James Mullen, the photographer of Cumberland Gap, for many acts of kindness shown me during the course of its preparation. By their aid, as well as by the aid of several other teachers in our summer schools, the writing of this paper has been rendered not only possible, but even a delightful task.



SHOWING A NATIVE THE WONDERS OF ENTOMOLOGY.

OLD FLEMISH MASTERS.

I.—QUENTIN MATSYS.

THERE are such conflicting statements concerning the "famous blacksmith of Antwerp," that the date and place of his birth even can not be positively stated. For more than three hundred years a feud has waged between Louvain and Antwerp, each claiming him as a son. For Louvain the most formidable champion has been M. Edward van Even, who, in poring over the registers of the city, found that in 1440 Arnold and Nicholas Massys were allowed in Louvain the immunities of burghers, and accordingly claims that Quentin is one of their descendants, as in the said city there was living from 1469 to 1530 a famous lock-smith and clock-maker named Matsys. Also that Guichardin—who, however, is oftentimes regarded as of doubtful authority—in his list of contemporary painters, mentions that Quentin Matsys was born in the old capital of Brabant.

For Antwerp the disputants are the editors of the catalogue of the museum at Antwerp, who, taking up the cudgels, contend that Van Even proves nothing by his facts, for that, according to the old Brabantine laws, it is by no means clear that the right to the immunities of a burgher of necessity implied residence in the city granting such privileges. Also that in Antwerp, from the year 1446, and even before, there are traces of a family of Metsys or Massys, who originally came from Malines. Then M. De Burbure, who examined with patient care the musty archives of the cathedral, discovered that from 1456 to 1466 there lived one Jean Metsys in Antwerp, who wrought for the cathedral many works in iron, and was, besides, intrusted with the care of the famous clock of St. Jacques, and that after his death, attributed to the year 1467, his widow was paid money due on the work of her husband. There is also a suggestion that the Metsys of Louvain is confounded with this one. It is considered strange there should be two of the same name pursuing identical occupations at the same time in places so near each other. In the late work of M. Alfred Michiels, *Rubens and the Antwerp School*, published in 1854, the discussion is resumed, and M. Michiels agrees with M. De Burbure in his conclusions. Be it as it may, though

the date and place of his birth are in doubt, Matsys achieved his fame at Antwerp, and will always be associated with the quaint Flemish city, and there he died. The spelling of his name is also in dispute; his son wrote it Massiis, but as nearly as it can be deciphered on his "Descent from the Cross," in the Louvre, he signed it Matsys.



QUENTIN MATSYS.

Every one who visits Antwerp goes, of course, to the cathedral, and if they enter there by the principal gate, the nearest way to it is through the obscure "Place aux Gants," in the centre of which stands one of the sights of the city—the famous well. Of the many who daily draw water from it, probably few ever think of its beauty; but to the tourist and connoisseur it possesses great attractions. Four upright bars of iron, springing from the four corners of the margin, support and are encircled by clustering tendrils and graceful leaves. Midway from the four shafts are sprung four arches, meeting at the top, and forming a pedestal, which is crowned with a figure of the patron saint of Antwerp, the knight Brabon. According to the legend, the giant Antigon, who lived on the borders of the Scheldt, was in the habit of levying black-mail on the Flemish merchants, and his punishment of such as resisted his claim was to cut off one of their hands, from whence the name Antwerpen (hand cut off). The valiant knight Brabon avenged the wrongs of his countrymen by assailing the giant, overpowering him, and in turn depriving him of his right hand. The knight is represented in armor, leaning on his lance, and his figure, the statues midway on the four uprights, the leaves, curves, tendrils, are all marvels of workmanship, even when compared with the many other beautiful specimens of the iron-work of the fifteenth century still existing. It seems impossible that such grace, delicacy of outline, and finish in detail could be fashioned by a hammer; there are few old shrines or chalices which are carved with such skill or taste, and the famous blacksmith surpassed in iron with his heavy tools the artistic gold-workers with their more easily worked metal and delicate, skillful tools. This beautiful piece of work is by tradition attributed to Quentin Matsys, who was called the master in iron, though then barely of age, and who bet with a fellow-workman that out of a single piece of iron, and with one hammer, he would fashion the well cover, and gained the bet. Furthermore, the romance-lovers tell us that for



THE ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST.

the love of fair Adelaide van Tuylt—whose father, a painter, regarding a blacksmith as unworthy to be his son-in-law, refused Matsys as a suitor for his daughter—the rejected lover, abandoning the trade in which he stood so high, vowed to become an artist, and travelled through Germany and even England, working at his profession only to obtain the wherewithal to prosecute his art studies, and at last returned to Antwerp, where, as his merits were speedily recognized, the stern father yielded, and Matsys married his lady-love, though the people still persisted in calling him *the blacksmith*. The proof he gave of his skill was, entering Van Tuylt's studio when the painter was absent, he painted on the cheek of a figure on the easel a fly, which the painter, returning, tried to drive away, and finding it a work of art, asked who had painted the insect. In answer, Matsys demanded, "Do you think the man capable of doing this a sufficiently good painter to marry your daughter?" "If he can not marry her, 'tis not for lack of merit." "Well, I painted the fly, and if you have any doubt about it, I will paint a dozen alongside of the first." Fanenberg vouches for the truth of this story. If this tale of his travels is true, it must have been then that he wrought in England the iron tomb which covers the grave of Edward IV. in Windsor Chapel, and the incasing of the baptismal fonts in St. Peter's at Louvain, both of which works are attributed to him. In proof of the truth of this story of his love, the dubious are triumphantly referred to the inscription, composed by Lampsonius, on the portrait of Matsys, and to that which Cornelius van der Geest in 1629 had engraved on the pedestal erected to the memory of the artist, and which in its famous line comprises all that need be said:

"Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

The practical, unromantic seekers after truth assert that though there is no doubt that Quentin Matsys was bred a blacksmith, still he was a man of such delicate nerves and feeble body that his health was not such as to permit him to endure the severe labor of working in iron, and owing to his delicacy of execution and skill in the use

of tools, he began by carving in wood and illuminating for the churches in Antwerp, and so gradually advanced to painting. Pilkington, in his life of him, says: "Some affirm that the first unfolding of his genius was occasioned by the sight of a print which was shown to him by a friend who came to pay him a visit, while in a declining state of health from the labor of his former employment, and that by his copying the print with some degree of success he was inspired with a desire to learn the art of design."



"THE MISERS."

This seems hardly likely. Quentin Matsys had too absolutely the artist temperament—and had from his boyhood, whether he lived in Louvain or Antwerp, been surrounded by pictures calculated to inflame his love of art—to have waited until some chance brought to him the desire of designing. The love story seems to assimilate better to what we know of his disposition; and if he *did* build the well (and why should we not believe it until the contrary is positively shown to be the case?), the artist soul there found vent. No mere iron-worker could have fashioned that clustering mass of leaves and tendrils. And time to work, and training, not desire, were what he lacked. His whole-souled devotion to his art, his patient laboriousness, care of detail, and honesty in his work, show that he was an artist born, not made by circumstances.

Whatever may have guided him in his choice of a profession, we learn from the register of the Brothers of St. Luke, at Antwerp, that in 1491 or 1492 he was received as free master of the guild, that he was already held in high esteem by his brothers, for he then had pupils, and in 1496 a medal was struck off in his honor. Among his pupils were Ariaen in 1495, Willem Muelenbroec in 1501, Edward Portugalois in 1504, and Hennen Boechmakere in 1510. According to some writers, Quentin Matsys's own master was Roger van der Weyden; but this is an error, for that artist died in 1464, as

has been correctly proved beyond doubt, and he must have been confounded with one of the many who bore the same name.

It must be allowed that Quentin Matsys's earlier works showed that he had studied under the Bruges masters, and to a great degree partook of their prejudices; but still he exhibited the beginnings of an originality even in the two paintings in the Antwerp Museum, which are among his first productions—the one of Christ, the other of the Virgin. The artist's hand was timid. He still adhered, in the curves of the faces and the poses of the figures, and in sentiment, to the teachings and traditions of the former Flemish painters. Christ is draped in a red tunic, fastened at the breast with a clasp set with precious stones; a glory encircles His head; His right hand is raised as if invoking a blessing; by His left stands a cross curiously carved. The Virgin, the pendent picture, shows an advance in treatment. She is more human in expression; one could almost believe her to be a portrait. She is the type between the early and the late Flemish style—the one with no humanity, the other purely material, with no trace of spirituality. The details of this picture are most exquisite, and the coloring, though pale, soft and tender. There is at Nuremberg, in the Chapel of St. Maurice, a Trinity and a Crucifixion of Matsys's, which show more confidence in his own conceptions, and a further advance in the right direction—that of trusting to his own genius rather than blindly accepting and following established rules. Yet it was not until 1508, when in the maturity of his powers he painted "The Entombing of Christ," that he broke away from the past and gave full vent to his genius.

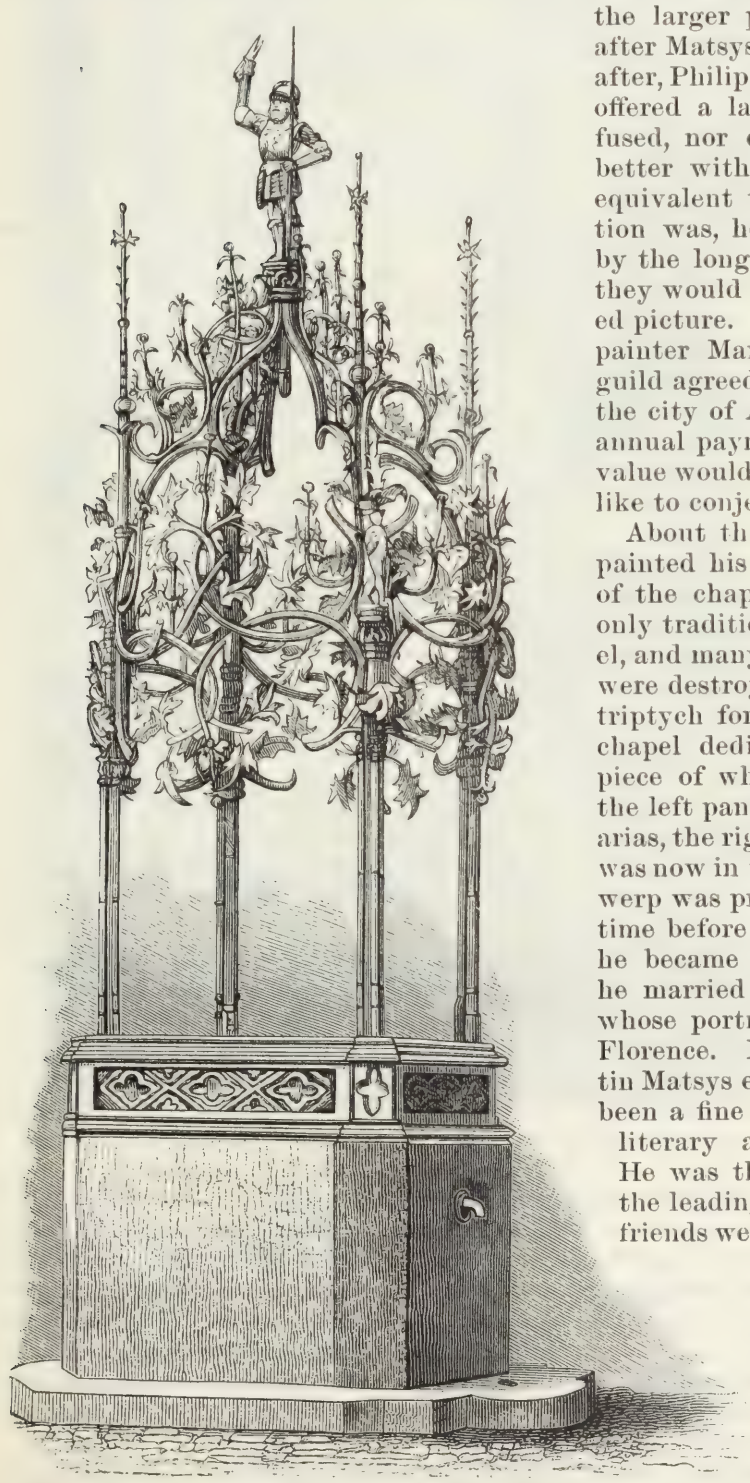
The Joiners' Guild in Antwerp, desiring fitly to decorate the chapel belonging to them in Notre Dame in the year 1508, commissioned Matsys to paint for them an altar-piece and the two panels intended as doors. Matsys was not trammelled with any suggestions, and the result was his masterpiece. The right panel represents Herodias bearing on a silver dish the bleeding head of John the Baptist; the left panel, St. John undergoing his martyrdom in the caldron of boiling oil. These pictures, represented with that mixture of the familiar and dramatic common to the early artists, rendered still more peculiar to our eyes by the quaint draping of the fifteenth century painters, are highly esteemed by art lovers, but still are dwarfed in interest by the central subject, "The Entombing of Christ."

Afar in the distant background, a landscape intervening, is to be seen the mount of Calvary, and on it the three crosses; from two still hang the malefactors, but the third is vacant. Directly in the foreground the body of Christ is supported and surrounded by the holy women and those who prepared Him for His burial. Jerusalem is seen in the distance. There is, of course, much in the picture to condemn—faults of coloring, grouping, and anatomy—but the sentiment, beyond reproach or fault-finding, is perfect. When one compares the picture with the works of the Italian artists—for ere this Raphael, Angelo, Da Vinci, had given to the world some of their best pictures—the incongruities and short-comings are almost painfully apparent. But it should be remembered that to Matsys Italy was but a name; of its painters he knew nothing; for him there had been no Renaissance; he stood alone; there were none with whom he could compare himself, and see where he failed and they excelled. In spite of the lack of beauty and grace in the faces and figures, the almost grotesque grouping, no art lover, no one who can appreciate the pathos of the scene he portrayed, can look on the picture unmoved. The soul of the artist is in his work, he painted from his heart, and we recognize and respect the loving adoration, the profound reverence, the perfect faith, of the painter.

If the founder of no school, Matsys is yet the visible link between the Bruges colorists—one might almost call them miniaturists—and the glowing style of Rubens and his school. He mixed his colors with a free hand, he drew with a firm touch, and understood the secret of strong contrasts; his flesh-tints have a brilliancy and warmth wanting in his contemporaries. Mensaert, who saw this picture in 1763, says: "Though over two hundred years have passed since the picture was executed, the colors are so fresh, so beautiful, that one feels as though looking at a miniature."

The same qualities which render the "Entombing" so valuable appear also in "The Descent from the Cross," in the Louvre, for many years wrongly attributed to Lucas von Leyden, but now established to be the work of Matsys. In the centre of this vigorous picture, painted in glowing colors on a background of gold, is Nicodemus on a ladder detaching Christ from the cross; a servant aids him, and is supporting the left arm of Christ, and one of the holy women the right. Near them stand Joseph of Arimathea and Mary Magdalene, and behind her another woman bearing the crown of thorns. On the left John sustains the fainting Virgin. In the foreground are bones, a vase of perfume, and the numerous accessories always introduced into the pictures of that day. As in his other works, the same peculiarities are observable, a disregard of style, faultiness of drawing, awkwardness of pose—all the traces of an artist ignorant of the graces and charms of the Italian school. The draperies are singularly quaint,

the costumes peculiar, as, for instance, the green gloves of Mary Magdalene—so quaint and strange as to make an inattentive casual observer regard the picture as nothing more, perchance, than a *bizarre* production of an early painter; but on examination the student will appreciate the naïve charms of this work, which are many. Matsys certainly reproduced the fearful pallor, the angular rigidity, the pathetic uncomeliness, with which death invests all on whom he lays his hand, as few artists have succeeded in doing. Death is not revolting or unnatural, but all-powerful, and the anguish of the Virgin, the grief of the attendant mourners, the desolation of the scene, all are portrayed with a conscientious patience. The faces seem like those of familiar portraits, particularly that of the Magdalene, which, once seen, haunts the memory. Matsys's pictures should be studied before one is accustomed to the splendors of Italian art, for after that their defects seem manifold; the incongruities are so apparent then that the virtues and beauties are almost obscured.



THE IRON WELL OF ANTWERP.

The two pictures above described raised Matsys's fame. He was now always called Master Quentin, and numerous orders flowed in upon him. The Joiners' corporation agreed to pay him 300 florins, but they were never able to raise the whole sum, and on the larger part continued to pay interest after Matsys's death to his children. Years after, Philip II., anxious to own the picture, offered a large price, which the guild refused, nor did Queen Elizabeth fare any better with her offer of 5000 rose-nobles, equivalent to 40,000 florins. The corporation was, however, so much impoverished by the long war with Spain that they felt they would have to part with their cherished picture. But owing to the efforts of the painter Martin de Vos, the deans of the guild agreed in 1580 to cede the painting to the city of Antwerp, in consideration of an annual payment of fifty florins. What its value would be nowadays one would hardly like to conjecture.

About this time Matsys must also have painted his "Christ on the Cross," for one of the chapels (but of this work we have only traditional knowledge, as it, the chapel, and many other rare artistic productions were destroyed by the iconoclasts), and the triptych for St. Peter's at Louvain, in the chapel dedicated to St. Anne, the centre piece of which represents a Holy Family, the left panel, the angel appearing to Zacharias, the right, the death of the Virgin. He was now in the full tide of success, and Antwerp was proud of his fame. He had some time before lost his wife, for love of whom he became a painter, and in 1508 or 1509 he married again, one Catharine Heyenes, whose portrait, bearing date of 1520, is at Florence. Not only as an artist was Quentin Matsys esteemed; he is reported to have been a fine musician, and also to have had literary acquirements and proclivities. He was the friend and correspondent of the leading men of his day. Among these friends were numbered Albert Dürer, Pierre Gilles (Petrus Egidius), Sir Thomas More, and Erasmus, who always spoke highly of his talents, and by whom he was held in high regard. In a letter by Erasmus, 4 Calends of September, 1526, he speaks of Matsys in glowing terms, and calls him "in-

signis artifex." Félibien, in his *Conversations on the Lives of the Painters*, says: "In the cabinet of the late King of England, Charles II., there are in the same frame the portraits of Erasmus and Petrus Egidius, the latter holding in his hand a letter written him by their friend More." It was about this very picture that More addressed some verses to Matsys, the text of which is preserved by Burigny in his life of Erasmus, and in which the artist is compared to Apelles. It was from personal regard that Matsys painted these portraits; he preferred interiors, shops, counting-rooms, etc., where he could introduce bankers fondly lingering over their gold, counting and weighing their ducats and sequins, or merchants gloating over their superb gold-work.

He had now, his youth and middle life passed, taken to painting purely realistic subjects, and there is in the Louvre a picture in this style, one of his very best, which has never been copied, "The Banker and his Wife." The date of this, as distinctly as it can be deciphered, is 1518. The attitude and expression of the couple and all the accessories are in the most approved pre-Raphaelite style; he has evidently painted the woman from life, and has not softened one harsh outline—for instance, her hands are singularly ugly—but the fidelity in the detail is wonderful. One can hardly recognize in this hard, realistic picture the hand of the artist of "The Entombment." In this same style, but better known, having been extensively copied, is "The Misers," at Windsor Castle. Burger, in his work, *Treasures of Art Exhibited at Manchester*, says of this picture: "The execution is in a great degree lacking in boldness, but is of a repressed and characteristic drawing; the touch is simple and decided, without the excess of minutiæ which generally prevails in this class of pictures."



"THE BANKER AND HIS WIFE."

The character which Matsys has given to the figures, the perfect manner in which the

picture tells its story, make it, if possible, superior to "The Banker and his Wife." What will at first strike the examiner of "The Misers" is the coloring; one of the men is clothed in green with a red cap; the other has a green cap, and is dressed in red. The same startling contrast of colors is also observable in "The Accountants," in the museum at Antwerp. The tones are singularly clear and fresh, and perhaps too much so, for to one who delights only in harmonious blendings and shadings, Matsys's coloring is not devoid of crudeness and hardness. It was of "The Misers" and kindred subjects that Descamps in criticising Matsys said, "His style is too glaring." Unfortunately for his fame, the majority judge of Quentin Matsys from his later works, all painted in this manner, and of similar subjects; and in looking at these works, some rather overstrained, in which the colors glow with an almost metallic lustre, and which display less of genius than patient work and fidelity, we realize that, although the old artist yet guided his pencil with a firm hand, he had outlived the age of passionate emotion which enabled him to conceive and execute the drama portrayed in "The Entombment," which is beyond all question his greatest work. He worked faithfully and hard to the end of his days, painting and superintending the education of his large family, and died in 1531. His earlier biographers have erred in asserting the date of his death as 1529, for his name occurs in an act passed by the magistrates of Antwerp, July 8, 1530; but on the 12th of October, 1531, the power to divide his property between his widow and minor children was granted, and the registers of the cathedral speak of "the death of Master Quentin during the year comprised between the Christmas of 1530 and that of 1531." The last picture he probably painted is a portrait bearing date 1531, in the possession of Lord Northcote, which M. Waagen speaks of in terms of disparagement.

Matsys left as inheritor of his fame and manner a son Jean, who is often confounded with his father, as his best works are the copies he made of his father's pictures, but who did not long remain faithful to his teachings, and yielded to the seductions of the Italian schools, though always retaining a stiffness of execution. He painted "Bathsheba," in the Louvre, and "The Healing of Tobias," at Antwerp—good examples of his labored design and faulty coloring.* Though at first there were many copyists of Quentin Matsys, before the end of the sixteenth century the influence from Italy was all-powerful, and his admirers ceased to admire.

Although Matsys founded no school, he exercised some influence on his contemporaries; but his force lay in his sentiment, which is not transmissible to pupils. Preserving to some extent the traditions of the miniaturists of Bruges, he yet added much. Like them he followed nature, believed in the religion of detail, the genius of patience. He was pre-eminently realistic in his later years; painted ugliness scrupulously; was Flemish in his conscientiousness, but surpassed in his coloring his teachers and compeers; and when compared with Rubens and his followers one feels grateful to the blacksmith of Antwerp for remaining faithful to his instincts, and staving off for a while the advent of the purely material school. Though his works may lack elegance and grace, they are true to nature, and in his ideal efforts he shows loyal, profound emotion, dramatic and pathetic sentiment, which many of his superiors in technicalities have never attained to.

* Jean's son Cornelius was an engraver of note. There is a Bible (date 1550) adorned with his prints, the best being twelve scenes in the life of Samson.

MATCHES MORGANATIC.

I hear the hoofs upon the hill,
I hear them fainter, fainter still:
They stole, they stole my child away.
—*Virginia Song.*

Benedick. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beatrice. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life. —*Much Ado about Nothing.*

DURING the indolent summer days a little party was rusticating in one of the midland counties of Ohio. Mrs. Betts came to the farm-house for the benefit of her daughter's health; her niece, Kate Allen, came because she was tired of city life; her brother, sturdy John M'Cook, came because he knew she would need *one* sensible person to manage things; Dr. Leander Marle came because his system needed recuperation after the severe strain of his professional duties; and Benton Montgomery came because he had nothing else to do. At least so they all said.

Jacob Stahlen's farm was one of the best in the State. Broad County is not in the dead-level lowlands of Ohio, and rich as are those grain-covered plains through which the straight roads run for miles unbroken by any rise of ground, or even by a stone, the eastern part of the State, with its gently swelling hills, possesses advantages for pasture as well as for a variety of crops. Broad fields there are in Broad County, covered with thick standing corn, but they are bounded by hills upon whose sides cattle graze, and from whose hearts the farmers dig their own coal. There are few towns, but snug farm-houses dot the landscape, each with its great red barns with rows of painted green windows, the roofs ornamented with fancy vanes, a gilt horse or ox, and

sometimes quite a little menagerie of golden animals—signs of the owner's wealth and æsthetic taste. The houses are generally built of red brick, with green blinds tightly closed in front both above and below, the blistered door, and trim, unused gravel-walk leading down to the front gate, showing that "company," the only "open, sesame," that brings them into use, is a rare event.

Mrs. Betts, a widow of easy fortune, had long been accustomed to procure country supplies from Jacob Stahlen's farm, and in this year of 1863 she had decided to try a few weeks of country air at the same place. With some difficulty Frau Stahlen was persuaded to open the darkened front of her large house, and the city ladies, after banishing the feather-beds, found their rooms very pleasant in spite of the high old-fashioned bedsteads, patchwork quilts, rag carpets, and the great blue jars ornamented with crocodiles, and filled with withered rose leaves faintly fragrant. The quiet life had its charm: it was so novel to go to bed at nine o'clock and rise at five, so quaint to eat in the kitchen and use two-pronged forks, so delightful to be free from visits and elaborate muslin dresses, and wear calico all day long.

Six o'clock saw the party assembled for the evening meal in the farm-house kitchen; the stove stood in a shed beyond, but in every other respect it was a genuine kitchen. The long table was covered with coarse white linen, and the crockery was of that small-figured blue pattern copied from antique china, which makes it difficult for any one brought up in the country to realize the preciousness of the imported ware. Jacob Stahlen sat at the head of the table, below on either side came the city guests, and farther down a number of farm laborers; Frau Stahlen and her stout handmaiden acted as waiters, and all joined in general conversation with democratic impartiality.

"Another cup of coffee, Mina," said Benton to the stout handmaiden. "Coffee becomes ambrosia with such cream as this, Aunt Am."

"Cream is the idealization of nutrition," replied Mrs. Betts. "Leonora, my love, pray endeavor to taste it; it will bring back the roses to your cheeks. Will it not, Benton?"

But Benton was listening to Kate, and did not hear his aunt's appeal. Although he called her "aunt," he was only her half-nephew, if by such a term can be understood the child of a half-sister.

"Surely, Miss Leonora, roses would be superfluous when the lilies are so beautiful," said Leander Marle, laying down his knife and fork, and staring solemnly at the delicate Miss Betts, who sat opposite.

"I am too pale," lisped Leonora, with a languishing glance of her dark eyes. "I have always known that, Dr. Marle."

"'Oh, call it fair, not pale,'" replied Leander, making the quotation with slow accuracy.

"Give me a cup of coffee," Kate was saying, "and I defy the world."

"I trust the feminine nature is not capable of defiance, Katherine," interposed Mrs. Betts.

"I only use the word in a Pickwickian sense, Aunt Am. Tea I despise. Show me the man under fifty who drinks tea from choice, and I despise him also. Such a man would be capable of going sleigh-riding in a tall hat."

"It is a mysterious circumstance that in private life I never see coffee-urns with their lamps lighted," said Benton, in a musing tone. "They all have lamps—indeed, the lamps are their chief glory—but to the prosaic masculine mind they are somewhat unsatisfactory."

"Lamps ees not zave," observed Frau Stahlen, as she brought in a fresh supply of spice cakes; "dey bursts up."

"If one has any thing, let him enjoy it," said Kate, decidedly. "Life is short. Let us have our coffee hot and our sofas free from covers."

"If I have rightly understood the current literature of the day, methods have been devised for transmuting decayed barrels and boxes into choice articles of furniture, far superior to those obtained from the best furniture dealers," said Leander Marle.

"I never can read any of those articles," said Leonora, languidly. "Whenever I see 'Take a barrel,' I always skip."

"Just as I do when I see any thing about the ancient Romans," said Benton.

"And I when I see any Scotch words like 'Hout awa,'" said Kate.

"But surely, Montgomery, you do not contravene the generally received opinion regarding the grandeur of the Roman nation?" began Leander, gravely.

"I don't contravene any thing, Marle; but I was crammed with ancient Romans when I was a boy, and of the modern Romans I saw enough last winter."

"But the Italians are renowned for their dreamy beauty and large lustrous eyes, are they not?" said Mrs. Betts, whose own orbs had been once called "Tuscan" by an organ-grinder of superior tact.

"I don't know; I am not interested in handsome men," replied Benton, laughing.

"Beauty is despicable in a man," observed Kate. "It is a positive misfortune, whereas *bona fide* ugliness is fascinating."

Now Benton's manly face, lighted by beautiful brown eyes, the color of all others the most bewitching, could lay no claim to ugliness, while Leander had what is called an interesting countenance—straight black

hair, light eyes veiled by spectacles, a long pale face, and a great display of forehead; he wore a black coat and prunella shoes, and his throat seemed to exceed all other throats in length, so that his collars had the appearance of being what ladies call "low-necked."

By this time Farmer Stahlen had finished his *Abendessen*, and leaning back in his chair, he surveyed the company with silent stolidity, until Benton's words attracted his attention.

"So you haf been in Europe, young man?" he asked, in his slow way.

"Yes; I spent six months in Germany—your father-land, I suppose," replied Benton.

"So?" said the farmer, interrogatively.

"Yes; and I liked Germany better than any other country."

"So," said the farmer again, this time affirmatively.

"If you had been here instead of in Europe, you would have entered the army, I presume," said Mr. M'Cook, finishing his bowl of bread and milk.

"Yes; but it is not too late now, Sir."

"Oh, Benton, you surely would not fight against the gallant Southerners!" said Leonora, with graceful enthusiasm.

"Thou pretty traitor!" exclaimed Mrs. Betts. "See, Benton, how she blushes!"

"I haf a son who wanded to go, but he gets married instead," observed Farmer Stahlen.

"Your son does not reside with you," observed Mrs. Betts to the farmer.

"No. He lifs below here 'bout dree mile down the valley."

"It must be pleasant for you to have a daughter-in-law settled so near you," said Mrs. Betts to the farmer's wife, with an affable smile.

"So? Christina ees not bad, but she haf not head. She leaf morning work any time and run out to make a hen-house, a swing, a—I know not what," said Frau Stahlen, with a shake of her head.

"You have no daughters, I believe?"

"No. I had one niece, but she gets married last year. Her man is joost good fur nodings at all."

"What a pity! Could you not have prevented her marriage?"

"Ah, no. She haf no besser charnce, and she was old—dwendy-dwo year alt."

"See how near you are to hopeless spinsterhood," said Benton to Kate. "I know you are over twenty-one."

"So?" said the Frau, incredulously, as she overheard this side remark; "but you haf your hair and your teeth yet, miss."

"In the name of pity, Mrs. Stahlen," exclaimed Kate, in the midst of a general laugh, "you don't consider me in danger of losing them, I hope."

"Womens gets old quick; best not wait too long," replied the Frau, seriously, at which advice there was another laugh.

"Age is a mere matter of comparison," said Mrs. Betts. "You, Benton, are twenty-two, five years older than Leonora; and Dr. Marle is twenty-six, five years older than Kate. There should always be that difference between husband and wife. Mr. Betts—my Albert—was five years my senior, and we were, oh! so happy!" Here the widow applied her delicate handkerchief gracefully to her eyes.

"You have a fine lot of stock, Stahlen," said Mr. M'Cook, who always headed off his sister's sentimental reminiscences with determined energy.

"Yes," replied the farmer, with proud complacency; "dey's good beasts."

"You have some fine horses, I see."

"Yes. I spend dwo dousand dollar for dem. I gets more when I sells."

"I should like to go over the farm with you; it is the best in the county, I hear."

"I takes you some day. To-morrow I goes to Dodsville with de boys to get a mash-een."

"Shall you stay all day?"

"Yes. One day to go, one day to come back; de mash-een must be drove careful."

After tea the visitors strolled down the grassy lane toward the river, all but Kate, who went up to her room to finish a letter. A flat-bottomed skiff was moored under a willow on the bank.

"Do you care to go out, my love?" said Mrs. Betts to her daughter. "There are water-lilies round the bend. Benton would be delighted to take you, I know."

"Or *I* might attempt an oar," said Leander, briskly.

"Oh no," said Benton, as he caught the young doctor's wistful glance toward Miss Betts, "I couldn't think of forcing upon you such an uncongenial task, Marle. I will escort Nora, and you can stay and talk philosophy with Aunt Am. I know you will like that better."

"Delighted," murmured Leander, as Benton helped Leonora into the skiff, and pushed out upon the moon-lit stream; "but may there not be danger of miasma, madam? Miss Betts is a fragile flower."

"The happiness of the heart overcometh all noxious ills," sighed the mother. "Who should know that better than I? My happiness was great, but I feel that I deserved it, Dr. Marle. I never held out false hopes to the suitors who flocked around me; I considered it a duty to veil my smiles, lest unconsciously they might inflict irremediable harm."

"Your principles do you honor," said Leander, as his eyes followed the lessening skiff.

Mr. M'Cook found a comfortable seat on the mill-race lock, and lighted his cigar for an evening smoke. Mrs. Betts and her com-

panion strolled along the dike—on one side, the broad low grass meadow, with wild roses climbing up the stones; on the other, the broad slow river, with beds of yellow lilies stretching out from the shore into the dark water, for the Ohio rivers are dark with the overfertility of the soil through which they flow.

"My dear Leander, has not this been a charming season of repose from the severe labors of your profession?" said Mrs. Betts, pausing to pluck a rose.

"Yes, madam. I have enjoyed it in due measure—I might almost say intensely," replied Leander, carefully wiping his glasses.

"I knew it would be so, Leander, when I urged you to come. I knew I should bring congenial hearts together in this romantic valley, and watch them open like this fair rose. Ah! when older grown, and far from this simple retreat, you will often think of its beauties, and remember that it was here you learned to know your own heart. For I am not wrong in thinking that your heart is touched, Leander?"

"Truly, madam—indeed, I hardly know," stammered the grave young doctor, blushing deeply.

"Oh, I force no confidences," continued Mrs. Betts, archly, as she tapped Leander with her fan. "The dear girl, on her side, has not as yet told me her secret. But I know something of hearts. Having been so happy in my own married life, I long to see others happy also. Dear Leander, you have my best wishes. But, oh! if you could only know what it is to be a widow!"

"I do not think that is possible," replied Leander—"at least not at present," he added, a vague idea of politeness causing this misty conclusion.

When Kate had finished her letter she walked down to the river. She found Mr. M'Cook studying a diagram showing Gillmore's operations on Morris Island.

"Fighting by moonlight, Uncle John?" she asked, looking over his shoulder.

"Yes, child, and groaning over the wretched incompetency that rules our army and nation. Any one with a head can see the weakness of this hollow rebellion. Why, one plucky regiment ought to be able to sweep the whole South into the sea—a set of rascally land-loupers."

"Strong language, uncle," said Kate, laughing.

"Not too strong for the subject, child. I can not imagine what has got into our armies—marching and countermarching over the same ground. They talk about protecting our border! A rebel would no more dare to cross into loyal territory than to jump into a volcano. Dare, indeed! I should think not. A set of tag-rag and bobtail!"

"With all their faults, they are at least brave, uncle."

"Don't you be childish, like Nora, I beg. She favors the rebels. And why? Because she thinks it is aristocratic. Aristocratic! I've been down there, and I know. And now you say they are brave. Brave! Why, I myself, at my age, could put to flight a whole company of rebel militia. Don't say one word, child. I've been down there, and I know."

John M'Cook was working himself into a heat, as usual. Obstinate with the obstinacy of confirmed old bachelorhood, prejudiced with the stubborn prejudices of a self-made man well to do in the world, he had once spent some weeks among the poor whites of the Carolinas, and never could be brought to believe that all Southerners were not just like them. The war had roused these feelings into new violence, and all his acquaintances had learned to avoid the subject to save their ears from a word-storm. Kate Allen, however, rather enjoyed stirring up the old gentleman; and when a rainy day came, she was sure to bring out Lee's photograph or sing Stonewall Jackson's lay as a challenge to a spirited combat. This evening, however, her thoughts were elsewhere. "Where are the others?" she asked.

"Montgomery has taken Nora out on the river in the skiff, and your aunt is walking on the dike with Dr. Marle."

"I thought Nora did not like the water."

"Montgomery wanted her to go; that was enough, I suppose. She's a pretty little puss, if she *is* silly," said the bachelor uncle, remembering his sister's hints of an impending engagement between the two. He was Leonora's real uncle, but with Kate the title came from long usage merely, since she was the niece of Mr. and not Mrs. Betts, although, as she had always lived in the family, the distinction was forgotten.

The next day passed quietly. Early in the morning Jacob Stahlen and his men started toward Dodsville with the heavy wains to bring back the mash-een.

As the day wore on, the heat increased. It was toward the last of July, and the sun seemed to burn wherever it struck; the trees stood motionless, the birds were silent, and the continuous sing-song chant of the summer insects filled the air. Leonora had created a sensation by coming down to breakfast in a shimmering muslin dotted with rose-buds.

"I thought we were to wear calico here," observed Kate, dryly.

"Oh, pray forgive me, Kitty, but the heat is so intense," said Nora, with one of her gentle smiles.

"Don't call me Kitty, then," said Kate, shortly.

Kate wore a dark brown calico.

During the blazing afternoon no one was visible; but when the sound of the supper bell brought the guests together again, Kate

sauntered in, a mass of snowy puffs and ruffles, two dainty high-heeled boots below, and a high-drawn knot of golden curls above, finishing off the airy draperies, while floating ends of blue ribbon here and there brought out the color of her eyes and deepened the hue of her cheek.

They had just seated themselves at the table, when suddenly a breathless girl burst into the kitchen. "He's a-coming! he's a-coming! over the Addleburg road!" she cried. "They stopped down to Smith Four Corners, and Sandy Jim he seed 'em, and he rode home like every thing to tell us. But they'll come this way; they'll be here before long, and murder us all."

"Who?" "What?" cried the audience, rising from the table in alarm.

"Morgan—John Morgan and his men," said the child, still panting. "I can't stay. Mother made me run over and tell yer. We're all going to hide in the coal-pit." Before they could ask another question the little barefooted messenger was gone, and the city guests were left face to face with this unexpected emergency.

"I don't believe one word of it," said Mr. M'Cook, decidedly. "The rebels would never dare to cross the Ohio."

"The papers have contained no information regarding a movement northward," observed Leander Marle. "I am inclined to think the rumor based upon an error of the young person called, I believe, Sandy Jim."

"Our papers are more than a week old. We should not hear any thing in this out-of-the-way place, even if Morgan actually was across the river," said Benton. "At any rate, we must lose no time, but be ready for him if he comes this way."

"Oh, Benton, what shall we do!" cried Mrs. Betts, sinking into a chair and wringing her hands.

Frau Stahlen had stood as if petrified in the middle of the room, but now she too took up her lament. "De rebs dey come, and my man not here. Dey burns de house and steals de horses. Jacob comes back, and dere is nodings left at all any more—nodings but ash."

"I don't believe there is a rebel soldier in the State, except those in the Sandusky prison," said Mr. M'Cook; "but even if a whole regiment was coming up the road, we are more than a match for the rascals as we are, women and all."

"Have you any arms or ammunition in the house?" said Leander Marle to Frau Stahlen, as he took off his glasses and rubbed them vigorously, in readiness for sanguinary preparations.

"If any one touches a gun I shall certainly die of fright," cried Mrs. Betts. "Oh, to think that I should live to die in a Southern prison!"

"Oh, mamma, shall we be carried South?" said Leonora, turning pale with terror.

"I thought you admired the gallant Southerners, Nora," said Kate. "For my part, I am not in the least alarmed. I want to see Morgan. If he has really crossed the river, he must be the very prince of bold riders. Perhaps he will ask me to join his band. Wouldn't I make a good vivandière?

"'Oh, que j'aime les militaires!'"

sang Kate, keeping time with her little boot heels.

"He will be more likely to ask you to cook his supper," said Benton. "Whatever we do we must do at once. Aunt Am, do stop crying. There is not the least danger. Raiders have neither time nor inclination to murder any body; all they want is plunder. In this case I suspect they are after horses."

"Ach, Himmel! dey costs dwo dousand dollar," cried Frau Stahlen, wringing her hands.

"But your husband took six horses with him," said Benton.

"Yes, but he haf six more, de best in de State—dwo dousand dollars' vort."

"I don't know what your opinion may be, Sir," said Benton to Mr. M'Cook, "but I think we ought to try to save those horses for Stahlen."

"Of course, of course. If I can find an old shot-gun it will be easy enough."

"John, if you touch a gun I shall die," cried Mrs. Betts, clutching her brother's arm wildly.

"There is no question of guns, Aunt Am," said Benton, impatiently. "*You* see, Marle, of course, that the only way is to run those horses off to some out-of-the-way place as soon as possible," he continued, turning to the young doctor, as if to find one reasonable coadjutor.

Leander was slow but sure. "I agree with you, Montgomery," he said, calmly. "Bear Glen would be an excellent place of concealment."

"The very place," replied Benton. "Doctor, you are a trump. The horses are in the red stable, I suppose, Frau Stahlen? Where is that boy?"

"Ach, he haf gone to mein son's, dree mile down—"

"We can not stop to go after him," interrupted Benton. "Come, Marle. We can ride two and lead the others."

"I intend to go with you," said Kate, quietly. "I shall ride one of the horses myself."

"It is not your intention to abandon us, Benton?" cried Mrs. Betts. "You can not mean to leave us to the mercy of those marauders?"

"*I* shall be here, Amaranth," said Mr. M'Cook, with an important air.

"What do *you* wish to do, Miss Leonora?" asked Dr. Marle, approaching the little heap of pink muslin cowering on a sofa.

"Oh, I don't know. I am afraid to go; I am afraid to stay. I am afraid of the soldiers, but I am afraid of the horses too," said little Nora, her eyes filling with tears as she brought out her hesitating words.

"I do not think it will be best to leave the ladies here—at least the two young ladies," said Leander, as the pink muslin sank down on the sofa again. "Mrs. Betts and Frau Stahlen can stay, of course; but as regards the others, Miss Leonora and Miss Kate—"

"*I* am going to ride one of the horses, I tell you," interrupted Kate.

"Oh, I can never be left here alone!" cried Mrs. Betts, with an angry glance toward the unconscious Leander. "My dear Albert would never have allowed it. But I see I must put up with slights, now that he is gone. Oh! oh!"

"Well, perhaps you are right, doctor," said Benton, ignoring his aunt's lamentations. "We'll take the girls with us, then. But you will have no time to change your finery, Kate. I am going to get the horses out immediately."

"Benton Montgomery, what do you mean to do at this awful moment?" demanded Mrs. Betts, seizing her nephew's arm as he turned to leave the room.

"Save the horses for Farmer Stahlen, aunt."

"And am I no more than a horse to you, Benton Montgomery?"

"For Heaven's sake, Aunt Am, do be reasonable. There is no danger. If Morgan is really in Broad County, he is on a dashing raid, with no time to spare, and beyond food, forage, and horses, he will not be able to do much damage. I presume even now he is pushing eastward toward the river, and our troops from Cincinnati must be close on his track. I should advise you to help Frau Stahlen to set out all the cooked provisions in the house, and then you had better both go back to the oak grove, and stay there until the soldiers have passed. Perhaps you had better go too, Mr. M'Cook."

"No, Sir. I do not turn my back upon an enemy," replied the old bachelor, warmly.

"I shall not survive this night," moaned Mrs. Betts, walking up and down the room with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"We can see the house from the hill, Aunt Am, and as soon as the raiders have passed we shall come back," called Benton from outside. "Very likely we shall not be gone more than an hour or two."

"Trust Miss Leonora with me, madam," said Leander Marle, appearing in the doorway; "I will guard her with my life."

"Ah, you will have Kate. But Benton will protect my child—Benton will defend her," said Mrs. Betts, reviving a little under the stimulus of romance.

In the mean time, with Leander's assistance, Leonora had managed to climb into her saddle, and the cavalcade set off, each man leading an extra horse as well as keeping watch over the lady under his charge. They did not go on to the main road, but, turning through the fields, took a path toward the hills that led to Bear Glen—a wild ravine hemmed in by steep banks on three sides, with a narrow opening toward the south, an unexpected fissure, such as are sometimes seen even in tame level Ohio. It was about seven o'clock when they started, and as they travelled slowly, it was dusky twilight when they reached Bear Glen.

"How still it is!" said Leonora, as they paused at the entrance.

"Would you have it noisy?" said Kate.

"How odd you are, Kitty! I only meant that it seems so strange to be here in the woods after dark. So strange and dreadful!"

"Now that the horses are safe, what are you going to do?" asked Kate, as Benton and Leander came back.

"Stay here and watch them, I suppose," answered Benton, fanning himself with his straw hat.

"It is so dismal here. I feel so nervous," said Nora.

"The moon will soon be up, Miss Betts. Her calm, peaceful light will subdue your fears," said Leander, in a low tone.

"I am tired of staying here," said Kate, after a time. "Let us walk up to the outlook on the hill where the old road crosses the path; we can see the farm-house and the road from there, and watch for the raiders."

"Some one must stay here to see to the horses," said Benton; "they are not securely fastened."

"I will remain behind. My sight is somewhat defective in the evening, which produces a painful amount of stumbling," said Leander Marle.

"Oh, don't go, Kitty," pleaded Leonora. "Let us all stay here together."

"But we did not come out to spend the night in the woods in our thin dresses, I suppose, Nora. How shall we know when the raiders have passed? Besides, I want to see the bold rider. Even the tip of his plume in the moonlight will be something to remember."

"Plume! More likely an old slouch hat tied down with a bit of twine," said Benton, contemptuously. "But you are right, Kate. We had better go where we can watch the road. If you are afraid, Nora, you can stay here. We shall be in sight up there on the hill."

"Oh, I should never dare to stay," said Leonora, glancing nervously around at the high dark banks.

"Then come with us," said Kate.

"Oh, I should never dare to go. The soldiers might see us up there on the hill."

"Well, *I* am going," said Kate, impatiently. "You can do as you please." So saying, she turned away, and Benton followed her.

Leonora half rose. "Oh dear, what shall I do?" she said, plaintively.

"Pray trust yourself in my care, Miss Betts," said Leander, earnestly. "Believe me, my life shall fall a sacrifice ere the slightest harm befall you."

Leonora sat down again.

"Do you see them on the hill?" she asked, after a few moments.

"My visual powers are limited, Miss Betts. I could not see them even if they were there."

"My eyes are too far-sighted," said Leonora.

"Those deep dark orbs are, then, touched with human infirmity. But they are all the more lovely for that touch, since otherwise they would be too heavenly perfect for this dull earth," said Leander, fervently.

Leonora blushed, and trifled with some leaves by her side.

"Your hands are like my mother's, Miss Betts—so ethereally fair. Will you let me tell you of my mother, of my childhood?"

"I should like it of all things, Dr. Marle."

Leander took off his tall hat, wiped his glasses, and began. The moon had risen over the trees, the night was balmy, and he enjoyed the situation and relation to the very tips of his nervous fingers.

The story was long. Little Leonora forgot her terrors. She could not be insensible to the young doctor's tender glances or to the increasing fervor of his voice. Time passed. A faint sound from the hill brought Leander back to earth.

"What can that be?" said Nora, in alarm.

"I can not imagine," answered her companion.

"Oh, where can Kate be? Oh, I wish I had gone with them! oh, I wish I was back with mamma!" said Nora, half crying.

"Fear not; I will protect you," said Leander, drawing himself up in a martial attitude, and putting his hat firmly on his head. "If the miscreants are near, I defy them. Let them come."

But nothing came, and gradually the old atmosphere renewed itself, and Leonora was led on to talk of her childhood and school-days, while Leander listened with rapt attention.

"Precious confidences," he exclaimed, raising his eyes toward the moon. "Would I were deemed worthy to hear more!"

"But there is no more, Dr. Marle."

"Ah, yes. There is the record of your young lady life, the first unfolding of the lovely bud. Could I but know the history of your heart during the last year—the past month!"

A sound in the woods close by interrupted this appeal.

"It is some wild beast, I know," cried Leonora, springing up on a log. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"Do not be alarmed; there are no carnivorous animals in this vicinity," said Leander, coming nearer. "Oh, Miss Betts, in spite of the unpleasantness of your situation, I can not but feel this to be the happiest moment of my life. Have you not divined the state of my heart, the expansion of my emotional nature?"

"But I thought that you—I mean, that mamma said—that is, you wish me to infer your attachment to Kate," said Nora, with a little tremor.

"Not to Kate, but to the gentle Leonora," said Leander, tenderly. "I too have been led to suppose that your heart was given to Benton; but I will not give up hope until life is crushed out of me, and my bones lie bleaching in a desert of despair. Oh, Miss Betts, you do not, you can not, have the cruelty to tell me that you love another?"

"Never!" replied Leonora, descending with dignity from the log. "Mamma has been laboring under a mistake. Mr. Montgomery is nothing to me. He has not that deep intellect, that grave demeanor, that— Oh, there is a snake!" she added, with a shrill scream, climbing up on the log again with astonishing rapidity.

"Where? where?" said near-sighted Leander, brandishing a stick. "You must have been mistaken, Miss Betts—oh, may I not say Leonora?"

"No; I saw his back; he was striped, and he went over my foot. Oh, I shall die!"

"Dearest," said Leander, still beating the ground wildly with his stick in the hope of decapitating the unseen monster, "pray trust yourself in my care. My life is at your service."

"Yes; but you can't see him, and he may bite me first. Oh, Dr. Marle, if you will only help me up this tree! I should feel safer there."

"Climb a tree! But, Miss Betts—Leonora—oh, may I not call you my angel Leonora?"

"Yes, any thing, if you will only help me up," said Nora, who was standing on one foot, with gathered drapery in her trembling hands. "I can climb very well if you will help me."

"Precious one! Any thing you like," cried Leander, ardently. So, standing on the log, Leonora, with the aid of the young doctor's hand, made a desperate effort to reach the lower branches of the tree, but without success.

"I am afraid I can not do it," she said, panting despairingly.

"Excuse me, Leonora; but perhaps if I should assume a kneeling position, on what boys call 'all fours,' you might be able to make a stepping-stone of my back," suggested Leander, scarlet at his own audacity.

But the striped snake overcame all scruples, and Leonora consented. Leander got down on the log, holding himself in position on its slippery surface as well as he could with his long arms and legs, and she stepped lightly up on her broadcloth stepping-stone, and, with the aid of the branches, succeeded in clambering into the tree.

"Thank you a thousand times," she said, when she was safely seated in her leafy tower. "I feel so much safer."

"Oh, Leonora, how proud and happy is my heart at this moment!" said Leander, slowly getting on to his feet. "Can you see my hat any where? It has fallen off, and I can not distinguish it in this dim light."

"I do not see it," replied Nora, leaning over the bough. "I am so sorry, Dr. Marle."

"It is of no consequence. Do not trouble yourself to look any longer. What is a hat to a heart!" cried the ardent lover.

"But you will take cold."

"I can never take cold in the warmth of your presence. Ah, Leonora, how I have sighed for this hour!—although, perhaps, not exactly with these unexpected surroundings, yet in itself heavenly. Look down with pity upon me, kneeling at the foot of this happy tree. My profession is not incompatible with romance; I will leave all thoughts of my patients behind me when I enter the door of my home, which, if brightened by your presence, will be a paradise on earth. Although not a musical connoisseur, I have listened to the opera of *Trovatore* with the sweetest emotions on account of your beloved name, and in the strains of the 'Miserere,' with its 'Addio, Leonora,' I have found duplicated the wailings of my heart in its hours of despair. Idol of my life, give me a smile—no, not a smile, for I could not see it in the darkness; but give me your hand, your lily hand, that I may know I am not despised."

Little Nora had listened in a strange tumult of feeling. Never before had she heard a lover's direct appeal: and this first hearing is an era in any girl's life, although she may not reciprocate the feeling. But in this case the fluttering little heart did reciprocate, in a hesitating way; the hand was extended, then drawn back, then extended again, with varying waves of feeling, until at last she was recalled to herself by the realization that nobody had even tried to grasp it in return.

Instantly she shrank back on her branch, and a sudden fear came to her lest Leander might not, after all, be in earnest.

"Oh, Leonora, am I, then, an object of scorn? Where, oh, where is your lily hand?" said the young doctor's voice on the other side of the tree, where he was kneeling, and blindly gazing upward to where his lady-love was not.

"He is in earnest, after all," thought Nora, with a palpitating heart. Then extending her little hand again, she said, softly, "Here I am on the other side, Dr. Marle."

The young man felt his way around the tree, and, after some stumbling, he managed to find the log, and, stretching upward, tried to reach the adored hand. But although it was there, he could not see it, but groped wildly through the branches, thrashing the leaves hither and thither in every direction but the right one, until, at last, taking pity upon its blind struggles and scratched condition, Leonora leaned down and gently arrested its mad career. Thus standing on tiptoe, hatless and breathless, the happy lover clasped two fingers and a thumb of the coveted hand.

"Call me Leander," he said, as he gazed up toward the unseen person.

"Dear Leander," came softly back from the tree; and the hours passed as minutes.

In the mean time Kate Allen and Benton Montgomery had gone up to the outlook on the hill. In the duskiness of the late twilight they could see the lights gleaming in the Stahlen farm-house in the valley below, and presently a dismal little spark came out of the back-door and glimmered along the path toward the oak grove.

"There go Aunt Am and the Frau, I suppose," said Benton—"two specimens of the extremes of womankind; the one submissive and silent, the other aggressive and talkative."

"It is needless to ask which extreme you prefer," said Kate, with a scornful inflection in her voice.

"Entirely needless," said Benton, laughing.

"The wax images in a hair-dresser's shop would suit you admirably."

"Yes, they would indeed. I have often pensively thought with Rip Van Winkle, 'Vot vives dey vould make!'"

"Your definition of an ideal wife would be quite amusing, in default of any thing else," said Kate. "Pray give it."

"Thank you, no. I am not to be caught in that trap."

"Well, if you will not describe your ideal of a wife, I trust, at least, you do not cling to the vapid, effete notion of obedience?"

"Certainly I do. Obedience is a wife's best charm."

"There do I *not* agree with you, Mr. Montgomery."

"But where there are two wills, one must necessarily give way."

"There should be but one, then."

"That is impossible, for even if they be-

gan that way, with the best intentions, no man alive could follow the changes of a woman's will and keep up with her for one day," said Benton, smiling to himself in the shadow.

wieldy star," answered Kate, with flashing eyes. "If Saturn can manage to lift a conversation from the depths of inane stupidity whither a man has dragged it, the young lady deserves the thanks of society. It is a



"SHE STEPPED LIGHTLY UP ON HER BROADCLOTH STEPPING-STONE."

"It is not true. I am not fickle," said Kate, impetuously.

"I positively believe that if I should talk of the planet Saturn to a young lady, she would manage to chain it in some way to her own personality in less than five minutes," said Benton, in a musing tone.

"And a very good use to make of the unmatter of indifference to me, Mr. Montgomery, how well or how ill you appear, but, as a charity, I think I ought to let you know that to any woman, young or old, no conversation is interesting which is not personal either to the speaker, the listener, or both." So saying, Kate walked on toward the broad moonlight at the top of the hill.

"Where are you going?" said Benton, following the white draperies.

"Whither I will, Sir."

"But you can not always have your own way, Kate."

"Why not?"

"The inevitable husband, you know."

"Inevitable in most cases, I grant, but not in mine," answered Kate, tossing back her curls. "*I* do not wish to marry."

"Never, Kate?"

"Certainly not at present. I prize my freedom too much. Besides, I should only yield after a long, long siege; a second Jacob would have to serve twice seven years for me, as did the one lover of the Bible for Rachel."

"Fourteen years are fourteen ages," said Benton, in a low voice. "Could nothing induce you to change your determination, Katie?"

Kate glanced swiftly toward her companion, but his face was obscured by the shadows. A sudden gleam of moonlight, however, soon revealed the smile on his lips. "Nothing," she answered, quickly, and darting up the path, she turned into the old road near its western curve.

"Kate! Kate! where are you going? That is the old hill road back to Addleburg," called Benton, as he followed. As he came up with her, they both heard a sound.

"Horsemen," said Benton; "coming this way, too. Come back into the woods instantly, Kate."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Sir," replied Kate, dashing out into the centre of the road. The young man tried to pull her back, but it was too late. Round the curve came a troop of horsemen; the foremost reined up alongside, others followed, and Kate was soon in the centre of a curious group. There she stood, in her white dress, a cloud of puffs and ruffles, blue ribbons, dainty boots, and a jaunty turban hat with a little blue plume, as unexpected an apparition on the old hill road of Broad County as a tropical bird in the polar snows. Benton was by her side in an instant.

"Morgan's men?" he asked, quickly.

"Yes," said a soldier—a fair-faced Kentucky boy, who was gazing at Kate, as she stood in the bright moonlight, with admiring eyes.

"The lady and I are unaccompanied; you will, of course, allow us to go free, as our way lies back over the track you have come," said Benton, drawing Kate's arm through his own.

"Can't do it," replied the boy. "We must wait General Morgan's orders. Here he is."

As the raider chief came up alongside, Kate trembled and involuntarily hid her face on Benton's coat sleeve. Morgan laughed a genuine hearty laugh, as his eyes fell on this shepherdess figure clinging in such a picturesque manner to Benton's protecting arm. But he would not let them go. They must ride on with him, at least as far as Dazzleton. There were led horses in the rear; the lady would be quite comfortable. It is possible he wished to learn something of his pretty captive, for he had an eye for beauty. At any rate, go they must. So two horses were brought forward, spoils of war—innocent Broad County steeds, quite unconscious of their promotion into military life—and the trembling Kate was mounted upon one of them, looking more picturesque than ever as she rode forward by Morgan's side along the moon-lit road. Benton was on her left, and tried to soothe her fears in an under-tone, at the same time replying to occasional questions from Morgan as the ascent forced a slower pace.

The celebrated guerrilla leader John Morgan was, in his way, a gallant man. He had a fair bride in Dixie, and but a few months before, when the stringency of the war had reduced her wardrobe to an unpleasant monotony, he made an especial raid in her service, and captured a store full of silks and ribbons to replenish it. Originally a planter, he left his plantation on the breaking out of the rebellion, and joined the Confederate army. He did not, however, attach himself to the regular service, but gathering together a band of young Kentuckians, he organized a series of guerrilla raids on and over the border, dashing now in one direction, now in another, with such rapidity that no one could follow him, well mounted as he was, possessing the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the country, and animated by a rash spirit of daring adventure that made him ride forward, in this instance to his capture, and the next year to his death.

After a mile or two the road turned into the forest. Morgan moved forward to the front, the ranks closed up, and Kate's terrors increased as she found herself in the midst of armed men, all watchful, hurried, and stern.

"Oh, Bent, they look so fierce!" she whispered to her companion, who now held her bridle rein, riding close by her side.

"They had better look fierce up here in the heart of Ohio. But looks won't save them," muttered Benton.

"Oh, you don't think there will be any fighting or firing, do you?" asked Kate, tremulously.

"I hope there will be a whole broadside before we get to Dazzleton. The troops from Cincinnati ought to know enough to intercept these raiders before they reach the river," replied the young man, with smothered violence. "One thing is certain, Kate. I have had my lesson. Let me once get out of this, and I join the army the very next

hour. If I can't go as an officer, I will enlist as a private; but go I will."

Kate began to cry.

Worn with excitement and fear, subdued by anxiety for Benton, tears came to the surface, and all her efforts were powerless to restrain them. For some time she succeeded in hiding her grief under the cover of the dark forest; but when they reached the open ground again, Benton caught the glitter of tear-drops on the averted cheek, and his violence was subdued in a moment.

"Why, Kate," he whispered, "there is no danger. Do not give way so. Morgan will set you free at Dazzleton, I presume."

"But you?" said Kate, in a trembling voice.

"Oh, he may exact something in the way of a ransom in my case; but I think not. He is in too much of a hurry. All he cares for now is to reach the river with his horses."

"I didn't mean that. I meant that—that you said you were going into the army," said Kate, with two fresh tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Do you care? Is my fate any thing to you?"

Kate did not answer for a moment; then, making an effort to command her voice, she answered, "We all care, Benton; aunt, and uncle, and every body. And then—there is Nora."

"And there is Kate."

"But you always talked to Nora."

"And looked at Kate."

"But you always liked Nora."

"And loved Kate."

Here Morgan's men heard a gay little laugh from their girl prisoner. Kate had recovered her spirits, smoothed down her muslin draperies, tossed back her curls, and settled the plume in her hat with lightning rapidity. But Benton, who had been softened by the drops, was not to be daunted by the sudden sunshine.

"Give me an answer, Kate," he whispered, bending toward her.

"What, here, before all these men! Nonsense, Sir," returned Kate, with a smile.

"I know you love me, all the same, you witch," said the audacious Benton.

Here Kate's horse, feeling his mouth jerked most unreasonably by his fair rider's hand, swerved to one side. Benton let go his hold, and allowed his companion to keep him at a distance for the next mile; but none the less did he smile to himself with a smile of masculine self-satisfaction.

At length Morgan joined them again. "May I have the honor of knowing my fair prisoner?" he said, doffing his hat.

Kate was equal to the occasion this time. "With pleasure, general," she said, returning his salute with all the grace she could assume in her cramped position on the man's saddle. "I am Kate Allen, of Lakesville."

"And your name?" said Morgan to Benton.

"Montgomery," was the curt answer.

"In the Federal army?"

"Not yet; but I intend to enter it as soon as I can."

"Oh no," cried Kate. "Don't believe him, general. He has never been in the army, and he shall never enter it. I shall not allow him to do it."

"Ah!" said the raider, with a merry glance; "his sister, perhaps?"

"No—yes—that is, not exactly," stammered Kate, with a vivid blush; "but we belong to the same family."

"Perhaps you can help us with a shorter cut through the hills toward the river," said Morgan, looking scrutinizingly at Benton.

"I wouldn't if I could."

"He means he couldn't if he would," interrupted Kate, earnestly. "He knows nothing about the country; never was here before."

"He has at least a warm advocate," said the raider, smiling, as the bright moonlight shone full on Kate's excited, flushed beauty. "You will, of course, give me your word not to betray our numbers or our route if I set you free at Dazzleton," he added, turning to Benton.

"I shall join the first party of United States troops and lead the pursuit after you," replied the young man, hotly.

"He will do nothing of the kind, general," cried Kate. "I will give you *my* word that I will take him directly back to the farmhouse, and keep him there until you are out of the State."

"You plead very well, Miss Kate; but this boy needs a lesson. I must take him south with me. A taste of prison life will ripen his manners."

"There are prisons in Ohio too," said Benton, fiercely, "as you will find out to your cost, John Morgan."

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Kate. "Oh, general, dear general, do spare him! He does not mean what he says. You will break my heart—indeed you will! Haven't you got a wife—or a—a lady-love at home?"

"I have a wife, the best wife in the world," said Morgan, softening at the sight of Kate's tears. "But this young man is not your husband."

"No, not yet; but—but going to be," faltered Kate, with downcast eyes.

"Ah," said the raider, with the merry expression coming back into his face; "how soon, may I ask?"

"Immediately—as soon as we are free," stammered the voice.

"I could not have the heart to take a bridegroom from his bride," said Morgan, gallantly; "but I must have proof of your statement. Unfortunately we have no chaplain with us, or the ceremony might take place here on horseback."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Kate, involuntarily.

"Ah, it is not true, then? The bridegroom must go south, after all, it seems."

"Yes, it is true," said Kate, driven to desperation. "I would be married this instant if you had a chaplain."

"We can get a minister at Dazzleton; we shall be there before long," said Benton, his voice alive with animation.

"Just the thing," said Morgan, gayly; "and I'll give the bride away. My little wife will be delighted with the story."

"Oh no, not so soon," said Kate, shrinking back.

"Very well; then I take away the bridegroom," said the raider, laughing.

"Kate, do you wish to see me carried into a Southern prison?" said Benton, solemnly.

"No, any thing but that," answered the young girl, turning away her head as she found herself thus hard pressed; "but can nothing else save you?"

"Nothing," said Benton, decidedly.

Kate stretched out her hand in silence, and then turned her horse aside, as if she wanted a moment to collect her thoughts.

The raider exchanged glances with his companion, and a merry light shone in both their faces.

"General, your hand," said Benton, heartily; "from henceforth you are my best friend."

"Mattie always said I was a match-maker," said Morgan, laughing. "In this case I suspect I have helped you more than I knew. And now, if I am to make a stop at Dazzleton—and the horses need it badly—we must ride on at a better pace."

"Oh, Benton! Benton! what shall we do?" said Kate, as the raider rode forward to the head of the band.

"Be married, of course, my love."

"How dare you call me that? I retract my promise," said Kate, blushing brightly.

"I am entirely at your mercy, Kate. A man never comes back alive from a Southern prison," said Benton, with tragical solemnity.

"But if there was only any other way—"

"Morgan is universally known to be as inflexible as a rock; cruel, too, if you take him on his hard side. Heaven only knows what I shall suffer in his clutches!" said Benton, in a hollow tone.

"But it is such a dreadful way to be married," said Kate, plaintively.

"It is, indeed," began Benton.

"Oh, it is, is it? You think so? Very well: then we shall not be married at all," exclaimed Kate, impetuously.

"I mean dreadful for you," added Benton, hastily. "For myself, to get you is all I ask of this life. Be my wife, Kate, and you shall never repent it; that I promise."

They looked into each other's eyes a moment, and then Kate laughed gayly, although there was a sound of tears in the laugh.

"Keep at your distance, Sir," she said, brandishing her willow wand, and turning her horse aside. "I must preserve my muslin skirts in as good order as I can."

"You look just like a bride, sweetheart," said Benton, admiringly.

About three in the morning the raiders rode into the little village of Dazzleton, to the consternation of the quiet inhabitants, who as little expected to see John Morgan and his band as the prince of the powers of darkness and his cohorts. Waked up suddenly from their slumbers, stupefied with astonishment, fearing they knew not what, they watched their best horses led out, their forage confiscated, and every thing in the shape of cooked food appropriated by these dreaded troopers, who helped themselves freely, ate, drank, and fed their horses like ordinary mortals, although some of the terrified villagers almost expected to see smoke coming out of their mouths and sparks darting from their eyes as they passed.

In the mean time Morgan had stopped at the village tavern; the landlord and his frightened womenkind were preparing a hasty supper; a minister had been summoned from his bed, and an oddly assorted group assembled to witness the marriage ceremony. The guerrilla chieftain was in high spirits. He gave away the bride, supplied the wedding ring with a worn band from his own finger, and laughed and jested like a school-boy. A few moments afterward, while he was eating his supper, a new sound of horses' feet came up the street, and the villagers, seeing another troop of horsemen, began to think that Beauregard, Lee, and the whole Southern Confederacy were upon them. It was a part of Morgan's command that had taken the river road from Addleburg in order to sweep off the horses from the valley farms.

"A prisoner, general," said the officer in command, entering the room; "one of the fighting M'Cooks."

"It's Uncle John," cried Kate, as two soldiers ushered in the old bachelor, pinioned, hatless, and scarlet in the face with rage. "It isn't one of the fighting M'Cooks at all, General Morgan. It's my uncle John, and he never fought in his life."

"But he's going to fight now," gasped Uncle John, fiercely, trying to shake his fists. "A set of tag-rag and bobtail!"

"That's the way he has been going on all the time," said the officer. "He said his name was M'Cook, and when I asked him if he was one of the fighting M'Cooks, he said yes."

"So I am, Sir! so I am!" cried Uncle John, fiercely. "Take off these ropes, and you will see."

"He isn't! he isn't!" exclaimed Kate, throwing her arms around the old man's neck. "He is no relation to that family.

Oh, Uncle John, do be reasonable. This is General Morgan, and he has been *so* good. He saved my life, he saved Benton's, and he married us, Uncle John, and gave us the ring; and he's the best friend I've got, and—perfectly splendid," said Kate, ending in a summer shower of tears, and hiding her head on Mr. M'Cook's arm.

"Oh, was that it?" said Benton, with profound gravity.

"Certainly, Sir, certainly. I thought the matter over, and decided that such a course would be the best policy under the circumstances. But, Kate, you are the real victim in this adventure. Take heart, child, I will help you. You shall have the best legal



"'HE ISN'T! HE ISN'T!' EXCLAIMED KATE, THROWING HER ARMS AROUND THE OLD MAN'S NECK."

"It's true, Uncle John," said Benton, coming forward. "You will let him go, I hope," he added, turning to Morgan. "He is not a belligerent."

"He shall be my wedding present to the bride," replied the raider. "Unfasten the old gentleman, boys, and come with me," he said to his men as he left the room.

Mr. M'Cook, finding himself free from ropes and raiders, looked cautiously around the room for a moment, and as his glance returned to Benton and Kate he coughed, and slowly straightened himself back into his accustomed erect bearing. "You understood, of course, that I allowed myself to be carried off in order to act as a spy upon those wretched marauders," he said, carelessly.

advice in the land. A guerrilla marriage forced on by a guerrilla chief can not stand in law. Your aunt informed me some time ago of the true state of your feelings."

"No, Uncle John, no," said Kate, firmly. "My sacred word, once passed, can not be broken. I am willing to sacrifice myself to duty. After all, what is woman's life but one long sacrifice?"

"But Benton, child—must he too be sacrificed?"

"I trust I have as much heroism as Kate," replied Benton, solemnly. "I too can call up my fortitude. I too can endure the lot which fate has forced upon me. Say no more, Uncle John. Firm principle can walk to the cannon's mouth unshrinking."

Here Morgan returned to say farewell. The two bands of horsemen were mustering together before the inn, and the villagers peeped from behind doors and windows to see them off.

"Good-by, general," said Benton, shaking hands. "Get out of Ohio as soon as you can. I wish you were safe across the river this minute."

"Good-by, general," said the bride, as Morgan took her hand, adorned with his ring, held in place on the slender finger by a piece of blue ribbon. "When this cruel war is over, I hope we shall meet again."

In another moment the raiders rode away down the street and out into the open country beyond, and Morgan waved his hat as a parting salute to the white-robed figure on the piazza as he turned the corner. Then came the gray dawn, the villagers slowly recovered their senses, and Kate and Benton began to realize the drama of the night. Morgan had come; Morgan had gone. But he had left a mark behind him.

"Tag-rag and bobtail!" ejaculated Mr. M'Cook, recovering his breath.

The next morning an excited group occupied Frau Stahlen's sitting-room.

"Oh, my Leonora, what have I not suffered during the past night!" cried Mrs. Betts, embracing her daughter, who, with limp muslin and happy face, stood before her. "My own one, how wretched you must have been!—separated from Benton, too."

"Indeed, mamma," interrupted Leonora, with flushing cheeks, "I was very happy, and I could desire no better protector than Dr. Marle."

Leander advanced to the front. "My esteemed and beloved Leonora speaks but the truth, Mrs. Betts. Oh, may I not say mamma? We were, although somewhat uncomfortable, very happy."

"What do I hear?" cried Mrs. Betts. "Leonora, speak. What does this mean?"

"Simply, madam, that we are betrothed," replied Leander, getting slowly down upon his knees, and holding Nora's hand in both his own. "Bless your children, mamma."

"And Benton?" gasped Mrs. Betts, sinking into a chair at the sight of this tableau.

"I am sure, mamma, I don't know what you mean," said Leonora, pettishly. "You are always talking about Benton; but I never cared for him, and certainly he never cared for me. And as regards comparison, I trust you see that a light-minded youth like Benton can not for one moment stand by the side of a learned, mature-minded man like my Leander."

"But you are of the same complexion," objected Mrs. Betts, feebly.

"Hath the heart a complexion, madam?" demanded Leander, with a dignified wave of his hand.

"I am sure I don't know," replied Mrs. Betts, reduced to tears. "My theories, my plans, and my ideas seem to be of no consequence even to my own child. Oh, Albert, why did you leave me? Oh! oh!"

"Now, mamma, don't cry," said Leonora. "My Leander will be a dutiful son to you. If there is any thing to cry about, it is Kate. She is either lost in the woods or taken prisoner."

"And your uncle too," sobbed Mrs. Betts. "No mortal knows where he is. He would stay in the house, and when we came back he was gone."

"And all de cakes and de pies too," added Frau Stahlen. "But Jacob will be home dis night; de horses is zafed, and de mans will vind de Fräulein and Montgom and de old man zave and zound. Don'd drouble, but take a cup of coffee. Drouble helps nodings—nodings at all."

It was ten o'clock. Leander and Leonora had not attempted to return until Mrs. Stahlen's son, who "lifed dree mile down de river," had come to relieve them from their guard over the horses, and the progress homeward had been slow and tortuous, owing to Leander's complicated manœuvres with the file of steeds that fell to his share. He had deep theories of equine strategy, but the obstinate beasts refused to live up to them.

While Frau Stahlen was pouring out the coffee, a wagon came up the grassy lane. Leonora flew to the window. "It is Kate!" she cried—"Kate, Benton, and Uncle John!"

In another instant there was a rush of white muslin into the room. "Oh, Aunt Am, what will you say when you hear I am married?" said Kate, throwing her arms around her aunt's neck.

"What!" cried the chorus.

Mrs. Betts stared at Kate in silence.

"Yes, really married; married to Benton, dear aunt."

Mrs. Betts arose, and taking her niece by the shoulder, gave her a hearty shaking.

"Take care, aunt; take care. Treat my wife with respect, please," said Benton, coming to the rescue.

"Katherine Vandenburg Allen, what does this mean?" said Mrs. Betts, with severe indignation.

"It means that we are married, Aunt Am. Benton *would* have it so. I was as helpless as a slave. Morgan took us prisoners; and, oh, he is so splendid!"

"Tag-rag and bobtail!" muttered Mr. M'Cook, who was eating ham and eggs.

"And he said he would take Benton and shoot him, and lay him a cold corpse at my feet, if I did not marry him, and so, of course, I was obliged to say yes. And Morgan gave us his ring—see, here it is tied on to my finger—and I do hope he will get safe across the river; and of course I was obliged to save Benton's life; but I feel dreadfully

about it—dreadfully!" concluded the bride, with a slight incoherence.

Mrs. Betts rose from her chair with majesty. "Benton Montgomery, are you really married to this person?" she said, waving her hand toward Kate.

"I am, aunt."

"Where was the deed done, Sir?"

"In Dazzleton, Broad County, Ohio."

"At what hour?"

"Between three and four this morning."

"Dreadful!" said Mrs. Betts, with a shudder. "Were you taken prisoner by Morgan?"

"Yes, aunt."

"And forced into these rash proceedings?"

"Let them alone, Amaranth," interposed Mr. M'Cook, with a twinkling eye. "They both sacrificed themselves to a stern sense of duty in the most heroic manner."

The second day afterward, when all the party had returned to Lakesville, Benton came hurriedly into the parlor with the evening paper in his hand.

"Morgan is taken, Kate," he said to his young wife, who was engaged in blocking out a post-nuptial trousseau. "He had almost reached Smith's Ford, when he was intercepted by our troops and forced to surrender. Here is the account."

"I don't want to read it," said Kate, sorrowfully. "I was so sure he would escape!"

"Nonsense!" growled Mr. M'Cook.

"A guerrilla!" said Mrs. Betts, scornfully.

"Leander is of the opinion that he had redeeming qualities," said Leonora, looking up from her crochet. "I hope now you will be willing to have a respectable wedding ring, Kate. That old worn band is so much too large for you!"

"Never!" said Kate, warmly. "I was married with this ring, and it shall not leave my finger if I have to wear a dozen guards."

"A rebel raider!" said Mrs. Betts again.

"Never mind; he was our Cupid—wasn't he, little wife?" said Benton, putting his arm around Kate and wiping away her tears. "Don't grieve, dear; perhaps he will escape yet."

In the mean time Mr. M'Cook had devoured every word of the account. Then, taking off his glasses, he expanded his portly person with an air of proud satisfaction. "Just what I expected," he said, grandly—"a set of tag-rag and bobtail!"

Toward the last of November Leonora's wedding took place with due state; trousseau, presents, and reception in the latest style, and a ceremony rich with the most rare and antique ecclesiastical novelties.

During the festivities Benton beckoned Kate into the hall.

"What do you think I have just heard, sweetheart?" he said, in a low tone. "Morgan has escaped from the Columbus Penitentiary and got safely out of the State."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Kate, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling.

"You little rebel!" said the young husband, laughing.

"No, Bent, I am no rebel; you know that very well. I am loyal to the heart's core. But if it had not been for Morgan, we should not have been married."

"So soon," added Benton; "that is all I shall allow him. He only hastened the—"

"Inevitable husband," interrupted Kate, archly. "Do you remember that?"

"Yes. And I remember also the fourteen years he was to serve, poor man. How about the fourteen years now, Mrs. Montgomery?"

But Mrs. Montgomery was sure her aunt needed her in the drawing-room, and so, of course, she could make no reply.





IN ALSATIA.

HERE is a friend shall fight for thee,
Be thou good fellow, and under ban.
Where have I met thee?—let me see—
But, tash! what matter? a man's a man.
This is a hand has handled sword,
So fill up thy can, and clink with me:
Out with thy troubles—thou hast my word—
Here is a friend shall fight for thee.

Thirty years man-at-arms was I;
Trailed pike in Flanders—rough work there—
Stormed forts, sacked cities—pass that by,
Also the women dragged by the hair!
There must be soldiers, I suppose,
So long as kings and peoples be:
Marry, Sir, 'tis a world of blows,
But here is a friend shall fight for thee.

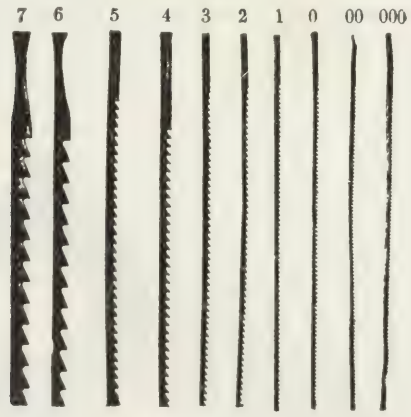
"Free lance, freebooter," runs the song,
Writ by some skulking clerk, I wot.
I never do peaceful burghers wrong,
Nor kiss a woman, an she would not;
Never take purse, but from the dead,
That are long past spending—unlike me,
Who seek not your gold, but good instead,
For here is the friend shall fight for thee.

What knaves be these? No friends of mine.
I'll parley with them. What want ye here?
The splash on my ruffle—pshaw! is wine—
Will draw on ye, dogs, if you dare come near.
Have at ye, then, without a word—
Man enough yet for two or three.
Old fellow, thou hast one friend—thy sword,
For this is the friend that fights for thee!

FRET-SAWING AND WOOD-CARVING.

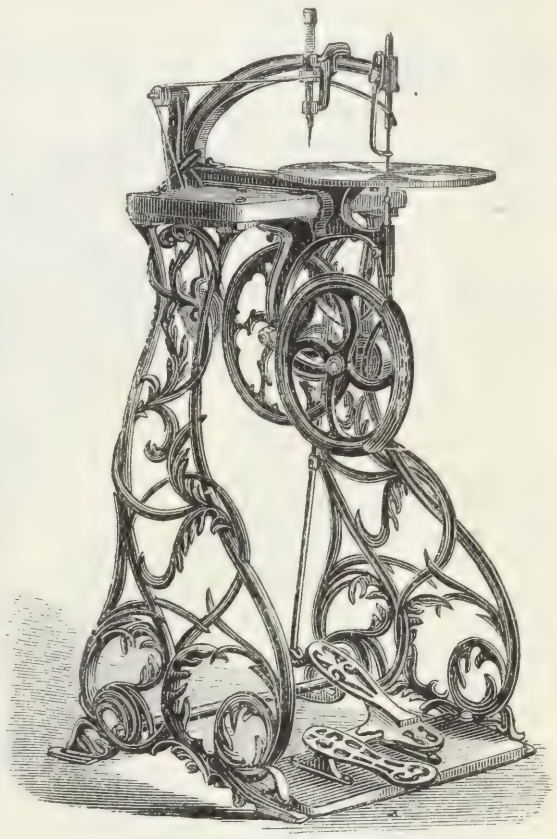
THE two most familiar tools are the knife and the saw, and the cutting edge of the one and the scratching edge of the other are the working part of all our implements, except the plough and some others which make a simple application of the wedge in splitting. The drawing cut, the scratching cut, and the pressing or separating cut are the three motions; the knife or cutting edge with which we make a drawing cut, or, as always with the plane, a pushing cut, is really a saw with invisible teeth, and scratches its way, the forward or pushing being in effect the same as the other. Thus, drawing the blade scratches with the point of the V-shaped tooth; pressing straight forward scratches with the side of the tooth, working like the scissors cut of the mowing-machine. Theoretically, therefore, every knife is a saw, and the saw is the universal tool, its tooth varying from a size beyond the microscope to that of the monster "circular."

The fret or "jig" saw is an old and well-known tool in cabinet-making, and a familiar example of its work is the music rack of the piano or the reed organ. Small saws, fabricated sometimes from watch springs, are a favorite tool for concealment in the prisoner's loaf, and have cut a way of escape through many window bars. Fastened by clamps to the ends of a small U-shaped frame, very fine saws were long almost exclusively the possession of jewellers, dentists, and similar craftsmen; but at last their adaptability to ornamental work was discovered. The town of Sorrento, Italy, was the earliest, or one of the earliest, to make this adaptation to wider uses than the "scroll"-work of the cabinet-maker, and gave its name to the new art. A few persons of taste and leisure, lengthening the arms of the jeweller's bow frame, amused themselves by making this open cut or Sorrento work, and there are now many French and German designs in the market, which are, as a class, inferior to the American.



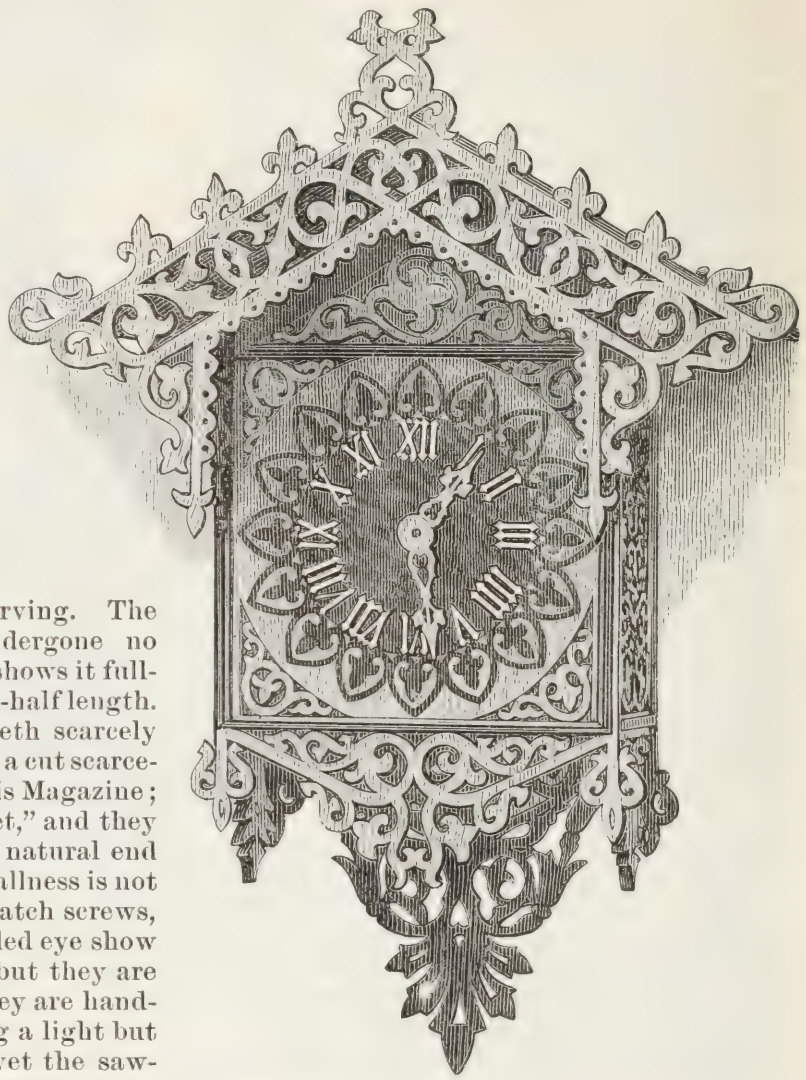
SAW BLADES.

The first practical and efficient machine for sawing originated in this country, as did the sewing-machine, and the art came swiftly into vogue here. In five years over 6000 foot-power machines of a single pattern, costing nearly one-half as much as a sewing-machine, have been sold, and more than 1000 of a cheaper pattern were taken in its first season; of a still cheaper and nearly worthless wooden article some 6000 have also been sold. It is impossible to ascertain how many hand frames have been sold, but the most competent authority estimates that from 50,000 to 75,000 have been disposed of in this country alone during the last four years. The Centennial gave the business a great push. Nothing in the exhibition of mechanical processes in Machinery Hall had such a constant crowd of observers as one of these sawing-machines; and of a little inlaid vase of holly and walnut, 3000 were sold as *souvenirs* to visitors who saw them made. The manufacturers, who supposed that a few years would exhaust the demand, and therefore held themselves in readiness to direct their industry to some other work whenever necessary, have been surprised by finding the demand steadily increase, and the popularity of the new occupation shows no signs of wearing out. The sales of imported saw blades are immense, and the makers along the Rhine have



THE SAWING-MACHINE.

been taxed beyond their capacity to supply the demand from this country alone. The consumption can only be vaguely estimated, but there are several firms who dispose of some 75,000 blades monthly during the cooler half of the year, and the total sales in the United States are probably not less than 500,000 blades a month. There are already three volumes on this subject published in this country, a large number of books of designs, and an indefinite quantity of designs in sheets; the art has also its regular organs in periodicals. The present article, which can hardly do more than drop hints, will therefore attempt to give direction to, as well as awaken an interest in, sawing and in its cognate but broader art, wood-carving. The saw blade itself has undergone no change. The illustration shows it full-sized, a little less than one-half length. The finest blades have teeth scarcely visible to the eye, and make a cut scarcely thicker than a leaf of this Magazine; none of them have any "set," and they are never sharpened, their natural end being breakage. Their smallness is not so remarkable as that of watch screws, some of which to the unaided eye show neither head nor thread; but they are marvels of cheapness. They are hand-made, every tooth requiring a light but separate stroke of a file; yet the saw-maker makes from 100 to 400 teeth for considerably less than half a cent. This is "cheap labor," although Ah Sin does not supply it. The saws are made in the Rhine country, where children begin work at home at a tender age, and living is a matter of a few simple necessaries.



SAWED CLOCK, IN BIRD'S-EYE MAPLE, EBONY, MOTTLED WALNUT, AND IVORY.



SAWED WALL-POCKET.

The simplest form of holder for the saw is the U-shaped hand frame of wood or steel, the latter being the best. Its cheapness is all that commends it, for its capacities are very restricted, its work being slow and laborious as compared with the treadle machines. Inlaying and mosaic work can not be successfully done with it, and those who wish to produce the most artistic results possible must use a first-class treadle machine, yet the hand frame will remain the tool for boys, and is excellent for beginners. As good work can not be done with a treadle machine unless it is well planned and well made, so that its parts are nicely fitted, and move with ease, smoothness, and accuracy, the sale of so many coarse and badly fitted wooden machines is much to be regretted. If the amateur can not afford the cost of a first-class machine, ranging from $6 to $25, he will do better to buy the best fifteen-inch steel bow frame he can find, costing about $1 50, and let patience and skill offset as far as they can the defectiveness of his tools, remembering that the work, when success in



PICTURE-FRAME.

the commercial sense is not sought, is in the workman rather than the tools.

In the cabinet-maker's hands the saw produces only variations of the familiar "scroll" in wood from half an inch to several inches thick; in the hands of the amateur it is confined to thinner stuff, generally from one-sixteenth to three-sixteenths, and seldom exceeding one-half inch, but becomes a tool which cuts with facility leaves, figures, vines, and every thing which ingenuity can devise, the delicacy and intricacy of the work being scarcely limited except by the skill and patience of the workman. Beginning with the brackets with which the boy always begins, designers have produced patterns for book racks, screens, easels, wall-pockets, clocks, fancy boxes, photograph frames, vases, thermometer stands, and many others, ingenuity being taxed as constantly to find new applications as new patterns. The saw can cut only in a vertical line, and always through the wood, just as the sewing-machine can make only one stitch, and always through and through the cloth. This seemed at first a very restricted capacity, but ingenuity soon discovered how to make it answer for all work except button-holes, and ingenuity will probably in like manner enlarge the applications of the saw to purposes of ornament. That is, however, strictly limited to cutting on parallel sides with straight edges. It is not a carving tool; it can not paint a picture, except in profile; it cuts out natural objects in silhouette. Yet the practical effectiveness of this repetition of silhouettes is far greater than the superficial observer would suppose; it rests entirely in the thought, skill, and taste of the workman.

A further step in the decorative use of the saw is "overlaying." This consists of simply cutting out a design in some thin stuff—ordinary veneers being generally used—and gluing the figure to a thicker piece, which serves as a ground, woods of contrasting colors, of course, being chosen. "Paper" veneers in fancy woods are furnished for this purpose, which are not thicker than stout paper, and are glued to a paper backing, this backing remaining on the cut figure, and holding it together. Overlaying may therefore be used as a ready means of ornamenting panels and the like, although the idea will disturb the severe art critic, who hates veneer, and can abide nothing short of solid substance. This is not the place for a discussion of the question, but does the just objection to veneer lie in the fact that it is a shell? There is no cheat, for there is no pretense of solidity; and when the superficial nature of the beauty is known and not denied, wherein is the eye harmed by the sight of veneering and plating? If every body could only have rose-wood and silver solid, well and good. As this can not be, the eye sees in the shaving exactly all it could see in the substance, for beauty is but skin-deep, and form and finish are its real tests. Is not the just abhorrence of veneering really an abhorrence of a certain tawdriness, a dishonest copying of genuine art forms, a cheap and lying trickiness



INLAY-WORK.

which means to deceive, and works only to sell? If veneering is regarded as the type of this lying in life and manners, may the abhorrence of it never be less!

But decidedly the most beautiful, most artistic, and most promising work of the saw is inlaying and mosaic. In its simplest example inlaying consists of pinning together two pieces of wood of strong contrasting colors—say, walnut and holly—laying the design on top, and cutting both pieces at once. The corresponding pieces in the two woods are then interchanged and glued fast, the pattern thus being reproduced in duplicate, one being a white figure on a dark ground, and the other a dark figure on a white ground.

If cut "straight"—that is, with the wood lying so that the saw works in a line perpendicular to it—a number of inlays can be made at a time. Very thin and fine saws, however, must in that case be used, and the kerf must be filled with glue. By using a "bevelling" attachment, which tilts the work-table up at any desired angle with the saw, the pieces cut out become wedge-shaped, thus compensating for the saw kerf. Stronger saw blades can thus be used, and a much tighter fitting of the pieces effected. If the work is skillfully done, the joints are invisible, and the effect is that of a painted panel. This is working in colors, and of course the only limitation is that of the variety of colors obtainable in natural woods, unless the brush is used to touch and supplement. Rose-wood and cocobola, for example, may be made to imitate pretty closely the irregular splashes of color on the oak or maple leaf in autumn; and there is no limit to the number of successive inlays which can be used, overlapping and blending with one another. Table-tops, book-cases, and other articles of furniture can be tastefully orna-

mented by overlaying or by inlaying; but as the greatest accuracy and nicety of cut are essential, only the best treadle machines and the best materials can be successfully used. The amateur who attempts this class of work otherwise will waste labor and meet vexatious disappointment.

Inlaying and overlaying, as well as plain open-work or Sorrento cutting, have been greatly facilitated and broadened by the use of fancy woods. Besides the familiar native walnut, oak, cedars, ash, cherry, butternut, white maple, curled and bird's-eye maple, there is the Virginia white holly, which is a very compact wood, with scarcely any noticeable grain, nearly the color of ivory when first cut, susceptible of taking a velvety finish, and a general favorite. There are also many tropical and foreign woods, such as mahogany, rose-wood, satin-wood, cocobola, ebony, tulip, amboyna, camino, amaranth, thuya, snake, zebra, camphor, Hungarian ash, etc. Some of these are singular. Snake is of extraordinary hardness, found only in narrow slips, and almost an exact copy of a snake's spotted skin; amaranth is of a rich red color; cocobola and tulip are also red, but variegated; Hungarian ash is a figured wood, its stripes and spots suggesting a tiger's coat; walnut burls are marked with rings and spots resembling the "eyes" in a peacock's tail. All these are procurable, planed to a uniform thickness, from one-sixteenth to one-quarter of an inch, smoothly finished on both sides, and ready for use. Brass, nickel, pearl, tortoise-shell, ivory, silver, gold, hard India rubber, and other rare materials are available for the use of those who wish to follow decorative work to its most artistic results. For the choicest work the originality of the enthusiast may assert itself, and may be left to produce special designs, which, whatever their intrinsic merit, will have for himself an especial pleasure. For a single hint in fret-cutting this may suffice: a design embracing many details of slender and delicate work, wrought in thin wood—say, one-sixteenth of an inch—then backed with a ground of silk or velvet of strong color, and the table thus made let into the cover of a book or album, forms a charming novelty in binding.

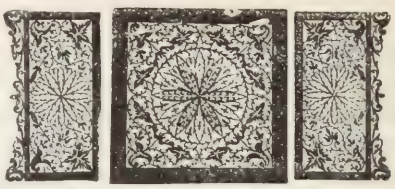


BRACKET.



EASEL.

Buhl-work—named from André C. Boule, a French carver, born in 1642 and died in 1732—consists of a design cut in gold, silver, brass, or other metal, and let into



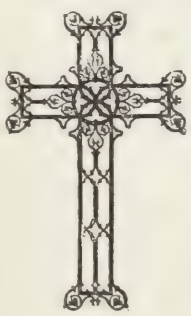
PARTS OF A BOX, INLAID.

ivory, ebony, tortoise-shell, etc. Marquetry is another name for inlaying. In each, as in plain open-cut work, the variety and tastefulness of the possible decoration are scarcely limited except by the skill, versatility, and patience of the workman. For example, the variety in color, which seems to be severely restricted by the natural hues of the wood, may be considerably enlarged by several little devices, of which I will mention one: a light-colored wood, especially holly, may be darkened or browned by dipping it in heated sand; if done with nicety, a graduated shading, which serves well to imitate the shadow of raised objects in painting, may be thus produced.

Wood-carving is an old art and a hackneyed subject. To treat it exhaustively would require a volume; hence I attempt nothing more than a suggestive sketch of it as related to the saw, and as adapted in this country to purposes of culture and home decoration. The wood-carver is a sculptor in wood, and after he leaves the flat surface beyond which the saw can not go, he has a field of indefinite breadth before him. He needs for adjuncts a vise or a wooden screw for holding his material firmly, leaving his hands free; also hones, sand-paper, cement, sweet-oil, pencils of rather a soft quality, screws, a pair of leather gloves, and some wash-leather, mallets, and files. His cutting tools are about a score in number, consisting of chisels, both straight and bent, with edges varying from one-eighth to three-quarters of an inch in width; gouges with edges from this shape (∪) to this (⌣); chisels with bevelled edges; and dividing tools with edges shaped like a broad letter V. Patience, care, and unflagging enthusiasm are necessary for the amateur's success; these must be aided by tools of the best quality, kept in the best condition, as a



PAPER-CUTTERS.



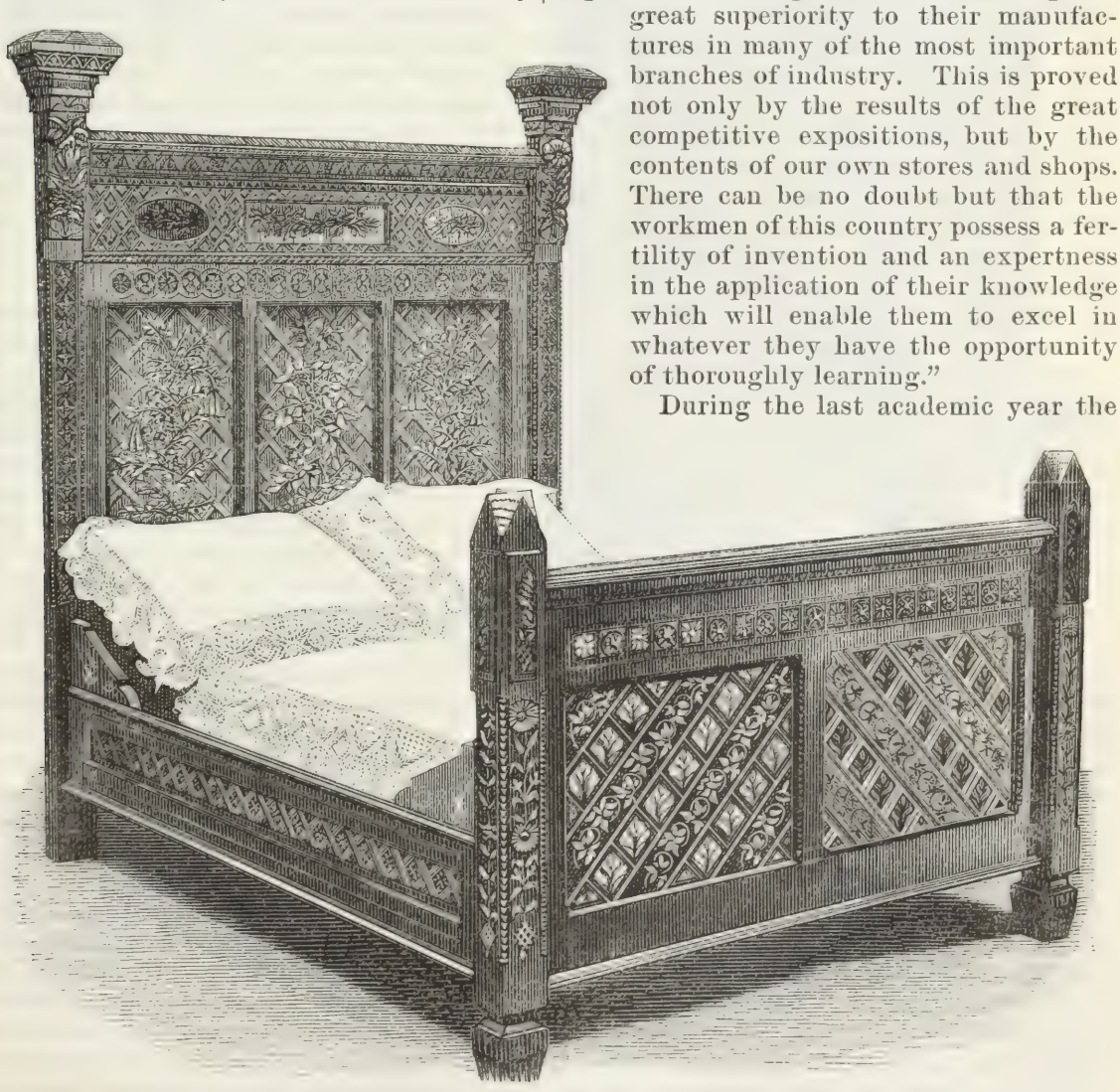
CROSS.

dull tool may suddenly spoil the fruit of long labor.

The learner may try his hand on simple ornamentation of sawed work, and he will probably not use the saw very long before doing so. A simple beginning consists in cutting the veins and rounding the twigs and berries in sawed work. Some knowledge of drawing is of course necessary, and the learner who contemplates going far will do wisely to seek the help of a competent instructor.

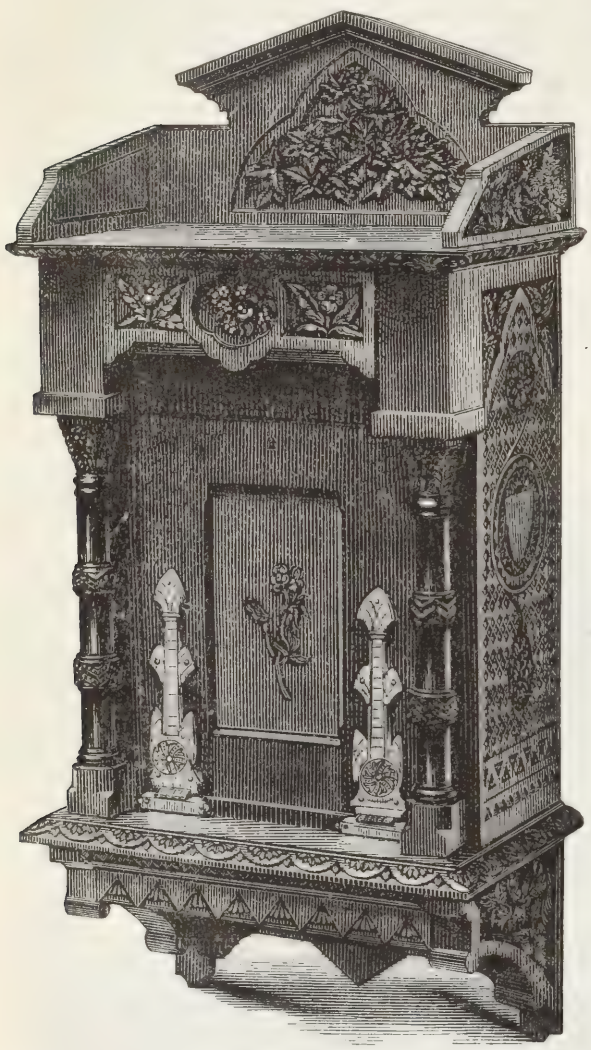
Little attention has been as yet paid to wood-carving in schools. The farthest progress has been made by the School of Design of the University of Cincinnati, which furnished the seventy-four articles exhibited in the Woman's Pavilion at the Centennial, and from which most of the illustrations of carving in this article were procured. The university was founded seven years ago, under a State law of 1870, "to enable cities of the first class to aid and promote education." It has three departments—the Academic, the School of Design, and the Observatory; it is maintained by funds given in trust to the city; has a four years' course in each department; gives instruction free to residents of Cincinnati, and to others at thirty dollars a year for a single study, and sixty dollars for a full course. Non-residents of Cincinnati may also be admitted to the School of Design without charge, in case of vacancies. The School of Design was organized in 1869, under the name of the M'Micken School of Art and Design, but started in 1864, in the gift of paintings and statuary by the managers of an art academy founded by women of the city. Says the catalogue concerning it: "The special aim of this school is not merely the study of painting and sculpture, but also the improvement of the industrial arts, by affording to the citizens of Cincinnati, and particularly to the operative classes, a thorough technical and scientific education in art and design as applied to manufactures, thereby imparting to them such taste and skill in the form and finish of their works, whether large or small, as will always command remunerative employment and a ready sale for the products of their industry. The advantages which will be derived from this school (if properly sustained by our people) can scarcely be overestimated. Schools of Design, which in foreign countries (and in France especially) have long been liberally sustained at the expense of the government, have given great superiority to their manufactures in many of the most important branches of industry. This is proved not only by the results of the great competitive expositions, but by the contents of our own stores and shops. There can be no doubt but that the workmen of this country possess a fertility of invention and an expertness in the application of their knowledge which will enable them to excel in whatever they have the opportunity of thoroughly learning."

During the last academic year the



CARVED BEDSTEAD.

School of Design had 434 pupils, of whom 243 were females. The department of drawing and design had 256 males to 95 females, and that of sculpture 13 males to 10 females; but the department of wood-carving shows a striking reversal of this disproportion, having 17 males to 138 females. At the eighth annual exhibition, June, 1876, of the 254 specimens of drawings finished, 113 were by the female pupils; of the 27 specimens of sculpture, 14 were by females; of the 76 original "industrial" designs, 43 were by females; and of the 156 specimens of wood-carving, 138 were by females. These comparisons indicate either greater industry or greater proficiency, or both, on the part of the female pupils. The wood-carving branch is in charge of Mr. Benn Pitman, originally by occupation a teacher of phonography, who has taken up carving because he loves it, and he pursues it with an unflagging enthusiasm, which he manages to communicate to his pupils. Says the catalogue in reference to the aim of the school in this department:



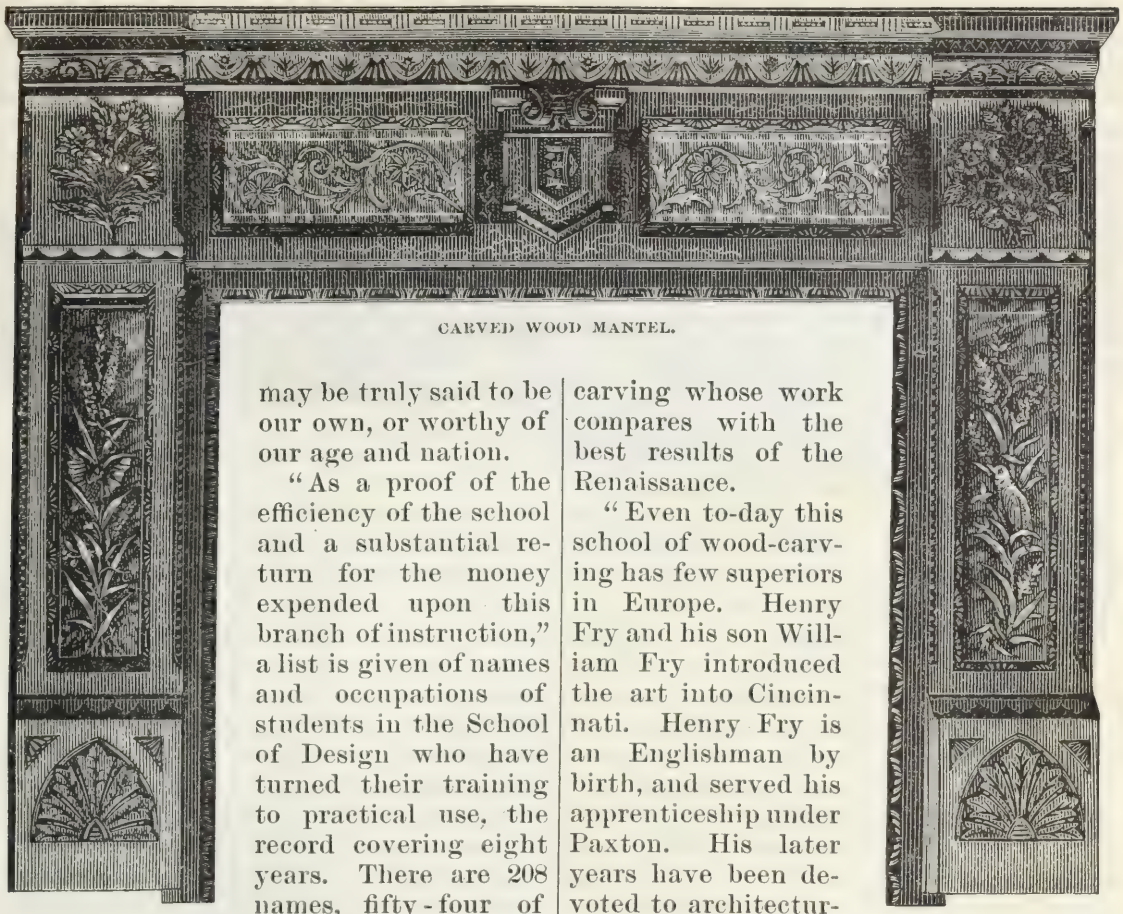
CARVED HANGING CABINET.

"When the ability to draw has been acquired, and students have memorized the forms of a limited variety of leaves, flowers, birds, butterflies, etc., together with the simpler principles of design, they may be readily instructed how to put their art ideas into permanent form in wood, metal, or on china. This is the aim of the wood-carving department of the School of Design, in which the practical realization of artistic work has been attended with gratifying success.

"True decoration may be said to be the beautifying of useful things. Chairs, tables, cupboards, bedsteads, etc.—things of utility—admit of artistic construction, by which are secured the utmost strength and convenience. Proper art training determines the kind and degree of decoration necessary to render them beautiful. This training does not consist of a mere imitation and reproduction of the art forms of the past. The art work of all peoples and periods is carefully studied, not to copy it, but to catch its inspiration and meaning, and, where possible, to improve upon it, by avoiding any discovered untruthfulness and adding to the variety. The art of the present day should be the outgrowth of our knowledge and culture, as the best art of past ages was the product of their civilization. To this end pupils are encouraged to study and copy the facts and forms of nature, under varying circumstances and at different seasons, and they are instructed how, without perverting, to put them to service in horizontal or vertical lines of ornament, or for panel, border, central, and diaper decoration, so that the infinitely varied forms of nature, with their suggestive significance, may be used to add to the lasting interest and beauty of our household surroundings.

"It has been found that ladies of culture take a special interest in this kind of industrial art. Construction may be regarded as the peculiar province of men; to beautify is as naturally the province of women. The practical art department aims to instruct those who will be artisans and artists, as well as the patrons of art—those who will produce and those who will buy—so that in the education of both classes a satisfactory art progress may be insured.

"Nearly two thousand separate pieces of work have been produced by the pupils of this department since its establishment in 1873, and in the decoration of the great variety of articles which this number includes there has been a constant effort to attain originality, consistency, and beauty. It is constantly held in view that appropriate, original, and varied decoration can only be attained by studying and noting the forms of nature to be found in our gardens and woods, and using them, naturally or formally, according to the nature and situation of the ornaments required, and that thus only can there be evolved a decorative art which



CARVED WOOD MANTEL.

may be truly said to be our own, or worthy of our age and nation.

"As a proof of the efficiency of the school and a substantial return for the money expended upon this branch of instruction," a list is given of names and occupations of students in the School of Design who have turned their training to practical use, the record covering eight years. There are 208 names, fifty-four of them those of women. Lithographers, designers, sculptors, engravers, landscape painters, and even sign painters and "stripers," architects, decorators, turners, and others are mentioned in this list, and twenty-one persons are named as engaged in carving or other work in wood. The list, however, gives the names of those pupils only of whose subsequent course the teacher of drawing has positive knowledge, and a foot-note explains that the list includes but few of the members of the classes in carving, "for the reason that the larger number of the pupils in those classes have employed their talent in beautifying their own homes rather than in the production of objects for sale; all of them have executed valuable pieces of work, and could earn a living by carving and designing were they so inclined." The fact, however, that Cincinnati has at least one manufactory of carved wood articles may perhaps be more than a coincidence.

Cincinnati has also a private carving school of excellent work and reputation, conducted by Mr. Henry L. Fry, assisted by his son William H. Fry, and his granddaughter Laura A. Fry. Of these artists the following mention is made in Mr. George Ward Nichols's work, *Art Education Applied to Industry*, recently published by Harper and Brothers:

"Cincinnati is a city where a great deal of cheap furniture is manufactured and sold, and here has arisen a school of wood-carving whose work compares with the best results of the Renaissance.

"Even to-day this school of wood-carving has few superiors in Europe. Henry Fry and his son William Fry introduced the art into Cincinnati. Henry Fry is an Englishman by birth, and served his apprenticeship under Paxton. His later years have been devoted to architectural construction, to designs for armoires, sideboards, book-cases, and similar articles, which have been carved chiefly by his son.

"William Fry was born in the West. From boyhood he hungered for adventure and the sea. This desire he gratified to the most hazardous and romantic extent.....The artistic faculty may have been fostered by the romance of adventure; but whether it was or not, it is certain that William Fry is a man of a fine order of genius. His artistic power exhibits itself not so much in the drawing of the human figure as in the adaptation of natural forms to ornamentation. And here the skilled fingers obey with precision, grace, and symmetry the poetic impulse of his fertile mind. With marvellous rapidity from under the touch of his chisel grow drooping ferns, pendent wreaths of leaves and flowers, full-plumaged birds, climbing vines of jasmine and ivy, feathery grasses, graceful and elaborate arabesques. His representations of natural objects are not the language of mere imitation, but charming translations. They are not seen with a cold, unsympathizing eye, but rather with that of love and sentiment. His sculptures from the tough and twisted grain of oak, ebony, walnut, and cherry are full of motion. The caress of his hand brings forth the tenderness of bud, the softness of leaf, the perfume of flower, and an ever-present suggestion of that sense of beauty whose expression is the best attribute of genius."

The work of two schools will soon be brought into competitive comparison, a large number of pupils being now at work on the screen or case for the organ in the Cincinnati Music Hall. The organ, it is claimed, will be the largest and best ever made in this country. The largest instrument in the country, in the Boston Music Hall, was made in Europe; the largest of American construction are in a hall in Worcester, Massachusetts, and in Plymouth Church. The screen of the new Cincinnati organ—which is to be ready for dedication in May next—is to be of cherry, fifty feet in width and sixty in height. For the best work by ten lady carvers a prize of $500 has been offered, not as an incentive to their work, but as a recognition of it. In the School of Design alone a hundred volunteered to give each a minimum of fifty hours' work, and seventy-six are now engaged upon the screen, the ornamentation of which is intended to express whatever produces sounds and suggests the concealed harmonies within.



CARVED BRACKET.

In New York the opportunity for endowing a school of this character is still open. The Cooper Institute, the pecuniary resources of which are fully taxed to provide for what it has already undertaken, has not touched wood-carving, and with its present ability can not do so. A Society of Decorative Art was organized by women early in 1877, the objects of which are to establish a place for the exhibition and sale of "decorative work of any description done by women, which shall be of sufficient excellence to meet the recently stimulated demand for such work;" to encourage profitable industries among women by "furnishing instruction in art needle-work, in decoration of pottery, and by distributing information concerning the various art industries which have been found remunerative in other countries;" to endeavor to obtain orders for work; to make connections through which material and designs may be procured; and "to induce each artist to master thoroughly the details of one kind of decoration, and try to make for her work a reputation of commercial value."



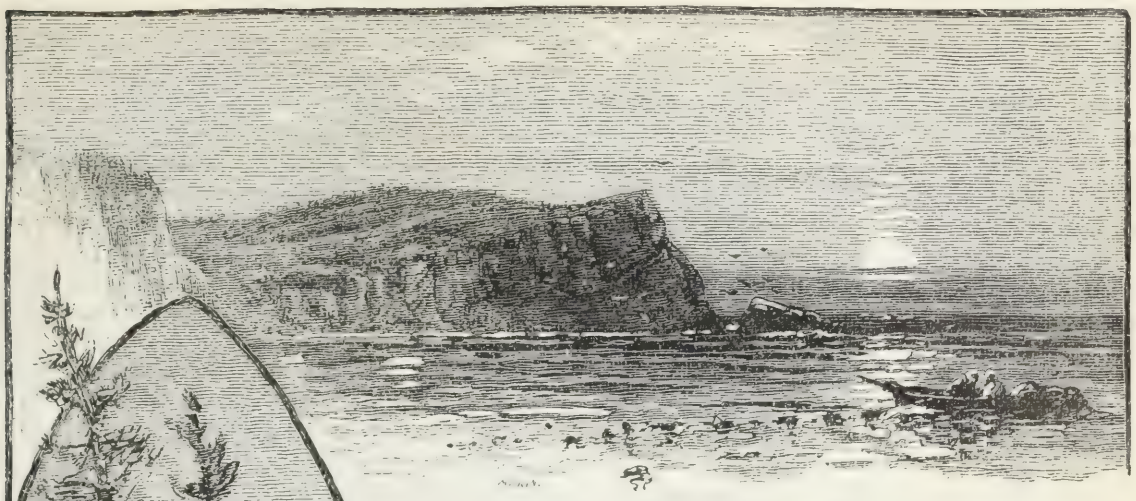
CARVED WALL-POCKET.

The declared object thus seems to be, primarily, to bring producer and purchaser together, encouraging the production of good work by finding a market for it. The element of direct instruction is mentioned, but not prominently, and it is not probable that much can be made of this in the absence of an endowment; the society is in its infancy, however, and is worthy of regard for what it may possibly become. The exhibition rooms and head-quarters of the society are at No. 4 East Twentieth Street, where classes in art and mediæval needle-work, lace-work, and decoration of china and pottery have already been formed.

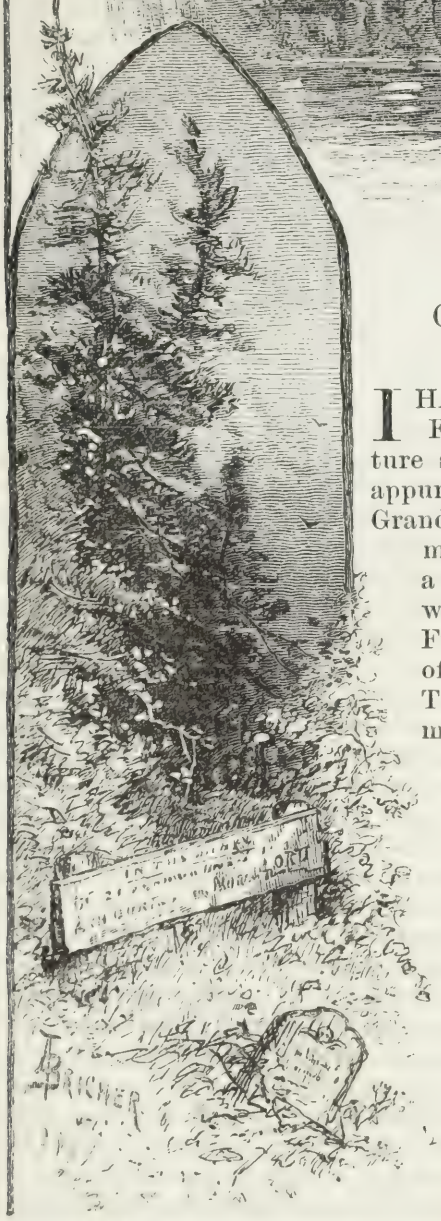


CARVED FANCY BOX.

Both fret-sawing and wood-carving have extraordinary fascination for persons who possess any mechanical bent or any love of artistic forms; the former occupation naturally leads to the latter, and the field is almost unlimited for the development of skill in designing and in applying new ideas. A love of the work for its own sake goes well with cultivation of the necessary and always valuable qualities, patience, perseverance, exactness, and gracefulness in working. The comparatively crude bracket-work with which the boy commences either wearies on the attention or carries the amateur to the more artistic work in which lie the future development and the real field. Very possibly, in the rigid commercial view, sawing and carving may resemble amateur farming, but with this difference, that the article produced, although it cost more than the price of a similar one in market, may have a peculiar excellence in design and finish—while one potato is like another of the same kind—and may partake of the maker's individuality. The satisfaction of contemplating one's own handiwork, made with such care and special adaptation as are not found in commercial goods, is not to be measured by money. And not only are the saw and the carving tool useful in the application of art education to industry, but it is a distinctive commendation of their use that it is naturally domestic, tending to surround one's self with one's own creations, and thus heighten the peculiar charm of the home.



EEL BROOK POINT.



GRAVE OF WRECKED FISHERMAN.

GRAND MANAN AND 'QUODDY BAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY BRICHER.

I HAD some thoughts of entitling this article "Fog and Fundy." For what nature has joined together, literature should not put asunder. Passamaquoddy Bay is an appurtenance of the Bay of Fundy, as is also the island of Grand Manan,* but to describe the Bay of Fundy without mention of the fogs that harbor in it would be as grave a short-coming as to write a scientific treatise on fog without analysis of the article as found in the Bay of Fundy. Fogs, we may say, are never missed in the Bay of Fundy, though *mist* is a feeble word to denote them. To *see* the Bay of Fundy, in fact, in some weathers one might about as well look on the map, and go no further.

There is another conspicuous feature of the Bay of Fundy, namely, its swollen and tumultuous tides, which sweep with unexampled volume and swiftness in from the Atlantic, and up its harbors and rivers, rising to an audacious height, and, when retiring, uncovering an impressively wide expanse of rock-bound and weed-matted shore. At low tide in the Bay of Fundy the shores look as if the sea had receded never to return. At high tide it looks as if the deep was rising to overwhelm the land. To stem the resulting currents even under steam is sometimes difficult; under sail or with the oar, it is often impossible.

"Does the Gulf Stream have any thing to do with forcing these tides in here?" I innocently asked of a landsman on Grand Manan as we were discussing the phenomenon.

"No," was his emphatic reply; "it's more likely the tides has suthin' to do with pushin' the Gulf Stream off."

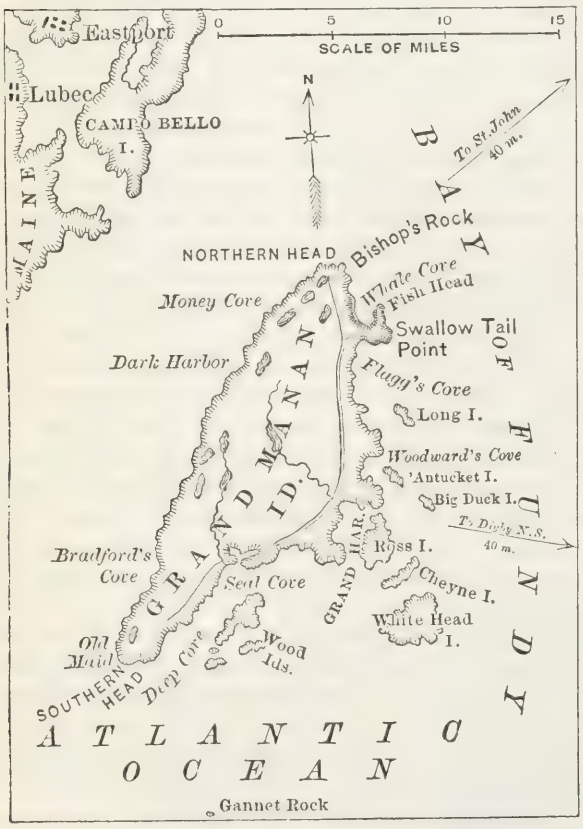
The Bay of Fundy, which may be regarded as the out-doors of the secluded precincts we are now to explore, might be called the American Bay of Biscay, except that its waters are a little less exposed to the powerful winds which sweep the open sea. It may be described to the eye as a short stout *left hand* of the Atlantic thrust up in a northeasterly direction between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and terminating only in a thumb and little finger. The *little finger* sinuously penetrates New Brunswick very nearly to Northumberland Strait, beyond which lies Prince Edward Island, and with which it is proposed to make a connection by means of a canal, so cutting off Nova Scotia into an immense island. The *thumb*, entering Nova Scotia and bending to the east and south,

* I adopt that spelling of this name which prevails on the island itself and in the British Provinces. Menan seems to be an American variation.

broadens into the Basin of Minas, which gives to the great promontory almost an inland sea. Here,

"on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn fields,
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village."*

It is into this Basin of Minas and up along its influent Windsor River that the Fundy's tides pour with their greatest volume and force, rising, it is affirmed, to an occasional height of sixty feet, and with such sudden velocity as now and then to surprise and overwhelm cattle feeding on the marsh lands by the shore. In the Windsor River, steamers, it is said, have to dodge the tides.



MAP OF GRAND MANAN, BAY OF FUNDY.

The extreme length of the Bay of Fundy is about one hundred and seventy miles; its width ranges from thirty to fifty miles; its depth is generally great. Its shores are for the most part bold and rocky, sometimes grandly precipitous. It is a capacious ocean pocket, filled and emptied twice in the twenty-four hours. With its tides, fogs, winds, and "iron-bound" shores, it is any thing but an inviting water to mariners, and has been the scene of some of the direst tragedies of the sea, while not without attractions of the strongest sort for the artist, the tourist, and the sportsman.

Even as I write, the daily paper brings this dispatch from the scene:

"EASTPORT, MAINE, *July* 23.—The brig *Olga*, of Scotland, has just been towed in here. She went ashore on Thursday on Murre Ledges, Grand Manan, in a fog. She was loaded with deals, and was from St. John for Ireland. She will discharge and hold a survey."

This, or much worse, is the story over and over again.

At the upper (northwestern) angle of its base the Bay of Fundy bulges into a kind of inner pocket, which receives the outflow of the St. Croix River. This river constitutes the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, and so in part between the United States and the territory of Great Britain. This inner pocket is Passamaquoddy Bay. Just how to mark it off from the Bay of Fundy might be something of a geographical problem, inasmuch as the waters of the two mingle upon an invisible line; but the natural demarkation is furnished by a chain of islands of which Campobello and Deer Island are chief, and M'Master's, Pendleton's, and Indian islands, and the Wolves, subordinate; while the really grand island of Grand Manan lies as a solitary outpost well out upon the border of the Atlantic, content with its own sublimity.

All these islands are British territory—sentinels, as it were, upon the line.

It was on a fine July morning that from the deck of the good steamer *New York*, bound from Boston to St. John *via* Portland and Eastport, our little party first caught sight through the lifting fog of the western face of Grand Manan. "Face," I say, not *shore*, because the western front of Grand Manan, along its entire length of twenty miles or more, rises cliff-like almost perpendicularly from the water to a height ranging from two hundred to four hundred feet, presenting at a distance of a dozen miles an appearance not unlike that of the Palisades upon the Hudson River above New York. As we ran on toward Quoddy Head, close in under the wild Maine shore, the island lay off to our right, looming loftily and formidably through the dissolving mists, heavy with the shadows of the morning's sun, and massive as might be the hand-laid wall of

* Longfellow's *Evangeline.*



"ROW, BROTHERS, ROW."

a giant's fortress. The outline of the island as gathered in from this point is exceedingly imposing. At that distance there is nothing to soften the apparent perpendicularity of the cliffs, which yet trend gently and gracefully away on either hand, the successive headlands showing in fine perspective as they recede. As we rounded Quoddy Head, and made our way up the narrow, tortuous, and weir-marked channel between the Maine shore and Campobello Island, past dilapidated Lubec, toward Eastport, the island temporarily disappeared; but closer acquaintance was quickly to follow.

The means of access to Grand Manan are both regular and irregular. Twice in the week during the summer season the steamer *William Stroud*, enlarged and elevated to the responsibilities and dignities of a passenger and freight traffic, runs down to the island from Eastport and the harbor and river ports above, returning the following day. She carries the mails, and is the island's only regular connection with the main-land. Reaching Eastport as we did on a Saturday, we concluded not to wait two precious days for the *Stroud*, but, as being both more expeditious and romantic, to charter a sail-boat, and so make the little voyage on "our own bottom," as it were. "Romantic" this method proved to be; but it barely escaped being not much more expeditious, for the good breeze with which the *Annie S.* was favored as she dropped down from Eastport, past Lubec again, and out by Quoddy Head upon the dancing, sparkling waters of the bay, provokingly died out when we were not half-way to our destination, and left us to toss about in a chop of the sea, with nothing for Skipper Sullivan to do but to muster in three of his passengers as crew for a four hours' toilsome row to Northern Head. Shall I pause here to pay tribute to the manly young sailor, just back from a long voyage, and bound now to his home at the Southern Head of Grand Manan, or to the gentlemanly young student-associate of the Boston Society of Natural History, both of whom with their strong arms served us in such good stead in this miniature extremity? or to administer a chastising word to the lazy passenger who would not row a stroke, because, as he said, it "hurt him across here" (pointing to his chest), and to the disagreeable passenger who would neither row nor offer any excuse, even a lame one, for his indolence? Is not human nature human nature in the Bay of Fundy as elsewhere? and do we not find the evil and the good "whene'er we take our walks abroad," and on whatsoever seas we sail?

The island of Grand Manan has a length variously estimated at from sixteen to twenty miles, and a width ranging from three to five. From the lofty brow of its nearly straight western face its surface slopes evenly and gently away to the eastern shore, which has an irregularly convex outline, and is for the greater part low and level. The Northern and Southern heads are connected by a well-kept road, which skirts this eastern shore, and on which, at points where it touches the most important coves, are gathered the little hamlets of the island. This habited edging is somewhat cultivated, but the sea hereabouts yields better revenues than the land; and such farms as there are have to share the coast with the forest, which in the interior and close up to the western cliffs has the island all to itself. Some twenty small fresh-water lakes dot this inland solitude, and one or two brooks find their way from these or other sources down the hill-sides to the

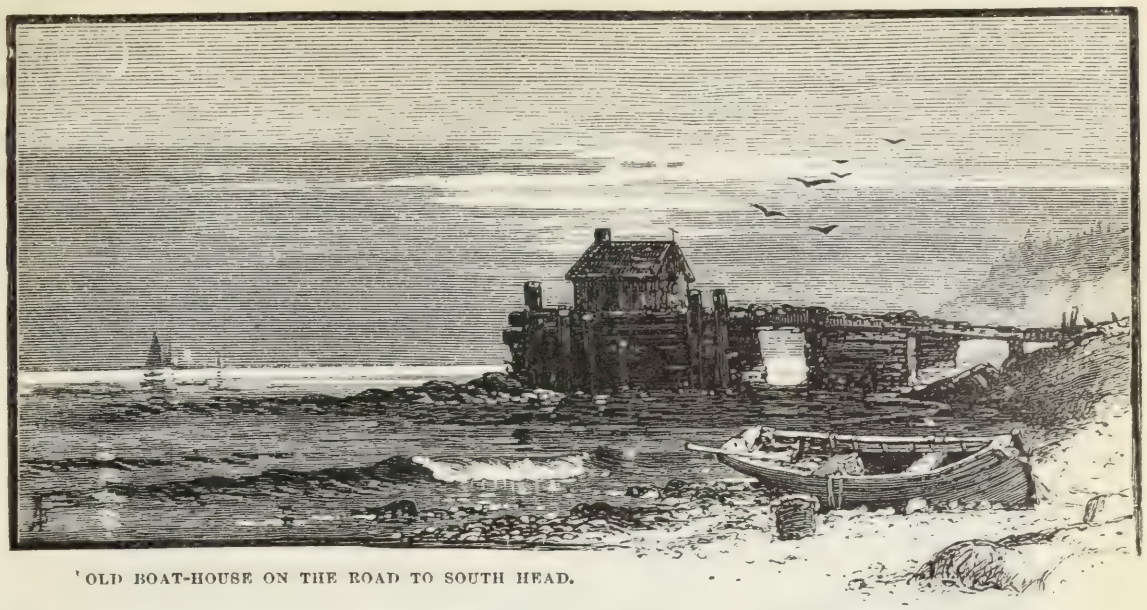
ocean coves. The highway above alluded to is fairly well settled along its entire length, but the chief clustering of houses is at Flagg's Cove and Woodward's Cove, at Centreville (called also Sinclairville), between these two, at Grand Harbor, and at private conveyance must be had, by land or water.

It was just as the afternoon was blending with the evening that the *Annie S.* reached an anchorage in Whale Cove. This picturesque nook, whose beauties are derived from



FISHING SMACKS OFF NORTHERN HEAD.

Seal Cove. At Flagg's Cove, Woodward's Cove, and Seal Cove there are post-offices, the first-named being a money-order office. Flagg's Cove and Woodward's Cove are the points directly served by the *William Stroud.* To the more southern portions of the island both sea and shore, is a circular bit of pebbly beach snuggled in between the wild rocks and scraggy firs of Fish Head on the east and the beetling Eel Brook Point on the west. A sailor's snug harbor it would seem to be but for the memory of that ter-



'OLD BOAT-HOUSE ON THE ROAD TO SOUTH HEAD.

rible winter night, twenty-six years ago, when the *Lord Ashburton* was wrecked on the point. On the present occasion the scene wore an aspect of secure shelter and supreme repose. The waters infolded within the cove's protecting arms lay hushed and still. The faintest ripple enlivened and only a single sail illumined the distant bay beyond. Under the hills to the left nestled a cottage or two. Behind them the sun had already sunk, and long shadows were fast gathering with the advancing tide upon the beach. The tinkling of a cow-bell and the bleating of a yew sheep in a neighboring pasture were the only sounds to be heard.

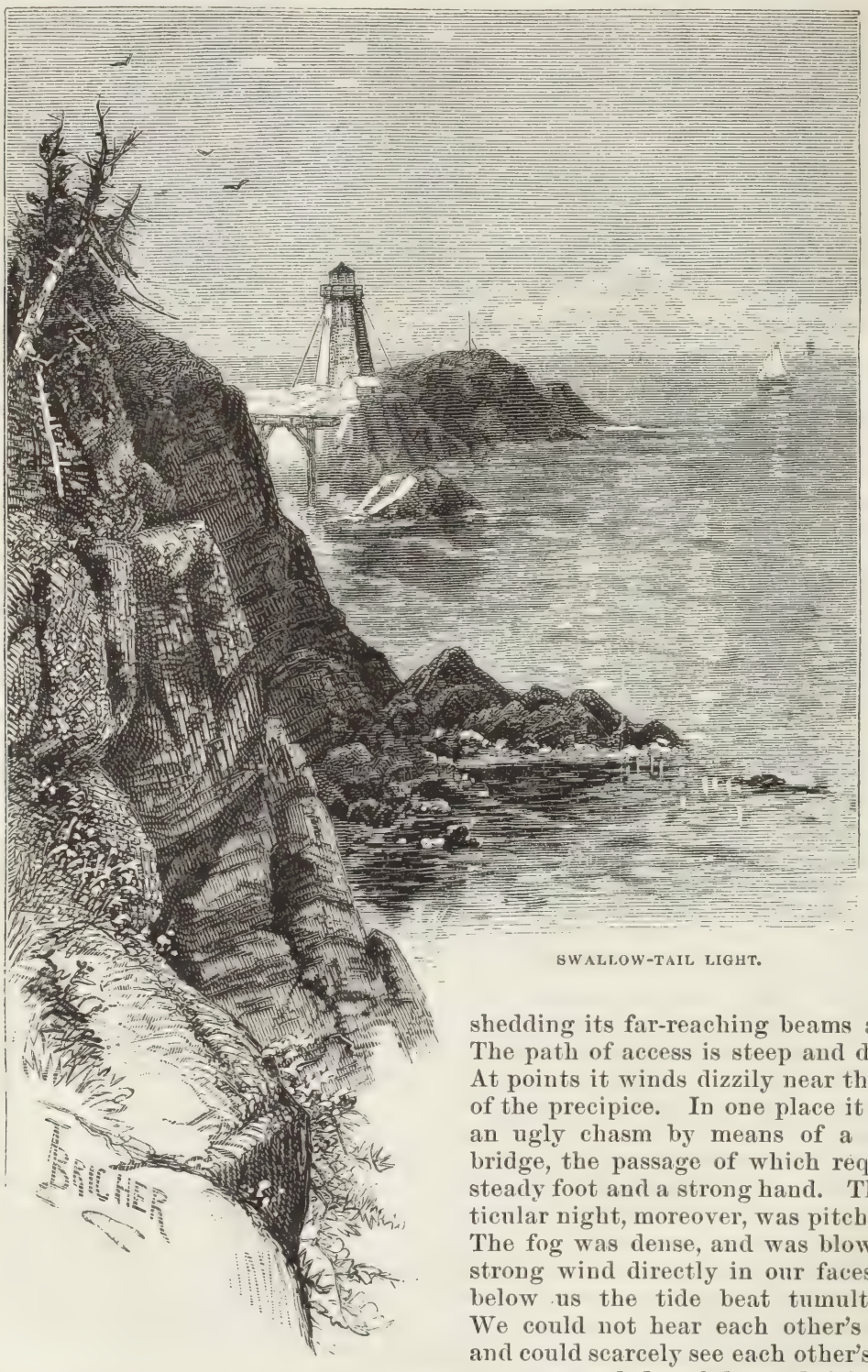
Making our landing and shouldering our luggage, we slowly ascended the ribbed and rugged neck which joins Fish Head and Swallow-tail Point to the body of the island, and which had to be surmounted before we could reach our expected shelter at Flagg's Cove. A five minutes' climb brought us to the summit, and to a view that embraced the cove before us, the trending shore to the southward, the islands and the bay beyond. Five minutes more of descent brought us to our home for the time being, with its grateful supper and still more grateful beds. It had been a rare and fortunate day and hour for the approach. How different proved the circumstances of our departure!

Accommodations for the public at Grand Manan are not as yet very ample. In fact, the public has hardly yet learned that there is a Grand Manan. Until recently visitors have had to depend on such chance hospitality as the plain homes of the islanders could afford. Two small public-houses have now been opened at Flagg's Cove. They provide comfortable accommodations and a fair table at reasonable prices. The fine view from this point when there is no fog they can not monopolize.

Our first full day upon the island being the Sabbath, we put a restraint upon our curiosity. The Grand Mananites—or should we say the Grand Mananers?—are emphatically a Sabbath-keeping people, and we could not well have done otherwise than respect their customs toward the day, even had we been so inclined. "The heft of 'em are Baptists," was one good man's reply to my inquiry as to the denominational divisions of the inhabitants. To this fact the four Free-will Baptist churches on the island would clearly testify. There is also an Episcopal church at Grand Harbor, and a small band of Latter-day Saints, who own a "temple," as they rather loftily designate their lowly meeting-house. The Saints established themselves here half a dozen years ago or so, but have never numbered more than twenty-five. They are disciples not of Brigham Young, but of Joe Smith, and do not practice polygamy. For indulging in that social luxury their former leader, Sheppey, was expelled from the fold. Their present shepherd, Elder Joseph Lakeman, was formerly a Baptist, and is commonly reputed as "a model-living man." His flock, too, are well spoken of. As a whole the churches are well supported, considering the circumstances. The minister of the most prosperous of the Baptist churches gets a salary of $400 a year, with as many Sundays "off" to preach in other pulpits, apparently, as he desires. The Church of England minister is a missionary, and gets $100 from his parish, to which $600 is added from the diocesan fund.

There being no service easily accessible to us in the morning, we went apart by ourselves over upon Swallow-tail Point, which is perhaps the most romantic and picturesque precinct of Grand Manan. The bold and rugged promontory is crowned with a light-house, and adjacent is Pettes's Cove, the very perfection of a fisherman's abode—a little bit of circular beach flanked by the

frowning Swallow-tail on the one hand, and backed with a row of fish-houses and cottages, and with a fleet of boats for a foreground; the whole so retired, and approached by such a sudden turn of the road, that it bursts upon the eye without a premonition of what is coming, and adds to the charm of absolute quaintness that of surprise. The whole scene looks like a picture by some old master turned into a reality. In the course of our ramble we made a quiet call on Mr. J. W. Kent, the keeper of the light-house, who, true to the principles of the island, politely excused himself from showing us into the tower on that day. Reenforced by a trio of ladies, we paid a second visit to it on a subsequent evening, when the lantern, rising nearly fifty feet above the cliff, and nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the water, was lighted, and was



SWALLOW-TAIL LIGHT.

shedding its far-reaching beams around. The path of access is steep and difficult. At points it winds dizzily near the brink of the precipice. In one place it crosses an ugly chasm by means of a slender bridge, the passage of which requires a steady foot and a strong hand. This particular night, moreover, was pitchy dark. The fog was dense, and was blown by a strong wind directly in our faces, while below us the tide beat tumultuously. We could not hear each other's voices, and could scarcely see each other's forms, as we ascended and descended in single file. Such an adventure has its charm, nevertheless, though it is one not to be commended, except to persons of good courage and steady nerves. By daylight, in good weather, the promontory can be gained without the slightest peril, and proves a place of singular power and beauty. It holds one forth, as it were, in the midst of the waves,

and gives him new sense of the majesty of the ocean, of the firmness of the earth, and of the feebleness of man in presence of the wilder elements of nature.

Strolling on the afternoon of the same Sabbath in another direction, we came upon an old burial-ground a short distance to the southward of the landing-place at Flagg's Cove. Here, among other more correctly wrought inscriptions to the memory of the departed, we found one which read as follows:

> The race appointed i halve run
> The combats o'er the prise is won
> And now my witness is on high
> And now my records in the skie
>
> I leve the world without a tear
> Save for the friends i hold so dear
> To heal their sorrows Lord descend
> And to the friendless prove a friend.

The stone which bears this rude lettering is of recent erection, and is the acknowledged handiwork of a firm of St. John "artists." Perhaps the stone-cutter only "followed copy."

A deeply interesting and truly pathetic spot in this same burial-ground is the last resting-place of the crew of the ill-fated ship *Lord Ashburton*, which was wrecked on Eel Brook Point in 1851. The only mark of the spot is a small wooden paling inclosing the common grave, bearing on the side toward the road a rude sign-board, on which these words are painted in black letters:

IN THE MEMORY

OF 21 Seamen Drowned on the 19 oF January 1851 Belonging to The Ship LORD Ash Burton Wreck on The Northern Head of GRAND MANAN.

Curiously the paint which forms the lettering has preserved the wood under it while the rest of the surface has been worn away by the storms, thus leaving the inscription in a sort of relief. A more striking monument to the memory of these men is Eel Brook Point itself. The savage headland is in full view from the burial-ground, half a mile away. Nobody passes it without speaking of the *Lord Ashburton*, whose wreck seems to have been the most memorable the island has ever known. Standing by this lonely grave under the soughing pines, and looking across to the point, now washed by a gentle sea, it is easy to make the melancholy event with which it is associated a vivid reality.

Hard by the burial-ground there now lives one of the few survivors of that dreadful night—Mr. James Lawton. Learning of this fact a day or two afterward, some of us called upon him, and heard from his own lips the oft-repeated tale.

"The good ship *Ashburton*," said Mr. Lawton, "sailed from Toulon, France, for St. John, November 17, 1850. She was a merchantman of a thousand tons. On the 17th of January we were in sight of St. John. This was Saturday. A thick snow-storm set in and shut out all sight of land. All the next day, Sunday, we were driven about in the bay. At midnight that night we wore ship. We had just sounded, and found sixty or seventy fathoms of water. It was my watch, and I was on deck. The storm was still on, and it was so thick we could see nothing. We supposed we had plenty of water. All of a sudden the look-out saw something a little blacker than ordinary looming up in the darkness just ahead. His first thought was that it was a cloud, but before we had time to make it out we had struck, head on. It was Eel Brook Point. It was about one o'clock Monday morning when we struck. In half an hour the ship was all to pieces. There was no chance to get out the boats. Every man had to shift for himself. There were twenty-nine of us, all told. Ten of us got ashore, but two of them perished afterward by freezing. It was bitter cold. We staid under the cliff till daybreak. Three of us then managed to climb up the cliff. I worked my way over to the point where the fog-whistle now is. There was a barn there then. I crept into that, and lay there, half frozen, till afternoon, when I was found almost dead. Fifteen bodies were found Tuesday, and six afterward, including the captain's."

"Was this your first voyage?" I asked.

"Oh no," replied Mr. Lawton; "I'd eaten a good many hard biscuit before that time. I was out at St. John too, once before."

"Every bitter winter night now," he continued, "the people on the island remember that wreck, and say, '*Lord Ashburton!*'"

"And here you are settled for life?"

"Oh yes; I love Grand Manan. I shall never leave here again. The captain's brothers came for his body and carried it away, so that now there are only twenty buried up yonder, and not twenty-one. I shall lay my bones in place of the captain's by-and-by, and so make up the number."

Sabbath evening opportunity was afforded to join an island congregation in its customary worship. The hour appointed was seven o'clock, but it was nearly half past seven before the doors of the old wooden meeting-house near Flagg's Cove were opened by the tardy sexton, and the handful of people who had gathered on the door-steps, including the minister, were let in to the enjoyment of their usual religious privileges. Not all the men and boys, however, had courage to enter at once by the open door. A good proportion of these lingered without until the services were fairly begun, and then slipped sheepishly in by twos and fours behind the tittering girls, the two sexes being marked off from each other pretty much as effectively as if a rule prevailed. While the minister, an itinerant stranger, mounted the



"THE OLD MAID" AND SEA-GULL CLIFF, AT SOUTHERN HEAD.

pulpit and fumbled for his places in Bible and hymn-book, the keeper of the keys proceeded with a leisurely bearing to light his lamps. These being of the class known as kerosene, and requiring some trimming as he went along, the process was a slow one. When it was at last completed, the waiting choir, consisting of one woman at the "cabinet organ" and two men singers, struck up an "opening piece," and the service proceeded. During the long prayer the preacher, who seemed to combine the more striking qualities of both the Baptist and the Methodist styles, managed to get up considerable steam, and the sermon which followed was a prodigious one, so far at least as noise was concerned. The congregation appeared attentive, and I supposed the discourse must have taken effect as a masterpiece of pulpit eloquence, until, on the way home, I overheard a discriminating young woman say, "I never heerd sech a hollerin' sence the day I was born."

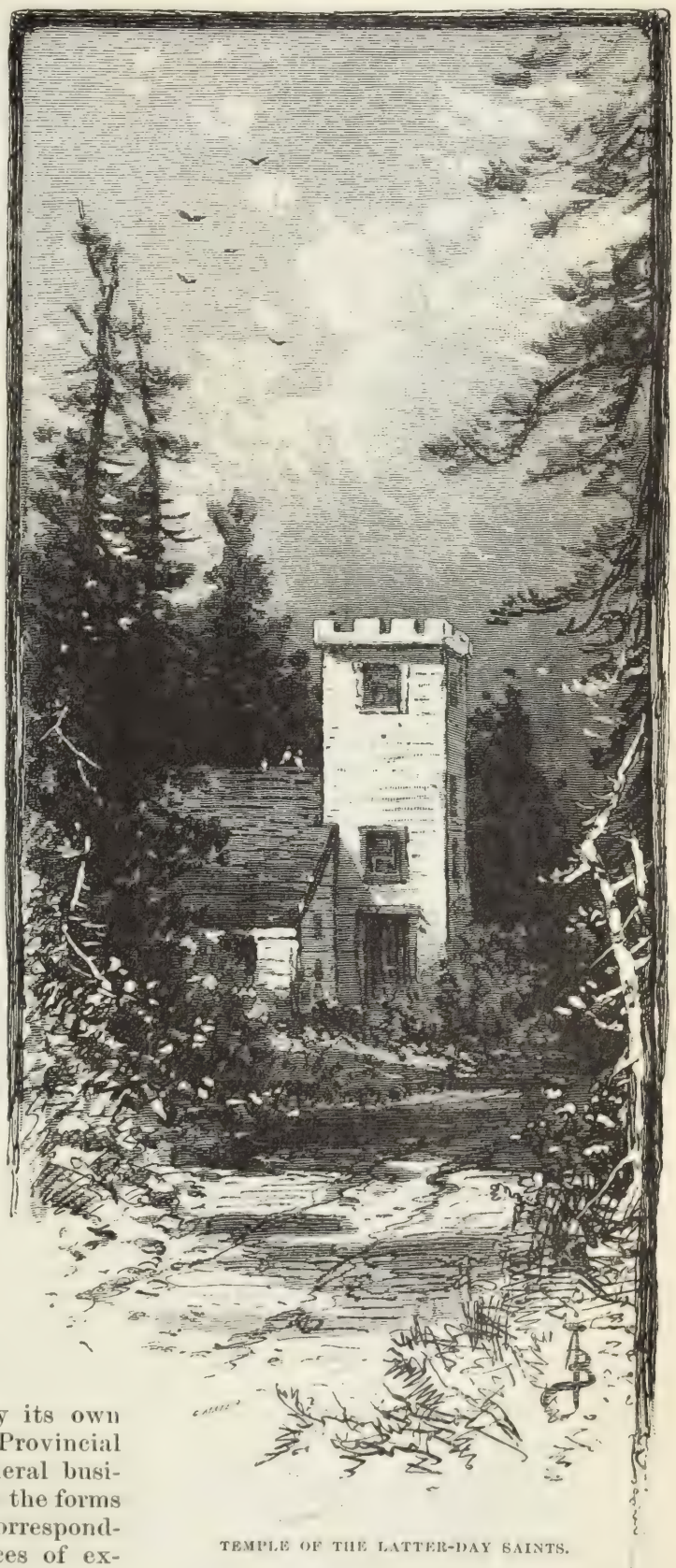
At the close of the meeting a collection was taken up for the laborer "worthy of his hire." I asked one of the pillars of the church how much he probably got. He said he "guessed a dollar or two." The probable truthfulness of this estimate had a substantiation in the jingling of pennies which attended the passing of the boxes—a sound unrelieved by any thing like the rustling of currency or bills.

Despite any possible rudeness in their religious privileges, the Grand Mananers are plainly a religious and virtuous people. They are reverent in the observance of the Sabbath day. No fishing is allowed by the laws of the Province between six o'clock Saturday evening and six o'clock Monday morning; and, so far as I could learn by inquiry, a statute so easily evaded is honestly obeyed. I saw no dram-drinking on the island, nor any public facilities for it; nor did I hear profaneness or vulgarity of speech. The people are courteous, hospitable, and kind, sober and industrious, fond of music, and with tastes generally above their advantages. There is little that is peculiar in their costumes. They measure time, to some extent, by the trips of the boat, *e. g.*, such a thing happened "boat before last;" such a man will be at home about "boat after next." In the case of some funerals the burial takes place first, and the funeral service follows. The Provincial currency is reckoned in dollars and cents, and American money passes at a very slight discount, often, when small sums are concerned, with no discount at all. Book accounts are kept in American terms.

The population of Grand Manan is now not far from 2000, and is said to be steadily

increasing. The men of course are chiefly followers of the sea. The fisheries in the surrounding waters are very productive, herring, hake, cod, and pollock being the varieties most largely taken. The herring fishery is carried on by means both of seines and weirs, the weirs being immense pens of brush-wood built in shallow water for the entrapping of the fish at high tide. The weir privileges are not free, but are rented annually by the government under the direction of the fish-wardens. The herring are cured in smoke-houses in great quantities, and then packed away to the markets of the world. The extracting of fish-oil is also an important industry. The numerous fish-houses which dot the shores, and the ancient and fish-like smell which pervades the atmosphere in many localities, combine with other signs in unmistakable evidence of the sea-faring habits of the people. A hardy and courageous race is the result—men whose brawny arms and weather-beaten cheeks tell of buffeting waves and winds; women to whom fogs and storms bring anxieties and sorrows which their sisters of different lives know little of; children who take to the water as a natural element, and who can handle an oar or sail a boat at a surprisingly tender age.

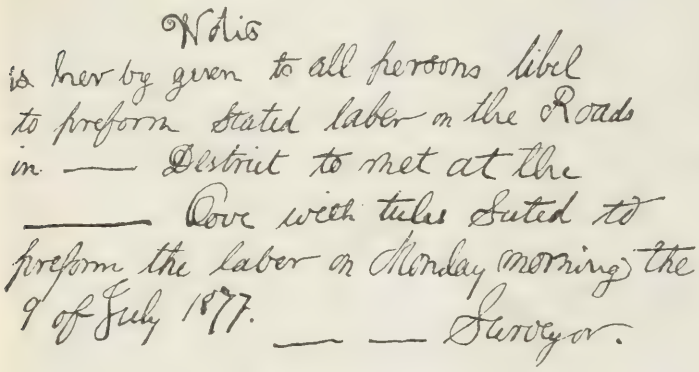
The inhabitants of Grand Manan are without a government of their own. In fact, they require very little government of any description. Their sea-girt territory forms a parish by itself in the county of Charlotte, New Brunswick, whose shire town is St. Andrews, at the head of Passamaquoddy Bay. The county is incorporated, and holds a semi-annual council for the management of its internal affairs, to which Grand Manan sends two councillors elected by its own citizens. There is, of course, a Provincial Legislature, which transacts general business much after the manner and in the forms prevailing in our State bodies corresponding, though with some differences of expression.



TEMPLE OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Almost the only public expenses of the island are for the maintenance of roads and schools. The schools are several in number, but are not graded higher than into primary and advanced departments. The young Grand Mananer who wishes to pursue his education beyond this point must repair to the Methodist College at Sackville, or to the Normal School or the University at Fredericton, New Brunswick. The schools are governed by a board of three trustees chosen by the residents. The government

of the Province subsidizes both the schools and the roads, the islanders meeting the remainder of the cost by a self-imposed tax. For the maintenance of the roads every male adult having a family is annually taxed three days' labor, or its equivalent in money at $1 50 a day, with one day's tax additional for every hundred pounds of property he may own. The aged are exempted, except from the property tax. The accompanying surveyor's notice was copied *verbatim et literatim* as found tacked to a fish-house door in one of the island districts, names alone being omitted. Appended was a list of taxable citizens, with the number of days' labor exacted from each.


Notis
is hereby given to all persons liable
to preform Stated labor on the Roads
in —— District to met at the
—— Cove with tules Suted to
preform the labor on Monday morning the
9 of July 1877. —— —— Surveyor.

The Grand Manan produce market, if neither abundant nor varied, is reasonable as to prices. Eggs sell for twelve cents a dozen, lamb for nine and ten cents a pound, beef for fifteen. Butter is as high as thirty cents, and milk does not get lower than six. Wild berries are plentiful in their season. A novelty among these is that known as the "baked-apple." The "baked-apple" closely resembles a blackberry in structure, but is sharply distinguished from it in color, which is almost precisely that of the larger cooked fruit whose name it has appropriated. The children of Grand Manan go "baked-appling," as their main-land mates go strawberrying and blueberrying. And the "baked-apple" is said to be a peer among berries.

None of the some twenty ponds which are scattered about upon the island are very large, but they and the brooks which flow from them afford some trout-fishing, and the woods around are haunted by a variety of game, which, with the fowl of the air, make up quite an assemblage of animal life. There are a few deer roaming wild, one of which now and then attempts a swim to the main-land. There are foxes, too. Of sea-fowl the variety is large, including gulls and gannets, of course, the lesser bittern, the little auk, the little ice-bird, the sea-pigeon, sea-swallow, and gray plover, while the woods inland contribute both the American and Canada owls, woodpeckers, yellow-hammers, and other more common members of the feathered tribe.

The finer scenery of Grand Manan is to be found at the Northern and Southern Heads, and, looking from the sea, along the western face. Bishop's Rock, Eel Brook Point, Fish Head, and Swallow-tail Point, all at the Northern Head, are imposing examples of bold and rugged coast of rock, and at Southern Head the cliffs rise even more markedly out of the beating waves. Wild estimates have passed current as to the height of these lofty and lengthened walls, which are highest at Money Cove. But even there, as our keen-eyed skipper said, "after you get up 400 feet, you wouldn't find much left." Seven hundred feet is the elevation to which some imaginations have soared. The Seagull Cliffs at Southern Head do not exceed 350 feet, but they are sharply perpendicular from the water's edge, their base being worn away smooth by the beating waves of the Atlantic. These features of the island have long made it a favorite resort of artists, who have found in its various aspects a source of unfailing inspiration. Church, I am informed, was the first to be attracted to the spot, somewhere about 1851 or 1852. He was followed by Bradford, who took many sketches of the shore scenery. In one cliff near Deep Cove he found a profile which furnished quite a striking resemblance to the countenance of Wilkes, the English statesman, and it was duly christened with his name. After Bradford came Gifford; and among others of the profession whose names have come to be associated with the spot are De Haas, J. G. Brown, Harry Brown, Griggs, Gall, Burns, and W. E. Norton. Mr. Norton, indeed, did not content himself with brush-work; he carried off one of the island belles as his wife.

Besides the localities already mentioned, there are others which should not escape the visitor's attention. A good pedestrian would greatly enjoy an afternoon's tramp from Flagg's Cove by a backwoods road across the island to the fog-whistle near Bishop's Rock. In a somewhat nearly corresponding position at Southern Head is Bradford's Cove. The pond over the brow of the cliff at this point supplies a small stream which falls down into the sea, at which sailors make a call when in quest of fresh-water. No other water-works, I think, are found on Grand Manan.

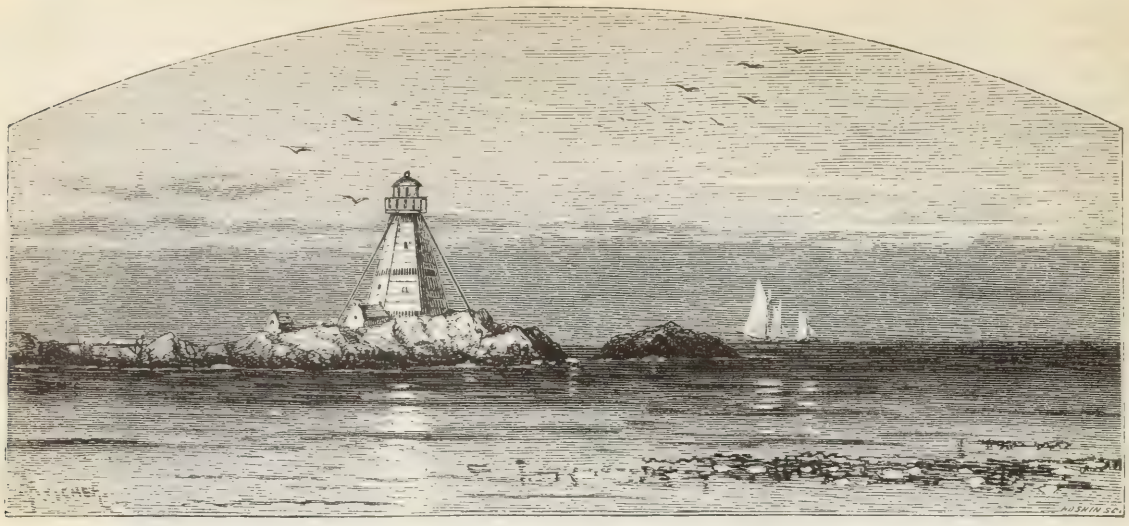
Of course we devoted one day to a drive down the eastern shore of the island from Head to Head. There is no stated conveyance; but Mr. Kendrick, keeper of the modest livery-stable at Flagg's Cove, harnessed up for us his comfortable old one-horse carry-all, and out of the excursion down and back, with him for driver and guide, we made a day of pleasure. We studied with

new delight the majestic sweep of Flagg's Cove, as we followed its outlines and rude embellishments to and through Centreville. We admired the neat and attractive school-houses; we praised the men whom we found attempting to make good roads better; we chaffed the children on their way with baskets and pails after "baked-apples." We drove through long reaches of woods, enriched with the graceful hackmatack, and fragrant with a hundred odors. We snuffed with zest the salt-laden air as it rolled up with the rising mists from beach and headland. In the woods between Centreville and Woodward's Cove we paused before the lowly temple of the Latter-day Saints, and listened to an amusing story from our conductor of the capture of a burglar-tramp who had once taken refuge with his booty in its vacant belfry. At Woodward's Cove we called on Dr. Cameron, the village druggist and physician, to see his fine collection of stuffed specimens of the birds of the island, prepared by a resident taxidermist; and there, in addition, made a street acquaintance with the buxom wife of the hard-working rector of the English church at Grand Harbor.



BISHOP'S ROCK.

Further on we smiled at the odd coincidence of passing a house where Isaac Newton lives and a grave-yard where Walter Scott is buried, nearly side by side. We watched with curious interest the habit our vehicle had of passing other travellers to the left, as is the English custom, instead of to the right, as is the custom in "the States." And at last we drew up at Mr. W.



HEAD HARBOR LIGHT.

B. M'Laughlin's, near to Deep Cove, where we found rest, a welcome, and probably the best dinner to be had on Grand Manan.

Mr. M'Laughlin has belonged to the island all his life, and knows it "like a book." Born and bred to the light-house business, he is now the keeper (by deputy) of the lonely Gannet Rock Light, eight miles off in the bay. This desolate ledge of conglomerate, seen at this distance, presents something of the appearance of a ship under full sail. In Mr. M'Laughlin's album we found these lines associated with the spot:

"On a wrinkled rock in a distant sea
Three white gannets sat in the sun.
They shook the brine from their feathers fine,
And lazily, one by one,
They sunnily slept while the tempest crept.

"In a painted boat on the distant sea
Three fowlers sailed merrily on;
They each took aim as they came near the game,
And the gannets fell one by one,
And fluttered and died, while the tempest sighed.

"There came a cloud on the distant sea,
And a darkness came over the sun,
And a storm wind smote on the painted boat,
And the fowlers sank one by one,
Down, down, with their craft, while the tempest laughed."

The portion of the Bay of Fundy seen from Mr. M'Laughlin's is full of the most dangerous ledges, of which the Gannet Rock is only one. Among them are the Machias Seal Islands, the Murre Ledges, the Roaring Bull, the Old Proprietor, and others whose names are in divers ways suggestive of their character.

Grand Manan was visited by Champlain in 1605. His mention of it, under the names of Manthane and Manasne, is believed to be the first in history. He anchored off Southern Head. In 1842 Mr. M'Laughlin found on the beach at this point the remains of an old anchor, which he reasons must have been left by Champlain. The shank of this anchor was eleven feet long, and one part of the shank seven inches in diameter—dimensions which would give it an original weight of at least fourteen hundred-weight. But at the time of discovery it weighed less than three hundred pounds, and for such a reduction of bulk by the action of the elements a period of at least two hundred years is argued.

A characteristic fog, unhappily, was beginning to lessen the enjoyment of the day. It had made its appearance in the early morning, and was now settling down so thickly as to cut us off from all visible connection with the world around. The attractive views which the region of Southern Head commands were no longer to be had. These fogs must ever remain a serious obstacle to the development of Grand Manan as a pleasure resort for the multitude. They come in with the southerly winds, and lie oppressively and gloomily over the bay and all that it contains until there is a change of wind to the northerly quarter. The island is thus sometimes curtained off and roofed in for a week or ten days, and even more. No sun for all this time, no sights; nothing but the cool, gray, penetrating drift of dampness. The fogs are thicker and more frequent at the southern part of the island than at the northern. Naturally, too, they are more prevalent in wet seasons than in dry. And there may come days and even weeks of clear sunshine and fresh breezes and delightful air. The visitor must take his chances; he can hardly calculate the probabilities.

Of the Bay of Fundy in what may be called its glory we had a vivid experience on the day of our departure. At an unseasonably early hour the gruff and impatient whistle of the *Stroud* announced her arrival off our landing. The wind was blowing a gale, and the fog drifted by in dense masses. The tide was too low for the steamer to approach the wharf. She accordingly cast anchor in the roadstead and sent her boat ashore. With difficulty, though scarcely with danger, we were taken aboard the tossing pack-

et; and lo! almost instantly the shore was buried from our sight. The anchor was weighed, the gig was swung up by the davits, the screw started, the bow swung around, the whistle took up its monotonous signaling, and we were off into the thickness of grayness which extended impenetrably in every direction. Once or twice we caught sight of "a lone fisherman" in his skiff at work thus early upon his seine or trawls, and for a while we passed along close in under the bold cliffs of Northern Head, getting a light-house's friendly greeting from Mr. Kent as we rounded Swallow-tail Point on the way. But presently our course was laid for Campobello, and our plucky little steamer struck out through the mists and winds and waves across the open bay. A rough hour or two we had of it, though it could not be said that there was any storm; and the peculiarity of the situation was heightened by the reflection that fairly on shore, twenty miles away, all was probably sunshine and peace.

And so we bade good-by to Grand Manan.

At certain states of the tide and in foggy weather the channel between Campobello Island and the Maine shore below Eastport is not easily navigable by either large vessels or small. It was so on this occasion, and our passage up around the northern head of Campobello would have afforded us, had the fog not been so thick, delightful views of this island's ragged shores, and of Eastport, as seen when approaching from the Bay of Fundy. This entire locality, in clear weather, abounds with charming scenes, which are constantly blending one with another as you advance among them. The confines of the two intermingling bays are studded with islands, between which long vistas are opening in every direction, disclosing new reaches of water and mountains in the distance. In all this succession of the sublime and the picturesque there is perhaps no spot which will more quickly arrest attention than Head Harbor and its light, at the extreme northeastern point of Campobello. A deep indentation of the sea is here guarded by a natural breakwater of ragged rock. On the very extremity of it stands the light-house, kept by a brother of the Mr. M'Laughlin whose acquaintance we made at the Southern Head of Grand Manan.

Looking north from the wharves at Eastport, one has another pleasant view of Indian, Plum, and Cherry islands a mile away, and of the hither end of Deer Island beyond. The waters off the near point of Deer Island are distinguished by the presence of powerful whirlpools, occasioned by the conflicting currents as they sweep round and about the irritating headland. An hour or two before and after the tide reaches its flood these whirlpools become positively dangerous to small boats, which sometimes, venturing too near, have been caught and overwhelmed. Several cases are on record in which row-boats, and even two-sail boats, have been swallowed down in this miniature maelstrom, and a number of lives have been lost in this way. Prudent boatmen give the spot a wide berth. Our smart little river steamer, the *Belle Brown*, running between Eastport and the landings on the St. Croix, cut her way directly across this death-hole in the bay, as if to defy its power, and at the same time illustrate it. She is a long steamer and a stanch one, and the moment of her passage happened to be a couple of hours before the whirlpools would be at their height; but she no sooner touched the writhing currents with her bow than she trembled and recoiled, careened and swung well over, in spite of helm and helmsman, making it easy to see how helpless any small craft would be that should recklessly follow in her course.



STERN REALITIES.

Eastport is said to be a pleasant place for a summer sojourn, and is provided with a large hotel, which has a good reputation among travellers. We preferred, however, to seek more original quarters somewhere up the bay, and counted it a kindly providence that directed us to St. Andrews.

The *Belle Brown*, running in connection with the steamers between Boston and St. John, makes one round trip a day between

Eastport and Calais, touching at Robbinston, on the Maine shore, and at St. Andrews and St. Stephens, on the way. The sail up the bay from Eastport to the mouth of the St. Croix occupies about one hour, and is in every sense delightful. The only possible drawback is a chance fog. The rough waters of the Bay of Fundy are left behind, for it is only in the late autumn and the winter that the generally peaceful Passamaquoddy gives any trouble to the traveller. All the way along one has for company the wooded hill-sides and rocky edges of Deer Island, and farther in the distance on the left the more refined slopes of Perry and adjoining towns of Maine. As the boat draws in sight of St. Andrews the bay opens and deepens to the northward. Big and Little Letete*—passages opening between islands into the Bay of Fundy—came in sight upon the right, and then with growing distinctness the islands themselves, among them Pendleton's and M'Master's, each with some peculiarity which has a beauty of its own. A western headland of M'Master's Island is brilliant with the coloring of metallic soil and rock. It is pre-eminently a subject for a painter. I commend it to the attention of any artist who is prospecting through this region. No pencil sketch can give any idea of its richness and splendor when lighted up by an afternoon sun.



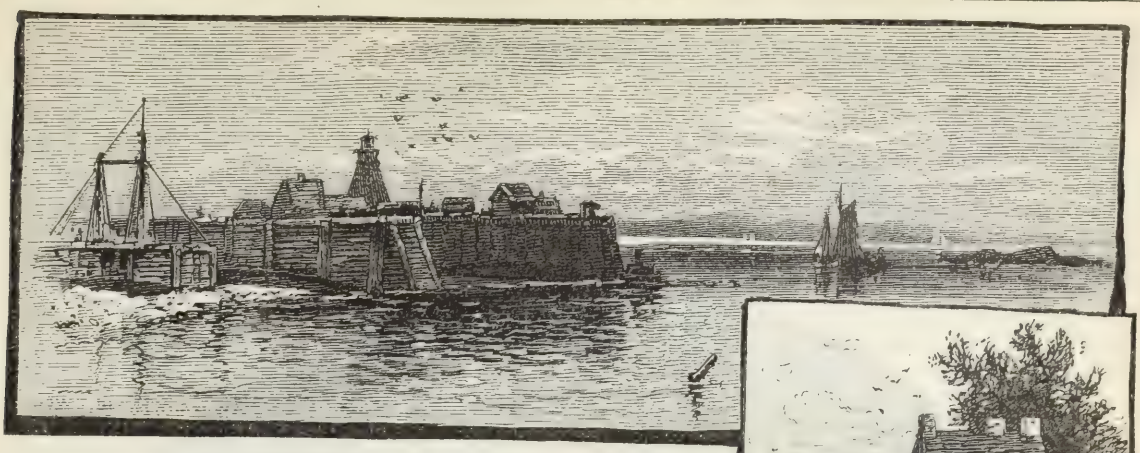
AT THE POST-OFFICE, ST. ANDREWS.

The town of St. Andrews lies on a tongue of land a mile wide and two or three miles long, jutting out into the bay. The mouth of the St. Croix River adjoins it on the southwest. It is more than beautiful for situation, being favorable for commerce as well. Fifty years ago the largest ships, and plenty of them, lay at its wharves. It was then almost, if not quite, the commercial metropolis of New Brunswick, with half a century or more of honorable and prosperous history already. Its merchants had accumulated wealth, and an atmosphere of culture and refinement was beginning to gather around them. Then a change set in. Commerce deserted to rival ports. Trade took itself elsewhere. And now St. Andrews is "a Sunday town," as one of its residents described it, with nothing doing. The stranger sees this quickly. The broad streets remain, but they are going to grass. The warehouses still stand, but they are either shut up and empty, or abandoned to petty business. The massive wharves are daily washed by the tides, but few are the ships that load or unload beside them. The New Brunswick and Canada Railroad has a terminal station here, but shows only the signs of an indolent and indigent road, and can hardly give any life to the town or get any from it. Just now St. Andrews rests its hopes for the future on the extension of this road to a connection with Montreal, which would make it Montreal's nearest sea-port by several score of miles, and so restore it, perhaps, to a relation of importance to all the Canadas. At present almost the only sign of animation which the town



A CITIZEN OF ST. ANDREWS.

* The spelling of this word is derived from the natives. I am not sure of its correctness, nor can I discover the origin or meaning of the term. On the one hand it is said to be of Indian derivation; but may it not be, on the other, some corruption of the French?



LOW TIDE, ST. ANDREWS.



presents is at evening, while the daily mail is being opened; during which period of suspense the street in front of the office is occupied with an impatient throng of citizens.

But a far likelier fulfillment of its destiny would seem to be the development of its resources as a summer resort. For this it is admirably adapted. Remote and yet easily accessible, roomy and generous in its topography and architecture, commanding at once the finest facilities for recreation both on the water and on the land, environed with varied and impressive scenery, and a convenient point of departure for at least half a dozen places of exceptional interest, it has certainly rare endowments for the purpose named. Its un-American aspect would increase the charm for Americans. Already, indeed, capital and enterprise have realized the opportunity which St. Andrews presents for an investment in this direction, and have erected an immense hotel near the extremity of the point. The projectors became embarrassed, however, and the building has stood unfinished for several years. With this hotel completed, St. Andrews could present attractions of the first order. As it is, there are one or two boarding-houses in the town and a comfortable tavern.

Persons of quiet tastes, who like to get into scenes the reverse of Newport and Saratoga and Narragansett Pier, would never tire of sauntering about the desolate streets and the deserted wharves of this old border town of the Provinces. There is a fine English church, with a courtly canon-rector and a daily service. The old burial-ground pertaining to this church is a pleasant place in which to spend an hour.

A curious old church is the Scotch Kirk, called also the Greenock Church, and bearing on the front face of its tower an image in relief of a huge oak-tree, painted green, with the inscription, "Finished June 1824." There is a curious history connected with this house of prayer. It was begun by the congregation, who found themselves unable to finish. A rich eccentric old gentleman helped them out. Presently he quarrelled with them, locked up the church, and went away. In time he relented, returned to St. Andrews, bearing a dove as an emblem of peace, mounted the dove over the pulpit, and restored the congregation to their former occupancy. The dove, holding an olive-branch in its mouth, remains to this day. The pulpit is fearfully and wonderfully made—a regular double-decker. What governs the minister in his selection between the two stories I am unable to say. When he occupies the upper, I can testify to the loftiness of his eloquence.

On the crown of the hill just back of the town are the ruins of Fort Tipperary—a now deserted military post, once of importance, when British apprehensions found it necessary to guard the border—and a mile or two beyond, still to the north, rises Chamcook Mountain. The summit of Chamcook is easily gained, and commands a magnificent view for miles in all directions, including in clear weather not only the St. Croix River, the Maine and New Brunswick background, and Passamaquoddy Bay, but the Bay of Fundy, the headlands of Grand Manan, and, with a good glass, even the low line of the Nova Scotia shore. A romantic excursion may be made from St. Andrews to St. George, "up Magaguadavick* way," among the mountains which flank the northern shores of Passamaquoddy Bay—one that may be accomplished either by land or water. Here is a village of a few hundred inhabitants of the true Provincial type, a fine water-fall on the Magaguadavick River, a Lake Utopia, and a valuable deposit of red

* Pronounced Makadavick.

granite. A wheezy little tug-boat makes the trip several times a week between St. Andrews and St. George.

Two practical remarks, in conclusion, to any reader who may be tempted by these pages to a jaunt toward Grand Manan and Passamaquoddy Bay:

1. Dress warmly, in semi-winter underclothing, with thick and serviceable outer garments, and carry a heavy overcoat.

2. Bring your own table napkins, unless you are willing to use one that "belongs to the house" and to the public generally. The hotels of New Brunswick have not, all of them, learned to be tidily accommodating in this vital matter of prandial comfort.



THE WRECK.

MACLEOD OF DARE.

CHAPTER IV.

WONDER-LAND.

A COOL evening in June, the club windows open, a clear twilight shining over Pall Mall, and a *tête-à-tête* dinner at a small, clean, bright table—these are not the conditions in which a young man should show impatience. And yet the cunning dishes which Mr. Ogilvie, who had a certain pride in his club, though it was only one of the junior institutions, had placed before his friend, met with but scant curiosity: Macleod would rather have handed questions of cookery over to his cousin Janet. Nor did he pay much heed to his companion's sage advice as to the sort of club he should have himself proposed at, with a view to getting elected in a dozen or fifteen years. A young man is apt to let his life at forty shift for itself.

"You seem very anxious to see Miss White again," said Mr. Ogilvie, with a slight smile.

"I wish to make all the friends I can while I am in London," said Macleod. "What shall I do in this howling wilderness when you go back to Aldershot?"

"I don't think Miss Gertrude White will be of much use to you. Colonel Ross may be. Or Lord Beauregard. But you can not expect young ladies to take you about."

"No?" said Macleod, gravely; "that is a great pity."

Mr. Ogilvie, who, with all his knowledge of the world, and of wines, and cookery, and women, and what not, had sometimes an uneasy consciousness that his companion was covertly laughing at him, here proposed that they should have a cigar before walking up to the Piccadilly Theatre; but as it was now ten minutes to eight, Macleod resolutely refused. He begged to be considered a country person, anxious to see the piece from the beginning. And so they put on their light top-coats over their evening dress and walked up to the theatre.

A distant sound of music, an odor of escaped gas, a perilous descent of a corkscrew staircase, a drawing aside of heavy curtains, and then a blaze of yellow light shining within this circular building, on its red satin and gilt plaster, and on the spacious picture of a blue Italian lake, with peacocks on the wide stone terraces. The noise at first was bewildering. The leader of the orchestra was sawing away at his violin as savagely as if he were calling on his company to rush up and seize a battery of guns. What was the melody that was being banged about by the trombones, and blared aloud by the shrill cornets, and sawed across by the infuriated violins? "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care." The cure was never insisted on with such an angry vehemence.

Recovering from the first shock of this

fierce noise, Macleod began to look around this strange place, with its magical colors and its profusion of gilding; but nowhere in the half-empty stalls or behind the lace curtains of the boxes could he make out the visitor of whom he was in search. Perhaps she was not coming, then? Had he sacrificed the evening all for nothing? As regarded the theatre or the piece to be played, he had not the slightest interest in either. The building was very pretty, no doubt; but it was only, in effect, a superior sort of booth; and as for the trivial amusement of watching a number of people strut across a stage and declaim—or perhaps make fools of themselves to raise a laugh—that was not at all to his liking. It would have been different had he been able to talk to the girl who had shown such a strange interest in the gloomy stories of the Northern seas; perhaps, though he would scarcely have admitted this to himself, it might have been different if only he had been allowed to see her at some distance. But her being absent altogether? The more the seats in the stalls were filled—reducing the chances of her coming—the more empty the theatre seemed to become.

"At least we can go along to that house you mentioned," said he to his companion.

"Oh, don't be disappointed yet," said Ogilvie; "I know she will be here."

"With Mrs. Ross?"

"Mrs. Ross comes very often to this theatre. It is the correct thing to do. It is high art. All the people are raving about the chief actress; artists painting her portrait; poets writing sonnets about her different characters—no end of a fuss. And Mrs. Ross is very proud that so distinguished a person is her particular friend."

"Do you mean the actress?"

"Yes; and makes her the big feature of her parties at present; and society is rather inclined to make a pet of her too—patronizing high art, don't you know. It's wonderful what you can do in that way. If a duke wants a clown to make fellows laugh after a Derby dinner, he gets him to his house and makes him dance; and if the papers find it out, it is only raising the moral status of the pantomime. Of course it is different with Mrs. Ross's friend: she is all right socially."

The garrulous boy was stopped by the sudden cessation of the music; and then the Italian lake and the peacocks disappeared into unknown regions above; and behold! in their place a spacious hall was revealed—not the bare and simple hall at Castle Dare with which Macleod was familiar, but a grand apartment, filled with old armor and pictures and cabinets, and showing glimpses of a balcony and fair gardens beyond. There were two figures in this hall, and they spoke—in the high and curious falsetto of the stage. Macleod paid no more heed to them than if they had been marionettes. For one thing, he could not follow their speech very well; but, in any case, what interest could he have in listening to this old lawyer explaining to the stout lady that the family affairs were grievously involved? He was still intently watching the new-comers who straggled in, singly or in pairs, to the stalls. When a slight motion of the white curtains showed that some one was entering one of the boxes, the corner of the box was regarded with as earnest a gaze as ever followed the movements of a herd of red deer in the misty chasms of Ben-an-Sloich. What concern had he in the troubles of this overdressed and stout lady, who was bewailing her misfortunes and wringing her bejewelled hands?

Suddenly his heart seemed to stand still altogether. It was a light, glad laugh—the sound of a voice he knew—that seemed to have pierced him as with a rifle-ball; and at the same moment from the green shimmer of foliage in the balcony there stepped into the glare of the hall a young girl with life and laughter and a merry carelessness in her face and eyes. She threw her arm around her mother's neck and kissed her. She bowed to the legal person. She flung her garden hat on to a couch, and got up on a chair to get fresh seed put in for her canary. It was all done so simply and naturally and gracefully that in an instant a fire of life and reality sprang into the whole of this sham thing. The woman was no longer a marionette, but the anguish-stricken mother of this gay and heedless girl. And when the daughter jumped down from the chair again—her canary on her finger—and when she came forward to pet and caress and remonstrate with her mother, and when the glare of the lights flashed on the merry eyes, and on the white teeth and laughing lips, there was no longer any doubt possible. Macleod's face was quite pale. He took the programme from Ogilvie's hand, and for a minute or two stared mechanically at the name of Miss Gertrude White printed on the pink-tinted paper. He gave it him back without a word. Ogilvie only smiled; he was proud of the surprise he had planned.

And now the fancies and recollections that came rushing into Macleod's head were of a sufficiently chaotic and bewildering character. He tried to separate that grave and gentle and sensitive girl he had met at Prince's Gate from this gay madcap, and he could not at all succeed. His heart laughed with the laughter of this wild creature; he enjoyed the discomfiture and despair of the old lawyer as she stood before him twirling her garden hat by a solitary ribbon; and when the small white fingers raised the canary to be kissed by the pouting lips, the action was more graceful than any thing he

had ever seen in the world. But where was the silent and serious girl who had listened with such rapt attention to his tales of passion and revenge, who seemed to have some mysterious longing for those gloomy shores he came from, who had sung with such exquisite pathos "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door?" Her cheek had turned white when she heard of the fate of the son of Maclean: surely that sensitive and vivid imagination could not belong to this audacious girl, with her laughing, and teasings, and demure coquetry?

Society had not been talking about the art of Mrs. Ross's *protégée* for nothing; and that art soon made short work of Keith Macleod's doubts. The fair stranger he had met at Prince's Gate vanished into mist. Here was the real woman; and all the trumpery business of the theatre, that he would otherwise have regarded with indifference or contempt, became a real and living thing, insomuch that he followed the fortunes of this spoiled child with a breathless interest and a beating heart. The spell was on him. Oh, why should she be so proud to this poor lover, who stood so meekly before her? "Coquette, coquette" (Macleod could have cried to her), "the days are not always full of sunshine; life is not all youth and beauty and high spirits; you may come to repent of your pride and your cruelty." He had no jealousy against the poor youth who took his leave; he pitied him, but it was for her sake; he seemed to know that evil days were coming, when she would long for the solace of an honest man's love. And when the trouble came—as speedily it did—and when she stood bravely up at first to meet her fate, and when she broke down for a time, and buried her face in her hands, and cried with bitter sobs, the tears were running down his face. Could the merciful heavens see such grief, and let the wicked triumph? And why was there no man to succor her? Surely some times arise in which the old law is the good law, and a man will trust to his own right arm to put things straight in the world? To look at her!—could any man refuse? And now she rises and goes away, and all the glad summer-time and the sunshine have gone, and the cold wind shivers through the trees, and it breathes only of farewell. Farewell, O miserable one! the way is dark before you, and you are alone. Alone, and no man near to help.

Macleod was awakened from his trance. The act drop was let down; there was a stir throughout the theatre; young Ogilvie turned to him:

"Don't you see who has come into that corner box up there?"

If he had been told that Miss White, just come up from Prince's Gate, in her plain black dress and blue beads, had just arrived and was seated there, he would scarcely have been surprised. As it was, he looked up and saw Colonel Ross taking his seat, while the figure of a lady was partially visible behind the lace curtain.

"I wonder how often Mrs. Ross has seen this piece?" Ogilvie said. "And I think Colonel Ross is as profound a believer in Miss White as his wife is. Will you go up and see them now?"

"No," Macleod said, absently.

"I shall tell them," said the facetious boy, as he rose and got hold of his crush hat, "that you are meditating a leap on to the stage to rescue the distressed damsel."

And then his conscience smote him.

"Mind you," said he, "I think it is awfully good myself. I can't pump up any enthusiasm for most things that people rave about, but I do think this girl is uncommonly clever. And then she always dresses like a lady."

With this high commendation, Lieutenant Ogilvie left, and made his way up stairs to Mrs. Ross's box. Apparently he was well received there, for he did not make his appearance again at the beginning of the next act, nor, indeed, until it was nearly over.

The dream-world opens again; and now it is a beautiful garden, close by the ruins of an old abbey, and fine ladies are walking about there. But what does he care for these marionettes uttering meaningless phrases? They have no more interest for him than the sham ivy on the sham ruins, so long as that one bright, speaking, pathetic face is absent: and the story they are carrying forward is for him no story at all, for he takes no heed of its details in his anxious watching for her appearance. The sides of this garden are mysteriously divided: by which avenue shall she approach? Suddenly he hears the low voice—she comes nearer. Now let the world laugh again! But, alas! when she does appear, it is in the company of her lover, and it is only to bid him good-by. Why does the coward hind take her at her word? A stick, a stone, a wave of the cold sea, would be more responsive to that deep and tremulous voice, which has now no longer any of the arts of a willful coquetry about it, but is altogether as self-revealing as the generous abandonment of her eyes. The poor cipher! he is not the man to woo and win and carry off this noble woman, the unutterable soul surrender of whose look has the courage of despair in it. He bids her farewell. The tailor's dummy retires. And she? in her agony, is there no one to comfort her? They have demanded this sacrifice in the name of duty, and she has consented: ought not that to be enough to comfort her? Then other people appear, from other parts of the garden, and there is a Babel of tongues. He hears nothing; but he follows that sad face, until he could im-

agine that he listens to the throbbing of her aching heart.

And then, as the phantasms of the stage come and go, and fortune plays many pranks with these puppets, the piece draws near to an end. And now, as it appears, every thing is reversed, and it is the poor lover who is in grievous trouble, while she is restored to the proud position of her coquetries and willful graces again, with all her friends smiling around her, and life lying fair before her. She meets him by accident. Suffering gives him a certain sort of dignity; but how is one to retain patience with the blindness of this insufferable ass? Don't you see, man—don't you see that she is waiting to throw herself into your arms? and you, you poor ninny, are giving yourself airs, and doing the grand heroic! And then the shy coquetry comes in again. The pathetic eyes are full of a grave compassion, if he must really never see her more. The cat plays with the poor mouse, and pretends that really the tender thing is gone away at last. He will take this half of a broken sixpence back: it was given in happier times. If ever he should marry, he will know that one far away prays for his happiness. And if—if these unwomanly tears..... And suddenly the crass idiot discovers that she is laughing at him, and that she has secured him and bound him as completely as a fly fifty times wound round by a spider. The crash of applause that accompanied the lowering of the curtain stunned Macleod, who had not quite come back from dreamland. And then, amid a confused roar, the curtain was drawn a bit back, and she was led—timidly smiling, so that her eyes seemed to take in all the theatre at once—across the stage by that same poor fool of a lover; and she had two or three bouquets thrown her, notably one from Mrs. Ross's box. Then she disappeared, and the lights were lowered, and there was a dull shuffling of people getting their cloaks and hats and going away.

"Mrs. Ross wants to see you for a minute," Ogilvie said.

"Yes," Macleod answered, absently.

"And we have time yet, if you like, to get into a hansom and drive along to Lady Beauregard's."

CHAPTER V.

IN PARK LANE.

They found Mrs. Ross and her husband waiting in the corridor above.

"Well, how did you like it?" she said.

He could not answer off-hand. He was afraid he might say too much.

"It is like her singing," he stammered at length. "I am not used to these things. I have never seen any thing like that before."

"We shall soon have her in a better piece," Mrs. Ross said. "It is being written for her. That is very pretty, but slight. She is capable of greater things."

"She is capable of any thing," said Macleod, simply, "if she can make you believe that such nonsense is real. I looked at the others. What did they say or do better than mere pictures in a book? But she—it is like magic."

"And did Mr. Ogilvie give you my message?" said Mrs. Ross. "My husband and I are going down to see a yacht race on the Thames to-morrow—we did not think of it till this evening any more than we expected to find you here. We came along to try to get Miss White to go with us. Will you join our little party?"

"Oh yes, certainly—thank you very much," Macleod said, eagerly.

"Then you'd better meet us at Charing Cross, at ten sharp," Colonel Ross said; "so don't let Ogilvie keep you up too late with brandy and soda. A special will take us down."

"Brandy and soda!" Mr. Ogilvie exclaimed. "I am going to take him along for a few minutes to Lady Beauregard's—surely that is proper enough; and I have to get down by the 'cold-meat' train to Aldershot, so there won't be much brandy and soda for me. Shall we go now, Mrs. Ross?"

"I am waiting for an answer," Mrs. Ross said, looking along the corridor.

Was it possible, then, that she herself should bring the answer to this message that had been sent her—stepping out of the dream-world in which she had disappeared with her lover? And how would she look as she came along this narrow passage? Like the arch coquette of this land of gaslight and glowing colors? or like the pale, serious, proud girl who was fond of sketching the elm at Prince's Gate? A strange nervousness possessed him as he thought she might suddenly appear. He did not listen to the talk between Colonel Ross and Mr. Ogilvie. He did not notice that this small party was obviously regarded as being in the way by the attendants who were putting out the lights and shutting the doors of the boxes. Then a man came along.

"Miss White's compliments, ma'am, and she will be very pleased to meet you at Charing Cross at ten to-morrow."

"And Miss White is a very brave young lady to attempt any thing of the kind," observed Mr. Ogilvie, confidentially, as they all went down the stairs; "for if the yachts should get becalmed off the Nore, or off the Mouse, I wonder how Miss White will get back to London in time?"

"Oh, we shall take care of that," said Colonel Ross. "Unless there is a good steady breeze we sha'n't go at all; we shall spend a happy day at Rosherville, or have

a look at the pictures at Greenwich. We sha'n't get Miss White into trouble. Good-by, Ogilvie. Good-by, Sir Keith. Remember ten o'clock, Charing Cross."

They stepped into their carriage and drove off.

"Now," said Macleod's companion, "are you tired?"

"Tired? I have done nothing all day."

"Shall we get into a hansom and drive along to Lady Beauregard's?"

"Certainly, if you like. I suppose they won't throw you over again."

"Oh no," said Mr. Ogilvie, as he once more adventured his person in a cab. "And I can tell you it is much better—if you look at the thing philosophically, as poor wretches like you and me must—to drive to a crush in a hansom than in your own carriage. You don't worry about your horses being kept out in the rain; you can come away at any moment; there is no fussing with servants, and rows because your man has got out of the rank— HOLD UP!"

Whether it was the yell or not, the horse recovered from the slight stumble; and no harm befell the two daring travellers.

"These vehicles give one some excitement," Macleod said—or rather roared, for Piccadilly was full of carriages. "A squall in Loch Scridain is nothing to them."

"You'll get used to them in time," was the complacent answer.

They dismissed the hansom at the corner of Piccadilly, and walked up Park Lane, so as to avoid waiting in the rank of carriages. Macleod accompanied his companion meekly. All this scene around him—the flashing lights of the broughams, the brilliant windows, the stepping across the pavement of a strangely dressed dignitary from some foreign land—seemed but some other part of that dream from which he had not quite shaken himself free. His head was still full of the sorrows and coquetries of that wild-spirited heroine. Whither had she gone by this time—away into some strange valley of that unknown world?

He was better able than Mr. Ogilvie to push his way through the crowd of footmen who stood in two lines across the pavement in front of Beauregard House, watching for the first appearance of their master or mistress; but he resignedly followed, and found himself in the avenue leading clear up to the steps. They were not the only arrivals, late as the hour was. Two young girls, sisters, clad in cream-white silk with a gold fringe across their shoulders and sleeves, preceded them; and he was greatly pleased by the manner in which these young ladies, on meeting in the great hall an elderly lady who was presumably a person of some distinction, dropped a pretty little old-fashioned courtesy as they shook hands with her. He admired much less the more formal obeisance which he noticed a second after. A royal personage was leaving; and as this lady, who was dressed in mourning, and was leaning on the arm of a gentleman whose coat was blazing with diamond stars, and whose breast was barred across with a broad blue ribbon, came along the spacious landing at the foot of the wide staircase, she graciously extended her hand and said a few words to such of the ladies standing by as she knew. That deep bending of the knee he considered to be less pretty than the little courtesy performed by the young ladies in cream-white silk. He intended to mention this matter to his cousin Janet.

Then, as soon as the Princess had left, the lane through which she had passed closed up again, and the crowd became a confused mass of murmuring groups. Still meekly following, Macleod plunged into this throng, and presently found himself being introduced to Lady Beauregard—an amiable little woman who had been a great beauty in her time, and was pleasant enough to look at now. He passed on.

"Who is the man with the blue ribbon and the diamond stars?" he asked of Mr. Ogilvie.

"That is Monsieur le Marquis himself—that is your host," the young gentleman replied—only Macleod could not tell why he was obviously trying to repress some covert merriment.

"Didn't you hear?" Mr. Ogilvie said at length. "Don't you know what he called you? That man will be the death of me—for he's always at it. He announced you as Sir Thief Macleod—I will swear he did."

"I should not have thought he had so much historical knowledge," Macleod answered, gravely. "He must have been reading up about the clans."

At this moment Lady Beauregard, who had been receiving some other late visitors, came up and said she wished to introduce him to—he could not make out the name. He followed her. He was introduced to a stout elderly lady, who still had beautifully fine features, and a simple and calm air which rather impressed him. It is true that at first a thrill of compassion went through him; for he thought that some accident had befallen the poor lady's costume, and that it had fallen down a bit unknown to herself; but he soon perceived that most of the other women were dressed similarly, some of the younger ones, indeed, having the back of their dress open practically to the waist. He wondered what his mother and Janet would say to this style.

"Don't you think the Princess is looking pale?" he was asked.

"I thought she looked very pretty—I never saw her before," said he.

What next? That calm air was a trifle cold and distant. He did not know who the

woman was, or where she lived, or whether her husband had any shooting, or a yacht, or a pack of hounds. What was he to say? He returned to the Princess.

"I only saw her as she was leaving," said he. "We came late. We were at the Piccadilly Theatre."

"Oh, you saw Miss Gertrude White," said this stout lady; and he was glad to see her eyes light up with some interest. "She is very clever, is she not?—and so pretty and engaging. I wish I knew some one who knew her."

"I know some friends of hers," Macleod said, rather timidly.

"Oh, do you, really? Do you think she would give me a morning performance for my Fund?"

"Has she a Fund?"

"A what?"

"A Fund—a charitable Fund of some sort."

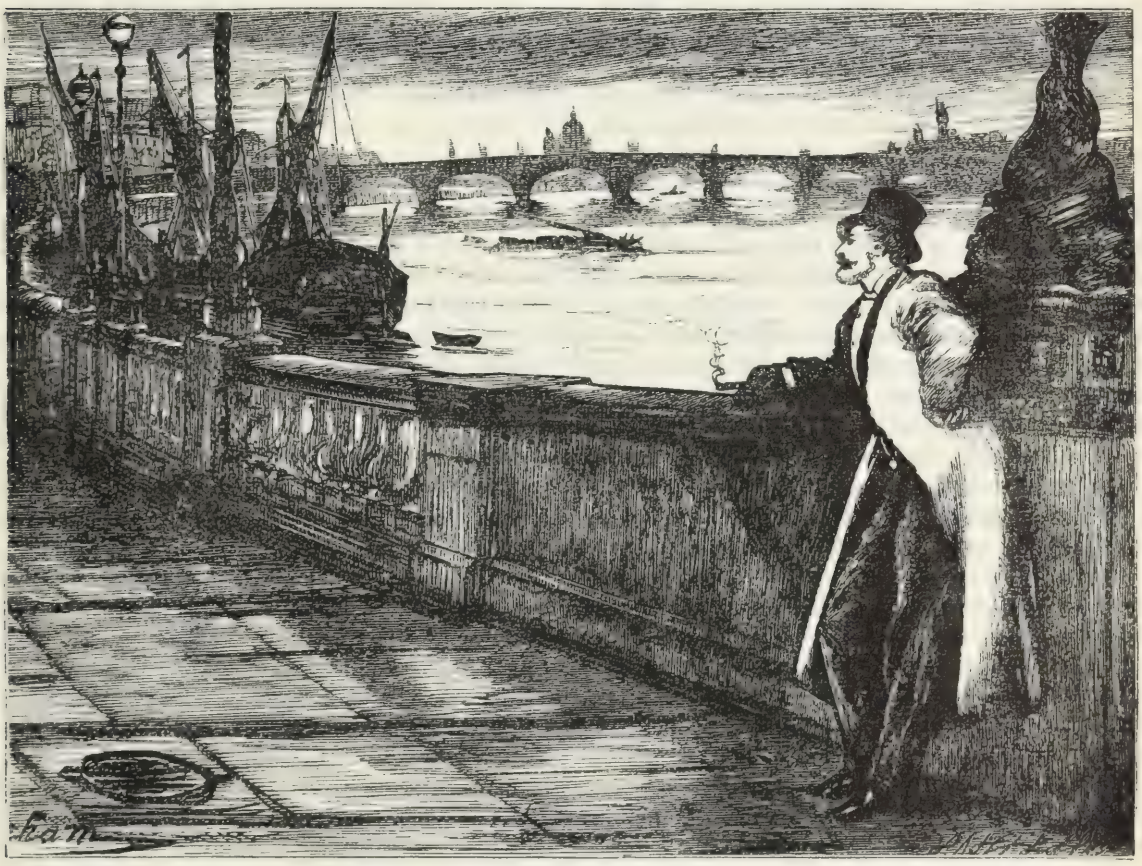
"Oh, let me see. I think she is getting up money for a new training ship—turning the young ragamuffins about the streets into sailors, don't you know."

"Do you think Miss White would give a morning performance for that Fund?"

"Miss White! Miss White! Miss White!" said Lieutenant Ogilvie. "I think Miss White has got into your head."

"But that lady asked me."

"Well, I should say it was exactly the thing that Miss White would like to do—



"HE LEANED ON THE GRAY STONE PARAPET, AND LOOKED OUT ON THE PLACID WATERS OF THE STREAM."
[SEE PAGE 562.]

This lady seemed to take it so much for granted that every one must have heard of her Fund that he dared not confess his ignorance. But it was surely some charitable thing; and how could he doubt that Miss White would immediately respond to such an appeal?

"I should think that she would," said he, with a little hesitation; but at this moment some other claimant came forward, and he turned away to seek young Ogilvie once more.

"Ogilvie," said he, "who is that lady in the green satin?"

"The Duchess of Wexford."

"Has she a Fund?"

"A what?"

"A Fund—a charitable Fund of some sort."

"Oh, let me see. I think she is getting up money for a new training ship—turning the young ragamuffins about the streets into sailors, don't you know."

"Do you think Miss White would give a morning performance for that Fund?"

"Miss White! Miss White! Miss White!" said Lieutenant Ogilvie. "I think Miss White has got into your head."

"But that lady asked me."

"Well, I should say it was exactly the thing that Miss White would like to do—get mixed up with a whole string of duchesses and marchionesses—a capital advertisement—and it would be all the more distinguished if it was an amateur performance, and Miss Gertrude White the only professional admitted into the charmed circle."

"You are a very shrewd boy, Ogilvie," Macleod observed. "I don't know how you ever got so much wisdom into so small a head."

And indeed, as Lieutenant Ogilvie was returning to Aldershot by what he was pleased to call the cold-meat train, he continued to play the part of Mentor for a time with great assiduity, until Macleod was fairly confused with the number of persons to whom he was

introduced, and the remarks his friend made about them. What struck him most, perhaps, was the recurrence of old Highland or Scotch family names, borne by persons who were thoroughly English in their speech and ways. Fancy a Gordon who said "lock" for "loch;" a Mackenzie who had never seen the Lewis; a Mac Alpine who had never heard the proverb, "The hills, the Mac Alpines, and the devil came into the world at the same time!"

It was a pretty scene; and he was young, and eager, and curious, and he enjoyed it. After standing about for half an hour or so, he got into a corner from which, in quiet, he could better see the brilliant picture as a whole: the bright, harmonious dresses; the glimpses of beautiful eyes and blooming complexions; the masses of fox-gloves which Lady Beauregard had as the only floral decoration of the evening; the pale canary-colored panels and silver fluted columns of the walls; and over all the various candelabra, each bearing a cluster of sparkling and golden stars. But there was something wanting. Was it the noble and silver-haired lady of Castle Dare whom he looked for in vain in that brilliant crowd that moved and murmured before him? Or was it the friendly and familiar face of his cousin Janet, whose eyes, he knew, would be filled with a constant wonder if she saw such diamonds and silks and satins? Or was it that *ignis fatuus*—that treacherous and mocking fire—that might at any time glimmer in some suddenly presented face with a new surprise? Had she deceived him altogether down at Prince's Gate? Was her real nature that of the wayward, bright, mischievous, spoiled child whose very tenderness only prepared her unsuspecting victim for a merciless thrust? And yet the sound of her sobbing was still in his ears. A true woman's heart beat beneath that idle raillery: challenged boldly, would it not answer loyally and without fear?

Psychological puzzles were new to this son of the mountains; and it is no wonder that, long after he had bidden good-by to his friend Ogilvie, and as he sat thinking alone in his own room, with Oscar lying across the rug at his feet, his mind refused to be quieted. One picture after another presented itself to his imagination: the proud-souled enthusiast longing for the wild winter nights and the dark Atlantic seas; the pensive maiden, shuddering to hear the fierce story of Maclean of Lochbuy; the spoiled child, teasing her mamma and petting her canary; the wronged and weeping woman, her frame shaken with sobs, her hands clasped in despair; the artful and demure coquette, mocking her lover with her sentimental farewells. Which of them all was she? Which should he see in the morning? Or would she appear as some still more elusive vision, retreating before him as he advanced?

Had he asked himself, he would have said that these speculations were but the fruit of a natural curiosity. Why should he not be interested in finding out the real nature of this girl, whose acquaintance he had just made? It has been observed, however, that young gentlemen do not always betray this frantic devotion to psychological inquiry when the subject of it, instead of being a fascinating maiden of twenty, is a homely-featured lady of fifty.

Time passed; another cigar was lit; the blue light outside was becoming silvery; and yet the problem remained unsolved. A fire of impatience and restlessness was burning in his heart; a din as of brazen instruments—what was the air the furious orchestra played?—was in his ears; sleep or rest was out of the question.

"Oscar!" he called. "Oscar, my lad, let us go out!"

When he stealthily went down stairs, and opened the door and passed into the street, behold! the new day was shining abroad—and how cold, and still, and silent it was after the hot glare and the whirl of that bewildering night! No living thing was visible. A fresh, sweet air stirred the leaves of the trees and bushes in St. James's Square. There was a pale lemon-yellow glow in the sky, and the long, empty thoroughfare of Pall Mall seemed coldly white.

Was this a somnambulist, then, who wandered idly along through the silent streets, apparently seeing nothing of the closed doors and the shuttered windows on either hand? A policeman, standing at the corner of Waterloo Place, stared at the apparition—at the twin apparition, for this tall young gentleman with the light top-coat thrown over his evening dress was accompanied by a beautiful collie that kept close to his heels. There was a solitary four-wheeled cab at the foot of the Haymarket; but the man had got inside and was doubtless asleep. The Embankment?—with the young trees stirring in the still morning air; and the broad bosom of the river catching the gathering glow of the skies. He leaned on the gray stone parapet, and looked out on the placid waters of the stream.

Placid, indeed, they were as they went flowing quietly by; and the young day promised to be bright enough; and why should there be aught but peace and good-will upon earth toward all men and women? Surely there was no call for any unrest, or fear, or foreboding? The still and shining morning was but emblematic of his life—if only he knew, and were content. And indeed he looked contented enough, as he wandered on, breathing the cool freshness of the air, and with a warmer light from the east now touching from time to time

his sun-tanned face. He went up to Covent Garden—for mere curiosity's sake. He walked along Piccadilly, and thought the elms in the Green Park looked more beautiful than ever. When he returned to his rooms he was of opinion that it was scarcely worth while to go to bed; and so he changed his clothes, and called for breakfast as soon as some one was up. In a short time—after his newspaper had been read—he would have to go down to Charing Cross.

What of this morning walk? Perhaps it was unimportant enough. Only, in after-times, he once or twice thought of it; and very clearly indeed he could see himself standing there in the early light, looking out on the shining waters of the river. They say that when you see yourself too vividly—when you imagine that you yourself are standing before yourself—that is one of the signs of madness.

CHAPTER VI.

A SUMMER DAY ON THE THAMES.

It occurred to him as he walked down to the station—perhaps he went early on the chance of finding her there alone—that he ought seriously to study the features of this girl's face; for was there not a great deal of character to be learned, or guessed at, that way? He had but the vaguest notion of what she was really like. He knew that her teeth were pearly white when she smiled, and that the rippling golden-brown hair lay rather low on a calm and thoughtful forehead; but he had a less distinct impression that her nose was perhaps the least thing *retroussé;* and as to her eyes? They might be blue, gray, or green, but one thing he was sure of was that they could speak more than was ever uttered by any speech. He knew, besides, that she had an exquisite figure: perhaps it was the fact that her shoulders were a trifle squarer than is common with women that made her look somewhat taller than she really was.

He would confirm or correct these vague impressions. And as the chances were that they would spend a whole long day together, he would have abundant opportunity of getting to know something about the character and disposition of this new acquaintance, so that she should no longer be to him a puzzling and distracting will-o'-the-wisp. What had he come to London for but to improve his knowledge of men and of women, and to see what was going on in the larger world? And so this earnest student walked down to the station.

There were a good many people about, mostly in groups chatting with each other; but he recognized no one. Perhaps he was looking out for Colonel and Mrs. Ross; perhaps for a slender figure in black, with blue beads; at all events he was gazing somewhat vacantly around when some one turned close by him. Then his heart stood still for a second. The sudden light that sprang to her face when she recognized him blinded him. Was it to be always so? Was she always to come upon him in a flash, as it were? What chance had the poor student of fulfilling his patient task when, on his approach, he was sure to be met by this surprise of the parted lips, and sudden smile, and bright look? He was far too bewildered to examine the outline of her nose or the curve of the exquisitely short upper lip.

But the plain truth was that there was no extravagant joy at all in Miss White's face, but a very slight and perhaps pleased surprise; and she was not in the least embarrassed.

"Are you looking for Mrs. Ross," said she, "like myself?"

"Yes," said he; and then he found himself exceedingly anxious to say a great deal to her, without knowing where to begin. She had surprised him too much—as usual. She was so different from what he had been dreaming about. Here was no one of the imaginary creatures that had risen before his mind during the stillness of the night. Even the pale dreamer in black and blue beads was gone. He found before him (as far as he could make out) a quiet, bright-faced, self-possessed girl, clad in a light and cool costume of white, with bits of black velvet about it; and her white gloves and sun-shade and the white silver chain round her slender waist were important features in the picture she presented. How could this eager student of character get rid of these distressing trivialities? All night long he had been dreaming of beautiful sentiments and conflicting emotions: now his first thought was that he had never seen any costume so delightfully cool and clear and summer-like. To look at her was to think of a mountain spring, icy cold even in the sunshine.

"I always come early," said she, in the most matter-of-fact way. "I can not bear hurry in catching a train."

Of course not. How could any one associate rattling cabs, and excited porters, and frantic mobs with this serene creature, who seemed to have been wafted to Charing Cross on a cloud? And if he had had his will, there would have been no special train to disturb her repose. She would have embarked in a noble barge, and lain upon couches of swan's-down, and ample awnings of silk would have sheltered her from the sun, while the beautiful craft floated away down the river, its crimson hangings here and there just touching the rippling waters.

"Ought we to take tickets?"

That was what she actually said; but

what those eloquent, innocent eyes seemed to say was, "*Can you read what we have to tell you? Don't you know what a simple and confiding soul appeals to you?—clear as the daylight in its truth. Can not you look through us and see the trusting, tender soul within?*"

"Perhaps we had better wait for Colonel Ross," said he; and there was a little pronoun in this sentence that he would like to have repeated. It was a friendly word. It established a sort of secret companionship. It is the proud privilege of a man to know all about railway tickets; but he rather preferred this association with her helpless innocence and ignorance.

"I had no idea you were coming to-day. I rather like those surprise parties. Mrs. Ross never thought of going till last evening, she says. Oh, by-the-way, I saw you in the theatre last evening."

He almost started. He had quite forgotten that this self-possessed, clear-eyed, pale girl was the madcap coquette whose caprices and griefs had alternately fascinated and moved him on the previous evening.

"Oh, indeed," he stammered. "It was a great pleasure to me—and a surprise. Lieutenant Ogilvie played a trick upon me. He did not tell me before we went that—that you were to appear."

She looked amused.

"You did not know, then, when we met at Mrs. Ross's, that I was engaged at the Piccadilly Theatre?"

"Not in the least," he said, earnestly, as if he wished her distinctly to understand that he could not have imagined such a thing to be possible.

"You should have let me send you a box. We have another piece in rehearsal. Perhaps you will come to see that."

Now if these few sentences, uttered by those two young people in the noisy railway station, be taken by themselves and regarded, they will be found to consist of the dullest commonplace. No two strangers in all that crowd could have addressed each other in a more indifferent fashion. But the trivial nothings which the mouth utters may become possessed of awful import when accompanied by the language of the eyes; and the poor commonplace sentences may be taken up and translated so that they shall stand written across the memory in letters of flashing sunlight and the colors of June. "*Ought we to take tickets?*" There was not much poetry in the phrase; but she lifted her eyes just then.

And now Colonel Ross and his wife appeared, accompanied by the only other friend they could get at such short notice to join this scratch party—a demure little old lady who had a very large house on Campden Hill which every body coveted. They were just in time to get comfortably seated in the spacious saloon carriage that had been reserved for them. The train slowly glided out of the station, and then began to rattle away from the mist of London. Glimpses of a keener blue began to appear. The gardens were green with the foliage of the early summer; martins swept across the still pools, a spot of white when they got into the shadow. And Miss White would have as many windows open as possible, so that the sweet June air swept right through the long carriage.

And was she not a very child in her enjoyment of this sudden escape into the country? The rapid motion, the silvery light, the sweet air, the glimpses of orchards and farm-houses and mill-streams—all were a delight to her; and although she talked in a delicate, half-reserved, shy way with that low voice of hers, still there was plenty of vivacity and gladness in her eyes. They drove from Gravesend station to the river-side. They passed through the crowd waiting to see the yachts start. They got on board the steamer; and at the very instant that Macleod stepped from the gangway on to the deck, the military band on board, by some strange coincidence, struck up "A Highland lad my love was born." Mrs. Ross laughed, and wondered whether the band-master had recognized her husband.

And now they turned to the river; and there were the narrow and shapely cutters, with their tall spars, and their pennons fluttering in the sunlight. They lay in two tiers across the river, four in each tier, the first row consisting of small forty-tonners, the more stately craft behind. A brisk northeasterly wind was blowing, causing the bosom of the river to flash in ripples of light. Boats of every size and shape moved up and down and across the stream. The sudden firing of a gun caused some movement among the red-capped mariners of the four yachts in front.

"They are standing by the main halyards," said Colonel Ross to his women-folk. "Now watch for the next signal."

Another gun was fired; and all of a sudden there was a rattling of blocks and chains, and the four mainsails slowly rose, and the flapping jibs were run out. The bows drifted round: which would get way on her first? But now there was a wild uproar of voices. The boom end of one of the yachts had caught one of the stays of her companion, and both were brought up head to wind. Cutter No. 3 took advantage of the mishap to sail through the lee of both her enemies, and got clear away, with the sunlight shining full on her bellying canvas. But there was no time to watch the further adventures of the forty-tonners. Here and closer at hand were the larger craft, and high up in the rigging were the mites of men, ready to drop into the air,

clinging on to the halyards. The gun is fired. Down they come, swinging in the air; and the moment they have reached the deck they are off and up the ratlines again, again to drop into the air until the gaff is high hoisted, the peak swinging this way and that, and the gray folds of the main-sail lazily flapping in the wind. The steamer begins to roar. The yachts fall away from their moorings, and one by one the sails fill out to the fresh breeze. And now all is silence and an easy gliding motion, for the eight competitors have all started away, and the steamer is smoothly following them.

"How beautiful they are!—like splendid swans," Miss White said: she had a glass in her hand, but did not use it, for as yet the stately fleet was near enough.

"A swan has a body," said Macleod. "These things seem to me to be all wings. It is all canvas, and no hull."

And indeed, when the large top-sails and big jibs came to be set, it certainly appeared as if there was nothing below to steady this vast extent of canvas. Macleod was astonished. He could not believe that people were so reckless as to go out in boats like that.

"If they were up in our part of the world," said he, "a puff of wind from the Gribun Cliffs would send the whole fleet to the bottom."

"They know better than to try," Colonel Ross said. "Those yachts are admirably suited for the Thames; and Thames yachting is a very nice thing. It is very close to London. You can take a day's fresh air when you like, without going all the way to Cowes. You can get back to town in time to dine."

"I hope so," said Miss White, with emphasis.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," her host said, laughing. "They only go round the Nore; and with this steady breeze they ought to be back early in the afternoon. My dear Miss White, we sha'n't allow you to disappoint the British public."

"So I may abandon myself to complete idleness without concern?"

"Most certainly."

And it was an enjoyable sort of idleness. The river was full of life and animation as they glided along; fitful shadows and bursts of sunshine crossed the foliage and pasture lands of the flat shores; the yellow surface of the stream was broken with gleams of silver; and always, when this somewhat tame and peaceful and pretty landscape tended to become monotonous, they had on this side or that the spectacle of one of those tall and beautiful yachts rounding on a new tack or creeping steadily up on one of her opponents. They had a sweepstakes, of course, and Macleod drew the favorite. But then he proceeded to explain to Miss White that the handicapping by means of time allowances made the choice of a favorite a mere matter of guess-work; that the fouling at the start was of but little moment; and that on the whole she ought to exchange yachts with him.

"But if the chances are all equal, why should your yacht be better than mine?" said she.

The argument was unanswerable; but she took the favorite for all that, because he wished her to do so; and she tendered him in return the bit of folded paper with the name of a rival yacht on it. It had been in her purse for a minute or two. It was scented when she handed it to him.

"I should like to go to the Mediterranean in one of those beautiful yachts," she said, looking away across the troubled waters; "and lie and dream under the blue skies. I should want no other occupation than that: that would be real idleness. With a breath of wind now and then to temper the heat; and an awning over the deck; and a lot of books. Life would go by like a dream."

Her eyes were distant and pensive. To fold the bits of paper, she had taken off her gloves: he regarded the small white hands, with the blue veins and the pink almond-shaped nails. She was right. That was the proper sort of existence for one so fine and pale, and perfect even to the finger-tips. Rose Leaf—Rose Leaf—what faint wind will carry you away to the south?

At this moment the band struck up a lively air. What was it?

> "O this is no my ain lassie,
> Fair though the lassie be."

"You are in great favor to-day, Hugh," Mrs. Ross said to her husband. "You will have to ask the band-master to lunch with us."

But this sharp alterative of a well-known air had sent Macleod's thoughts flying away northward, to scenes far different from these flat shores, and to a sort of boating very different from this summer sailing. Janet, too: what was she thinking of—far away in Castle Dare? Of the wild morning on which she insisted on crossing to one of the Freshnist islands, because of the sick child of a shepherd there; and of the open herring smack, and she sitting on the ballast stones; and of the fierce gale of wind and rain that hid the island from their sight; and of her landing, drenched to the skin, and with the salt-water running from her hair and down her face?

"Now for lunch," said Colonel Ross; and they went below.

The bright little saloon was decorated with flowers; the colored glass on the table looked pretty enough; here was a pleasant

break in the monotony of the day. It was an occasion, too, for assiduous helpfulness, and gentle inquiries, and patient attention. They forgot about the various chances of the yachts. They could not at once have remembered the name of the favorite. And there was a good deal of laughter and pleasant chatting, while the band overhead—heard through the open sky-light—still played,

"O this is no my ain lassie,
Kind though the lassie be."

And behold! when they went up on deck again they had got ahead of all the yachts, and were past the forts at the mouth of the Medway, and were out on an open space of yellowish-green water that showed where the tide of the sea met the current of the river. And away down there in the south a long spur of land ran out at the horizon, and the sea immediately under was still and glassy, so that the neck of land seemed projected into the sky—a sort of gigantic razor-fish suspended in the silvery clouds. Then, to give the yachts time to overtake them, they steamed over to a mighty iron-clad that lay at anchor there; and as they came near her vast black bulk they lowered their flag, and the band played "Rule, Britannia." The salute was returned; the officer on the high quarter-deck raised his cap; they steamed on.

In due course of time they reached the Nore light-ship, and there they lay and drifted about until the yachts should come up. Long distances now separated that summer fleet; but as they came along, lying well over before the brisk breeze, it was obvious that the spaces of time between the combatants would not be great. And is not this Miss White's vessel, the favorite in the betting, that comes sheering through the water, with white foam at her bows? Surely she is more than her time allowance ahead? And on this tack will she get clear round the ruddy little light-ship, or is there not a danger of her carrying off a bowsprit? With what an ease and majesty she comes along, scarcely dipping to the slight summer waves, while they on board notice that she has put out her long spinnaker boom, ready to hoist a great ballooner as soon as she is round the light-ship and running home before the wind. The speed at which she cuts the water is now visible enough as she obscures for a second or so the hull of the light-ship. In another second she has sheered round; and then the great spinnaker bulges out with the breeze, and away she goes up the river again. Chronometers are in request. It is only a matter of fifty seconds that her nearest rival, now coming sweeping along, has to make up. But what is this that happens just as the enemy has got round the Nore? There is a cry of "Man overboard!" The spinnaker boom has caught the careless skipper and pitched him clean into the plashing waters, where he floats about, not as yet certain, probably, what course his vessel will take. She at once brings her head up to wind and puts about; but meanwhile a small boat from the light-ship has picked up the unhappy skipper, and is now pulling hard to strike the course of the yacht on her new tack. In another minute or two he is on board again; and away she goes for home.

"I think you have won the sweepstakes, Miss White," Macleod said. "Your enemy has lost eight minutes."

She was not thinking of sweepstakes. She seemed to have been greatly frightened by the accident.

"It would have been so dreadful to see a man drowned before your eyes—in the midst of a mere holiday excursion."

"Drowned?" he cried. "There? If a sailor lets himself get drowned in this water, with all these boats about, he deserves it."

"But there are many sailors who can not swim at all."

"More shame for them," said he.

"Why, Sir Keith," said Mrs. Ross, laughing, "do you think that all people have been brought up to an amphibious life like yourself? I suppose in your country, what with the rain and the mist, you seldom know whether you are on sea or shore?"

"That is quite true," said he, gravely. "And the children are all born with fins. And we can hear the mermaids singing all day long. And when we want to go any where we get on the back of a dolphin."

But he looked at Gertrude White. What would she say about that far land that she had shown such a deep interest in? There was no raillery at all in her low voice as she spoke.

"I can very well understand," she said, "how the people there fancied they heard the mermaids singing—amidst so much mystery, and with the awfulness of the sea around them."

"But we have had living singers," said Macleod, "and that among the Macleods, too. The most famous of all the song-writers of the Western Highlands was Mary Macleod, that was born in Harris—Mairi Nighean Alasdair ruaidh, they called her, that is, Mary the daughter of red Alister. Macleod of Dunvegan, he wished her not to make any more songs; but she could not cease the making of songs. And there was another Macleod—Fionaghal, they called her, that is, the Fair Stranger. I do not know why they called her the Fair Stranger—perhaps she came to the Highlands from some distant place. And I think if you were going among the people there at this very day, they would call you the Fair Stranger."

He spoke quite naturally and thought-

lessly; his eyes met hers only for a second; he did not notice the soft touch of pink that suffused the delicately tinted cheek.

"What did you say was the name of that mysterious stranger?" asked Mrs. Ross—"that poetess from unknown lands?"

"Fionaghal," he answered.

She turned to her husband.

"Hugh," she said, "let me introduce you to our mysterious guest. This is Fionaghal—this is the Fair Stranger from the islands—this is the poetess whose melodies the mermaids have picked up. If she only had a harp, now—with sea-weed hanging from it—and an oval mirror—"

The booming of a gun told them that the last yacht had rounded the light-ship. The band struck up a lively air, and presently the steamer was steaming off in the wake of the procession of yachts. There was now no more fear that Miss White should be late. The breeze had kept up well, and had now shifted a point to the east, so that the yachts, with their great ballooners, were running pretty well before the wind. The lazy abandonment of the day became more complete than ever. Careless talk and laughter; an easy curiosity about the fortunes of the race; tea in the saloon, with the making up of two bouquets of white roses, sweet-peas, fuchsias, and ferns—the day passed lightly and swiftly enough. It was a summer day, full of pretty trifles. Macleod, surrendering to the fascination, began to wonder what life would be if it were all a show of June colors and a sound of dreamy music: for one thing, he could not imagine this sensitive, beautiful, pale, fine creature otherwise than as surrounded by an atmosphere of delicate attentions and pretty speeches, and sweet, low laughter.

They got into their special train again at Gravesend, and were whirled up to London. At Charing Cross he bade good-by to Miss White, who was driven off by Mr. and Mrs. Ross along with their other guest. In the light of the clear June evening he walked rather absently up to his rooms.

There was a letter lying on the table. He seized it and opened it with gladness. It was from his cousin Janet, and the mere sight of it seemed to revive him like a gust of keen wind from the sea. What had she to say? About the grumblings of Donald, who seemed to have no more pride in his pipes now the master was gone? About the anxiety of his mother over the reports of the keepers? About the upsetting of a dog-cart on the road to Lochbuy? He had half resolved to go to the theatre again that evening—getting, if possible, into some corner where he might pursue his profound psychological investigations unseen—but now he thought he would not go. He would spend the evening in writing a long letter to his cousin, telling her and the mother about all the beautiful, fine, gay, summer life he had seen in London—so different from any thing they could have seen in Fort William, or Inverness, or even in Edinburgh. After dinner he sat down to this agreeable task. What had he to write about except brilliant rooms, and beautiful flowers, and costumes such as would have made Janet's eyes wide—of all the delicate luxuries of life, and happy idleness, and the careless enjoyment of people whose only thought was about a new pleasure? He gave a minute description of all the places he had been to see—except the theatre. He mentioned the names of the people who had been kind to him; but he said nothing about Gertrude White.

Not that she was altogether absent from his thoughts. Sometimes his fancy fled away from the sheet of paper before him, and saw strange things. Was this Fionaghal the Fair Stranger—this maiden who had come over the seas to the dark shores of the isles—this king's daughter clad in white, with her yellow hair down to her waist, and bands of gold on her wrists? And what does she sing to the lashing waves but songs of high courage, and triumph, and welcome to her brave lover coming home with plunder through the battling seas? Her lips are parted with her singing, but her glance is bold and keen: she has the spirit of a king's daughter, let her come from whence she may.

Or is Fionaghal the Fair Stranger this poorly dressed lass who boils the potatoes over the rude peat fire, and croons her songs of suffering and of the cruel drowning in the seas, so that from hut to hut they carry her songs, and the old wives' tears start afresh to think of their brave sons lost years and years ago?

Neither Fionaghal is she—this beautiful, pale woman, with her sweet, modern English speech, and her delicate, sensitive ways, and her hand that might be crushed like a rose leaf. There is a shimmer of summer around her; flowers lie in her lap; tender observances encompass and shelter her. Not for her the biting winds of the northern seas, but rather the soft luxurious idleness of placid waters, and blue skies, and shadowy shores . . . . *Rose Leaf—Rose Leaf—what faint wind will carry you away to the south?*

CHAPTER VII.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

LATE one night a carefully dressed elderly gentleman applied his latch-key to the door of a house in Bury Street, St. James's, and was about to enter without any great circumspection, when he was suddenly met by a white phantom, which threw him off

his legs, and dashed outward into the street. The language that the elderly gentleman used, as he picked himself up, need not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the white phantom was the dog Oscar, who had been shut in a minute before by his master, and who now, after one or two preliminary dashes up and down the street, very soon perceived the tall figure of Macleod, and made joyfully after him. But Oscar knew that he had acted wrongly, and was ashamed to show himself; so he quietly slunk along at his master's heels. The consequence of this was that the few loiterers about beheld the very unusual spectacle of a tall young gentleman walking down Bury Street and into King Street, dressed in full Highland costume, and followed by a white and lemon collie. No other person going to the Caledonian fancy-dress ball was so attended.

Macleod made his way through the carriages, crossed the pavement, and entered the passage. Then he heard some scuffling behind, and he turned.

"Let alone my dog, you fellow!" said he, making a step forward, for the man had got hold of Oscar by the head, and was hauling him out.

"Is it your dog, Sir?" said he.

Oscar himself answered by wrestling himself free, and taking refuge by his master's legs, though he still looked guilty.

"Yes, he is my dog; and a nice fix he has got me into," said Macleod, standing aside to let the Empress Maria Theresa pass by in her resplendent costume. "I suppose I must walk home with him again. Oscar, Oscar, how dare you?"

"If you please, Sir," said a juvenile voice behind him, "if Mr. —— will let me, I will take the dog. I know where to tie him up."

Macleod turned.

"*Cò an so?*" said he, looking down at the chubby-faced boy in the kilts, who had his pipes under his arm. "Don't you know the Gaelic?"

"I am only learning," said the young musician. "Will I take the dog, Sir?"

"March along, then, Phiobaire bhig!" Macleod said. "He will follow me, if he will not follow you."

Little Piper turned aside into a large hall which had been transformed into a sort of waiting-room; and here Macleod found himself in the presence of a considerable number of children, half of them girls, half of them boys, all dressed in tartan, and seated on the forms along the walls. The children, who were half asleep at this time of the night, woke up with sudden interest at sight of the beautiful collie; and at the same moment Little Piper explained to the gentleman who was in charge of these young ones that the dog had to be tied up somewhere, and that a small adjoining room would answer that purpose. The proposal was most courteously entertained. Macleod, Mr. ——, and Little Piper walked along to this side room, and there Oscar was properly secured.

"And I will get him some water, Sir, if he wants it," said the boy in the kilts.

"Very well," Macleod said. "And I will give you my thanks for it; for that is all that a Highlander, and especially a piper, expects for a kindness. And I hope you will learn the Gaelic soon, my boy. And do you know 'Cumhadh na Cloinne?' No, it is too difficult for you; but I think if I had the chanter between my fingers myself, I could let you hear 'Cumhadh na Cloinne.'"

"I am sure John Maclean can play it," said the small piper.

"Who is he?"

The gentleman in charge of the youngsters explained that John Maclean was the eldest of the juvenile pipers, five others of whom were in attendance.

"I think," said Macleod, "that I am coming down in a little time to make the acquaintance of your young pipers, if you will let me."

He passed up the broad staircase and into the empty supper-room, from which a number of entrances showed him the strange scene being enacted in the larger hall. Who were these people who were moving to the sound of rapid music? A clown in a silken dress of many colors, with bells to his cap and wrists, stood at one of the doors. Macleod became his fellow-spectator of what was going forward. A beautiful Tyrolienne, in a dress of black, silver and velvet, with her yellow hair hanging in two plaits down her back, passed into the room, accompanied by Charles the First in a large wig and cloak; and the next moment they were whirling along in the waltz, coming into innumerable collisions with all the celebrated folk who ever lived in history. And who were these gentlemen in the scarlet collars and cuffs, who but for these adornments would have been in ordinary evening dress? he made bold to ask the friendly clown, who was staring in a pensive manner at the rushing couples.

"They call it the Windsor uniform," said the clown. "*I* think it mean. I sha'n't come in a fancy dress again, if stitching on a red collar will do."

At this moment the waltz came to an end, and the people began to walk up and down the spacious apartment. Macleod entered the throng to look about him. And soon he perceived, in one of the little stands at the side of the hall, the noble lady who had asked him to go to this assembly, and forthwith he made his way through the crowd to her. He was most graciously received.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Lady ——?" said he. "You know the children belonging to the charity; they are all below, and they are sitting doing nothing, and they are

all very tired and half asleep. It is a shame to keep them there—"

"But the Prince hasn't come yet; and they must be marched round: they show that we are not making fools of ourselves for nothing."

A sharper person than Macleod might have got in a pretty compliment here; for this lady was charmingly dressed as Flora Macdonald; but he merely said:

"Very well; perhaps it is necessary. But I think I can get them some amusement, if you will only keep the director of them, that is Mr. ——, out of the way. Now shall I send him to you? Will you talk to him?"

"What do you mean to do?"

"I want to give them a dance. Why should you have all the dancing up here?"

"Mind, I am not responsible. What shall I talk to him about?"

Macleod considered for a moment.

"Tell him that I will take the whole of the girls and boys to the Crystal Palace for a day, if it is permissible; and ask him what it will cost, and all about the arrangements."

"Seriously?"

"Yes. Why not? They can have a fine run in the grounds, and six pipers to play for them. I will ask them now whether they will go."

He left and went down stairs. He had seen but few people in the hall above whom he knew. He was not fond of dancing, though he knew the elaborate variations of the reel. And here was a bit of practical amusement.

"Oh, Mr. ——," said he, with great seriousness, "I am desired by Lady —— to say that she would like to see you for a moment or two. She wishes to ask you some questions about your young people."

"The Prince may come at any moment," said Mr. ——, doubtfully.

"He won't be in such a hurry as all that, surely!"

So the worthy man went up stairs; and the moment he was gone Macleod shut the door.

"Now, you piper boys!" he called aloud, "get up and play us a reel. We are going to have a dance. You are all asleep, I believe. Come, girls, stand up. You that know the reel, you will keep to this end. Boys, come out. You that can dance a reel, come to this end; the others will soon pick it up. Now, piper boys, have you got the steam up? What can you give us, now? 'Monymusk?' or the 'Marquis of Huntley's Fling?' or 'Miss Johnston?' Nay, stay a bit. Don't you know 'Mrs. Macleod of Raasay?'"

"Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," "Yes," came from the six pipers, all standing in a row, with the drones over their shoulders and the chanters in their fingers.

"Very well, then—off you go! Now, boys and girls, are you all ready? Pipers, 'Mrs. Macleod of Raasay!'"

For a second there was a confused roaring on the long drones; then the shrill chanters broke clear away into the wild reel; and presently the boys and girls, who were at first laughingly shy and embarrassed, began to make such imitations of the reel figure, which they had seen often enough, as led to a vast amount of scrambling and jollity, if it was not particularly accurate. The most timid of the young ones soon picked up courage. Here and there one of the older boys gave a whoop that would have done justice to a wedding dance in a Highland barn.

"Put your lungs into it, pipers!" Macleod cried out. "Well played, boys! You are fit to play before a prince!"

The round cheeks of the boys were red with their blowing; they tapped their toes on the ground as proudly as if every one of them was a MacCruimin; the wild noise in this big empty hall grew more furious than ever—when suddenly there was an awful silence. The pipers whipped the chanters from their mouths; the children, suddenly stopping in their merriment, cast one awe-struck glance toward the door, and then slunk back to their seats. They had observed not only Mr. ——, but also the Prince himself. Macleod was left standing alone in the middle of the floor.

"Sir Keith Macleod?" said his Royal Highness, with a smile.

Macleod bowed low.

"Lady —— told me what you were about. I thought we could have had a peep unobserved, or we should not have broken in on the romp of the children."

"I think your Royal Highness could make amends for that," said Macleod.

There was an inquiring glance.

"If your Royal Highness would ask some one to see that each of the children has an orange, and a tart, and a shilling, it would be some compensation to them for being kept up so late."

"I think that might be done," said the Prince, as he turned to leave. "And I am glad to have made your acquaintance, although in—"

"In the character of a dancing master," said Macleod, gravely.

After having once more visited Oscar, in the company of Phiobaire bhig, Macleod went up again to the brilliantly lit hall; and here he found that a further number of his friends had arrived. Among them was young Ogilvie, in the tartan of the Ninety-third Highlanders; and very smart indeed the boy-officer looked in his uniform. Mrs. Ross was here too; and she was busy in assisting to get up the Highland quadrille. When she asked Macleod if he would join in it, he answered by asking her to be his partner, as he

would be ashamed to display his ignorance before an absolute stranger. Mrs. Ross most kindly undertook to pilot him through the not elaborate intricacies of the dance; and they were fortunate in having the set made up entirely of their own friends.

Then the procession of the children took place; and the fantastically dressed crowd formed a lane to let the homely-clad lads and lasses pass along, with the six small pipers proudly playing a march at their head.

He stopped the last of the children for a second.

"Have you got a tart, and an orange, and a shilling?"

"No, Sir."

"I have got the word of a prince for it," he said to himself, as he went out of the room. "And they shall not go home with empty pockets."

As he was coming up the staircase again to the ball-room he was preceded by two figures that were calculated to attract any one's notice by the picturesqueness of their costume. The one stranger was apparently an old man, who was dressed in a Florentine costume of the fourteenth century—a cloak of sombre red, with a flat cap of black velvet, one long tail of which was thrown over the left shoulder, and hung down behind. A silver collar hung from his neck across his breast: other ornament there was none. His companion, however, drew all eyes toward her as the two passed into the ball-room. She was dressed in imitation of Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire; and her symmetrical figure and well-poised head admirably suited the long-trained costume of blue satin, with its *fichu* of white muslin, the bold, coquettish hat and feathers, and the powdered puffs and curls that descended to her shoulders. She had a gay air with her, too. She bore her head proudly. The patches on her cheek seemed not half so black as the blackness of her eyes, so full of a dark, mischievous light were they; and the redness of the lips—a trifle artificial, no doubt—as she smiled seemed to add to the glittering whiteness of her teeth. The proud, laughing, gay coquette: no wonder all eyes were for a moment turned to her, in envy or in admiration.

Macleod, following these two, and finding that his old companion, the pensive clown in cap and bells, was still at his post of observation at the door, remained there also for a minute or two, and noticed that among the first to recognize the two strangers was young Ogilvie, who, with laughing surprise in his face, came forward to shake hands with them. Then there was some further speech; the band began to play a gentle and melodious waltz; the middle of the room cleared somewhat; and presently her Grace of Devonshire was whirled away by the young Highland officer, her broad-brimmed hat rather overshadowing him, notwithstanding the pronounced colors of his plaid. Macleod could not help following this couple with his eyes whithersoever they went. In any part of the rapidly moving crowd he could always make out that one figure; and once or twice as they passed him it seemed to him that the brilliant beauty, with her powdered hair, and her flashing bright eyes, and her merry lips, regarded him for an instant; and then he could have imagined that in a by-gone century—

"Sir Keith Macleod, I think?"

The old gentleman with the grave and scholarly cap of black velvet and the long cloak of sober red held out his hand. The folds of the velvet hanging down from the cap rather shadowed his face; but all the same Macleod instantly recognized him—fixing the recognition by means of the gold spectacles.

"Mr. White?" said he.

"I am more disguised than you are," the old gentleman said, with a smile. "It is a foolish notion of my daughter's; but she would have me come."

His daughter! Macleod turned in a bewildered way to that gay crowd under the brilliant lights.

"Was that Miss White?" said he.

"The Duchess of Devonshire. Didn't you recognize her? I am afraid she will be very tired to-morrow; but she would come."

He caught sight of her again. That woman, with the dark eyes full of fire, and the dashing air, and the audacious smile! He could have believed this old man to be mad. Or was he only the father of a witch, of an illusive *ignis fatuus*, of some mocking Ariel darting into a dozen shapes to make fools of the poor simple souls of earth?

"No," he stammered, "I—I did not recognize her. I thought the lady who came with you had intensely dark eyes."

"She is said to be very clever in making up," her father said, coolly and sententiously. "It is a part of her art that is not to be despised. It is quite as important as a gesture or a tone of voice in creating the illusion at which she aims. I do not know whether actresses, as a rule, are careless about it, or only clumsy; but they rarely succeed in making their appearance homogeneous. A trifle too much here, a trifle too little there, and the illusion is spoiled. Then you see a painted woman—not the character she is presenting. Did you observe my daughter's eyebrows?"

"No, Sir, I did not," said Macleod, humbly.

"Here she comes. Look at them."

But how could he look at her eyebrows, or at any trick of making up, when the

whole face, with its new excitement of color, its parted lips and lambent eyes, was throwing its fascination upon him? She came forward laughing, and yet with a certain shyness. He would fain have turned away.

The Highlanders are superstitious. Did he fear being bewitched? Or what was it that threw a certain coldness over his manner? The fact of her having danced with young Ogilvie? Or the ugly reference made by her father to her eyebrows? He had greatly admired this painted stranger when he thought she was a stranger; he seemed less to admire the artistic make-up of Miss Gertrude White.

The merry Duchess, playing her part admirably, charmed all eyes but his; and yet she was so kind as to devote herself to her father and him, refusing invitations to dance, and chatting to them—with those brilliant lips smiling—about the various features of the gay scene before them. Macleod avoided looking at her face.

"What a bonny boy your friend Mr. Ogilvie is!" said she, glancing across the room.

He did not answer.

"But he does not look much of a soldier," she continued. "I don't think I should be afraid of him if I were a man."

He answered, somewhat distantly:

"It is not safe to judge that way, especially of any one of Highland blood. If there is fighting in his blood, he will fight when the proper time comes. And we have a good Gaelic saying—it has a great deal of meaning in it, that saying—'*You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn.*'"

"What did you say was the proverb?" she asked; and for a second her eyes met his; but she immediately withdrew them, startled by the cold austerity of his look.

"'*You do not know what sword is in the scabbard until it is drawn,*'" said he, carelessly. "There is a good deal of meaning in it."

A TRIAD OF SUPERSTITIONS.

NOTHING is more difficult to the average mind than to disabuse itself of an old superstition, a sort of dubious faith in which has been, as it were, imbibed with the first food we took. We have all an abiding faith in the infinite possibilities of the race, and one result of this is that we are always on the watch, as it were, in a sort of dazed, helpless way, for some new manifestation of hidden forces and powers. Then, again, we have always a kind of half-fledged consciousness that we are a part of the natural world, and it of us. And this sense of kinship haunts us so that there is always in us a sort of fearful looking forward for new and unknown correspondencies. We are like a man with an infinite number of country cousins, who lives from day to day never knowing when the next lot of relations will arrive to announce and prove their relationship, deposit their baggage in his hall, and take up their residence with him as an integral part of his family. Who is there of us who would not rather break a valuable cup than a mirror? How many do not mourn, with an undefined sense of fear, the broken window-pane through which an owl suddenly made an entrance into our chamber? and how many would not think less of overturning a cup of coffee on the snowy damask at dinner than of upsetting the cleanly salt? Of course we all know there is absolutely nothing in these old superstitions, and yet down in the darkest corner of the farthest closet of our consciousness we all acknowledge to a feeling that possibly there may be.

There is also another class of superstitions borne down to us from the crabbed times of our Puritan ancestry which I fancy we shall also somewhat shamefacedly own. They were the daily maxims which formed a part of the teaching in every genuine New England home, and their permanence as a part of our mental constitution is an encouraging circumstance to educators who sometimes are inclined to think that even line upon line and precept upon precept fail to make their impression upon the wayward mind of youth. To remove this fear, we stand as living monuments boldly avowing, first, that we find it constantly difficult to convince ourselves—though our reason tells us that we are absurd—that it is not a moral duty to rise before, or at least with, the sun. Day by day, as we descend to our eight-o'clock or nine-o'clock breakfast, we are conscious of a certain sense of moral turpitude which we know to be unreasonable. It is in the effort to shake off this sense, which is only the remnant of an old superstition, that I write. The general axioms on the subject of early rising, which helped to make the New England Primer and the Farmers' Almanac a never failing source of supposed improvement, and which were afterward reenunciated by Franklin, do not apply to the present day nor to city life. What is gained even for useful work by rising at six, and then being obliged to take a nap in the middle of the day? Why not do up all our sleeping at once, and have a clear sweep for work? If, again, one could carefully rake up and cover the embers of his fire at nine P.M., and sleep the sleep of the righteous till six, he might possibly rise at six, or even five, though why, even in that case, any sane person should insist on doing two hours' work before eating, and call such action virtue, I could never understand. Circumstances alter rules as well as cases, which is what we of Puritan stock find it hard to understand. I myself know two young

women of New England birth and training who, though they go into much evening society, and are frequently awake at midnight or after, each week during the New York winter, yet persist in being punctual every morning at the half-past-seven breakfast of the family. True, they have no appetites; true, they take long naps in the afternoon; true, they break down every year by March; yet they gallantly return to the assault every autumn, and would feel ashamed and guilty if they did otherwise. So strong is the force of superstition!

In the future more perfect days it will be considered a sin to awake any one from sleep except in cases of life and death, and our grandchildren may perhaps be free from the inherited weakness of believing, because the flowers and the chickens and the birds wake when the sun does, that therefore a human being should do so. By what logic do we select the one action of waking as suitable for our imitation? The belief in early rising as any thing except as a deadly virtue is the first superstition. Another, for which our New England ancestry are also indirectly responsible, is that expressed in the famous lines—

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

In the language of the old Scotchman, "it will be of the Lard's mercy" if the pernicious effect of this doctrine does not annihilate the American nation before it has had fairly a chance to demonstrate to the world that self-government is possible. It is my belief that this doctrine was brought over by Burgoyne or Cornwallis by special order of the English government, and artfully instilled into the minds of the American colonists by them. Rapidly spread in the New England colonies by the prevailing habit of talking which is characteristic of that locality, the pernicious doctrine grew and flourished. English diplomacy needed more than a Washington and a Franklin combined to sound its depths. Secure in the knowledge that this principle had been sown broadcast in the rebellious colonies, England could well afford to lose battle after battle, and finally its dominion. It withdrew its armies, and sat down content to wait the inevitable result. What would it have been to England to compel thirteen miserable colonies to beg her pardon, compared to the exquisite refinement of satisfaction with which she was to see in a few centuries the whole nation working themselves out of existence in the feverish activity sure to be the result of her lesson? With each case of neuralgia, paralysis, softening of the brain, or insane suicide on this side of the "Atlantic pond," we may well fancy that the crafty George III. turns in his coffin with a sigh of relief and a smile of self-gratulation at the success of his policy. As we look back now, we no longer wonder that a mind which was capable of conceiving and executing so magnificent a piece of revenge should have yielded to the fearful strain. George III. evidently died a glorious martyr, self-immolated on the altar of the dignity of the British Empire.

The following quatrain has been lately going the rounds of the papers:

> "Tickle the public, and make it grin—
> The more you tickle, the more you'll win;
> But teach the public—you'll never grow rich,
> But live like a beggar, and die in a ditch."

Every editor who has printed this has done so in the spirit of the old New England superstition—in a spirit of mild protest against all forms of amusement, and of virtuous laudation of all forms of work and education. The real fact is that we as a nation are educated to death and worked to death, and that, instead of frowning down amusements, the government ought to provide rewards for every person who can and does succeed in bringing a hearty laugh or even a smile into the face of any American worker, man or woman. From the great P. T. Barnum down to the dirtiest, raggedest, and most minute newsboy who turns gratuitous somersaults on the street corner while waiting for the "five-o'clock extry," they are one and all benefactors of the nation, and we should rejoice that they do win money—if they do. If they all, in regular course of trade, became millionaires, we should be saved.

This mania for constant work is the second superstition. The third, which ends the triad, troubles most of all the simple, conscientious souls, who never forgive themselves if they forget or overlook any one of the

> "little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone or despise."

In its general sense it formulates itself into the statement that memory is a valuable and lofty faculty of the mind, and that when the memory begins to fail, we are losing our mental strength and falling into the "sere and yellow leaf." Nothing could be a greater error than this. For what is this memory, which they so highly value, and whose loss they regard as in some sense disgraceful, but a memory for names, for faces, for unimportant facts—things of absolutely no enduring value, and the recalling of which testifies in no way to strength of mind or thought? Such memory, which may be cultivated only as a temporary convenience, is one of the lowest faculties of the soul; and when it begins to weaken, instead of mourning, we should rather rejoice that the lower is perishing to give place to the higher, and that we are no longer in need of so clumsy and rude a tool. So mechanical is it that

note-book and pencil can supply its place with greater precision and accuracy.

But what we grow into, and which is worth all the memory that ever existed, is insight, which creates for us the implied past and future out of the present, and renders all memory unnecessary. Why should the mathematician burden his mind with formulæ for tangent and cosine when he can create them for himself at any instant by his insight into the essential nature of the circle and angle? It would be the height of absurdity for him to do so. Why regret leading-strings when we can walk on our feet upborne and moved by finally fully developed muscles?

Does the frog regret his fins as they wither, and prefer them to the growing legs? or does the butterfly mourn expanded wings, and look back sadly to the tight folds of the chrysalis or the rings of the worm?

When insight comes, memory is no longer necessary. In the highest sphere, to the Divine nature "a thousand years are as one day," and to Him there can be in no sense a past or a future, for all past and all future are to Him visible in the eternal present, and to our God memory does not exist.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

BOOK FIRST

Depicts the scenes which result from an antagonism between the hopes of four persons inhabiting one of the innermost recesses of Wessex. By reason of this strife of wishes, a happy consummation to all concerned is impossible, as matters stand; but an easing of the situation is begun by the inevitable decadence of a too capricious love, and rumors of a new arrival.

CHAPTER V.

A GREAT PERPLEXITY AMONG HONEST PEOPLE.

THOMASIN looked as if quite overcome by her aunt's change of manner. "It means just what it seems to mean: I am —not married," she replied, with forced calmness; and that this calmness was a hard task for her was merely revealed by the weakness of her tone. "Excuse me—for humiliating you, aunt, by this mishap. I am sorry for it; but I can not help it."

"Me? Think of yourself first."

"It was nobody's fault. When we got there the parson wouldn't marry us because of some trifling irregularity in the license."

"What irregularity?"

"I don't know. Mr. Wildeve can explain. It was very dreadful to think all day how grieved you would be at hearing of it. I did not think when I went away this morning that I should come back like this." It being dark, Thomasin allowed her emotion to escape her by the silent way of tears, which could roll down her cheek unseen.

"I could almost say that it serves you right—if I did not feel that you don't deserve it," continued Mrs. Yeobright, who, possessing two distinct moods in close contiguity, a gentle mood and an angry, flew from one to the other without the least warning. "Remember, Thomasin, this business was none of my seeking; from the very first, when you began to feel foolish about that man, I warned you he would not make you happy. I felt it so strongly that I did what I would never have believed myself capable of doing—stood up in the church, and made myself the public talk for weeks. But having once consented, I don't submit to these fancies without good reason. Marry him you must after this."

"Do you think I wish to do otherwise for one moment?" said Thomasin, with a heavy sigh. "I know how wrong it was of me to love him, but don't pain me by talking like that, aunt. You would not have had me stay there with him, would you?—and your house is the only home I have to return to. He says we can be married in a day or two —but I am in your hands."

"I wish he had never seen you."

"Very well—then I won't make you the miserablest woman in the world by letting him see me again. No, you shall make me that, and I won't have him."

"It is too late to speak like that. Come with me. I am going to the inn to see if he has returned. Of course I shall get to the bottom of this cock-and-bull story at once: Mr. Wildeve must not suppose he can play tricks upon me, or any belonging to me."

"It was not that. The license was wrong, and he couldn't get another the same day. He will tell you in a moment how it was if he's come."

"Why didn't he bring you back?"

"That was me. When I found we could not be married, I didn't like to come back with him, and I was very ill. Then I saw Diggory Venn, and was glad to get him to take me home. I can not explain it any better, and you must be angry with me if you will."

"I shall see about that," said Mrs. Yeobright; and they turned toward the inn, known in the neighborhood as the Quiet Woman, the sign of which represented the figure of a female carrying her head under her arm. The front of the house was toward the heath and Blackbarrow, whose

dark shape seemed to threaten it from the sky. Upon the door was a neglected brass plate, bearing the unexpected inscription, "Mr. Wildeve, Engineer"—a useless yet cherished relic from the time when he had been started in that profession in an office at Budmouth by those who had hoped for much from him, and had been disappointed. The garden was at the back, and behind this ran a still deep stream, forming the margin of the heath in this direction, meadow land appearing beyond the stream.

But the thick obscurity permitted only sky lines to be visible of any scene at present. The water at the back of the house could be heard, idly spinning whirlpools in its creep between the rows of dry feather-headed reeds which formed a stockade along each bank. Their presence was denoted by sounds as of a congregation praying humbly, produced by their rubbing against each other in the slow wind.

The window, whence the candle-light had shone up the vale to the eyes of the bonfire group, was uncurtained, but the sill lay too high for a pedestrian on the outside to look over it into the room. A vast shadow, in which could be dimly traced portions of a masculine contour, blotted half the ceiling.

"He seems to be at home," said Mrs. Yeobright.

"Must I come in too, aunt?" asked Thomasin, faintly. "I suppose not—it would be wrong?"

"You must come, certainly—to confront him, so that he may make no false representations to me. We shall not be five minutes in the house; and then we'll walk home."

Entering the open passage, she tapped at the door of the private parlor, opened it, and looked in.

The back and shoulders of a man came between Mrs. Yeobright's eyes and the fire. Wildeve, whose form it was, immediately turned, arose, and advanced to meet his visitors.

He appeared to have reached the stage of life at which fervor and phlegm, impulse and reflection, balance like a pair of wrestlers, previous to passion's final abandonment of its early sway. In truth, he was about thirty-five, and of the two properties, form and motion, the latter first attracted the eye in him. The grace of his movement was singular: it was the pantomimic expression of a lady-killing career. Next came into notice the more material qualities, among which was a profuse crop of hair impending over the top of his face, lending to his forehead the high-cornered outline of an Early Gothic shield, and a neck which was smooth and round as a cylinder. The lower half of his figure was of light build; and altogether he was one in whom no man would have seen any thing to admire, and in whom no woman would have seen any thing to dislike.

He discerned the young girl's form in the passage, and said, "Thomasin, then, has reached home. How could you leave me in that way, darling?" And turning to Mrs. Yeobright: "It was useless to argue with her. She would go, and go alone."

"But what's the meaning of it all?" demanded Mrs. Yeobright, haughtily.

"Take a seat," said Wildeve, placing chairs for the two women. "Well, it was a very stupid mistake, but such mistakes will happen. The license was useless at Southerton. It was made out for Budmouth, but as I didn't read it, I wasn't aware of that."

"But you had been staying at Southerton?"

"No. I had been at Budmouth, till two days ago, and that was where I had intended to take her; but when I came to fetch her we decided upon Southerton, forgetting that a new license would be necessary. There was not time to get to Budmouth afterward."

"I think you are very much to blame," said Mrs. Yeobright.

"It was quite my fault we chose Southerton," Thomasin pleaded. "I proposed it because I was not known there."

"I know so well that I am to blame that you need not remind me of it," replied Wildeve, shortly.

"Such things don't happen for nothing," said the aunt. "It is a great slight to me and my family; and when it gets known there will be a very unpleasant time for us. There is nothing I hate so much as to be made ridiculous in matters of this kind. How can she look her friends in the face to-morrow? It is a very great injury, and one I can not easily forgive. It may even reflect on her character."

"Nonsense," said Wildeve, with some anger.

Thomasin's large eyes had flown from the face of one to the face of the other during this discussion, and she now said, anxiously, "Will you allow me, aunt, to talk it over alone with Damon for five minutes? Will you, Damon?"

"Certainly, dear," said Wildeve, "if your aunt will excuse us." He led her into an adjoining room, leaving Mrs. Yeobright by the fire.

As soon as they were alone and the door closed, Thomasin said, turning up her pale tearful face to him, "It is killing me, this, Damon. I did not mean to part from you in anger at Southerton this morning; but I was frightened, and hardly knew what I said. I do not let aunt know how much I have suffered to-day; and it is so hard to command my face and voice, and to smile as if it were a slight thing to me; but I try to do so, that she may not be still more in-

dignant with you. *I* know you could not help it, dear, whatever aunt may think."

"She is very unpleasant."

"Yes," she murmured; "and I suppose I seem so now. . . . Damon, what do you mean to do about me?"

"Do about you?"

"Yes. Those who don't like you whisper things which at moments make me doubt you. We mean to marry, I suppose, don't we?"

"Of course we do. We have only to go to Budmouth on Monday, and we may marry at once."

"Then do let us go!—Oh, Damon, what you make me say!" She hid her blushing face in her handkerchief. "Here am I, asking you to marry me; when by rights you ought to be on your knees imploring me, your cruel mistress, not to refuse you, and saying it would break your heart if I did. I used to think it would be pretty and sweet like that; but how different!"

"Yes, real life is never at all like that."

"But I don't care personally if it never takes place," she added, with a little dignity: "no; I can live without you. It is aunt I think of. She is so proud, and thinks so much of her family respectability, that she will be cut down with mortification if this story should get abroad before—it is done. My cousin Clym, too, will be much wounded."

"Then he will be very unreasonable. In fact, you are all rather unreasonable."

Thomasin colored a little, and not with love. But whatever the momentary feeling which caused that flush in her, it went as it came, and she quietly said, "I never mean to be, if I can help it. I merely feel that you have my aunt to some extent in your power at last."

"As a matter of justice it is almost due to me," said Wildeve. "Think what I have gone through to win her consent; the insult that it is to any man to have the banns forbidden; the double insult to a man unlucky enough to be cursed with sensitiveness, and blue demons, and Heaven knows what, as I am. I can never forget those banns. A harsher man would rejoice now in the power I have of turning upon your aunt by going no further in the business."

She looked wistfully at him with her sorrowful eyes as he said those words, and her aspect showed that more than one person in the room could deplore the possession of sensitiveness. Seeing that she was really suffering, he seemed disturbed, and added, "This is merely a reflection, you know. I have not the least intention to refuse to complete the marriage, Tamsie mine—I could not bear it."

"You could not, I know," said the fair girl, brightening. "You, who can not bear the sight of pain in even an insect, or any disagreeable sound, or unpleasant smell even, will not long cause pain to me and mine."

"I will not, if I can help it."

"Your hand upon it, Damon."

He carelessly gave her his hand.

"Ah, by my crown, what's that?" he said, suddenly.

There fell upon their ears the sound of numerous voices singing in front of the house. Among these, two made themselves prominent by their peculiarity: one was a very strong bass, the other a wheezy thin piping. Thomasin recognized them as belonging to Timothy Fairway and Grandfer Cantle respectively.

"What does it mean—it is not skimmity-riding, I hope?" she said, with a frightened gaze at Wildeve.

"Of course not; no, it is that the heath-folk have come to sing us a welcome. This is intolerable!" He began pacing about, the men outside singing cheerily:

"He told' her that she' was the joy' of his life',
And if' she'd con-sent' he would make' her his wife';
She could' not re-fuse' him; to church' so they went';
Young Will' was for-got', and young Sue' was con-
tent';
And then' was she kiss'd' and set down' on his knee';
No man' in the world' was so lov'-ing as he'!"

Mrs. Yeobright burst in from the outer room. "Thomasin! Thomasin!" she said, looking indignantly at Wildeve, "here's a pretty exposure! Let us escape at once. Come!"

It was, however, too late to get away by the passage. A rugged knocking had begun upon the door of the front-room. Wildeve, who had gone to the window, came back.

"Stop," he said, imperiously, putting his hand upon Mrs. Yeobright's arm. "We are regularly besieged. There are fifty of them out there if there's one. You stay in this room with Thomasin; I'll go out and face them. You must stay now, for my sake, till they are gone, so that it may seem as if all was right. Come, Tamsie dear, don't go making a scene—we must marry after this; that you can see as well as I. Sit still, that's all—and don't speak much. I'll manage them. Blundering fools!"

He pressed the agitated girl into a seat, returned to the outer room, and opened the door. Immediately outside, in the passage, appeared Grandfer Cantle singing in concert with those still standing in front of the house. He came into the room and nodded abstractedly to Wildeve, his lips still remaining parted, and his features excruciatingly strained in the emission of the chorus. This being ended, he drew breath and said, heartily, "Here's welcome to the new-made couple, and God bless 'em!"

"Thank you," said Wildeve, with dry resentment, his face as gloomy as a thunder-storm.

At the Grandfer's heels now came the rest of the group, which included Fairway,

Christian, Sam the turf-cutter, Humphrey, and one or two others. All smiled upon Wildeve, and upon his tables and chairs likewise, from a general sense of friendliness toward the articles as well as toward their owner.

"We be not here afore Mrs. Yeobright, after all," said Fairway, recognizing the matron's bonnet through the glass partition which divided the public apartment they had entered from the inner room where the women sat. "We struck down across, d'ye see, Mr. Wildeve, and she went round by the road."

"And I see the young one's little head," said Grandfer Cantle, peeping in the same direction, and discerning Thomasin, who was waiting beside her aunt in a miserable and awkward way. "Not quite settled down yet. Well, well, there's plenty of time."

Wildeve made no reply; and probably feeling that the sooner he treated them, the sooner they would go, he produced a stone jar, which threw a warm halo over matters at once.

"That's a drop of the right sort, I can see," said Grandfer Cantle, with the air of a man too well-mannered to show any hurry to taste it.

"Yes," said Wildeve, "'tis some old mead. I hope you will like it."

"Oh ay," replied the guests, in the hearty tones natural when the words demanded by politeness coincide with those of deepest feeling. "There isn't a prettier drink under the sun."

"I'll take my oath there isn't," added Grandfer Cantle. "All that can be said against mead is that 'tis rather heady, and apt to lie about a man a good while. But to-morrow's Sunday, thank God."

"I feeled for all the world like some bold soldier after I had had some once," said Christian.

"You shall feel so again," said Wildeve, with condescension. "Cups or glasses, gentlemen?"

"Well, if you don't mind, we'll have the beaker, and pass 'en round: 'tis better than heling it out in dribbles."

"Jown the slippery glasses!" said Grandfer Cantle. "What's the good of a thing that you can't put down in the ashes to warm, hey, neighbors, that's what I ask?"

"Right, Grandfer," said Sam; and the mead then circulated.

"Well," said Timothy Fairway, feeling demands upon his praise in some form or other, "'tis a worthy thing to be married, Mr. Wildeve; and the woman you've got is a dimant, so says I. Yes," he continued, to Grandfer Cantle, raising his voice so as to be heard through the partition; "her father [inclining his head toward the inner room] was as good a feller as ever lived. He always had his great indignation ready against any thing underhand."

"Is that sort of fire-arm very dangerous?" said Christian.

"And there were few in these parts that were up-sides with him," said Sam. "Whenever a club walked he'd play the clarinet in the band that marched before 'em as if he'd never touched any thing but a clarinet all his life. And then, when they got to church door he'd throw down the clarinet, mount the gallery, snatch up the bass-viol, and rozum away as if he'd never played any thing but a bass-viol. Folk would say—folk that knowed what a true stave was—surely, surely that's never the same man that I seed handling the clarinet so masterly by now!"

"I can mind it," said the furze-cutter. "'Twas a wonderful thing that one body could hold it all and never mix the fingering."

"There was Flychett church likewise," Fairway recommenced, as one opening a new vein of the same mine of interest.

Wildeve breathed the breath of one intolerably bored, and glanced through the partition at the prisoners.

"He used to walk over there of a Sunday afternoon to visit his old acquaintance Andrey Brown, the first clarinet there; a good man enough, but rather screechy in his music, if you can mind?"

"'A was."

"And Neighbor Yeobright would take Andrey's place for some part of the service, to let Andrey have a bit of a nap, as any friend would naturally do."

"As any friend would," said Grandfer Cantle, the other listeners expressing the same accord by the shorter way of nodding their heads.

"No sooner was Andrey asleep and the first whiff of Neighbor Yeobright's wind had got inside Andrey's clarinet than every one in church feeled in a moment there was a great soul among 'em. All heads would turn, and they'd say, 'Ah, I thought 'twas he!' One Sunday I can well mind—a bass-viol day that time, and Yeobright had brought his own. 'Twas the Hundred-and-thirty-third to 'Lydia;' and when they'd come to, 'Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes its costly fragrance shed,' Neighbor Yeobright, who had just warmed to his work, drove his bow into them strings that glorious grand that he e'en-a'most sawed the bass-viol in two pieces. Every winder in church rattled as if 'twere a thunderstorm. Old Passon Gibbons lifted his hands in his great white surplice as natural as if he'd been in human clothes, and seemed to say to himself, 'O for such a man in our parish!' But not a soul in Flychett could hold a candle to Yeobright."

"Was it quite safe when the winders shook?" Christian inquired.

He received no answer; all for the moment sitting rapt in admiration of the performance described. As with Farinelli's singing before the princesses, Sheridan's renowned Begum Speech, and other such examples, the fortunate condition of its being forever lost to the world invested the deceased Mr. Yeobright's *tour de force* on that memorable afternoon with a cumulative glory which comparative criticism, had that been possible, might considerably have shorn down.

"He was the last you'd have expected to drop off in the prime of life," said Humphrey the furze-cutter.

"Ah, well: he was looking for the earth some months afore he went. At that time women used to run for smocks and gown-pieces at Greenhill Fair, and my wife that is now, being a long-legged slittering maid not quite husband-high, went with the rest of the maidens, for 'a was a good runner afore she got so heavy. When she came home I said—we were then just beginning to walk together—'What have you got, my honey?' 'I've won—well, I've won—a gown-piece,' says she, her colors coming up in a moment. 'Tis t'other thing for a crown, I thought; and so it turned out. Ay, when I think what she'll say to me now without a mossel of red in her face, it do seem strange that 'a wouldn't say such a little thing then. . . . However, then she went on, and that's what made me bring up the story, 'Well, whatever clothes I've won, white or figured, for eyes to see or for eyes not to see' ('a could do a pretty stroke of modesty in those days), 'I'd sooner have lost it than have seed what I have. Poor Mr. Yeobright was took ill directly he reached the fair ground, and was forced to go home again.' That was the last time he ever went out of the parish."

"'A faltered on from one day to another, and than we heard he was gone."

"D'ye think he had great pain when 'a died?" said Christian.

"Oh no: quite different. Nor any pain of mind. He was lucky enough to be God A'mighty's own man."

"And other folk—d'ye think 'twill be much pain to 'em, Master Fairway?"

"That depends on whether they be afeard."

"I bain't afeard at all, I thank God!" said Christian, strenuously. "I'm glad I bain't, for then 'twon't pain me. . . . I don't think I be afeard—or if I be I can't help it, and I don't deserve to suffer. I wish I was not afeard at all."

There was a solemn silence, and looking from the window, which was unshuttered and unblinded, Timothy said, "Well, what a fess little bonfire that one is, out by Cap'n Drew's! 'Tis burning just the same now as ever, upon my life."

All glances went through the window, and nobody noticed that Wildeve disguised a brief tell-tale look. Far away up the sombre valley of heath, and to the right of Blackbarrow, could indeed be seen the light, small, but steady and persistent as before.

"It was lighted before ours was," Fairway continued; "and yet every one in the country round is out afore 'n."

"Perhaps there's meaning in it!" murmured Christian.

"How meaning?" said Wildeve, sharply.

Christian was too scattered to reply, and Timothy helped him:

"He means, Sir, that the lonesome dark-eyed creature up there that some say is a witch—ever I should call a fine young woman such a name—is always up to some odd conceit or other; and so perhaps 'tis she."

"I'd be very glad to ask her in wedlock, if she'd hae me, and take the risk of her wild dark eyes ill-wishing me," said Grandfer Cantle, stanchly.

"Don't ye say it, father," implored Christian.

"Well, be dazed if he who do marry the maid won't hae an uncommon picture for his best parlor," said Fairway, in a liquid tone, placing down the cup of mead at the end of a good pull.

"And a partner as deep as the North Star," said Sam, taking up the cup and finishing the little that remained.

"Well, really, now I think we must be moving," said Humphrey, observing the emptiness of the vessel.

"But we'll gie 'em another song?" said Grandfer Cantle. "I'm as full of notes as a bird."

"Thank you, Grandfer," said Wildeve. "But we will not trouble you now. Some other day must do for that—when I have a party."

"Be jown'd if I don't learn ten new songs for't, or I won't learn a line," said Grandfer Cantle. "And you may be sure I won't disappoint ye by biding away, Mr. Wildeve."

"I quite believe you," said that gentleman.

All then took their leave, wishing their entertainer long life and happiness as a married man, with recapitulations which occupied some time. Wildeve attended them to the door, beyond which the deep-dyed upward stretch of heath stood awaiting them, an amplitude of darkness reigning from their feet almost to the zenith, where a definite form first became visible in the lowering forehead of Blackbarrow. Diving into the dense obscurity in a line headed by Sam the turf-cutter, they pursued their trackless way home.

When the scratching of the furze against their leggings had fainted upon the ear, Wildeve returned to the room where he had left Thomasin and her aunt. The women were gone.

They could only have left the house in

one way, by the back window; and this was open.

Wildeve laughed to himself, remained a moment thinking, and idly returned to the front-room. Here his glance fell upon a bottle of wine which stood on the mantelpiece. "Ah—old Dowden!" he murmured; and going to the kitchen door, shouted, "Is any body here who can take something to old Dowden?"

There was no reply. The room was empty, the lad who acted as his factotum having gone to bed. Wildeve came back, put on his hat, took the bottle, and left the house, turning the key in the door, for there was no guest at the inn to-night. As soon as he was on the road the little bonfire on Mistover Knap again met his eye.

"Still waiting, are you, my lady?" he murmured.

However, he did not proceed that way just then, but, leaving the hill to the left of him, stumbled along over a rutted road that brought him to a cottage which, like all other habitations on the heath at this hour, was only saved from being invisible by a faint shine from its bedroom window. This house was the home of Olly Dowden, the besom-maker, and he entered.

The lower room was in darkness; but by feeling his way he found a table, whereon he placed the bottle, and a minute later emerged upon the heath. He stood and looked northward at the undying little fire —high up above him, though not so high as Blackbarrow. It was the same which had attracted so much attention among the other men that night, through being the longest-lasting of all the bonfires in the Egdon district.

We have been told what happens when a woman deliberates; and the epigram is not always terminable with woman, provided that one be in the case, and that a fair one. Wildeve stood, and stood longer, and breathed perplexedly, and then said to himself, with resignation, "Yes, by Heaven, I must go to her, I suppose!"

Instead of turning in the direction of home, he pressed on rapidly by a path near Blackbarrow toward what was evidently a signal light.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD CHORDS ARE EFFECTIVELY TOUCHED.

When the whole Egdon conclave had left the site of the bonfire to its accustomed loneliness, a closely wrapped female figure approached the barrow from that quarter of the heath in which the little fire lay. Had the reddleman been watching, he might have recognized her as the woman who had first stood there so singularly, and vanished at the approach of strangers. She ascended to her old position at the top, where the red coals of the perishing fire greeted her like living eyes in the corpse of day. There she stood still, around her stretching the vast night atmosphere, whose incomplete darkness in comparison with the total darkness of the heath below it might have represented a mortal beside a venial sin.

That she was tall and straight in build, that she was lady-like in her movements, was all that could be learned of her just now, her form being wrapped in a shawl folded in the old cornerwise fashion, and her head in a large kerchief—a protection not superfluous at this hour and place. Her back was toward the wind, which blew from the southwest; but whether she had adopted that aspect because of the chilly gusts which played about her exceptional position, or because her interest lay in the northeast, did not at first appear.

Her reason for standing so dead still as the pivot of this circle of heath country was just as obscure. Her extraordinary fixity, her conspicuous loneliness, her heedlessness of night, betokened, among other things, an utter absence of fear. A tract of country unaltered from that sinister condition which made Cæsar anxious every year to get clear of its glooms before the autumnal equinox—a kind of landscape and weather which lead travellers from the south to continually describe our island as Homer's Cimmerian land —was not, on the face of it, friendly to woman.

It might reasonably have been supposed that she was listening to the wind, which rose somewhat as the night advanced, and laid hold of the attention. The wind, indeed, seemed made for the scene, as the scene seemed made for the hour. Part of its tone was quite special; what was heard there could be heard nowhere else. Gusts in innumerable series followed each other from the southwest like antelopes, and when each one of them raced past, the sound of its progress resolved into three. Treble, tenor, and bass notes were to be found therein. The general ricochet of the whole over pits and prominences had the gravest pitch of the chime. Next there could be heard the barytone buzz of a holly-tree. Below these in force, above them in pitch, a dwindled voice strove hard at a husky tune, which was the peculiar local sound alluded to. Thinner and less immediately traceable than the other two, it was far more impressive than either. In it lay what may be called the linguistic peculiarity of the heath; and being audible nowhere on earth off a heath, it afforded a shadow of a reason for the woman's tenseness, which continued as unbroken as ever.

Throughout the blowing of these plaintive November winds that note bore a great resemblance to the ruins of human song

which remain to the throat of fourscore and ten. It was a worn whisper, dry and papery, and it brushed so distinctly across the ear that, by the accustomed, the material minutiæ in which it originated could be realized as by touch. It was the united products of infinitesimal vegetable causes, and these were neither stems nor twigs, neither leaves nor fruit, neither blades nor prickles, neither lichen nor moss.

They were the mummied heath-bells of the past summer, originally tender and purple, now washed colorless by Michaelmas rains, and dried to dead skins by October sun. So low was an individual sound from these that a combination of hundreds only just emerged from silence, and the myriads of the whole declivity reached the woman's ear but as a shrivelled and intermittent recitative. Yet scarcely a single accent among the many afloat to-night could have such power to impress a listener with thoughts of its origin. One inwardly saw the infinity of those combined multitudes: one perceived that each of the tiny trumpets was seized on, entered, scoured, and emerged from by the wind as thoroughly as if it were as vast as a crater.

"The spirit moved them." A meaning of the phrase forced itself upon the attention; and an emotional listener's fetichistic mood might have ended in one of more advanced quality. It was not, after all, that the left-hand expanse of old blooms spoke, or the right-hand, or those of the slope in front. It was the single person of something else speaking through each in turn.

Suddenly, on the barrow, there mingled with all this wild rhetoric of night a sound which modulated so naturally into the rest that its beginning and ending were hardly to be distinguished. The bluffs had broken silence, the bushes had broken silence, the heather-bells had broken silence; at last, so did the woman; and her articulation was but as another line of the same discourse as theirs. Thrown out on the winds it became twined in with them, and with them it flew away.

What she uttered was a lengthened sighing, apparently at something in her mind which had led to her presence here. There was a spasmodic abandonment about it as if, in allowing herself to utter the sound, the woman's brain had authorized what it could not regulate. One point was evident in this: she had been existing in a suppressed state, and not in one of languor or stagnation.

Far away down the valley the faint shine from the window of the inn still lasted on; and a few additional moments proved that the window, or what was within it, had more to do with the woman's sigh than had either her own actions or the scene immediately around. She lifted her left hand, and revealed that it held a closed telescope. This she rapidly extended, as if she were well accustomed to the operation, and raising it to her eye directed it exactly toward the light beaming from the inn.

The kerchief which had hooded her head was now a little thrown back, her face being somewhat elevated. A profile was visible against the dull monochrome of cloud around her; and it was as though side shadows from the features of Marie Antoinette and Lord Byron had converged upward from the tomb to form an image like neither but suggesting both. This, however, was mere superficiality. In respect of character a face may make certain admissions by its outline; but it fully confesses only in its changes. So much is this the case that what is called the play of the features often helps more in understanding a man or woman than the earnest labors of all their other members together. Thus the night revealed little of her whose form it was embracing, for the mobile parts of her countenance could not be seen.

At last she gave up her spying attitude, closed the telescope, and turned to the decaying embers. From these no appreciable beams now radiated, except when a more than usually smart gust brushed over their faces and raised a fitful glow which came and went like the blush of a girl. She stooped over the silent circle, and selecting from the brands a piece of stick which bore the largest live coal at its end, brought it to where she had been standing before.

She held the brand to the ground, blowing the red coal with her mouth at the same time. It faintly illuminated the sod, and revealed a small object. The object was an hour-glass. She blew long enough to show that the sand had all slipped through.

"Ah," she said, as if surprised.

The light raised by her breath had been very precarious, and a momentary irradiation of flesh was all that it had disclosed of her face. That consisted of two matchless lips and a cheek only, her head being still enveloped. She threw away the stick, took the glass in her hand, the telescope under her arm, and moved on.

Along the ridge ran a faint foot-track, which the lady followed. Those who knew it well called it a path; and while a mere visitor would have passed it unnoticed even by day, the regular haunters of the heath were at no loss for it at midnight. The whole secret of following these incipient paths, where there was not light enough in the atmosphere to show a turnpike-road, lay in the development of the sense of touch in the feet, which comes with years of night rambling in little-trodden spots. To a walker practiced in such places a difference between impact on maiden herbage and on the crippled stalks of a slight foot-

way is perceptible through the thickest boot or shoe.

The solitary figure who walked this beat took notice of the windy tune still played on the dead heath-bells. She did not turn her head to look at a group of dark creatures further on, which fled from her presence as she skirted a ravine where they fed. They were about a score of the small wild ponies, known as heath-croppers. They roamed at large on the undulations of Egdon, but in numbers too few to detract much from the solitude.

The pedestrian noticed nothing just now, and a clew to her abstraction was afforded by a trivial incident. A bramble caught hold of her skirt, and checked her progress. Instead of putting it off and hastening along she yielded herself up to the pull, and stood passively still. When she began to extricate herself it was by turning round and round on her axis, and so unwinding the prickly switch. She was in a desponding reverie.

Her course was in the direction of the small undying fire which had drawn the attention of the men on Blackbarrow and of Wildeve in the valley below. A faint illumination from its rays began to grow upon her face, and it increased in definiteness as she drew nearer. The fire soon revealed itself to be kindled not on the level ground, but on a salient corner or redan of earth, arising from the junction of two converging bank fences. Outside was a ditch, dry, except immediately under the fire, where there was a pool, bearded all round by heather and rushes. In the smooth water of the pool the fire appeared upside down.

The banks meeting behind were bare of a hedge, save such as was formed by disconnected tufts of furze, standing upon stems along the top like impaled heads above a city wall. A white mast, fitted up with spars and other nautical tackle, could be seen rising against the dark clouds whenever the flames played brightly enough to reach it. Altogether the scene had much the appearance of a fortification upon which had been kindled a beacon-fire.

Nobody was visible; but ever and anon a whitish something moved above the bank from behind, and vanished again. Close watching would have shown it to be a small human hand in the act of lifting pieces of fuel into the fire; but, for all that could be seen, the hand, like that which troubled Belshazzar, was there alone. Occasionally an ember rolled off the bank, and dropped with a hiss into the pool.

At one side of the pool rough steps built of clods enabled any one who wished to do so to mount the bank; and this the woman did. Within was a paddock in an uncultivated state, though bearing evidence of having once been tilled; but the heath and fern had insidiously crept in, and were reasserting their old supremacy. Further ahead were dimly visible an irregular dwelling-house, garden, and out-buildings, backed by a clump of firs.

The young lady—for youth had revealed its presence in her buoyant bound up the bank—walked along the top instead of descending inside, and came to the corner where the fire was burning. One reason for the permanence of the blaze was now manifest: the fuel consisted of hard pieces of wood, cleft and sawn—the knotty boles of old thorn-trees which grew in twos and threes about the hill-sides. A yet unconsumed pile of these lay in the inner angle of the bank; and from this corner the upturned face of a little boy greeted her eyes. He was dilatorily throwing up a piece of wood into the fire every now and then—an act which seemed to have engaged him a considerable part of the evening, for his face was somewhat weary.

"I am glad you have come, Miss Eustacia," he said, with a sigh of relief. "I don't like biding by myself."

"Nonsense. I have only been a little way for a walk. I have been gone only twenty minutes."

"It seemed long," murmured the sad boy. "And you have been so many times."

"Why, I thought you would be pleased to have a bonfire. Are you not much obliged to me for making you one?"

"Yes; but there's nobody here to play wi' me."

"I suppose nobody has come while I've been away?"

"Nobody except your grandfather. He looked out of doors once for 'ee. I told him you were walking round upon the hill to look at the other bonfires."

"A good boy."

"I think I hear him coming again, miss."

An old man came into the remoter light of the fire from the direction of the homestead. He was the same who had overtaken the reddleman on the road that afternoon. He looked wistfully to the top of the bank at the woman who stood there, and his teeth, which were quite unimpaired, showed like Parian from his parted lips.

"When are you coming in-doors, Eustacia?" he asked. "'Tis almost bed-time. I've been home these two hours, and am tired out. Surely 'tis somewhat childish of you to stay out playing at bonfires so long, and wasting such fuel. My precious thorn roots, the rarest of all firing, that I laid by on purpose for Christmas—you have burned 'em nearly all!"

"I promised Johnny a bonfire, and it pleases him not to let it go out just yet," said Eustacia, in a way which told at once that she was absolute queen here. "Grandfather, you go in to bed. I shall follow you soon. You like the fire, don't you, Johnny?"

The boy looked up doubtfully at her and murmured, "I don't think I want it any longer."

Her grandfather had turned back again, and did not hear the boy's reply. As soon as the white-haired man had vanished she said, in a tone of pique, to the child, "Ungrateful little boy, how can you contradict me? Never shall you have a bonfire again unless you keep it up now. Come, tell me you like to do things for me, and don't deny it."

The repressed child said, "Yes, I do," and continued to stir the fire perfunctorily.

"Stay a little longer, and I will give you a crooked sixpence," said Eustacia, more gently. "Put in one piece of wood every two or three minutes, but not too much at once. I am going to walk along the ridge a little longer, but I shall keep on coming to you. And if you hear a frog jump into the pond with a flounce, like a stone thrown in, be sure you run and tell me, because it is a sign of rain."

"Yes, Eustacia."

"Miss Vye, Sir."

"Miss Vy—stacia."

"That will do. Now put in one stick more."

The little slave went on feeding the fire as before. He seemed a mere automaton, galvanized into moving and speaking by the wayward Eustacia's will. He might have been the brass statue which Albertus Magnus is said to have animated just so far as to make it chatter, and move, and be his servant.

Before going on her walk again, the young girl stood still on the bank for a few instants, and listened. It was to the full as lonely a place as Blackbarrow, though at rather a lower level, and it was more sheltered from wind and weather on account of the few firs to the north. The bank inclosed the whole homestead, and well protected it from the lawless state of the world without; it was formed of thick square clods, dug from the ditch on the outside, and built up with a slight batter or incline, which forms no slight defense where hedges will not grow because of the wind and the wildness, and where wall materials are unattainable. Otherwise the situation was quite open, commanding the whole length of the valley which reached to the river behind Wildeve's house. High above this to the right, and much nearer hitherward than the Quiet Woman Inn, the blurred contour of Blackbarrow obstructed the sky.

After her attentive survey of the wild slopes and hollow ravines, a gesture of impatience escaped Eustacia. She vented petulant words every now and then; but there were sighs between her words, and sudden listenings between her sighs. Descending from her perch, she again sauntered off toward Blackbarrow, though this time she did not go the whole way.

Twice she re-appeared at intervals of a few minutes, and each time she said,

"Not any flounce into the pond yet, little man?"

"No, Miss Eustacia," the child replied.

"Well," she said at last, "I shall soon be going in; and then I will give you the crooked sixpence, and let you go home."

"Thank'ee, Miss Eustacia," said the tired stoker, breathing more easefully. And Eustacia again strolled away from the fire, but this time not toward Blackbarrow. She skirted the bank, and went round to the wicket before the house, where she stood motionless, looking at the scene.

Fifty yards off rose the corner of the two converging banks, with the fire upon it; within the bank, lifting up to the fire one stick at a time, just as before, the figure of the little child. She idly watched him as he occasionally climbed up in the nook of the bank and stood beside the brands. The wind blew the smoke, and the child's hair, and the corner of his pinafore all in the same direction: the breeze died, and the pinafore and hair lay still, and the smoke went up straight.

While Eustacia looked on from this distance, the boy's form visibly started: he slid down the bank and ran across toward the white gate.

"Well?" said Eustacia.

"A hop-frog have jumped into the pond. Yes, I heard en!"

"Then it is going to rain, and you had better go home. You will not be afraid?" She spoke hurriedly, as if her heart had leaped into her throat at the boy's words.

"No; because I shall hae the crooked sixpence."

"Yes; here it is. Now run as fast as you can—not that way—through the garden here. No other boy in the heath has had such a bonfire as yours."

The boy, who had clearly had too much of a good thing, marched away into the shadows with alacrity. When he was gone, Eustacia, leaving her telescope and hour-glass by the gate, brushed forward from the wicket toward the angle of the bank, under the fire.

Here, screened by the outwork, she waited. In a few moments a splash was audible from the pond outside. Had the child been there he would have said that a second frog had jumped in; but by most people the sound would have been likened to the fall of a stone into the water. Eustacia stepped upon the bank.

"Yes?" she said, and held her breath.

Thereupon the contour of a man became dimly visible against the low-reaching sky over the valley, beyond the outer margin of the pool. He came round it, and leaped

upon the bank beside her. She laughed low. It was the third utterance which the girl had indulged in to-night. The first, when she stood upon Blackbarrow, had expressed anxiety; the second, on the ridge, had expressed impatience; the present was one of triumphant pleasure. She let her joyous eyes rest upon him without speaking, as upon some wondrous thing she had created out of chaos.

"I have come," said the man, who was no other than Wildeve. "You give me no peace. Why do you not leave me alone? I have seen your bonfire all the evening." The words were not without emotion, and retained their level tone as if by careful equipoise between imminent extremes.

At this unexpectedly repressing manner in her lover the girl seemed to repress herself also. "Of course you have seen my fire," she answered, with languid calmness artificially maintained. "Why shouldn't I have a bonfire on the fifth of November, like other denizens of the heath?"

"I knew it was meant for me."

"How did you know it? I have had no word with you since you—you chose her, and walked about with her, and deserted me entirely, as if I had never been yours."

"Eustacia! could I forget that last autumn at this same day of the month and at this same place you lighted exactly such a fire as a signal for me to come and see you? Why should there have been a bonfire again by Captain Drew's house if not for the same purpose?"

"Yes, yes; I own it," she cried under her breath, with a drowsy fervor of manner and tone which was quite peculiar to her. "Don't begin speaking to me as you did, Damon; you will drive me to say words I would not wish to say to you. I had given you up, and resolved not to think of you any more; and then I heard the news, and I came out and got the fire ready because I thought you had been faithful to me."

"What have you heard to make you think that?" said Wildeve, astonished.

"That you did not marry her," she murmured, exultingly. "And I knew it was because you loved me best, and couldn't do it. Damon, you have been cruel to me to go away, and I have said I would never forgive you. I do not think I can forgive you entirely, even now: it is too much for a woman of any spirit to quite overlook."

"If I had known you wished to call me up here only to reproach me, I wouldn't have come."

"But I don't mind it, and I do forgive you now that you have not married her, and have come back to me."

"Who told you that I had not married her?"

"My grandfather. He took a long walk to-day, and as he was coming home he overtook some person who told him of a broken-off wedding: he thought it might be yours, and I knew it was."

"Does any body else know?"

"I suppose not. Now, Damon, do you see why I lit my signal-fire? You did not think I would have lit it if I had imagined you to have become the husband of this woman. It is insulting my pride to suppose that." Wildeve was silent: it was evident that he had supposed as much.

"Did you indeed think I believed you were married?" she again demanded, earnestly. "Then you wronged me; and upon my life and heart I can hardly bear to recognize that you have such ill thoughts of me! Damon, you are not worthy of me: I see it, and yet I love you. Never mind: let it go. I must bear your mean opinion as best I may. . . . It is true, is it not," she added, with ill-concealed anxiety, on his making no demonstration, "that you could not bring yourself to give me up, and are still going to love me best of all?"

"Yes; or why should I have come?" he said, touchily. "Not that fidelity will be any great merit in me after your kind speech about my unworthiness, which should have been said by myself if by any body, and comes with an ill grace from you. However, the curse of inflammability is upon me, and I must live under it, and take any snub from a woman. It has brought me down from engineering to innkeeping: what lower stage it has in store for me I have yet to learn." He continued to look upon her gloomily.

She seized the moment, and throwing back the shawl so that the fire-light shone full upon her face and throat, said, with a majestic smile, "Have you ever seen any thing better than that in your travels?"

Eustacia was not one to commit herself to such a position without good ground. He said, quietly, "No."

"Not even on the shoulders of Thomasin?"

"Thomasin is a pleasing and innocent woman."

"That's nothing to do with it," she cried, with quick passionateness. "We will leave her out: there are only you and me now to think of." After a long look at him she resumed, with the old quiescent warmth: "Must I go on weakly confessing to you things a woman ought to conceal, and own that no words can express how gloomy I have been because of that dreadful belief I held till two hours ago—that you had quite deserted me?"

"I am sorry I caused you that pain."

"But perhaps it is not wholly because of you that I got gloomy," she archly added. "It is in my nature to feel like that. It was born in my blood, I suppose."

"Hypochondriasis."

"Or else it was coming into this wild heath. I was happy enough at Budmouth. Oh the times, oh the days at Budmouth! But Egdon will be brighter again now."

"I hope it will," said Wildeve, moodily. "Do you know the consequence of this recall of me, my old darling? I shall come to see you again, as before, at Blackbarrow."

"Of course you will."

"And yet I declare that until I got here to-night I intended, after this one good-by, never to meet you again."

"I don't thank you for that," she said, turning away, while an inner indignation spread through her like subterranean heat. "You may come again to Blackbarrow if you like, but you won't see me; and you may call, but I shall not listen; and you may tempt me, but I won't encourage you any more."

"You have said as much before, sweet; but such natures as yours don't so easily adhere to their words. Neither, for the matter of that, do such natures as mine."

"This is the pleasure I have won by my trouble," she whispered, bitterly, half to herself. "Why did I try to recall you? Damon, a strange warring takes place in my mind occasionally. I think when I become calm after your woundings, 'Do I embrace a cloud of common fog after all?' You are a chameleon, and now you are at your worst color. Go home, or I shall hate you!"

He looked absently toward Blackbarrow while one might have counted twenty, and said, as if he did not much mind all this, "Yes, I will go home. Do you mean to see me again?"

"If you own to me that the wedding is broken off because you love me best."

"I don't think it would be good policy," said Wildeve, smiling. "You would get to know the extent of your power too clearly."

"But tell me!"

"You know."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know. I prefer not to speak of her to you. I have not yet married her: I have come in obedience to your call. That is enough."

"I merely lit that fire because I was dull, and thought I would get a little excitement by calling you up and triumphing over you as the Witch of Endor called up Samuel. I determined you should come, and you have come. I have shown my power. A mile and half hither, and a mile and half back again to your home—three miles in the dark for me. Have I not shown my power?"

He shook his head at her. "I know you too well, my Eustacia; I know you too well. There isn't a note in you which I don't know; and that hot little bosom couldn't play such a cold-blooded trick to save its life. I saw a woman on Blackbarrow at dusk, looking down toward my house. I think I drew out you before you drew out me."

The revived embers of an old passion glowed clearly in Wildeve now; and he leaned forward as if about to put his face toward her cheek.

"Oh no," she said, intractably moving to the other side of the decayed fire. "What do you mean by that?"

"Perhaps I may kiss your hand, then?"

"No, you may not."

"Then I may shake your hand?"

"No."

"Then I wish you good-by without caring for either. Good-by, good-by."

She returned no answer, and with the bow of a dancing-master he vanished on the other side of the pool as he had come.

Eustacia sighed; it was no fragile maiden sigh, but a sigh which shook her like a shiver. Whenever a flash of reason darted like an electric light upon her lover—as it sometimes would—and showed his imperfections, she shivered thus. But it was over in a second, and she loved on. She knew that he trifled with her; but she loved on. She scattered the half-burned brands, went in-doors immediately, and up to her bedroom without a light. Amid the rustles which denoted her to be undressing in the darkness other heavy breaths frequently came; and the same kind of shudder occasionally moved through her when, ten minutes later, she lay on her bed asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

QUEEN OF NIGHT.

Eustacia Vye was the raw material of a divinity. On Olympus she would have done well with a little preparation. She had the passions and instincts which make a faultless goddess, that is, those which make not quite a faultless woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free-will, few in the world would have noticed the change of government. There would have been the same inequality of lot, the same heaping up of favors here, of contumely there, the same generosity before justice, the same perpetual dilemmas, the same captious interchange of caresses and blows, as those we endure now.

She was in person full-limbed and somewhat heavy; without ruddiness, as without pallor; and soft to the touch as a cloud. To see her hair was to fancy that a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow. It closed over her forehead like night-fall extinguishing the western glow.

Her nerves extended into those tresses, and her temper could always be softened by stroking them down. When her hair was brushed, she would instantly sink into stillness, and look like the Sphinx. If in passing under one of the Egdon banks, any of its thick skeins were caught, as they sometimes were, by a prickly tuft of the large *Ulex europæus* — which will act as a sort of hair-brush—she would go back a few steps, and pass against it a second time.

She had pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries. Their light, as it came, and went, and came again, was partially hampered by their oppressive lids and lashes; and of these the under lid was much fuller than it usually is with English women. This enabled her to indulge in reverie without seeming to do so: she might have been believed capable of sleeping without closing them up. Assuming that the souls of men and women were visible essences, you could fancy the color of Eustacia's soul to be flame-like. The sparks from it that rose into her dark pupils conduced to the same impression.

The mouth seemed formed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to kiss. Some might have added, less to kiss than to curl. Viewed sideways, the closing line of her lips formed, with almost geometric precision, the curve so well known in the arts of design as the cyma recta, or ogee. The sight of such a flexible bend as that on grim Egdon was quite an apparition. It was felt at once that that mouth did not come over from Sleswig with a band of Saxon pirates, whose lips met like the two halves of a muffin. One had fancied that such lip-curves were mostly lurking under-ground in the South as fragments of forgotten marbles; yet, behold! a specimen was here. So fine were the lines of her lips that, though full, each corner of her mouth was as clearly cut as the point of a spear. This keenness of corner was only blunted when she was given over to sudden fits of gloom—one of the phases of the night side of sentiment which she knew too well for her years.

Her presence brought memories of Bourbon roses, jacinths, and rubies, a tropical midnight, an eclipse of the sun, a portent; her moods recalled lotus-eaters, the march in *Athalie*, the Commination Service; her motions, the ebb and flow of the sea; her voice, the viola. In a dim light, and with a slight re-arrangement of hair, her general figure might have stood for that of either of the higher female deities. The new moon behind her head, an old helmet upon it, a diadem of accidental dew-drops round her brow, would have been adjuncts sufficient to strike the note of Artemis, Athena, or Hera respectively, with as close an approximation to the antique as that which passes muster on many respected canvases.

But celestial imperiousness, love, wrath, and fervor had proved to be somewhat thrown away on netherward Egdon. Her power was limited, and the consciousness of this limitation had biassed her development. Egdon was her Hades; and since coming there she had imbibed much of what was dark in its tone, though inwardly and eternally unreconciled thereto. Her appearance accorded well with this smouldering rebelliousness, and the shady splendor of her beauty was the real surface of the gloomy and stifled warmth within her. She differed from Demeter's daughter as a queenly bondswoman differs from a bondaged queen. But true Tartarean dignity sat upon her brow, and not factitiously or with marks of constraint, for it had grown in her with years.

Across the upper part of her head she wore a thin fillet of black velvet, restraining the luxuriance of her shady hair, in a way which added much to this class of majesty by irregularly clouding her forehead. "Nothing can embellish a beautiful face more than a narrow band drawn crosswise over the brow," says Richter. Some of the neighboring girls wore colored ribbon for the same purpose; but if any one suggested colored ribbon to Eustacia Vye, she answered with, "Do I look as if I would wear colored ribbon in my hair?" and there was no rejoinder.

Scents for the person (which country girls are fond of preparing from flowers) and metallic ornaments she contemned equally with variegated colors. When she saw less sophisticated maidens with their decoctions of lavender and boy's-love, she laughed and went on, unwittingly chiming in with Plautus, Martial, Ben Jonson, and others in holding that, though rather than smell sour, a woman's robe should smell sweet, better even than smelling sweet is that it should not smell at all.

Whence did a woman living on a heath acquire these advanced tastes?

Budmouth was her native place—a fashionable sea-side resort between twenty and thirty miles distant. She was the daughter of the band-master of a regiment which had been quartered there, a Belgian, who met his future wife during her trip thither with her father, the captain. The marriage was scarcely in accord with the old man's wishes, for the general airiness of the band-master's life extended into his pockets, as was inevitable. But he did his best, made Budmouth permanently his home, took great trouble with his child's education, the expenses of which were defrayed by the grandfather, and throve as the chief local musician till her mother's death, when he left off thriving, drank, and died also. The girl was left to the care of her grandfather, who, since three of his ribs became broken in a shipwreck, had lived in this airy perch on

Egdon—a spot which had taken his fancy because the house was to be had for next to nothing, and because a remote tinge on the horizon between the hills, visible from the cottage door, was traditionally believed to be the English Channel. She hated the change; she felt like one banished; but here she was forced to abide.

Thus it happened that in Eustacia's brain were juxtaposed the strangest assortment of ideas, from old time and from new. There was no middle distance in her perspective: romantic recollections of sunny afternoons on an esplanade, with military bands, officers, and gallants around, stood like gilded uncials upon the dark tablet of surrounding Egdon. Every bizarre effect that could result from the random intertwining of watering-place glitter with the grand solemnity of a heath was to be found in her. Seeing nothing of human life now, she imagined all the more of what she had seen.

Where did her dignity come from? By no side passages from Fitzalan or De Vere. It was the gift of Heaven—it was a happy convergence of natural laws. Among other things, opportunity had of late years been denied her of learning to be undignified, for she lived lonely. Isolation on a heath renders vulgarity well-nigh impossible. It would have been as easy for the heath-croppers, bats, and snakes to be vulgar as for her. A narrow life in Budmouth might have completely demeaned her.

The only way to look queenly without realms or hearts to queen it over is to look as if you had lost them; and Eustacia did that to a triumph. In the captain's cottage she could suggest mansions she had never seen. Perhaps that was because she frequented a vaster mansion than any of them —the open hills. Like the summer condition of the place around her, she was an embodiment of the phrase, "a populous solitude"—apparently so listless, void, and quiet, she was really busy and full.

To be loved to madness—such was her great desire. Love was to her the one cordial which could drive away the eating loneliness of her days. She seemed to long for the abstraction called passionate love more than for any particular lover. Devotion she wanted from any practical quarter which should not absolutely disgrace her.

She could exhibit an implacable look at times, but it was directed less against human beings than against certain creatures of her mind, the chief of these being destiny, through whose interference she dimly fancied it arose that love alighted only on gliding youth—that any love she might win would sink simultaneously with the sand in the glass. She thought of it with an ever-resentful consciousness of cruelty, which tended to breed actions of reckless unconventionality framed to snatch a year's, a week's, even an hour's passion from any where while it could be won. Through want of it she had sung without being merry, possessed without enjoying, outshone without triumphing. Her loneliness deepened her desire. On Egdon, coldest and meanest kisses were at famine prices; and where was a mouth matching hers to be found?

Fidelity in love for fidelity's sake had no attraction for her: fidelity because of love's grip had much. A blaze of love, and extinction, was better than a lantern glimmer of the same which should last long years. On this head she knew by prevision what most women learn only by experience: she had mentally walked round love, told the towers thereof, considered its palaces, and concluded that love was but a doleful joy. Yet she desired it, as one in a desert would be thankful for brackish water. Bad, but nothing better, was what she said of love.

She often repeated her prayers—not at particular times, but, like the unaffectedly devout, when she desired to pray. Her prayer was always spontaneous, and often ran thus: "O deliver my heart from this fearful gloom and loneliness: send me great love from somewhere, else I shall die!"

Her high gods were William the Conqueror, Strafford, and Napoleon Bonaparte, as they had appeared in the Lady's History used at the establishment in which she was educated. Her chief priest was Byron; her antichrist a well-meaning polemical preacher at Budmouth, of the name of Slatters. Had she been a mother, she would have christened her boys such names as Saul or Sisera in preference to Jacob or David, neither of whom she admired. Eustacia liked to ponder on men at high pressures of love or of revenge; and hence such a career as that of Joab, his rare combination of Machiavelian state-craft with reckless daring, his long-nourished revenge on Abner for the death of his brother, she was never tired of perusing. At school she used to side with the Philistines in several battles, and had wondered if Pontius Pilate were as handsome as he was frank and fair.

Thus she was a girl of some forwardness of mind; indeed, weighed in relation to her situation among the very rereward of thinkers, very original. Her instincts toward social non-conformity were at the root of this. In the matter of holidays her mood was that of horses which, when turned out to grass, enjoy looking upon their kind at work on the highway. She only valued rest to herself when it came in the midst of other people's labor. Hence she hated Sundays, when all was at rest, and often said they would be the death of her. To see the heathmen in their Sunday condition—that is, with their hands in their pockets, their boots newly oiled, and not laced up (a particular-

ly Sunday sign), walking leisurely among the turfs and furze fagots they had cut during the week, and kicking them critically, as if their use were unknown—was a fearful heaviness to her. To relieve the tedium of this untimely day she would overhaul the cupboards containing her grandfather's old charts and other rubbish, humming the Saturday-night ballads of the country people the while. But on Saturday nights she would frequently sing a psalm, and it was always on a week-day that she read the Bible, that she might be unoppressed with a sense of doing her duty.

Such views of life were to some extent the natural begettings of her situation upon her nature. To dwell on a heath without studying its meanings was like wedding a foreigner without learning his tongue. The subtle beauties of the heath were lost to Eustacia; she only caught its vapors. An environment which would have made a contented woman a poet, a suffering woman a devotee, a pious woman a psalmist, even a giddy woman thoughtful, made a rebellious woman saturnine.

Eustacia was weary of too many things, unless she could have been weary of more; she knew too much, unless she could have known all. It was a dangerous rock to be tossed on at her age. She had done with the dreams and interests of young maidhood; the dreams and interests of wifedom she had never begun, and we see her in a strange interspace of isolation. She had got beyond the vision of some marriage of inexpressible glory; yet, though her passions were in full vigor, she cared for no meaner union. To have lost the godlike conceit that we may do what we will, and not to have acquired a homely zest for doing what we can, shows a grandeur of temper which can not be objected to in its essence, for it connotes a mind that, though disappointed, forswears retreat. But, if congenial to philosophy, it is apt to be dangerous to the commonwealth. In a world where doing means marrying, and the commonwealth is one of hearts and hands, the same peril attends the condition.

And so we see our Eustacia—for she was lovable sometimes—arriving at that stage of enlightenment which feels that nothing is worth while, and filling up the spare hours of her existence by idealizing Wildeve—a man beneath her in position—for want of a better object. This was the sole reason of his ascendency: she knew it herself. At moments her pride rebelled against her passion for him, and she even had longed to be free. But there was only one circumstance which could dislodge him, and that was the advent of a greater man.

For the rest, she suffered fearfully from depression of spirits, and took slow walks to recover them, in which she carried her grandfather's telescope and her grandmother's hour-glass—the latter because of a peculiar pleasure she derived from watching a material representation of time's gradual gliding away. She seldom schemed, but when she did her plans showed rather the comprehensive strategy of a general than the small arts called womanish, though she could return oracles of Delphian ambiguity when she did not choose to be direct. In heaven she will probably sit between the Héloïses and the Cleopatras.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF WASHINGTON.

"SCRIPTA verba manent" is an aphorism so well known as to require no comment. If in this age of historic doubt we are fortunate enough to come across the letters of some leader of men, one who by his great and good actions shaped the future of a world, the publication of such original documents imparts that authenticity to history which nothing else can give.

The glave Charlemagne wielded, the sword Frederick flashed before his squadrons, the three-cornered hat that hid the lowering brow of a Napoleon, have great historical importance. We all of us want at times material impressions. Still a page of Shakspeare written with his own hand, a stanza inscribed by Milton, a scrap of some commentary Luther's pen had traced, appeal to a much higher sense. The stained paper, the faded ink, are the least parts of such treasures which time has spared us. It is the spirit and soul, which remain ever the same, rendering these written fragments as powerfully impressive to-day as when they were inscribed hundreds of years ago. Such are, perhaps, the only true relics to which indifference still pays homage.

It has been the good fortune of the writer to have had placed in his hands a number of letters written by George Washington, the greater proportion of which have so far never been published. Chirographically speaking, General Washington wrote an admirable hand. Such peculiarities as exist in the shaping of Washington's letters are but few. Perhaps the most marked is in the formation of the letter *n*, which, as written in latter life, resembles somewhat an *r*. The *o*'s and *e*'s show some slight interchange of forms. Thus "Harriet" looks like "Harriot," and "conjectures" like "cenjectures." Though the letters are apparently spread, and words seem to occupy a certain space, when an attempt is made to transcribe any of Washington's manuscript the copyist is surprised to find how uniform the characters

are, and how many words are found to the page. Abbreviations are few, and are only used at the end of a line, when room is wanting. Words are not often divided into syllables in order to carry them over to the next line. The old style of forming a long *ſ* in the middle of a word is retained, the modern *s* being used at the conclusion. Leading substantives occasionally begin with capitals. Washington, always methodical and painstaking, must have been very careful in the choice of his stationery. With perhaps but a single exception, all the letters are remarkable for their preservation. The paper has retained its color and the ink is fairly black. In commenting on the general excellent condition of the Washington papers, an expert would assert that their preservation was due quite as much to the good character of the paper as to the ink. It is quite doubtful whether the writings of the men of to-day will be as legible to their grandchildren as are the letters inscribed a hundred or more years ago. Our paper is whiter, our ink may be blacker, but bleaching salts and aniline inks, though excellent for present use, must certainly fade in the future. Washington used false lines in his letter-writing, as the spaces are always mathematically accurate, and the register on both sides of the sheet perfect.

In such rough drafts of Washington's letters as are before us, the illustrious writer seems to have taken the greatest pains to find the exact word wanted. General Washington, as has been frequently stated, was not what is called "a ready writer." Your ready writer, like your voluble speaker, has mostly a slipshod style, slights his work, and is satisfied with but a half meaning. A very clear, straightforward style belongs to Washington. What he writes is to the point, and hits squarely and truly, and without unnecessary verbiage. When he wants to, he sends the arrow-head home, without useless feathering to the shaft. If Washington labored at times to get the exact word to suit him, his vocabulary was rarely at fault. It seems quite evident that Washington never wrote an important letter without having first made a rough copy. Even letters on minor topics show this same patient care. Sometimes three or four drafts were made, diligently worked up, full of interlineations and changes, before the perfect copy was achieved. If the secretaries of distinguished statesmen of to-day were to disclose the secrets of official cabinets, it might be discovered that this elaboration of documents is considered to be quite a necessity. *Polissez toujours*, which literary dictum the greatest of French divines inculcated, was very much in vogue a hundred years ago. The letters of statesmen of former times, although not thrown broadcast as they are to-day by the press, were certainly scrutinized by a certain class, whose critical acumen was quite on a par with the highest culture of to-day. Those wonderful papers due to English Prime Ministers of the last century had educated an appreciative set of readers in both the New and Old World. Though the schoolmaster was not as ubiquitous in colonial times as he is to-day, political enemies were ever keen to find a solecism or an anachronism, in order to magnify them and gibbet the perpetrator. Something has been written before this in regard to General Washington's grammar. If it is not always absolutely correct, if even occasionally an error in spelling occurs, such mistakes are very uncommon, and are evidently of a purely accidental character. For a public man, Washington's correspondence was immense. Occasionally the most untiring of men, who never neglected a duty, was overtasked. The very best of us slip up at times. Men who search for motes in the sunbeam, taking nothing from its light, have rarely any thing left for their pains.

So much, then, for the simple physical characteristics of George Washington's letters. From address to signature these letters present nothing which is strange. As a child, Washington's pot-hooks were quite as legible as were his letters written but a few days before his death. The signature is so distinct that any one who sees it for the first time reads WASHINGTON as if it were print.

In approaching the task of editing these letters of Washington, stringing, as it were, these sparse beads on a historical ribbon, one can not exactly overcome a certain sad yet reverential feeling. It strikes us that in this world of advanced enlightenment we have been pulling down a great deal and building up but very little. We are laboring strenuously for the creation of voids. We sap reputations in seeking for motives. From losing faith in creeds we have withdrawn our trust from individuals. It must be said—we can not shirk it—that the pages of Sparks, of Irving, of Everett, which cast a golden halo over the memory of our *Pater Patriæ* which once warmed our fathers' hearts, are read to-day with indifference. The purer lessons these books should teach are lost. A weak cynicism, a feeble censoriousness, a petty disparagement, is ever rife. We trifle with names which should be hallowed. We festoon the grandest, the simplest portraits of past times with the silliest, the most fantastical of tags. Better even that stage of inflated bombast than the benumbing period of speculative coldness. If ever men craved for some human being on whom they might pin their faith, or hungered for a hero that they might worship, it is our own American people. Be it said to our shame that hearts to-day pulse

more rapidly in England, France, Germany, Italy, even in Russia, when the name of Washington is uttered than in the very country this hero gave freedom to. Mr. Froude tells us that historical discrimination often becomes a hopeless task, because neither the writer nor reader can ever thoroughly understand those peculiar surroundings which formerly influenced the actions of men. Between the period of the Revolution and to-day the lapse of time has certainly been too short to admit of any historical doubts. Perhaps, as some grand statue which requires distance to be imposing, we are still too near by a century to fully appreciate the majestic figure of Washington.

Among the thirty-three letters before us, some of them drafts of letters, only three have found a place in Sparks's writings of Washington. For purposes of distinction the letters may be divided into two categories—those written to various persons, and those addressed to Colonel William Augustine Washington, the general's nephew. There is but one letter written prior to the Revolution, the bulk of the letters dating from Washington's Presidential period and after his retirement to Mount Vernon, the last letter having been penned October 7, 1799, two months before Washington's death. The earliest and one of the most important of the papers is the draft of a letter written to the Hon. George William Fairfax, in Yorkshire, England, dated Williamsburg, Virginia, June 10, 1774. This letter is of paramount interest in a historical sense, as it shows how decided Washington was in regard to the course he would take in the struggle which seemed evident. A letter written by Washington in October, 1774, to Captain Robert Mackenzie, one of his old comrades in the French war, who held a commission in the British army, and was then stationed with his regiment at Boston, has been frequently quoted as containing a declaration of Washington's sentiments. Washington Irving, in his *Life of Washington*, referring to the Mackenzie letter, writes: "His [Washington's] views on the question of independence are particularly noteworthy from his being at that time in daily and confidential communication with the leaders of the popular movement, and among them with the delegates from Boston. It is evident that the filial feeling still throbbed toward the mother country, and a complete separation had not yet entered into the alternatives of her colonial children." George William Fairfax, whose sister had married Lawrence Washington, had left Virginia for England in 1774. Business relationships had existed between Washington and the Fairfax family ever since 1748. As George William Fairfax was a royalist, all ties were likely to be severed. The Fairfax property, Belvoir, was adjacent to Mount Vernon; but that hospitable intercommunion between the two mansions was now at an end. Fairfax must have intrusted the settlement of his business to Washington. As Washington and Fairfax were on the most intimate terms, it is highly probable that Washington would express his opinions more freely to Fairfax than to any one else. There is a letter which Washington wrote about a month later to Bryan Fairfax, a step-brother of George William Fairfax, but we deem some extracts from the paper we now lay before our readers as much more decisive in tone.

The original draft of this letter is on foolscap, fills about three and a quarter pages, and contains many corrections and interlineations. Washington has divided the body of the letter into three heads, according to the topics. One portion of the letter is devoted to the Fairfax business, but the larger part to the condition of affairs. Washington declares that it will be impossible for him to rent the Fairfax property at a rate which would represent the interest on the cost. It was probable that the absentee was desirous of disposing of his negroes and stock, all of which, Washington writes, "shall be complied with." Fairfax does not wish that his intended stay abroad shall be known. "You may rely upon it," writes the faithful steward, "that your intention of not returning to Virginia shall never transpire from me, though give me leave to add, by way of caution to you, that a belief of this sort generally prevails, and hath done so for some time, whether from Peoples conjectures, or any thing you may have drop't I know not." Now the writer explains fully the condition of colonial politics to Fairfax. Washington has sent Fairfax the newspaper of the day—*Rind's Gazette;* and fearing that he may not understand the matter fully, re-enforces the journal with very positive opinions of his own:

"Our assembly met at this place the 4th ult, according to Promulgation, and was dissolved the 26th, for entering into a Resolution, of which the enclosed is a copy, and which the Gov^{r} thought reflected too much upon his Majesty & the British Parliam^{t} to pass unnoticed. This Dissolution was so sudden as unexpected, for there were other resolutions of a much more spirited nature ready to be offered to the house which would have been adopted, respecting the Boston Port Bill as it is called, but were withheld til the important business of the country could be gone through. As the case stands, the assembly sat 22 days for nothing, not a Bill being Past, the council having adjourned from the rising of the court to the day of Dissolution, & came nither to advise or acquiesse in the measure. The day after the event, the members convened themselves at the Raleigh Tavern & entered into the Inclos'd association, which being followed, two days after by an express from Boston accompanied by the Sentiments of some meetings in our Sister Colonies to the Northw^{d}, the proceedings mentioned in the Inclosed Papers were had, thereupon a general meeting was requested of the late Representatives in this city on the first of August, when it is hoped & expected that some vigorous measures will be effectually adopted to

obtain that justice which is denied to our Petitions and Remembrances. In short the Ministry may rely on it that Americans will never be tax'd without their own consent, that the cause of Boston, the despotic measures in respect to it, I mean, now, is and will be considered as the cause of America, (not that we approve of the ordering of the destruction of the tea) & that we shall suffer ourselves to be sacrificed by piece meal, though God knows what is to become of us, threatened as we are with so many evils hanging over us....The minds of our People never were more disturbed or our own Rights and Privileges by je mother country...."

The letter concludes with a graceful compliment paid to Mrs. Fairfax..

With such warm feelings, such fixed decision, we can understand how, after the Williamsburg Convention, Washington enforced his opinions in the Congress held at Philadelphia in September. That must have been a momentous journey which Washington, Henry, and Pendleton took together in 1774 from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia. It might have been then, in that closer intimacy of the travellers, quite as much as in Congress, that Patrick Henry formed his opinion of George Washington. "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." Washington, when he wrote this letter to Fairfax, was forty-six years old. Never an impulsive man, he weighed long and deliberately each action. When judgment came, it was conviction. We consider this document, rough draft as it is, antedating the Mackenzie letter, as settling once and for all what was Washington's resolve as to the part he would take in the impending troubles.

The period just before and during the Revolution having been freely illustrated by means of the letters of Washington, it is pleasing to introduce some of the correspondence of this great man on topics of minor importance. Men eighty-four years ago were just as importunate as now, and General Washington must have been a target toward which claims of all kinds were directed. The following is an answer of General Washington to an application for money for some subscription:

"Mount Vernon *Aprl 7th*, 1793.

"Sir,—A few days only before I left Philadelphia, your letter of the 22d of February came to my hands.—Why it was so long on its passage I am unable to inform you.

"I have put my name to the Subscription paper therein enclosed, although as a common centre, I am applied to for aid beyond my means—for in truth I escape few contributions to any thing of this sort, or to public buildings such as colleges, churches &c, &c, that are undertaken *by subscription* within a circle of considerable extent around me.—Were it not for these I wd have given a larger sum than is affixed to my name, as the measure is certainly approved by

"Sir, your most obedt & very
Hble servant
"Saml Hanson Esq. G. W."

A solid friendship existed between Washington and Arthur Young, the famous English agriculturist. There is a hurried note written by the President to Samuel Powell, Mayor of Philadelphia, and then president of the Agricultural Society. Washington must have taken a piece of paper at random and torn off a slip, for on the back of the slip of paper is written in a bold English hand:

To his Excellency
George Washington
President of the United-
N. Americ

In the year 1793 yellow fever raged terribly in Philadelphia. In September General Washington was at Mount Vernon, and he writes to Charles Carter, who has his sons in Philadelphia:

"I have by the post to day written to the Comptroller of the Treasury, the other officers being absent, to obtain on my acct one hundred dollars, for the use of your sons in Philadelphia, and hope it will be accomplished, but such is the stagnation of business there and so entirely chang'd is every thing there by the retreat of the inhabitants, & the extention & malignity of the fever, that it is almost impossible from the little intercourse people have with one another, to promise any thing on a certainty of having it accomplished."

A letter of August 6, 1794, written from Germantown, Pennsylvania, is quite graphic in character. True republicanism in its most practical bearing may be seen in the letter. The general has land to sell, and some one wants to buy. We can picture to ourselves the grand courtly gentleman approached by some honest yeoman who wants to buy a farm. The letter is addressed to the Hon. James Ross, Esq., who has many a broad acre of Washington's to sell in Fayette County.

"Yesterday a person (whose name, nor place of abode I did not enquire, being otherwise engaged, and hurried at the time,) called upon me to know if I would sell my land in the County of Fayette—answering in the affirmative, he asked the price—I told him I had given you a power to sell it, and to you his application had best be made. Pressing still to know the price, I told him I could enter into no engagement, but supposed if the land was yet unsold he might obtain it at six dollars an acre.

"This person was a driver of his own Team—and from his appearance I hardly supposed he was in circumstances to advance ten pounds in payment; but to my surprise he gave me to understand (not gasconadingly) that he could pay a £1000 down, and with sufficient time to dispose of the land on which he lived, he could pay £3000 more.—I advised him to proceed to you & he seemed disposed to go—of which I make this mention. I am sorry I did not ask his name, as he seemed much in earnest and had rid from Philadelphia to this place for the sole purpose of making the foregoing enquiries. I think he said he lived in Cumberland County."

It is to be hoped that the trade was consummated, and that some comfortable old blue-stone manse in Fayette County dates its origin from the time of purchase by the person "who was a driver of his own team," and that the £3000 and more were forthcoming.

A letter of April 27, 1795, is quite char-

acteristic. It is addressed from the Federal City (Washington, D. C.)—Fed[l] City, as Washington simply writes it. It seems that the Father of his Country had a certain modesty as to calling the capital of the United States after his own name. Somebody wants to rent land of General Washington, and Washington does not have confidence in the proposed lessee. This letter, addressed to Washington's fast friend and physician, Dr. Craik, is of an inquiring character. "He talks largely," writes Washington, "of making money, but that does not contribute *much if any thing* to establish him as a man of property or credit in my estim[n], whilst it may be apprehended if he is not a man of principle he might strip the land of timber and wood (being near the Iron Works of Wilson & Potts at the Great falls) and then should he prove insolvent and unable to pay the sum of £2000 within the term limited, leave me to reinter upon the naked premises as the only resource, as he does not propose to erect any buildings thereon." It may be remarked here, notwithstanding the caution and business shrewdness of General Washington in the sale of his real estate, that at the conclusion of his life he was at times, from the default of the purchasers of his land, reduced to straits for ready money. It should be remembered that after the Revolution, even up to the year 1805, want of money and disturbed finances induced much commercial trouble.

There is a letter of General Washington's which we reproduce in full, believing that after a lapse of so many years no heart-burnings can come from it. In this letter Washington appears as the head of his family, and inculcates the soundest advice in regard to the possible marriage of a favorite niece. This letter is addressed to Mrs. Betty Lewis, Washington's sister:

"Philadelphia 7*th April* 1796.

"My Dear Sister,—Your letter of the 27[th] ult[o] was enclosed to me by M[r] Parks, in one from himself dated the 1[st] inst. on the same subject.

"Harriet, having very little fortune herself, has no *right* to expect a great one in the man she marry's; but if he has not a competency to support her in the way she has lived, in the circle of her friends, she will not find the matrimonial state so comfortable as she may have expected when a family is looking up to her & but scarcely means to support it.

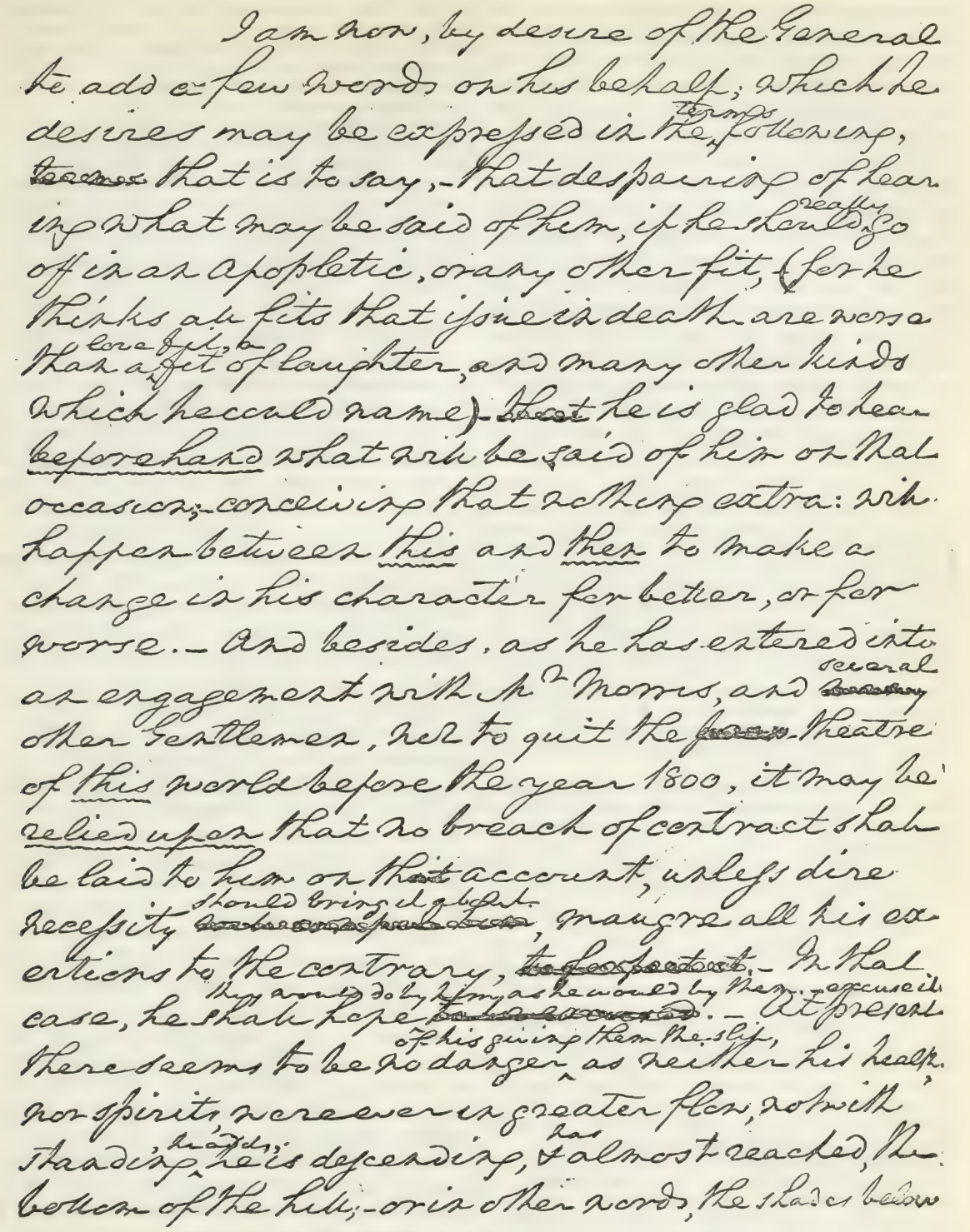
"Altho' she has no right expect a man of fortune, she certainly has just pretensions to expect one whose connexions are respectible & whose relations, she could have no objection to associate with. How far this is, or is not the case with M[r] Parks, I know not. for neither his own letter, or yours give any acc[t] of his family nor whether he is a native or foreigner, & we have his own word only for his possessing *any* property at all, altho' he estimates his fortune at £3000. a precarious dependance this, when applied to a man in trade.

"I do not wish to thwart Harriets inclinations, if her affect'ns are placed on M[r] Park and if upon the enquiries I shall make or cause to be made into his family & connexions there shall be found nothing exceptionable in them—that he is, as you say, 'very much respected by all his acquaintance, sober, sedate, & attentive to business,' and is moreover in a good business, I shall throw no impedim't in the way of their marriage:—altho' I should have preferred if a *good* match had not offered in the mean while, that she sh[d] have remained single until I was once more settled at M[t] Vernon & she a resident there which, if life is spared to us, will certainly happen to me, in ten or eleven months—because then she would have been in the way of seeing much company and would have had a much fairer prospect of matching respectably than with one who is little known—and of whose circumstances few or none can know much about.

"Having no business to write to you upon—and being very much occupied by my public duties, are the only reasons why I have been silent. I am persuaded you will enjoy more ease & quiet & meet with fewer vexations where you now are, than where you did live —It is my sincere wish that you should do so, and that your days may be happy—in these M[rs] Washington joins with your most affect[e] Brother

"G. Washington."

Of Washington's urbanity we have full proof. His was that lofty complacency, that quiet suavity and high-bred mannerliness, which come to those accustomed to command. There was neither tartness nor even military roughness about him. No word or action of Washington's ever recorded shows a trace of spleen or moroseness. His was a strong will, and though, like all great men, he had a temper of his own, it was always kept under control. Rarely did a petty annoyance irritate him sufficiently to induce even a sharp reply. That impertinent fellow who once, it is said, slapped the Father of his Country on the shoulder, learned by a single look his life-long lesson on familiarity. We have, however, one letter, addressed to a Mr. Bell, in which General Washington shows his teeth. The illustrious man, wounded by a coarse insinuation, touched as to his honor and business faith, resents the insult roundly. It is about some land Washington has sold. Payment has been deferred, and the seller disputes the interest on the purchase-money. The delinquent wants to pay five per cent., Washington claims six. "First," writes Washington (the letter is dated Mount Vernon, 7th May, 1797), "that I never did or could, (unless I was so hurried & distracted with business at the time as not to know what I wrote, & have entirely forgot my senses when I did write) offer the land with an interest on the cost of 5 pr C[t], or the *legal* Interest of Virginia—because I was a resident of the State where the *legal* Interest is 6 pr C[t], and because the interest of the U. S by which all my money transactions have been regulated is 6 pr C[t] also.....There is a strong insinuation in your letter, though you scorn of taking advantage of it, you add that I have brought myself under the lash of the Law. If you think so Sir, & feel disposed to inflict the penalty—spare me not—try it.....How in the name of common sense a call of this sort could be brought under the Statute of usury is beyond my comprehension." The letter ends by a request on the part of Washington that



FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE LETTER ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.

the property be returned to him, as he is unwilling to have any further transactions with the purchaser.

Would that Thackeray had seen the charming letter General Washington writes in his sixty-fifth year, acting as amanuensis for his wife, Martha Washington! This letter might have given the illustrious novelist a keener insight into the graceful courteousness of the hero of *The Virginians*. It is what the French call an *aperçu de la vie intime*. The time of the hostess of Mount Vernon was sorely taxed. Perhaps Washington, the most punctual of men, had gently chid his wife for tardiness in writing to her friends. Maybe, as many a wife does to-day, Martha Washington had for this once delegated her letter-writing to her husband. Just as likely as not, around the blazing fire of the drawing-room of Mount Vernon, on that cold and blustering December day in 1797, a bevy of ladies in rustling silks were grouped. The grandest gentleman of his time knows his wife has a duty to perform, and glancing at the ladies, has not the heart to disturb their cheery gossip. His cabinet is cold, yet he bravely enters. The negro servant lights the tall silver candlesticks, kindles the fire, and leaves his well-beloved master. Washington pauses a

moment, selects his paper, slips under it the false lines, arranges the whole on his favorite desk, dips his pen in the standish, and the letter before us is produced. Mark the grave, old-fashioned opening and the equipoised sentences! After a while the letter becomes more his own than Martha Washington's. Notice particularly that there is something even prophetic in this letter. Washington tells how long he may live, and, strangely enough, the time God allotted him is within only sixteen days of the date he indicates. Here and there a pleasing ripple ruffles the usual placid style of Washington's correspondence. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Eliza Powell, of Philadelphia, and though signed "Martha Washington," is entirely written by General Washington:

"Mount Vernon 17*th Decr.* 1797

"My Dear Madam,—It is unnecessary, I persuade myself to assure you, that with whatsoever pleasure your letters may be received, the satisfaction to be derived from them will fall short of *that* which your company would give:—but as stern winter (which has commenced with uncommon severity) has closed all expectation of the latter, I can only offer my thanks for your kind remembrance of us in your letter of the 24th of November, while I add as our hopes, that when all things will be blooming here, in the spring, except the withering Proprietors of the Mansion, that you will carry into effect the long promised visit to this retreat; and make it your head quarters, during your stay in Virg[a].

"It was indeed, with sympathetic concern, we heard of the late calamitous situation of Philadelphia, and of the death and indisposition of some of your friends:—These occurrences, however, are inflicted by an invisible hand, as trials of our Philosophy, resignation and patience; all of which it becomes us to exercise.—

"Poor M[rs] Morris! I feel much for her situation; and earnestly pray that M[r] Morris may, & soon work through all his difficulties; in which I am persuaded, that all who know him, heartily join me; as they do that their ease, quiet & domestic enjoyments, may be perfectly restored. M[rs] Marshalls arrival must be a comfort to them all. However disappointed she herself may be, in the apparent reverse of their situation, since she embarked for Europe.—We hear with concern too, of the declining state of M[rs] White's health; and to her, M[rs] Morris and the rest of our Phil[a] acquaintances, we would thank you, when occasions offer, to present our best and sincerest regards.

M[rs] Fitzhugh & family, have within the last fortnight, become residents of Alex[a]—& We should, ere this have made them a congratulatory visit on the occasion, but the bad weather in which they travelled, has indisposed M[rs] Fitzhugh so much, as to confine her to her room with an inflamation, more troublesome than dangerous.

"I am now, by desire of the General to add a few words on his behalf; which he desires may be expressed in the terms following, that is to say,—that despairing of hearing what may be said of him, if he shall really go off in an apopletic, or any other fit, (for he thinks all fits that issue in death are worse than a love fit, a fit of laughter, and many other kinds which he could name)—he is glad to hear *beforehand* what will be said of him on that occasion;—conceiving that nothing extra: will happen between *this* and *then* to make a change in his character for better, or for worse.—And besides, as he has entered into an engagement with M[r] Morris, and several other Gentlemen, not to quit the theatre of *this* world before the year 1800, it may be *relied upon* that no breach of contract shall be laid to him on that account, unless dire necessity should bring it about, maugre all his exertions to the contrary.—In that case, he shall hope they would do by him as he would by them.—excuse it. At present there seems to be no danger of his giving them the slip, as neither his health, nor spirits, were ever in greater flow, notwithstanding, he adds, he is descending, & has almost reached, the bottom of the hill;—or in other words, the shades below.

"For your particular good wishes on this occasion, he charges me to say that he feels highly obliged, & that he reciprocates them with great cordiality.

"Nelly Custis (who has been a little indisposed with a swelling in her face) offers her thanks for the kind expressions of your letter in her behalf, and joins the General & myself in every good wish for your health and happiness. I am my dear Madam with the greatest esteem. Your most affectionate

"Martha Washington."

The letter last given concludes the most interesting of the papers in the series of those addressed to various persons. Every one of these letters must have been called in by General Washington at the close of his life, as all of them bear his indorsement on the back, with addresses and dates. The remaining sixteen letters were written to Colonel William Augustine Washington, of Westmoreland County, Virginia, and range from March, 1793, to October, 1799. Most of these letters relate more or less to the business of Mount Vernon. Even in Philadelphia, when Washington was engrossed with his Presidential duties, the interests of his plantation were not forgotten. Early in 1793 Washington wants lime for building purposes at Mount Vernon, so that he may lay some 40,000 bricks, and the shells of the Potomac are the source from whence his mortar is to be derived. Somebody neglects the business, "because it is a trifling business," Washington writes, "or because they find more profitable employment in other pursuits," so Colonel Washington, who knows where great stores of shells are to be found—at the mouth of the Potomac possibly—is requested to give his aid. "Do you hire any of your negro Carpenters by the year? or do you know who is in the habit of doing, or would do it?.....I would hire two, four, or six, if they are good common workmen, and who are orderly & well disposed people. Your answer to these queries, with the *precise* terms on which they could be obtained, if to be had at all, would very much oblige."

Whether the shells ever came to Mount Vernon, or the carpenters did their work, we have no opportunity of knowing. Intelligent labor must have been difficult to procure at Mount Vernon, for in 1794 Washington was again in want of mechanical help. The following letter we give in full, as, with the hiring of a wheelwright, Washington alludes to the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania:

"Philadelphia *Sep 28th* 1794.

"My Dear Sir,—You will be disposed to think I am very fickle & unsteady (if you have received the letter I wrote you ab[t] a week ago) when you find that the purport of this letter, is to request that you will take no measures in consequence of my last.

"The reason for this request is, that since the date

thereof, I have met with a man in this city (just arrived from Scotland) who from his character, professional knowledge and the recommendations he brings, will I conceive, answer my purpose in all respects except his unacquaintance with negroes, & the method of managing of them. I have, nevertheless employed him, as he is said to be skilful in making Carts, Plows, farming implements, and wheels of all sorts.

"I will aadd, if in consequence of the letter above alluded to, you have entered into any engagement, with the person in your neighborhood, he may come on; notwithstanding my contract with the Scotchman; as he will be much more competent to overlook my negro Carpenters than the latter, who may be employed principally if not altogether, in making and repairing the articles, I have enumerated. I should be *better pleased* however, if he should come singly, than with his workmen; as I shall be rather overdone by the whole.

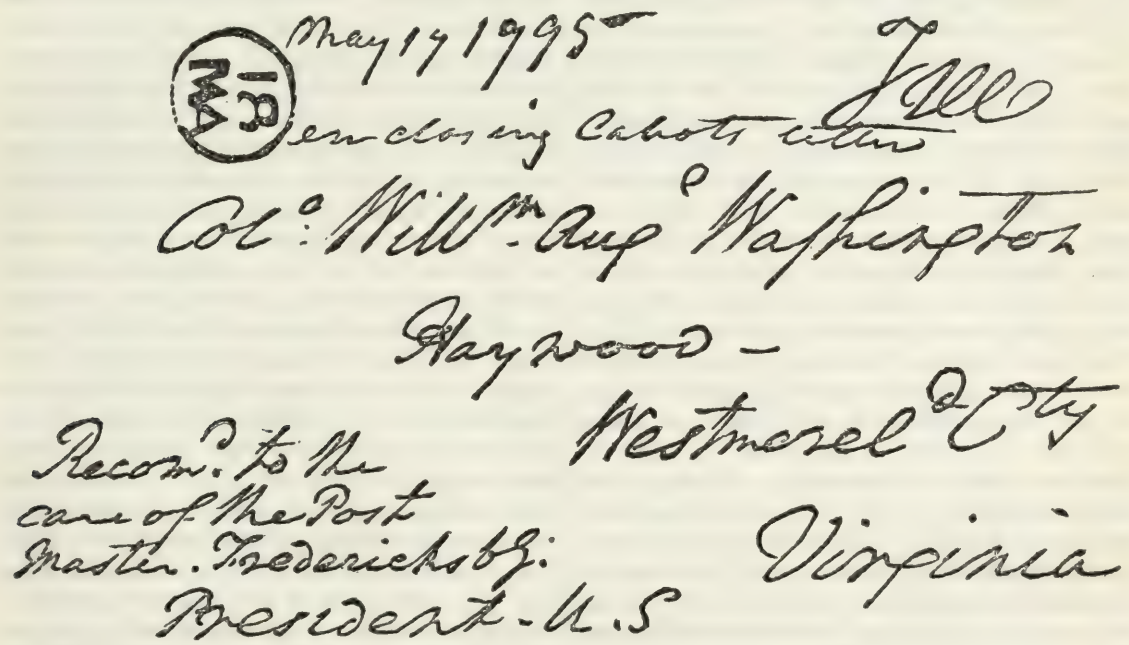
"I shall leave the City the day after tomorrow for Carlisle, to decide there, on a nearer view, whether to proceed with the Troops against the Insurgents—or to return by the meeting of Congress, on the first Monday in November. Letters will not be impeded in their passage to me from the Post Office in this city but a few days longer on that acc't. With very great regard and affection,

"I am your sincere friend

"G. WASHINGTON.

"Col. WILLM. A. WASHINGTON."

As may be seen at the conclusion of the letter, Washington writes of going to Carlisle on the 30th of September. With military punctuality, on the date indicated he left Philadelphia for Carlisle, and joined the army, then on its way to suppress the insurrection. Thanks to the decisive action of the chief, this trouble in Pennsylvania, which owed its origin somewhat to whiskey and a good deal to Monsieur Genet, was summarily squelched. At the close of October, Washington was back again in Philadelphia. Returning to the wheelwright, who was to keep in order the wagons and ploughs at Mount Vernon, it is with regret that we mention his being a failure—at least in some respects. Under date of November 23, 1794, Washington writes: "What I suspected would be the case Mr Pearce (my manager) informs me is likely to be realised, that is, that the Overlooker of my Carpenters (newly from Great Britain) though a good workmen and apparently an industrious man, has not spirit and activity enough to make the hands entrusted to his charge do their duty properly." The length of time necessary to carry a letter from Haywood, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, to Philadelphia, in 1794, when the roads were good, is noticeable. Ten days was about the average, and the distance about one hundred miles. In this same letter Washington interests himself about Colonel Washington's sons, their father being desirous of sending his boys to school. Washington writes: "There are two or three private Academies in the State of Massachusetts that are spoken very favorably of. The college in that state is also in good repute, but neither in that, nor at Yale College in Connecticut, do they admit boys, until they are qualified by a previous course of education. This is, however, not the case with the Seminary here, [Washington writes from Philadelphia,] nor I believe with that at Princeton. The character of the latter at this time I am unable to say. As the best evidence I can exhibit of my opinion of the one in this place is, that I am distressed to know what to do with Washington Custis, who I am sure derives little or no benefit from it." Postal communications, tardy enough in the summer and fall, were even slower in the winter. It takes six weeks in the winter of 1794–95 for a letter to reach Washington from his nephew. The carpenters are still sought after by the President, and where the boys are to go to school is still undecided. Under date of February 18, 1795, Washington writes: "There are two private Academies in Mas-



FAC-SIMILE OF WASHINGTON'S SUPERSCRIPTION OF A LETTER.

sachusetts, which are highly spoken of. The one at Andover and the other at Higham." The one at Andover—possibly the Phillips Academy—Washington speaks highly of. "That at Andover I have been at myself: it is a high, dry & pleasant country, and is more of a township than a town, inhabited by respectable and well disposed people. Schooling, board, washing & lodging will not much if any I am told exceed two dollars a week for each boy.....There is a College at Carlisle in this state of which much is said, but it is much such a town as Fredericksbergh & liable, I presume to the objection you have made to the Academy in Virginia: that objection does not apply to Northern schools;—order regularity & a proper regard to morals, in and out of school is, there very much attended to." Before the school the Washington boys were to be sent to was settled, April had come. Then Colonel Washington makes up his mind to go to Andover and look for himself. General Washington furnishes his nephew with letters of introduction. "Enclosed I send you a few letters of introduction to some acquaintances of mine in Boston & New York. I have not done this to the Governors thereof, but think it would be proper that you should pay *both*, the respect of calling upon them. To get introduced can not be difficult with the letters that are enclosed." Why Washington did not give his nephew letters to the Governor of Massachusetts may perhaps be surmised. Five years before, a certain chilliness of reception from John Hancock when the President visited Boston, and an overstretch of punctilio (perhaps it was the Governor's gout rather than etiquette), had, if nothing else, annoyed Washington. How many rough drafts Washington made, before that famous note was written to Governor Hancock in 1789, we have no means of knowing. Washington Irving, describing this incident, manages to put no end of sly humor into the scene. Starched John Hancock was just such a stickler for footstools and places of honor in processions as was the Duke of St. Simon. The Governor pleading ill health as an excuse for not calling on Washington first, the President wrote the following few lines, which must have caused many a quiet laugh at Hancock's expense: "The President of the United States presents his best respects to the Governor, and has the honor to inform him that he shall be home till two o'clock. The President need not express the pleasure it will give him to see the Governor; but at the same time he most earnestly begs that the Governor will not hazard his health on the occasion." Irving writes: "The Governor found strength to pay the litigated visit within the specified time, though, according to one authority, he went enveloped in red baize, and was borne in the arms of servants into the house."

How, at the request of Sir Isaac Heard, Garter and Principal Knight at Arms, General Washington made some inquiries as to the Washington genealogy, is well known. The original letter, which Washington writes to his nephew, requesting him to look up the family history, is before us, and has been printed by Sparks. Since Edward A. Freeman, the most critical of English historians, has unsettled pedigrees and pedigree-makers, refusing, on the best grounds, to accept without the strongest proofs English lines of descent traced to periods prior to the fourteenth century, it might be worth while to have the study of the original stock of the Washingtons more carefully looked into. It is quite probable that Sir Isaac Heard in the year 1795 blundered, as Mr. Freeman shows Sir Bernard Burke blunders in 1877. Whether William de Hertburn was the progenitor of the Washingtons, *circa* 1183, requires further research, but very certainly the question did not seem of great importance to General Washington. In a letter of the 5th of April, 1798, Washington writes to his nephew: "I feel obliged by your endeavors to discover the genealogical descent of Lawrence Washington, the younger brother of our ancestor John, and for your inquiries after flour barrel staves." Coats of mail, escutcheons, and heraldic quarterings seem amusingly mixed up with staves, hoops, and bungs, at least in Washington's mind. The truth is that Washington was sorely in want of barrels for his flour and whiskey, and could dispense with blazons and armorial bearings. The Father of his Country certainly distilled strong liquors about this time. That the Mount Vernon whiskey was excellent in quality there can be no doubt.

Mount Vernon as a farm could not have been very productive in corn. Washington complains more than once as to the inferior character of the soil as a corn-producer: "My lands are not congenial with this crop, and are much injured by the growth of it;—having an understratum of hard clay impervious to water, which penetrating that far and unable to descend lower, sweeps off the upper soil in the furrows, although the land is generally level, and runs it, in spite of all I can do to prevent it, into injurious and eye-sore gullies. Nothing but the indispensable use of this food for my negroes (and indeed for my hogs) has restrained me from discontinuing the growth of it altogether, or in small well improved lots only."

Washington wishes to contract with his nephew for 500 barrels of corn a year, and there is some difficulty as to fixing a price. In April, 1798, Washington writes Colonel Washington in regard to the price of grain. This letter is of great interest, as it gives Washington's opinions on the condition of

the country: "At a crisis like the present, and enveloped as our foreign relations seem to be in clouds & darkness, it is not easy to decide on what to ask, or what to take for the produce of our fields.—By the last acc^{ts} from Paris, our Commissioners to that Republic had not been received, nor was it likely they would be; and appearances as far as it is to be infered from the Presid^{ts} message to Congress on the 19th ult^{o} indicated nothing good, and afford no hope of redress for the injuries we have received from violated Treaties, and the arbitrary and unjust measures of the French Directory.—Under these circumstances, and the present uncertain state of our political concerns, it would be hazardous to offer you any advice with respect to the disposal of your Corn, but was I in your place, I should, I believe, be more inclined to take the best price I could obtain *now* than wait for a *better market sometime hence;*—and I should be more solicitous to secure the fulfilment of the contract than to enhance the price of the article if credit is given, and without giving it, the sale would be dull:—such is the state of Mercantile transactions, occasioned by the outrageous spoliations it has sustained, and the consequent distresses of those who have suffered by them.—Under this view of the subject, and upon these principles to I have disposed of my flour:—the only article I had for market." The advice given was as sound eighty years ago as if it were uttered to-day.

Colonel Washington agrees to furnish his uncle with the corn on a cash basis, the price of corn at Alexandria at the time of delivery being taken as a standard. General Washington consents to this. "I have no objection however to make the quantity, while both of us are alive certain; that is five hundred barrels: and leave the value to the Alexandria *Cash* price.....You will observe that I have marked the *Cash price:*—the reason is obvious, for all .others are vague and indefinite.....purchasers will engage to give *anything* on credit, and pay *nothing*.....If I should see Mr. Anderson (my manager) before this letter is closed, I will enquire if he is in want of Corn for the Distillery & let you know."

We now come to the last year of the correspondence, 1799. Here is a letter which tells of whiskey and fish, all in charge of one Captain Boncock, whose stanch shallop must have navigated the quiet waters of the Potomac at the close of the last century:

"Mount Vernon 24*th May* 1799.

"My Dear Sir,—The enclosed was written (as you will perceive by the superscription) to go by General Lee, who four days ago appointed to be here on his return to Westmoreland, but is not yet arrived. In the mean time, your second letter by Cap^{t} Boncock (dated the 20th instant) has been received.

"When the enclosed was written, I tho^{t} the whiskey had been sent; but Capt Boncock postponed taking it on board it seems, until he made his second trip. Now he has two barrels according to your desire:—and if you should want *more*, or any of your neighbors want *any*, it would be convenient, & always in my power, to supply you—and for grain, wheat, Rye or Indian corn, in exchange.

"If you are in the habit of laying in Fish, as provision for your black people, as I do,—and do not catch them at your own landings, I could supply you every year, and on as good terms as you could get them elsewhere;—and for these also, from you or others, I would receive grain in payment.

"Capt Boncock has deliverd more corn than he received from you;—of which M^{r} Anderson, my Manager will give you a/c, as he will also do of the whiskey. The Barrel of Fish you will please to accept. My best respects & congratulations, in which my Wife joins, are offered to M^{rs} Washington & yourself on your marriage. We shall always be glad to see you at this place. With sincere regards and affection I remain Your friend

"G. Washington.

"Col. Wm. A. Washington."

We have stated before this that the sales of land made by General Washington were not always promptly paid for by purchasers, and that Washington at the close of his life must have suffered at times from the want of ready money. Under date of June 10, 1799, Washington writes to his nephew: "My disappointments in the receipts of money have been such as to leave little hope of obtaining it through any other medium than by borrowing from the Bank of Alexandria." General Washington holds judgment bonds, $6000 of which were due in 1798, and he has only received $700. On the 1st of January he ought to have been paid $10,000. "I have not yet had a farthing, and that is not the worst of it, for I see little prospect thereof in any reasonable time when I view the conduct of those from whom the latter sum is expected." But General Washington will honor the drafts whenever they are drawn, remarking, however, "that the advantage of a long day to me, or even a short one, consists in the chance of receiving the money due on the Judgment Bonds, and rendering it unnecessary for me to borrow at the Bank on disadvantageous terms." A pity does it seem that in the decline of his days the great man should have had these petty annoyances, and that his grand old life should have been disturbed. Let us hope that either the judgment bond was paid, or that the Bank of Alexandria readily granted General Washington a discount on long time, and at the lowest possible rates. The very last letter is dated October 7, 1799, and is in reply to a letter of Colonel Washington's. It has taken two months for the letter to reach Mount Vernon. "It is not unusual," writes Washington, "for letters by private hands, to be thus delayed; and often to miscarry.....M^{r} Dishman's Rye and yours recv^{d} & now will, if it is yet to be disposed of, be received Bushel for gallon, (delivered at my landing.)" One method Washington must have employed, in order to obtain a full supply of grain, was to establish a distillery. This letter contains a

careful price-current of the wheat market in Alexandria on the 5th of October, 1799.

During October and November, 1799, Washington was fully engrossed in arranging a complete system for the management of his numerous farms. This work occupied thirty folio pages, and was all written in his own hand. Possibly he wrote but very few more letters after October. It was on the 13th of December, 1799, that the stalwart frame which had withstood so many hardships felt the first approach of death. On the 14th, at midnight, near the opening of that nineteenth century, almost as he had predicted, Washington was dead, "and in the world mourning was universal."

A GLIMPSE AT SOME OF OUR CHARITIES.

PART II.

THE EMPLOYMENT, EDUCATION, AND PROTECTION OF WOMEN.

"The wise want love, and they who love want wisdom;
And all good things are thus confused to ill."

"WORK," says Mrs. Jameson, "in some form or other, is the appointed lot of all—divinely appointed; and, given as equal the religious responsibilities of the two sexes, might we not, in distributing the work to be done in this world, combine and use in more equal proportion the working faculties of men and women, and so find a remedy for many of those mistakes which have vitiated some of our noblest educational and charitable institutions?"

Mrs. Jameson wrote her paper on the "Communion of Labor," from which the above sentence is quoted, in England, in the year 1856. Since then there has been progress in the development of woman every where, but in America she has attained an independence of thought and action only limited by her own lack of education.

Stanchest reformers have not relinquished the right of the gods to laughter over the vagaries of the longing, striving, but often, alas! ignorant band of sisters who have, however, bravely paved the way to better things. Ridicule is a sharp teacher, but her scholars do not forget.

The subject of the employment of women is as vital to the rich as to the poor. Mr. Emerson's remark with regard to the regulation of the body holds equally for the soul—he who is rich, and would be well, let him live as if he were poor. We talk of the lazy poor because they are a burden to the community; are not the lazy rich, after all, the rottenness at the core? "Every woman, from the Queen on the throne to the little Pippa who passes every day to the filature, has her work to do, and is responsible for the due performance of it. All service ranks the same with God. All are servants equally in His sight."

What a picture would the life of the average woman of Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street present to us if we should lay it down without exaggeration on paper! Her school-days over, it is her habit to walk into the breakfast-room at nine o'clock, just from her bed, her front hair twisted over pins or bits of silk. She lounges, reading the newspaper, chatting with others as purposeless as herself, warming her feet or gazing out of window, until eleven; then she retires to arrange her toilet for the evening, perhaps to examine clean clothes from the wash, or perform some other household duty—duties not to be omitted, but which the economical woman (one who has learned the value of time) would have completed before the day began; then she dresses for afternoon calls, and, list in hand, descends to the lunch table. Here nearly another hour fades away before she begins her afternoon round, flitting from house to house, cheerfully chatting of the *Shaughraun*, Nilsson, Kellogg—of every thing, in short, which concerns the shows of life, but careful as one walking over pitfalls to avoid every subject of vital interest either to herself or others. Then, the visits or drive ended, she hurries home in season to dress for dinner, and go somewhere afterward, as if to exhaust to the last drop her own vital strength and the hours of the day. This little record is not overdrawn. With certain modifications, this is the substance of the life of wives and daughters of well-to-do merchants in our cities. These days are varied by certain mornings given to music and others to painting. But how small the average of those who achieve any thing worth doing! A man to be a painter must not paint with half his mind. The same law holds good of the woman.

Let every woman apply to her own life the doctrine of selection. The man is bred to this. What is your son going to be? parents are asked, and boys in the public school confide to each other the profession of their choice. No one asks the girl what is to be her employment, what she is preparing for. The days of her pleasant school life glide by one after another; frequently no accurate scholarship has been required of her; and when the routine stops, she is without rudder and without aim.*

The time has come, we believe, when this shall be changed. "Woman's rights" are fast turning into woman's duties. Miss Schuyler has already suggested, by the beau-

* The words "accurate scholarship" are almost a mockery to-day, used in connection with the education of girls in our private day schools of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. A girl of sixteen is no exception who is stumbling through "sum" and "habeo," and who can not give one rule in English grammar.

tiful organization of volunteers of which we have spoken in our previous paper, a labor fitted to the mind and heart of every good woman. There is no necessary relinquishment in this work of home or friends. That tender warning of our Lord, "But Me ye have not always," should not be forgotten in the general need. Our beloved can not be replaced; those whom nature has committed to our care can not return to us, their troubles once past, but the poor are ever at our side. Now is the time to prove the soundness of our faith. If we believe in the experience of life more than in the experience of the cell, in the charity of home before the charity for the public, let us show that we need no large sisterhoods, but the devotion more or less of these golden hours, every one contributing her part to this great sympathetic work. The widow's mite of time will be received as the coin was of old.*

And here once more I must quote from Mrs. Jameson, who speaks of "that indispensable yet hardly acknowledged truth, lying at the core of all social reformation as a necessary condition of health and permanency in all human institutions, that man and woman work together in mutual trust, love, and reverence."

We wish to bring vividly before the minds of all thoughtful people these two facts: first, that there is a large class of unoccupied women, rich as well as poor; second, the importance of developing this wasted power into labor for the common good by associations of men and women.

The animal is always occupied when not asleep, and "every man hath business, such as it is," said Hamlet. The most delicate butterfly of fashion cries, "I am so busy!" But the moment has come when we must ask ourselves, What is this business? We are not birds or butterflies, and it was to *us* the Master said: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Therefore when we speak of "unoccupied women," we mean women who live in comfort from day to day and week to week and month to month, without one thought of love, without one care or one tear, for their homeless, struggling fellow-mortals, or who satisfy their half-awakened consciences by giving away what they can perfectly well spare from their own comfortable cupboard and clothes-press.

In the *Englishwoman's Journal* of May, 1859, we read: "The amelioration of humanity under its varied phases of misfortune has now become a science, the appliances of which are studied to an extent which removes many obstacles to good works. The spirit of association, involving unity of purpose and division of labor, which is of late so much the character of our social institutions, while it offers the means of realization to the loftiest enterprise, gives efficacy to the humblest efforts. It is in the power of women to become invincible agents in the work of charity. The very attributes of the feminine nature are of essential value in such a cause. Funds, programmes, and committees, indispensable though they are, form but a slender part, and can only partially effect the good which results from the comprehensive sway of charity. Kindly and sympathetic contact, the expression of benevolence ardent and sincere, is needful and irresistible in its power to console and benefit the unfortunate and distressed.

"Many, sincerely compassionate, are deterred from the practice of benevolence by false and exaggerated conceptions of its requirements. Position, influence, wealth, are deemed indispensable to success, whereas the most unpretending efforts, judiciously restricted to a particular locality and a limited arena of operation, might easily achieve what is sometimes despaired of.....If the alms bestowed in a single month capriciously were at the expiration of that time collected and distributed with order and intelligence, how immeasurably more beneficial would the results prove! Women have it in their power to give that which is invaluable in the cause—leisure, thought, and sympathy."

What was true in England in 1859 is preeminently the truth now in America. The need is here and the power is here. There is one vital difference. In America we are hopeful for the reduction of pauperism—a fact which should quicken and accentuate the labors of both men and women to the utmost; also (to show how great this difference is between the suffering of London and of our great cities), in the summer the work of our societies is for the most part entirely discontinued. The poor often suffer thereby, but the need is not so universal as to compel a continuance of the general work; and perhaps this very suffering may stimulate their energies to a power of partial self-support of which they were before almost unconscious. But we can not leave this point without one compassionate word for the *sick* poor in summer. The mortality among children is very great, and their lives, shut up in the fearful sties in which they

* "The fundamental principle of monasticism," writes Frances Power Cobbe, "is not charity but *asceticism*. Monasteries were not originally started to benefit the world, but to secure their own sanctification. The further back we travel, the less we find of charity and the more of asceticism, till in the first centuries of Christian monasticism we come on no trace of charity at all."

are compelled to sleep and eat, should awaken the sympathies of every one to strive to ameliorate their condition.

The necessity of association in this labor of intelligent men and women has already been seen in the working of the State Charities Aid Association. The evil of working otherwise is thus depicted by an able writer: "Look out a clever, enthusiastic woman, with a strong will of her own, and no stronger will to control it; make her the Lady Superior of a sisterhood, without any man to come, with a weight of years, authority, and holiness, to say to her, '*This* must not be;' '*That* would be very silly, or unreasonable, or improper, and I positively forbid it:' do this, and you will do the devil's work in frustrating a means of good as effectually as himself could do. You will get sisterhoods in all the slavish misery of nuns, and with none of the protection of convents—a pack of unhappy women, forbidden to exercise common-sense, and rendered morbid, sensitive, and undevout by the system which the uncontrolled power of the Lady Superior exercises over them; and not rarely you will have the Lady Superior go crazy, because of the unlimited indulgence of her talent for government."

And now for a pendent picture, regarding this subject from another hand: "Take a house intended by Christians to be an asylum for the poor; fill it with some hundreds of the ruined, the reckless, the depraved; the aged, the helpless, the homeless; with wailing infants, with unwed mothers, and all the infinite grades of sin and suffering. Bring this mass of human agonies together, cram them close in horrid propinquity, in filth and fetid air, the evil to deprave the good, the better educated where curses and the foulest language pollute their ears; place this institution, this Christian charitable institution, under the government of a set of men, armed with a grim authority, called, as if in mockery, 'guardians of the poor;' let there be no woman near them to whisper, '*This* is wrong,' or '*That* is cruel and unreasonable, and in the name of a God of mercy I forbid it!' let there be no cheerful, genial influence there, no gentle voice nor light tread, but drunken viragos to nurse the sick, and insolent officials to feed the hungry: do this, and you will have something as near as possible to what we can conceive of an earthly hell—you will have an ill-managed parish work-house."

We will add nothing to these sharp pictures, save to ask all who may doubt their shocking faithfulness to visit for themselves and watch the working of some one establishment carried on upon this principle of separate government.

Let us turn now from this short statement of the want of helpers in this world of suffering, and of the large place women should occupy in the work, to contemplate for one moment a plan not yet wrought out in America, we believe, but one of which we all feel the need.

The terrible isolation of great cities must often appear to the poor and helpless like an awful iceberg against which their ship of life is forever likely to drift and to go down. One of the first wants in connection with every industrial school, Sunday-school, or congregation of the needy for any reason whatsoever, appears the lack of sufficient communication between the rich and the poor. To this end teachers and friends find themselves burdened with "cases" of those who need work, and their hands become filled to overflowing before they have opportunity to seek the rich who need such services. Small employment offices are frequently opened, committees are formed to try to bridge over this gap; and success often follows these attempts, as may be seen by the report of the Young Ladies' Christian Association of New York, for instance, where, out of 807 applicants for employment in one year, the committee were able to find situations for 568. What became of the remainder no one knows; and yet, compared with the utter incapacity of finding employment evinced by many institutions, this may be called successful.

In the *North British Review* of 1857 we find this subject discussed. Speaking of London, the writer says: "Employers complain that they can not obtain work-people, and work-people complain that they can not find employers. There is, in very many cases, no want on either side but a want of knowledge." Is not this true of New York to-day? A lady said to me only a few weeks since—one who has passed her life in New York: "If I want a woman to do a day's washing, I do not know which way to turn. The last washer-woman came to supply the place of my servant, who was ill. She streaked my stockings with indigo, and left my new flannels as stiff as a board." All this is simply for lack of proper organization. We need a "Society for the Employment of Women" on such a scale as to cover the necessity of all grades of workers. Branch offices should be opened in every quarter of the city, the whole supervised by a responsible committee. The writer in the *North British Review* above quoted suggests that agents should be appointed "in all the principal thoroughfares of our large towns. Every agent should be a respectable shopkeeper, and should be bound to display a conspicuous board announcing his agency at his shop door, just as now the boards of the Parcels Delivery Company are displayed. He should keep a book in which women requiring any description of employment might cause their names and addresses to be entered, with a description of the work

they are competent to do, and, if possible, a reference to some respectable householder in the neighborhood. Every one then requiring a seamstress, a char-woman, a nurse, or any kind of female employé, would know where to find one."

It is to be feared this solution of the difficulty would not prevent poor washer-women from destroying good clothing. Such an employment office as we propose must be in relation with industrial and training schools. Some one in each office must understand what kind of service is recommended, and for what end. The ultimate success of such an enterprise must depend upon the insight and integrity of the overseers. Again, the writer in the *Review* says: "We can not too emphatically repeat, again and again, that what society requires for the protection of women against all the cruel wrongs of this world is not merely an extended market for women's work (important as this is), but an increased facility of communication between the rich and the poor. If the poor would make their wants known, the rich would gain greatly by the knowledge. Let women who are happy and prosperous think seriously of this. They have work to give, and would give it cheerfully to their less fortunate sisters. But they say that they can not get this work done; that they can not believe there is so great a dearth of employment. They contend it must be a fable or an exaggeration that women's work is so miserably requited, when they pay dearly for it, and can not always get it when they want it. They speak of their own experience; and they are right. They do not think how they are fenced and guarded from all knowledge of the outside world, and that there are women either pining in utter want, hungry and shivering, in the next street, or else flaunting on the pavement before their door, simply for want of the very employment they are willing, nay, anxious, to give.....Who will take the trouble to instruct them—or who will be bold enough to do it? There are things not to be spoken of to delicate ears; above all, there is the great sin

> "'Which strews our cruel streets from end to end
> With eighty thousand women in one smile,
> Who only smile at night beneath the gas.'"

In spite of our hopes and plans for the benefit of working-women, the problem how it may best be done still remains a difficult one to solve. The half-education of women who find themselves suddenly obliged to depend upon their own resources is the great evil to contend with.*

There are in various cities of the Union thirty-six Young Women's Christian Associations. The one in New York to which we have already referred was established six years ago by Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts. Her recent death is a sincere grief as well as loss to her co-workers. Though so few years have passed since the first group of ladies came together to consider this subject, the result of their attempt is most encouraging. "The leading thought," we read in their report, "in the minds of those assembled was to devise some plan by which young women might be helped to help themselves, and this purpose has been with them in all subsequent work." The headquarters of the New York Young Ladies' Christian Association is at No. 19 East Fifteenth Street, a new and handsome building, conveniently situated.

The Boston work is projected on a different plan, and one more difficult to carry out successfully. A huge boarding-house, capable of holding two hundred women, has been erected, at an expense of $80,000, on Warrenton Street, with a branch home adapted to, not built for, this purpose, costing several thousand dollars more, for transients, near by. Unfortunately neither of these houses is filled. The house for transients, on Carver Street, fitted for twenty occupants, averages during the winter but eight persons a night; and the Warrenton itself, with space and preparation for two hundred women, contained during January last but fifty persons.

The reason for this stands on a foundation sufficiently good to bear an examination, which may perhaps in future prevent a repetition of such mistakes. A mistake in judgment involving an outlay of $100,000 unnecessarily, while the poor are starving by our side, is surely one in which the country is deeply interested.

Human nature is at the bottom of it all. What respectable woman or girl wishes to live in a charitable institution while she can support herself outside of it? What we *do* need is a committee of men and women to find suitable homes for these girls in the struggling families who have "one room to let," or where a modest paper in a window, "Boarders wanted," will give opportunity for investigation—homes which will be safe and independent, however poor. The Association will then, as in New York, have its rooms and its time for the reunion, instruction, and assistance of struggling women.

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* A society for the employment of women exists in London, owing to the exertions of Miss Faithfull and Miss Parkes. There is also an independent branch society, established by them in Edinburgh in 1860. Experience and precedent will therefore be on the side of such benevolent persons as are willing and able to start the same good work in America. We would refer all persons interested in this idea to the annual reports of these societies, and to a paper by Phœbe Blyth upon the working of the Edinburgh Society for the Employment of Women, in the National Social Science Reports for 1863.

The devotion and energy displayed in the management of the Warrenton Home are beyond praise. There is an inviting restaurant on the lower floor of the building, where a large number of women pay a very small price daily for their well-prepared meals, and where those who can not pay are given food according to their need. Any thing more comfortable than the "Home," or kinder, more sympathetic managers, it would be impossible to find. They receive with as few questions as possible all respectable women who apply, or whom they can gather together. But the fact remains that the house is not full in a city where Jennie Collins is daily crying an alarm for starving working-girls. Another reason for the unpopularity of "homes" conducted upon this plan is that the women pay within eight cents on a dollar for every thing they receive, and for this incur the odium of living in a charitable institution, as well as a certain loss of freedom.

In East Fifteenth Street, New York, there is no boarding-house, but in its place a committee on board directory. Homes are sought for, examined, and decided upon as proper to place in the directory by means of this committee. We have already referred to the employment committee, who have been able to find places for hardly one hundred more girls than the Boston society. Considering the size of New York, there is room for increase in this branch of the work, and plans are already on foot for establishing an employment register. The semi-weekly receptions of the New York Association, as, indeed, all the receptions, appear to be eminently successful; also the reading-room, evening classes, and writing and book-keeping class. The library shows the names of a thousand regular applicants on its register. We can hardly imagine a more interesting employment for women of leisure than this of assisting their less fortunate sisters by means of such an organization. Hampered by no monetary obligations, by no boarding-house or large restaurant, the whole time of the Association may be devoted to the subject of education and elevation and proper protection of the women who come to them for friendly advice. The work to be done for women by women is quite different from that being done for men. And this is well. Woman must be educated for new occupations before she can enter upon them, even if places stood open at every corner. Her lack of steadiness stands in her way. "The time has not yet arrived (if it ever will) when women, unless those strongly called to some especial vocation, can be made to regard work as any thing more than a make-shift—something to procure them absolute necessities while they pursue their way to their real errand in life—marriage and motherhood." Therefore, they need homes and education before clubs and lectures; nor do we need separate institutions for the proper enjoyment of the latter.

The Women's Club in Boston, with a membership of seventy women, is continually open to the society of invited gentlemen. The result is, a pleasant company may always be found at the weekly meetings. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, even Kansas, can show Young Women's Christian Associations. Seven distinct branches of work are carried on in those most thoroughly organized. The need of volunteers to respond to the women who apply for assistance, and may properly receive it under the laws of these institutions, is very great. We think there is room for consideration on this subject. How many ladies, capable of responsibility, pass long mornings at society sewing circles, tying sewing cotton in small knots, and chatting with each other, full of the idea they are discharging their duty to the poor, when the *essential* labor of personal contact and influence and education of the poor is left undone! We know the sick and maimed must be clothed, but let it be done by the pauper women who are now supported in idleness in our poor-houses, and let education prove itself of value in "this working-day world." The fact of redundancy of women, especially in Massachusetts, is one of the many blessings in disguise we are only now beginning to understand. If a woman be condemned to single life, she is bound to have an education in order to support herself, and keep her head above the awful tide of pauperism. No woman can be sure that such is not to be her lot. The State is learning, what woman already knows, that education is the only real safeguard.

In wonderful contrast to the fashionable dabbling with second-rate teachers at expensive day schools in our cities are Vassar College and her younger sister at Wellesley, Massachusetts. The latter is one of the most beautiful buildings in America, standing on the sloping hill-side of a lovely lake, with the Hunnewell Gardens lying in full view on the opposite shore. In both these establishments education is the only end in view. The noise of cities can not reach their halls, nor the distractions of outside life, so hurtful to the student. The numberless advantages of these colleges, and the comparatively small price for which an education may be obtained in them, make their establishment an era.

The Association for the Higher Medical Culture of Women should not pass without mention in this brief review. Remarkable facts have been grouped together showing difficulties of every kind through which those women have hitherto struggled who have achieved the higher medical culture

in America. "The general indifference in this country, in or out of the profession, to the establishment of such standards of medical education as exist in the rest of the civilized world seems to have been intensified among those who have attempted to educate women." With only six medical colleges for women in the United States, how easily a reform in the right direction may be obtained, if prejudice and intolerance can be in some degree laid to rest. In the two most important schools especially devoted to women, the Philadelphia Female Medical College and the New York Infirmary, the requisitions fall far behind those of France, Germany, or Great Britain.

In his address at the first meeting, Dr. Isaacs Adler, chairman of the Committee on Education, submitted it as the conviction of the committee that a change in our system of medical education was urgently needed, and that the first step ought to include the following features: 1, a preliminary examination in general education; 2, an extension of the time of study to at least four years; 3, gradation of the studies not merely advised, but made obligatory; 4, more attention devoted to the natural sciences, especially chemistry and botany; 5, greater facilities for practical work, especially in chemical and physiological laboratories.

The name of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi as president of this association, and those of Drs. Marion Sims, Fordyce Barker, of New York, and Edward H. Clarke, of Boston, among other distinguished members, should awaken the faith as well as the sympathy of the community in the labor they have undertaken. The association has now been at work two years, with its head-quarters at No. 110 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Its membership is large, securing it at present an income of $1500 a year, which is all added to the resources of the Woman's College of the New York Infirmary, increasing the facilities and amount of instruction given to the students there. Its purpose is to secure an annual income of $10,000, and thus place the college around which its work centres on a footing with endowed institutions. The association has taken a place of recognized worth with the profession, which supports its aims and aids its efforts to give women a higher medical culture.

It may almost seem invidious to speak of a few of the plans in operation for the benefit of women, and omit others carried forward perhaps on a larger scale; but what we hope to do, and all we can do in a magazine article, is to indicate ways and means by which the unfortunate may be assisted without waste of the precious material which is needed every where for the higher culture of humanity.

Of the reform schools for girls established by the State we will not attempt to speak, except to say that one of the most valuable labors of a State Charities Aid Association must always be the perfecting and regulating of such schools. The experience of Miss Mary Carpenter and her reports upon this kind of work should be familiar to volunteers who wish to make their labor efficient in this direction.

There is a small industrial school for girls in Dorchester, Massachusetts, containing last year twenty-four pupils, an entirely private and voluntary charity, which has proved itself to be so good a work and so fully in the right direction, that we introduce it here as a model establishment, hoping it may prove seed grain from which a harvest of other schools may spring.

The school will contain thirty girls, and the number is generally full. The object of its establishment was "to remove from their miserable homes children whose circumstances surround them with temptation, and whose education furnishes them with no means of resistance, to train them to good personal habits, to instruct them in household labor, and to exert a moral influence and discipline over them which should fit them to be faithful and efficient in domestic service, or in any probable mode of gaining their own livelihood. There are many institutions strongly armed and appointed for the punishment of evil-doers. The object of this school is to prevent evil; to provide channels through which the energies and capacities of these children may turn to the profit rather than the injury of society. We desire to cut off some of the sources of supply to our jails and our houses of correction; to apply prevention to evils of which the cure remains among problems yet unsolved." The officers of this school are a matron and two assistant matrons, the work of the house, with the exception of the harder part of the washing, being done by the girls under their careful supervision.

There are twenty-two voluntary managers and officers, men and women, who divide the labors of occasional visits and superintendence. The managers meet at the school once every month, to hear from the visitor for the month and the various committees. If one of the girls is ready to go out, one of the managers is appointed to be her guardian, to inquire into the character of applicants for her services, to take charge of all wages paid by her employer, to make occasional visits, and keep up a correspondence so that the girl may never feel herself forgotten among strangers. The very anxiety that a guardian must often feel, as her charges develop capacities for good or evil while growing into womanhood, proves the need and value of such guardianship. This is a peculiarity of the school, and one of its chief cares. The method is being copied

elsewhere, especially of late in some similar English schools.

Before we leave this interesting subject we will give a brief account of the manner in which the time is spent at this school. For six consecutive months the work of the kitchen is done by nine girls, the eldest perhaps being seventeen years old, the youngest about thirteen. The entire responsibility of cooking, bread-making, and cleaning falls upon these girls, yet the moral influence of the housekeeper and guardians is such that cases of omission or neglect of duty are extremely rare. Other little girls at the same time are detailed to take care of the bedrooms, and to wash and dress the youngest, who can not yet take proper care of themselves, and once a month there is some change of service for each one, that no child shall be ignorant of any branch of home duty. Of course instruction in sewing is not omitted, much of their own clothing being made by the girls, nor book-learning altogether; but the scholarship does not pretend to compare with that of graded schools, general education for working-girls, which shall fit them to be good housekeepers for working-men, or useful servants, being the end strictly kept in view. In general intelligence and in the power of using their minds these girls excel the same class of children in the public schools. Their handwriting is particularly good. Sometimes the girls grow weary of the routine of house service, and then the kind housekeeper says she herself performs the task of that girl for a day or two, till she is rested, and perhaps just a trifle ashamed, when she is sure to return to her scrubbing, stove-cleaning, or bread-making with renewed interest. This quiet and sympathetic management of Miss Burns never fails to be successful.

The office of the ladies who become guardians for these girls when they graduate is often no sinecure. The girls leave at an age when their lives are beset by temptations, and the atmosphere of the homes where they go for service is often very unlike that of the school where they have lived so long. Success, however, so often crowns their efforts that they can never be discouraged.

Space forbids us to linger over the long struggle in Massachusetts for a separate prison for women—a necessity so great as to seem as if the common feelings of humanity could be no longer outraged by the absence of a building for this purpose. Long and earnestly have the women toiled for this, and only now, after five long years, has their request been granted.

Already in Indiana the State-prison for women is in working order, having been formally opened in September, 1873. Nineteen women in all were brought to the prison when it was first opened. Several of them had been kept in irons, and the matron who accompanied them assured the superintendent that it was possible to pursue no other method. The law of kindness was, however, tried, and has been found to work perfectly. A reformatory for girls has been established in connection with this prison, where the influences of instruction and labor are both brought to bear. This would seem a necessary part of a prison any where, but perhaps the duty of society toward criminals will be first properly understood when prisons for women are finally established throughout our country.

Hospitals for women and children should stand high in our list of woman's work for woman. We presume—we hope—there are such hospitals starting up, if not already established, in or near every large city in the Union; yet we know of only two such from personal experience. One of these is in Boston, and the other is in Chicago. Their history is a tale of one continued struggle for existence. The struggle for money has not been the hardest part of their labor. Prejudices have met them on every hand, until it has sometimes seemed as if a wall were built up against their further progress which it would be impossible to surmount. We can never forget the spirited woman who came from Chicago to the East, after the great fire, to say that the Women's Hospital, which she had built up, as it were, and borne on her own shoulders, had been burned to the ground, and Chicago had no money to begin again: would the East help? The established physicians shook their heads. They never believed much in "women doctors," and it was just as well not to rebuild in Chicago just then—there was too much to do at home. The women shook their heads. Why should we give to a woman's hospital in Chicago, when we can not make the one in Boston stand alone? It was hard for the little woman. But she went about bravely, and gathered the crumbs together, and made a beginning. Now Chicago money has been given to the Chicago hospital, and she is again going bravely forward. In the mean time her Boston sisters have built an excellent hospital, suited to their purposes, in Roxbury. Some of the ablest women in their profession in this country have been and are connected with this work, not to mention the unprofessional corps of intelligent women who constitute the board. This hospital is the nucleus of a reformatory system which is widening every day. The helpless condition of women with infants in their arms, who must daily leave an asylum of this nature, without knowing which way to turn their steps or where to find bread to eat, fills the hearts of the compassionate with sorrow. Something must be done for these unfortunate creatures leading little children by a hand which bears no marriage ring. A small

group of ladies "have taken arms against this sea of troubles." Homes are found, occupation is found, and the children are cared for; but the labor, which goes uncounted, and is "all for love," falls with an almost crushing weight upon this little band. We long to cry out to the idle and the self-absorbed, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!"

In Miss Schuyler's third report of the State Charities Aid Association we find the importance of separate hospitals for lying-in cases strongly urged upon the public; almost simultaneously comes the report from the ONLY lying-in hospital in one of the largest cities of our United States, which will not hold thirty patients at one time, yet, small as it is, appears to be almost neglected by the community, and is likely soon to be closed for lack of funds to carry it on. Surely words can speak no more strongly than these facts must do to urge the women of our country to awaken and come to the rescue; their interest and their assistance are needed in every department of public work.

In the State of Rhode Island to-day we find astonishing evidence, if this encouragement were necessary, of the administrative ability of women. Nearly $60,000 were expended by them in the city of Providence alone during 1874 through the various organizations of that city.

We will not rehearse here, as a plea for women's work, the story of poor neglected Margaret, "the mother of criminals." The tale is only too true, and may be found succinctly given in Miss Schuyler's excellent report. "What we have to do," said Charles Kingsley, "is to ennoble and purify the *womanhood* of these poor women, and approach them as our sisters." Dr. Channing described "associated action as one of the most distinguishing characteristics of our century, and one of the most powerful of future agencies in the world."

The labors of Mr. Charles Loring Brace during the last twenty-five years among the street children in the city of New York have produced such unusual results that the story of this success should be handed from mouth to mouth. The name of the Children's Aid Association is already familiar to the readers of this Magazine; but, like a noble oak in the full strength of its years, we need from season to season to make a survey of its growth, and rest in the shadow of its great branches. "Those who have much to do with alms-giving," writes Mr. Brace, "and plans of human improvement, soon see how superficial and comparatively useless all assistance or organization is which does not touch habits of life and the inner forces which form character. The poor helped each year become poorer in force and independence. Education is a better preventive of pauperism than charity.....But Christianity is the highest education of character. Give the poor that, and only seldom will either alms or punishment be necessary."

Full of faith in a method which has wrought such satisfactory results, we will set down here from a report of the Children's Aid Society the condition of this work for children in one of its later years. Afterward we will look back to consider the condition of the city which prompted the establishment of this society, and observe the plans by which it has so grown and prospered.

Some 30,000 waifs of the street are yearly reached and benefited to the extent of teaching, clothes, and food, in greater or less amount, by the various branches of the Children's Aid. In this great service there are in working order twenty industrial day schools and eleven night schools. The emigration agents transfer at present a yearly average of 3800 children, besides adults, to country homes. The Sick Children's Fund blesses an average of 1700 sick little ones. The Flower Mission does its own beautiful service for hundreds more; the free reading-rooms reach 500; and the Children's Country Home brings a week of country air and good fare to some 2200 destitute little ones. Nor have we mentioned the Newsboys' Lodging-House, with room for 500 boys nightly; the Girls' Lodging-House, with an average of thirty-five girls nightly; and two other boys' lodging-houses, with an average of fifty or sixty sleepers; besides the Rivington Street lodging-house, where over 100 boys rest every night, and where every day the industrial schools are crowded with children. "A most valuable assistance to the carrying forward of this labor has been the devotion of seventy volunteer teachers. These ladies produce results of which they have no adequate idea themselves. Our great want is more volunteer workers."

The report of the Chief of Police, George W. Matsell, in the year 1852, first persuaded Mr. Brace to throw all his energies into an endeavor to benefit the street children of the city. His time was much occupied then in behalf of the adult prisoners at Blackwell's Island; but what soon "struck all engaged in those labors was the immense number of girls and boys floating and drifting about our streets, with hardly any assignable home or occupation, who continually swelled the multitude of criminals, prostitutes, and vagrants." The impression of the great necessity of some organization to stay this evil daily deepened in the minds of thoughful persons, and the first attempt for benefiting the young "roughs" of New York took the form of boys' meetings, where Mr. Brace and other gentlemen attempted to address them. The effect of speech-making on this new audience was frequently

any thing but gratifying to the speaker. "Gas! gas!" the boys would cry out sometimes at the close of a pious sentence, and their replies to questions were often too ludicrous for either audience or speaker to resist.

These meetings proved to be only feelers in the right direction. In the following year was established the "Children's Aid Society of New York," which from a small beginning, with an obscure office, where Mr. Brace might be found, assisted by a single lad as office-boy, has grown into the efficient working agency we have above described.

"Most touching of all," writes Mr. Brace, "was the crowd of wandering little ones who immediately found their way to the office: ragged young girls who had nowhere to lay their heads; children driven from drunkards' homes; orphans who slept where they could find a box or a stairway; boys cast out by step-mothers or step-fathers; newsboys, whose incessant answer to our question, 'Where do you live?' rung in our ears, '*Don't live nowhere!*'" until, Mr. Brace goes on to say, he felt so overwhelmed by the great need of help for these children that he should have utterly broken down if the public had not responded to his appeals.

Soon the first workshop was opened for making shoes, and by-and-by came the first industrial school for girls. Nor were the boys' meetings at any time given up. On the contrary, boys learn so soon whom they may trust and where their real friends are, that they never fail to go to Mr. Brace's meetings.

The first circular is touching from its quiet statement of the awful pit of wretchedness and ignorance into which the writer had stepped, as it were, alone, and from whence he called out to "all who believe that crime is best averted by sowing good influences in childhood, all who are friends of the helpless, to aid us in our enterprise." Every worst lane and alley of this city, with its filth and wretchedness, became as familiar to Mr. Brace's feet "as the lanes of a country homestead to its owner." Among thieves, rag-pickers, and "fever nests" he fearlessly took his way in order to beckon thence the children before it should prove too late. He soon discovered the need was not for workshops artificially created, but for training the children of the streets, if possible, "into habits of industry, self-control, and neatness, and to give them the rudiments of moral and mental education."

One of the most interesting sights in this vast metropolis to-day, with its varied interests and amusements, is a lodging-house for homeless boys. It was the privilege of the writer of this paper to accompany Mr. Brace, one of the coldest days of February, on a visit to the Rivington Street school and lodging-house. As our conductor rang the street bell, we observed the house to be rather small in front, like many of the old-fashioned buildings still standing in that neighborhood, but with a home-like air about it unusual in a boys' lodging-house. As the door opened we stepped at once into a school-room, with desks for many little scholars, where a vigorous sweeping was going forward after the departure of the children; but in the room above there were over sixty little ones assembled learning to sing. They were all "street" children, evidently too poor, if they were not too young, for the public schools; but the ease with which they mastered the idea of the teacher, who was instructing them after a new method, gave encouragement for their future. Several young women whose lives are devoted to this work sat about the room watching the new music lesson. They had been themselves teaching all the morning, but their interest in the experiment brought them there after their own work was done. This school is too large for strictly Kindergarten teaching; but the "object system," the young teachers told us, was the one adopted by them, the alphabet being taught after the ingenious invention of Dr. Leigh. They longed to hear about the Kindergarten schools for the poor which had been established in Boston. We were able to tell them something of their success and the plans on which they were conducted. They soon clustered around the desk where we sat as eagerly as if we were to tell them an Arabian tale; and when the little history was ended they looked to Mr. Brace, and said, beseechingly, "Can't we have Kindergarten schools for the poor here?" Ah! what a joy it would be to take some of the money now wasted in the support of lazy adult paupers, in and out of poor-houses, to educate these children into independence! Money is needed every where to save the children. The first Boston Kindergarten for these Arabs of the street was actually kept for three months by a young lady voluntarily until a little money could be raised to pay a teacher prepared to take the place. We give shoes to a barefoot Irishwoman, who sells them at the next pot-house, while her children grow up uncared for to infest our streets with crime and wretchedness. The money those shoes cost would keep the school one day. When shall we all learn that giving money will not lift from our shoulders the burden of pauperism? He who gives a dollar to the poor without going to see how that dollar is to be spent is doing himself as well as the community a positive wrong. If the giver can not be also a visitor, let him put his money into the hands of those experienced in the science of dealing with the poor, and let him abstain from the happiness of a Celtic blessing until he can earn one too deep for words.

But we have wandered away from the Rivington Street school-room, where the children sit facing a glass door leading into a conservatory. This branch of the Flower Mission is one of the most helpful and delightful to the poor. A kind friend, knowing Mr. Calder's love for flowers and his success in taking care of them, gave this conservatory to the school. The plants are distributed as prizes when in bloom; when they are out of season they are returned to him to be revived. The care bestowed upon them both by the children and their parents in their poor homes, and the astonishing success they have with them in spite of insufficient air and light, are often surprising as well as touching.

On the floor above the school and the conservatory we found the small white beds, one tier above another, where the street boys may come in and find shelter at night. "We have never had one case of illness among the thousands of boys we have sheltered in our lodging-houses," said Mr. Brace. "The boys sometimes come in with shocking colds from exposure, but there has never been a single instance where medical care has been required. This is one contingency we are spared."

Nor are these wanderers encouraged to look upon these lodging-houses as homes. From the first moment their names are registered they are taught to consider the friends who care for them simply as helpers to some better plan of life. Every inducement is extended to those houseless and homeless ones to "go West." Every month many are sent forward to their homes; but, alas! even this excellent work is less efficient than it might be, from lack of means.

When the idea first occurred to Mr. Brace of providing shelter for these boys, he said they seemed to him like what the police called them, "street rats," who gnawed at the foundations of society, and scampered away when light was brought near to them. "In those days he would frequently see ten or a dozen of them piled together, to keep one another warm, under the stairs of the printing-offices. Two little boys slept one winter in the iron tube of the bridge at Harlem.

"The first thing to be aimed at was to treat the lads as independent little dealers, and give them nothing without payment, but at the same time to offer them much more for their money than they could get any where else.....These little subjects regarded the first arrangements with some suspicion and much contempt. To find a good bed offered them for six cents, with a bath thrown in, and a supper for four cents, was a hard fact which they could rest upon and understand; but the motive was evidently 'gaseous.' There was 'no money in it,' that was clear. The superintendent was probably 'a street preacher,' and this idea was a trap to get them into Sunday-schools, and so prepare them for the House of Refuge. Still they might have a lark there, and it could be no worse than 'bumming,' *i. e.*, sleeping out. They laid their plans for a general scrimmage in the school-room first, cutting off the gas, and then a row in the bedroom.

"The superintendent, however, in a bland and benevolent way, nipped their plans in the bud. The gas-pipes were guarded; the rough ringleaders were politely dismissed to the lower door, where an officer looked after their welfare; and when the first boots began to fly from a little fellow's bed, he found himself suddenly snaked out by a gentle but muscular hand, and left in the cold to shiver over his folly. The others began to feel that a mysterious authority was getting even with them, and thought it better to nestle in their warm beds.

"Little sleeping, however, was there among them that night; but ejaculations sounded out, such as, 'I say, Jim, this is rayther better 'an bummin', eh?' 'My eyes, what soft beds these is!'

"This first night's success established the popularity of the lodging-house with the newsboys.

"One morning the superintendent said to them, 'Boys, there was a gentleman here this morning who wanted a boy in an office at three dollars a week.'

"'My eyes! let *me* go, Sir!' and '*Me*, Sir!'

"'But he wanted a boy who could write a good hand.'

"Their countenances fell.

"'Well, now, suppose we have a night school, and learn to write. What do you say, boys?'

"'Agreed, Sir.'

"And so arose our evening school."

Think of a net-work of such schools and such plans working for the good of the poor of New York—working in the lowest quarters, far away out of sight of the walks of ladies and gentlemen who have never seen the inside of a tenement-house or looked upon a ragged woman in the streets to know her as their sister! And then think what such a city might become without these schools!

There is a feeling of sad surprise, after reading of these beautiful and loving acts for others, when we come to visit the schools, in finding how many plans might be enlarged, how many more people might be snatched from destruction, if there were only more helpers and more money. The sacrifices made by the few are, indeed, Christ-like; but we long to see their work extended, and the purposes, which not a few noble men and women have died to achieve, taken up sacredly into the heart of the community.

Let no one long in vain for employment

in benevolent work in the city of New York. Mr. Brace will show where to go and how to work, if the true spirit of self-sacrifice is really there. He writes: "Of all simple, practical measures to save from vice the girls of the honest poor, nothing has ever been equal to the industrial school." The number of vagrant children in New York is perfectly enormous. The estimate of late years is over 30,000. Of these many are ashamed to go to the public schools for lack of proper clothing, or because they assist their parents, and therefore must be irregular in attendance. Miss Carpenter, in writing of the need of industrial schools in England, says: "To speak of that portion of the population as simply being untouched by the education afforded by the British and National schools would not give an adequate idea of their position." Before the ragged schools were introduced, the first evidence of human sympathy was felt *within the jail.* She certifies that notwithstanding all the provisions made by the government and by private individuals interested for the children, a large residuum has always remained unreached by any educational institutions. In Philadelphia 20,000 children are found who do not go to any school. Some method should be discovered to reach these children. Thus far industrial day schools where children are fed, *not* clothed, have been found the most efficient means of rescue. In Massachusetts 25,000 children are growing up in ignorance; and, according to the census of 1870, taking all our States together, an army of 5,658,144 children are among us incapable of either reading or writing. "In view of this prodigious mass of illiteracy," says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "in a country of universal suffrage, the question of compulsory education deserves the serious consideration of every citizen and statesman." We hope that action on this subject is soon to supersede some of the industrial schools. We trust our Governors will see that parents will not forego the money their children bring in, unless forced to do so at first by compulsion. Happily we learn from the experience of Prussia that the prophecy of Fichte is true, who said: "The first generation will be the only one upon whom it will be necessary to use constraint." In the mean time industrial schools are the only bulwarks against the tide of ignorance. Indeed, we believe there must always be a certain number of adults as well as children in every large city who should be gathered from the ditches and helped forward in this way. For the sake of some reader whose eye may pause upon this page in the hope of finding a vocation, it would be a pleasure to quote Mr. Brace's story of going from house to house in wretched parts of New York, through Cherry, Water, Dover, Roosevelt streets, and the neighboring lanes, gathering in from shocking barracks called tenement-houses, some of which were said to contain 1500 people, the wild and ragged little girls flitting about the lanes and alleys; but space will not allow more than a suggestion of this work here. The speedy change which comes over these wild creatures when brought under refining influences is really most encouraging. They often try so hard to be worthy of the loving care which many a delicate woman has bestowed upon them that a tender relation grows up between the two which is never shaken or destroyed. Protestants labor under peculiar difficulties in coming into connection with the adult poor of our cities, and the growth of schools, either Kindergarten or industrial, is much retarded by this opposition. They win their way in time, however, because not only are benefits obtained through them which the priest and Sister can not give, but also the love of humanity which prompts such works is a divine power which nothing can resist.

Emigration proves to be the best remedy for juvenile pauperism. It is the influence of homes against that of institutions. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold says, in an admirable paper upon "Relief of the Poor in Paris:" "The cherishing of home influence as the best with which poor children can be surrounded is the main feature of all Paris charities that deal with the young; and I can not help thinking that vast good would be accomplished if a few among our London philanthropists would establish an orphan society that should possess not one brick in the way of asylum, but that should create a thousand new homes over the country for a thousand of the little Arabs of our streets. It is a question of drill under a Gothic roof, with a number for a name, and free labor in the fields." Volumes might be written on this subject full of truth and eloquence, yet words are but vanity compared with the facts of the last twenty-five years' experience of the Children's Aid Society. "The demand for labor on our Western lands," writes Mr. Brace, "is beyond any present supply. Moreover, the cultivators of the soil are in America our most solid and intelligent class. From the nature of their circumstances, their laborers or 'help' must be members of their families, and share in their social tone. It is accordingly of the utmost importance to them to train up children who shall aid in their work and be associates of their own children."

In a few years by the means of this society 44,378 children were taken out of the streets of New York and placed in Western homes. Mr. Fry, the Superintendent of Emigration, gives a delightful account of the condition of the children whom he visits after they have been placed in families. He writes: "It seems such a hopeless

task to convey to others the happiness and contentment I witness in my rounds of visitation that I always commence my annual report with a degree of hesitation. Bare facts are robbed of so much beauty, and seem so tame and uninteresting, that I do not recognize in them the living, glorious picture I had intended to portray."

Strange as it may seem to those who have fully considered this subject of emigration, there is still opposition to it, both from the rich, who believe in institutions, and from the poor, who, either from ignorance or bigotry, endeavor to prevent their children from receiving education and advancement.

A singular attack was made upon this branch of the work last year from a new quarter. At a recent National Prison Congress which met in New York, two or three of the Western members took occasion to assert that the homeless children sent out to the West by the society were "crowding the Western prisons and reformatories," one lady saying that "their prisons and houses of refuge were half full of these children." The only reply the society could make at the time was that this did not correspond with their information, and that the number of "failures" under their plan was less, proportionally, than under any other for juvenile reform. But in order to establish this fact beyond dispute, the Western agent, Mr. Fry, was dispatched to thoroughly examine the prisons, houses of refuge, and reformatories of the three States especially indicated—Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana. It appeared that in Michigan and Illinois, where they had sent over 10,000 children, *not a single* boy or girl from this society could be found in all their prisons and reformatories. In Indiana, among some 6000, one girl was found in a reformatory, and four boys, the latter only sentenced for vagrancy, and not considered very bad boys. Several of the Western members afterward wrote saying that they had founded their arguments on incorrect information.

"Were our movement allowed its full scope," writes Mr. Brace, "we could take the place of every orphan asylum and almshouse for pauper children in and around New York, and thus save the public hundreds of thousands of dollars, and immensely benefit the children."

In spite of the efforts of the Children's Aid Society and the assistance of the State Board of Charities, combined with the earnest co-operation of the State Charities Aid Association, there are yet sixteen thousand children of tender age in the public institutions of New York State. May the time be near when able-bodied children shall no longer be shut up in poor-houses, while such an unlimited demand is ever open for them from country homes!

Indeed, it is one essential in the plan of the Children's Aid Society that the lodging-houses are not to be considered as a home. Every vagrant child is to be transferred as soon as possible to some place where he shall support himself and be a burden to no one. It should be understood that this work of emigration is wholly sustained by private subscriptions, and its efficacy is not infrequently lessened from lack of funds.

The Girls' Lodging-House would seem to come more properly into the former division of this paper, except for the reason that we must remember it to be a branch of the Children's Aid Society, and established for unformed vagrant girls under the age of eighteen years.

"It is no exaggeration to say," Mr. Brace writes, "that this instrument of charity and reform has cost us more trouble than all our enterprises together." It seemed impossible to classify the girls. Women of most abandoned character crowded to the refuge, and when turned away, cried out against this would-be charity. At length, however, under the care of Mrs. Hurley, who has proved herself one of the most indefatigable and devoted women, loving and wise as she is faithful, a quiet work is daily performed, more difficult and less consoling to the doer than almost any other we can name. The girls seldom remain long enough to make it possible to watch any growth or development. Situations are found for a large number, 762 being placed in families as domestics, and 188 found employment as operators of sewing-machines during a single year.

A sewing-machine school has been established in connection with the lodging-house, and a dress-making branch has been started, which employs several apprentices. We should be glad to give extracts from Mrs. Hurley's report of this lodging-house if we had space, that her labors might be more fully understood. "Patrons" for the dress-making rooms are always in demand.

It must often be an incredible satisfaction, as Mr. Brace has said in one of his reports, "to remember that these long-continued labors for the poor and friendless have been made in behalf of the children, and are therefore full of hope and promise."

In conclusion, we reiterate the assurance of the evil done in the multiplication of charities. In so far as old organizations can be revivified and enlarged, the community is saved the expense of new institutions. Our cities are full of multiplied charities languishing for lack of funds to carry them on properly, full, also, of persons who give freely upon individual application, in spite of the warnings of the more experienced. But human nature will not change altogether, even though benevolently disposed. There are a few who are capable of silent, unrecognized, loving, and continued labors for the unfortunate, but the larger number

must always be stimulated by the recognition of the world, or stimulate themselves by new plans. In the words of Jeanie Deans, "It isna when we sleep soft and wake merrily oursels that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body, and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, then it isna what we hae dune for oursels, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly." If the joyous would see their joy endure, "let them think on these things."

SQUIRE PAINE'S CONVERSION.

SAMUEL PAINE was a hard-headed, "hard-fe'tured" Yankee boy, who grew up in the old homestead without brothers or sisters.

Had any of those means of grace shared his joys and sorrows, perhaps his nature would have been modified; but he was sole heir of the few rugged acres, scant pasturage for the old red cow, and the bit of "medder land" that reluctantly gave corn and rye and potatoes enough for the household, and barely hay sufficient to winter the cow and the venerable horse that belonged to old Dibble Paine, Samuel's father. Now in such a case it is slave or starve in New England. Hard work is the initial lesson. Samuel's youth of labor began early. At three years old, in brief garments of yellow flannel, and a flaxen thatch of hair for head-covering, he toddled in and out of the kitchen with chips in a basket; he fed the chickens, he rode in the hay wagon, and was, moreover, ruled already with a rod of iron, or rather a stout shingle, which hung, ready to hand, by the chimney-piece. At seven, the Assembly's Catechism was drilled into him, and he trudged daily a mile and back to the red school-house, doing "chores" at every odd interval; getting up by daylight in summer, and long before in winter, to fetch and carry for the poor pale woman who was wife and mother in that meagre household; going to meeting Sundays as faithfully as Parson Wires himself; and in the course of years growing up to be a goodly youth, saving, industrious, correct; perfectly self-satisfied, and conscious of his own merits and other people's demerits.

But the course of years takes as well as gives. When Samuel was twenty he was fatherless and motherless. The old farm was let on shares, and behind the counter of a country store in Bassett he dealt out, with strict justice—to his employer!—scant yards of calico, even measures of grass seed, small pounds of groceries, weakly rum, sugar not too sweet, and many other necessities of life in the same proportion. Old Si Jones never had so thrifty a clerk, never made so much money in the same time, and never had so few loungers about. In due time Samuel experienced religion—or said he did; was duly examined, glibly reeled off his inward exercises to the admiring deacons, and at the proper season was propounded and admitted to the church in Bassett. He had always been a strictly moral young man, and a sober one—not in the sense of temperance, but sober in habit and manner.

Samuel Paine never indulged in those youthful gayeties that so many boys rejoice in. He did not waste his hard-earned substance in riotous picnics, husking frolics, boat rides, or sleighing parties; he never used tobacco in any form, never drank cider, or "waited" on any girl in Bassett, though there was the usual feminine surplus of a New England village in this one. In the evening he read law diligently in Squire Larkin's office, because he thought it might be useful to him hereafter. He sat in the singers' seat in the meeting-house, his straight long face, cold gray eyes, sleek light hair, and immaculate linen looking respectable enough for a whole congregation. He had a class in Sunday-school—a class of big girls, all of whom hated him thoroughly, but never dared own it. Armed with *Barnes's Notes* and *Cruden's Concordance*, he did his duty to his class in explaining and expounding the doctrine of the lesson; but while he impressed the letter on their minds, the sweet and living spirit never lit his cool eye or warmed his accurate speech. Whatever else those young girls learned of Samuel Paine, they never learned to love the Lord or His words, for he knew not how to teach them. His soul had never yet found its level, had never had the lesson that comes to us all some time in our lives, whether we accept it or not, and he went on in his own narrow way without let or hinderance.

Before Samuel was twenty-five, Si Jones retired from business in Bassett, being persuaded by his wife to remove into Vermont, where her friends lived. He had made a good deal of money, and being childless and well under his wife's thumb, she had induced him to sell out and go back to her old home. Now came the time Samuel Paine had long looked for. He had saved, spared, pinched, to this end. He bought out the store and the small frame house that contained it—a house with two rooms up stairs and a kitchen in the little wing. Part of the money he paid down in cash; part borrowed on a mortgage; the rest he was forced to give notes for.

"Well," said 'Bijah Jones, a far-off cousin of Si's, and the village loafer and joker, "guess folks 'll hev to keep their eyes peeled now. I tell ye, Samwell Paine beats the Dutch to drive a bargain. Ye won't know

where ye be, fust ye know any thing; he'll sell ye a pair o' store pants in five minnits when ye don't want 'em no more'n a toad wants a pocket."

"Dew tell!" sputtered old Grandsir Baker, who had just come over from the town-house with a hank of yarn to trade off for some molasses. "Well! well! well! Hows'-ever, he can't sell me nothin', cos I hain't got no money: ye can't get blood outen a stun, nohow. He! he! he!"

"Blessed be nothin'!" dryly put in 'Bijah.

And all this while Samuel was announcing his principles in the store to a knot of farmers and village worthies come in for their weekly supplies for the first time since S. Paine's name had been seen above the door.

"Yes, Sir! yes, Sir! I've cleaned up consider'ble; I hope to clear up more. I 'xpect to conduct this business on a line, gentlemen—a straight line, so to speak, seemin'ly, as it were. There ain't no rewl better for all things than the golden rewl; that contains the sperrit and principle of the hull thing. Do's you'd like ter be done by; that's my idee in short partikelar metre."

A dry rattling laugh emphasized this conclusion, and a sort of unwilling "Haw! haw!" chorused it from the audience. 'Bijah Jones had drawn near enough to the open door to hear part of the sentence, and grinned widely.

"Come along, grandsir," shouted he to the hobbling old fellow from the poor-house. "Strike while th' iron's hot. He's talking Scripter with all fury; naow's your time to swap that air yarn. Bet you'll git a hull cask o' 'lasses!"

Grandsir Baker did not quicken his halting pace for this advice, and it is not on record that he got any more molasses than he expected to; but when he got back to the poor-house he told Mrs. Wells that molasses had riz and yarn hadn't; Samwell Paine told him so.

A village store—*the* store—is not a matter of hazard, but a vital necessity. There is no competition to be dreaded in a place like Bassett. Nobody else had capital or experience to set up an opposition shop; there was no better place to trade within twenty miles, and it was by the very doors of Bassett people; if they did not quite like the way things were conducted, they must still abide by it, for there was no help. And in many things the business was mightily improved since Si Jones's time: the shop itself was clean and orderly; cod-fish did not lurk in a dusty corner behind patent ploughs, and tea leaves did not fall into the open flour barrel; if sand was suspected in the sugar, there were certainly no chips of tobacco in its grainy mass; and calico and candy did not live on the same shelf, or raisins, bar soap, and blacking occupy a drawer together; the floor was swept, washed, and sanded, the counters scoured off, the cobwebs banished, the steps repaired, the windows kept bright and clear, the scales shining. If S. Paine's clerk had hard work for a lad of eighteen, his employer could quote Scripture with tremendous fluency and fitness when the boy's old mother remonstrated.

"Well, Miss Bliss, I don't deny John has to work. So do I; so do I. It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth, Scripter says. There ain't nothin' better for no man than work. 'By the sweat o' thy brow,' ye know. The sperrit an' principle of the golden rewl is my sperrit an' principle: do's you'd be done by. Yes, yes; ef I was a boy agin, I'd want ter be fetched up jest as I was fetched up—on hard work an' poor livin.' That rouses the grit, I tell ye. I'm a-doin' by John jest as I was done by, so don't ye resent it. It's fur his best int'rest, soul an' body." With which chopped straw poor Mrs. Bliss's motherly heart was forced to content itself, for there was no other refreshment.

Perhaps in this application of the "golden rewl" Samuel Paine forgot how his childish flesh had wept and cringed under the hardships of his early life; how his childish soul had flamed with rage under the torture and insult of the unjustly applied shingle, and the constant watching of stern and pitiless eyes. He may not have remembered how his growing bones ached under heavy burdens, and his spare flesh craved enough even of such diet as pork, cabbage, and rye bread to allay the pangs of childish hunger and the demands of daily growth. But if he did not, is that excuse? Is not the command explicit to "*remember* all the way the Lord thy God led thee;" and is forgetfulness without sin?

But the man kept on in his respectable career, buying and selling—buying at the lowest rates and selling at the highest; faithful externally to all his duties; ever present in church, never late at his Sunday-school class, never missing a prayer-meeting; a zealous exhorter, "a master-hand at prayin'," as Widow Bliss allowed; deeply interested in the work of missions, and a stated contributor to the Bible Society; but at home—no, it was no home—at his store, strict in every matter of business, merciless to his debtors, close and niggardly even to his best customers, harsh to his clerk, and greedy of every smallest profit. Nobody ever went to him for friendly offices; nobody asked him to be neighborly; no subscription list for a poor man with a broken leg or a burned-down barn ever crossed the door-sill of the store. When all other young men went to quiltings and sociables, he staid at the desk, amusing himself with his ledger, or a ponderous law-book borrowed from Squire Larkin. So he lived—or existed—till he was thirty years old; and one fine

day Squire Larkin died, and left behind him an only daughter, a goodly sum of money, and a vacant office of postmaster. Now was Samuel's time again. He attended the funeral, and appeared to be deeply affected by the loss of an old acquaintance. He called on Miss Lucy as early as was proper, and made an offer for the Squire's law-books. They were useless to Lucy now, and she had not thought of selling them; the nearest city was full thirty miles away, and she had not even a friend in its busy sphere; nobody in Bassett wanted law-books, so Samuel Paine bought them for a quarter of their value, and Lucy never found it out. His next step was to petition for the post-office; here again nobody interfered. It would be very convenient to all concerned that the post-office should be in the store: that was its natural and fit situation. When Squire Larkin took it into his hands, his old law office stood close by Si Jones's place of business; but that tiny tenement had been burned this long time, and the mails carried to Mr. Larkin's house and distributed in the south parlor, where also his books and his few clients found a place. Now if S. Paine got the office, it would be "everlastin' handy," every body said; so every body signed the petition, and Postmaster Paine was sworn in.

Lucy Larkin was no longer young; she was twenty-eight at least—a gentle, faded, pretty woman, with mild blue eyes, and thin soft hair of dull brown, and soft trembling lips. She was not forcible or energetic; she pottered about the house a good deal, and had headaches, and went punctually to sewing circles. Her literary tastes were not violent; she was fond of Tupper and the *Lady's Book*, and every day she read a chapter in the Bible, and tried with all her simple heart to be good. But she had not much vitality in body or soul; and after her father, who had always been her tender companion and guide, left her to herself, Lucy was dreadfully lonely. The squire left her money well tied up, but she had all the income, and the principal was also well invested. Here was another opening for S. Payne.

"It really seems providential," he said to himself, as he carefully sanded the last barrel of sugar, having first filled his own jar; for since he had taken the store he had lived in the two rooms above it, taken care of his own wants himself, and hired Widow Bliss one day in the week to do his washing, ironing, and mending, all of which must be achieved within those twelve hours, or her dollar (according to agreement) was forfeited. "Yes, it does seem to be a leadin'. She can't sell that house; there ain't nobody in Bassett wants to buy a house, an' it's real handy to the store. I can put Widder Bliss up stairs, an' then John won't lose no time a-comin' an' a-goin' to his meals; he'll be real handy to his work, an' I can stop the rent out o' his wages, so's to be sure on't. Guess I won't move them law-books yit. Things seems to be gittin' inter shape somehow. I'll fetch round there tomorrow night if I'm spared, an' visit with her a little." And covering up the sugar carefully, Samuel Paine took himself off to bed.

Poor Lucy was lonely, and Mr. Paine made himself agreeable. He condoled with her in good set terms—quoted Scripture, and threw in verses of Dr. Watts in an appropriate manner; blew his nose sonorously when Lucy cried a little, and thereby produced in her innocent mind the impression that he was crying too. And after he had cheered her up a little with tender exhortations not to give way too much to her feelings, to remember that man was made to mourn, that every body must die some time or other, and that no doubt Squire Larkin (or rather "our dear departed friend") enjoyed the "hallelooyers" of heaven much better than his daughter's society and keeping post-office, with other appropriate remarks of the same kind, he bade her good-night, tenderly squeezing her hand as he left, and causing the poor little woman to feel doubly lonely, and to wish he would come back.

Ah! why do we try to comfort those whom death has bereft? Why do we go over these vain conventionalisms which we know are futile? Can words like these bring back the smile, the voice, the touch, for which we hunger with maddening eagerness? Can it help us in our hopeless longing to know that others suffer the same vital anguish? that to die is the sure fate of all we love, sooner or later? or that we must submit to these solitudes and cryings and strong tears because we can not help ourselves? No! ten thousand times no! There is but one consolation of real virtue, and that is the closer clinging of the soul to Him who can not die. The rings that clasped these broken supports must close on higher branches, even on the Tree of Life; and if human love takes us in its tender arms and silently kisses away our tears, it may bring us still nearer to the Divine; for if we so love one another, shall not God, who made us, love us eternally and infinitely? But Lucy Larkin was one of the bending sort of women who never break under any blow. She went her placid way about the world she knew, did all her tranquil duties, and prayed hard to be resigned. It made resignation easier to have Mr. Paine come in once or twice a week; and when, after a decent interval, he proposed to fill the vacant place in her heart, the little smitten plant rose up meekly and accepted the pallid sunshine with gentle surprise and content. She was so glad not to be lonely any more, and so astonished that such a smart, pious man

as Samuel Paine should have thought to make her an offer—"she that wasn't talented, nor good-lookin', nor real young."

Unworldly little soul! her twenty thousand dollars were more to this "smart" man than the beauty of Helen, the gifts of Sappho, or the divine sparkle and freshness of ideal girlhood; but she never guessed it. So they were married just a year after her father's death. Mrs. Bliss was installed into the tenement over the store, and Squire Larkin's handsome old house being freshened up with paint and set in thorough order, though without any expense of new furnishings, seemed to renew its youth. Perhaps when Mrs. Paine learned to know her husband better, she did not experience all that superhuman bliss which poets and romancers depict as the result of matrimony; but then who does? Most of us learn to be content if we can rub along easily with our life partners, and cultivate a judicious blindness and deafness, in the wise spirit of good old Bishop Ken's well-known hymn:

> "O that mine eyes might closed be
> To what becomes me not to see;
> That deafness might possess mine ear
> To what becomes me not to hear!"

Lucy was not consciously so wise as this; but she had the greatest respect for her husband's piety and smartness, and if she could not understand certain of his manners and customs, she still thought a man could not err who made such long and fervent prayers at family devotions, and who always had the golden rule on his lips as a professed rule of life. She was not naturally demonstrative; few New England women are. If they were as afraid of being angry, or cross, or peevish before people as they are of being affectionate and tender, life would be mightily sweetened to many of us; but when our sour but sublime old Puritan fathers made it a legal offense for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, what wonder that their descendants' teeth should be set on edge?

But if Mrs. Paine was not caressing and affectionate in manner, Mr. Paine was still less so; if he had any heart beside the muscular organ of that name, he had it yet to discover; certainly Lucy had not awakened it any more than his last investment in groceries. Things went on very calmly with the pair for a year or two; the only disturbance being a sudden and unreasonable crying fit of Lucy's, in which Mr. Paine detected her, coming home on an errand quite unexpectedly.

"I ca-ca-can't help it!" she sobbed, hysterically, when he sternly demanded,

"What on airth's the matter with ye, Loocy? Stop, now, right off—stop, I tell ye, an' speak up."

"Oh, o-h, o-h, husband! Miss Nancy Tuttle's ben here; she's ben a-talkin' awful. She said she considered 'twas her dooty to come an' deal with me, becoz—becoz—oh, o-h, o-h!"

"Stop it, now, thunderin' quick, Loocy! I can't stan' here all day."

"O-h! she said she heerd a lot of talk against you, husband, an' she thought I'd ought to know it, so's't I could use my influence with you, an' kinder persuade you to do different."

A grim smile twisted S. Paine's stiff lips: Lucy's influence with him, indeed!

"Well, well," said he, "go ahead; let's hear what I've ben a-doin'."

"O-h! oh dear! She said you sanded the sugar down to the store, an' put water into the sperrits, an' asked folks two prices for butter. Oh dear! I never was so beat in all my days."

"H-m," growled Mr. Paine. "I'll settle with her myself, Loocy."

"Oh, you can't; you can't noways. She's gone off in the stage to York State to live. She said she felt as though she must free her mind before she went, so she jest stepped in."

"Darn her!"

Luckily for Lucy, she was sobbing so hard she did not hear this expletive, which had all the force of a stronger oath, coming from those decorous lips, yet was not quite open profanity.

"Look a-here, Loocy," Mr. Paine began. "Jest you shut your head about that scandalous old maid's talk. Hain't I told ye time an' agin that the sperrit an' principle o' the golden rewl was my sperrit an' principle? What's the harm ef I sell poor folks butter a leetle mite cheaper'n I sell it to folks with means? An' ef I put a pint o' water inter Bije Jones's rum jug, I do't out o' consideration for his fam'ly; he can't afford to buy clear sperrit. As for shoogar, it's sanded afore it comes to me, you better believe! Now don't ye go a-tellin' every body all these lies; they grow every time they're sot out in fresh ground. There ain't nothin' so good for a fool's talk nor a liar's as a hullsome lettin' alone." With which piece of verbal wisdom Samuel Paine went his way, and Lucy subsided to her customary and domestic meekness.

But the current of their lives was mightily disturbed some months after this conversation by the advent into the quiet household of a big obstreperous baby. Lucy was blessed for once in her life to the very overflowing of her torpid heart. Mr. Paine would have been better pleased with a boy, to take the store and the post-office after him; but still he was pleased. An odd stir of feeling astonished him when he saw the helpless little creature, and with natural forecast he reflected that there might be a boy yet, and so forgave her for being only a girl. However, when years slipped by and no boy came, the sturdy, bright, merry

little girl made her way boldly into her father's good graces, and almost reconciled him to her sex. Miss Louise ruled her mother, of course—that was in the nature of things; but all the village looked on in wonder to see the mastery she achieved over Samuel Paine, or, as he was now called—partly because of the legal information he had acquired, and on a pinch dispensed, from his father-in-law's library, and partly because he had well stepped into that gentleman's shoes otherwise—Squire Paine.

Louise was an unaccountable offshoot from the parental tree, certainly. Her vivid complexion, waving dark hair, brilliant brown eyes, and well-made figure were not more at variance with the aspects of her father and mother than her merry, honest, and fearless nature was with their dispositions. Neither of them tried to govern her, after a few futile attempts. Her mother did not see any need of it. To her the child was perfect—a gift of God, held in fear and trembling lest He should recall it from mortal idolatry, but being such a gift, to be entertained as an angel. Squire Paine never held any such nonsensical idea as this; but if he undertook to scold or reprove mademoiselle, she instantly sprang into his arms, wound her fat hands in his coat collar, and snuggled her curly head against his lips with a laugh like a bobolink's, and, utterly routed, the squire would lift her to his shoulder and march her off to the store, to range among raisin boxes, sugar barrels, and candy jars to her heart's content, feeling all the while half ashamed of the unwonted warmth in his breast, the difficulty of speech, the soft cowardice that carried him away captive, bound to the chariot of this small conqueror, who was gracious enough not to triumph only because she conquered unconsciously.

So matters went on year after year. In spite of sweets and spoiling, Louise grew up strong and healthy, thanks to the open air in which it was her royal pleasure to live and move and have her being. A city mother would have wept over the brown complexion, in which living crimson burned with a warm splendor unknown to milk and roses, and any boarding-school phalanx would have shuddered at the well-tanned slender hands that were so deft at nutting, fishing, picking berries, and digging roots. But Bassett people were not fine. They only laughed and nodded, as Louise tore down the wide street on the squire's ancient horse, lashed to a horrid gallop by an old trunk strap whanged about his sides, and the thumps of stout country boots when he dared relax this spirited pace.

By-and-by Lucy, quite ashamed of herself in all these years of mild motherly bliss to think she had never given her husband a son, began to fade and fail a little, and at last declined into her grave as gently as a late spring snow-drift melts into the brown grasses. Louise was fifteen now, and knew no more about housekeeping than a deer in the forest, though successive seasons at the academy had given her a fair education for a country girl who did not need or intend to teach for her living. She mourned for her dear patient little mother far more than she missed her, for Lucy was too inert, too characterless, to leave a wide vacancy in her home. There are some people whose departure takes the sunshine of our days, the salt of our food, the flavor of our pleasures, yea, the breath of our lives, away with them; whose loss is a wound never to be healed, always bleeding, smarting, burning into our very souls, till time shall be no more. And there are others whose death, after the first natural burst of feeling, fails to impress itself deeply even on their nearest and dearest; the selfish, the exacting, the tasteless, timid natures that were scarce more than vegetable in their humanity—these are lightly mourned; and of these last was Lucy Paine.

It became necessary, it is true, to put a housekeeper in her place, for the "hired girl" whom Squire Paine had unwillingly consented to install in the kitchen when his wife's strength began to fail could not be trusted to manage the household; so Mr. Paine bethought himself of a second cousin living in a small village up the country, of whom he had now and then heard incidentally, and happened to know was still unmarried and pursuing her trade of tailoress about Hermon and the vicinity. So he wrote to Miss Roxy Keep to come down at once to Bassett and see him, as Hermon was too far for him to go, taking time from his business which he could not spare. It was made very plain in Squire Paine's letter that Miss Roxy's visit was purely a matter of business, and her answer was as business-like as could be desired. She could not, she said, afford a journey to Bassett unless it resulted in some purpose of good; if Squire Paine wanted to see her enough to pay her fare one way, she was willing to "resk" the other half. This curt and thrifty note rather pleased the squire, for though he did not want to risk his money any more than Miss Roxy, still he thought her proposition showed her to be of his own frugal and forehanded sort, and he at once closed with those terms.

It might be a curious matter of investigation to note the influence different occupations have upon those who pursue them. Why is it that a tailoress was always incisive, practical, full of resource, acute, fearless, and even snappy? Did any body ever see a meek woman useful with cloth and shears? Do the masculine habiliments which she fashions impart a virile vigor, and the im-

plements of her trade a man-like strength, to the mind which plans and the hand which wields them? But we have no time for inductive science here. When Squire Paine met Roxy Keep at the door, he was at once struck by her compact aspect and entire self-possession. Her gown of dark home-made gingham and thick plaid shawl were simply the most useful garments that could be. Beauty did not excuse their being, much less that of the severe Leghorn bonnet, without flower or feather, tied down under her chin with a sturdy greenish ribbon that must have been her grandmother's. But over all these the sensible face, the keen dark eyes, firm mouth, and dominant nose forbade any idea of ridicule or contempt to be associated with Miss Roxy, whatever she chose to wear. The squire was as urbane as he knew how to be.

"Set down, Cousin Roxy, set down. I'll take ye over to the house in a minnit. I've hed to put in a new clerk, ye see. John Bliss he tho't he could do better in the city, so he up an' left me sudden—too sudden, re'lly, considerin' him an' me hed ben together so long; an' now 'Lisha Squires has took his place. 'Lisha's a likely young man, for what I know—well eddicated; father's a minister o' the Gospel; got run down a-preachin'; his wife had means—not much, not much, but 'nough to buy a farm; so they traded with me for th' old humstead, an' he's a-farmin' on't, an' 'Lisha he's gi'n up goin' to college, an' took John Bliss's place here. He's ruther high-strung, to be sure, but he's smart, real smart, an' I don't know as I could ha' did better. He's a-onheadin' some barr'ls now. A-h! there he is."

And a handsome young fellow, grave and sad beyond his years, came up from the cellar with a hatchet in his hand. Miss Roxy's keen eyes read that open face at once. She felt the purest pity for the misplaced boy, whose education was wasted and his nature disgusted by the repellent character of his duties as well as his employer. Elisha was indeed misplaced; but he was, in his daily way, a hero, and to be heroic in the petty drudgery of a distasteful life is a thousand times harder than to win splendid battles. He had given up every thing to help his feeble father and his six sisters; so had his mother; and neither of them looked upon their sacrifices as more than a matter of course, which, perhaps, was the one touch superior even to heroism.

But Miss Roxy, used to that sort of intercourse with many, perhaps most, of the families in her neighborhood which is attributed to the proverbial *valet de chambre*, was yet so much more perceptive than that stupid French man-servant that she knew a hero even in a country store; and she turned away with the squire, carrying in her heart a fund of admiration and good-will that was to stand Elisha in stead at a future time of need.

In the library of Squire Larkin's time the next hour was spent by Samuel Paine and Roxy Keep in a passage of arms. He was determined to secure Roxy to manage his establishment on his own terms; and she was willing to be secured, but it must be on her terms, and being a tailoress, she carried the day. In consideration of the little home she left in Hermon and the lucrative trade she left, she required of the squire a written guarantee that her services should continue for two years in any case, subject only to her own change of mind, that her salary should be paid quarterly, under pain of her immediate departure if it failed to come to hand, and that the aforesaid salary should be a sufficient equivalent for the trade she gave up. After much conversation the squire yielded all these points, though with no good grace.

"Well, now I've gi'n up to ye," said he, "I'd like to know how soon ye can come, Roxy. Things is a-goin' every which way here. Lowisy's a good girl—she's a good enough girl, but she ain't nothin' *but* a girl, an' she ain't no more fit to run a house 'n she is to preach a sermon; so I'd like ye to come back's quick as ye can."

"I dono's I need to go," curtly and promptly answered Miss Roxy. "I reckoned I should stay when I come, so I sold out my house to Deacon Treadwell's widder, an' I fetched my trunks along; they're over to Reading dépôt, and the stage-driver he'll take the checks to-morrer and fetch 'em back. I don't never let no grass grow under *my* feet, Squire Paine."

"Land alive! I should think not!" ejaculated the astonished squire. So Miss Roxy staid, and the house was stirred up from beneath to meet her. Bridget gave notice just in time not to have it given to her, and brush in hand, the fiercest of bandana handkerchiefs tied over her crisp black hair, Miss Roxy began that awful "setting to rights" which is at once the privilege and the necessity of strenuous souls like hers. At first Louise was half inclined to rebel: the slipshod family rule—or misrule—had just suited her youthful carelessness; but Miss Roxy's keen humor, pleasant common-sense, and comfortable efficiency soon enlisted Louise on her side, and the girl could not help enjoying the bright order, the speckless comfort, the savory meals, the thrift that was not meanness, and the frugality that could be discreetly generous, which followed Miss Roxy's reign, and at the end of two years the squire was glad enough to renew the guarantee which this foreseeing woman still demanded of him. Well for her, well for all of them, was it that he did so sign!

In the mean time Squire Paine had gone

his way, buying and selling and talking much about the "golden rewl," and many small tiffs had ensued between him and Miss Roxy on points of domestic economy; but the squire knew, if he had never read, that discretion is the better part of valor, and considering just in time that housekeeping was not his forte, and was Miss Roxy's, he always beat a retreat after these battles, and not always with flying colors. But now, toward the beginning of this third year, there began to be trouble in the camp. Elisha Squires, in common with various other youths of Bassett, had found out that Louise Paine was charming above all other girls of the vicinity, and the squire's house became a sort of besieged castle, greatly to his disgust and indignation.

"I won't hev it! I won't hev it!" stormed he, one fine night, when the last of seven callers had gone from the front-door, and Louise judiciously slipped off to bed.

"Won't hev what?" calmly inquired Roxy, who sat by the "keeping-room" table, toeing off a stocking.

"Why, I won't hev so many fellers a-comin' here the hull eternal time. There ain't no use on't, an' I tell ye I won't hev it. I won't, as sure's ye live."

"What be you goin' to do about it?" was Roxy's cool rejoinder.

"I'll lock the doors."

"Then they'll come into the back winder," smiled the exasperating spinster. "Look here, Squire Paine," and she laid down her knitting, and confronted him as one who

"Drinks delight of battle with his peers,"

"you're a master-hand to talk about the golden rewl; how'd you ha' liked it ef Squire Larkin had locked the door to this house on you?"

"He hadn't no call to; he was dead."

"Now don't jump no fences that way; s'pose he'd ben alive?"

"I dono's I'm called to tell ye. I'm a professor in good an' reg'lar standin', an' the golden rewl hes allers ben my standard o' livin', an' the sperrit an' principle o' the golden rewl is to do to others as you'd wish to be done by; an' ef I was a gal I should be glad to hev the doors locked on a passel o' fellers that come foolin' around nights."

"You're life-everlastin' sure o' that, be ye?" was the dry rejoinder.

"Well, ef she ain't, she'd orter be; an' I'm free to conclude that Lowisy doos what she'd orter, bein' my child—an' her ma's."

"I don't believe no great in hinderin' young folks's ways, Squire Paine; it's three wheels to a wagon to be young, an' hinderin' don't overset nothin'; it's more apt to set it, a long sight. Don't you never expect Lowisy to git married?"

"I dono's I do, an' I dono *as* I do. Married life is an onsartin state. Mebbe Lowisy'd be better off to stay to hum with me. Anyway, there ain't no sech hurry; 'tain't the best goods go off the fust; an' I tell ye what, Roxy, I do expect she'll hark to me about who she marries, and not go an' git tied up to some poor Jack."

"Then I tell *you* what, Samwell Paine, you expect nothin' an' you'll sup sorrow! Girls will pick out their own husbands to the day after never, for all you! I always hold that there's two things a woman had oughter pick out for herself, spite o' fate, and them two is her husband an' her carpets."

"An' I expect to pick 'em both out for Lowisy," answered the undaunted squire, as he marched off to bed, holding his tallow candle askew, and dropping hot tears—of tallow—as he went.

But as fate, or Louise, would have it, Squire Paine was not to pick out either of these essentials for his daughter; she was fast drifting into that obstinate blessedness which is reserved for youth and love, which laughs at parents and guardians, defies time and circumstance, and too often blinds the brightest eyes, and brings the most fastidious hands to

"Wreathe thy fair large ears, my gentle joy,"

and finds out too late it is Bottom the weaver.

In Louise's case, however, there was no danger of such waking: she had good reason for her preference. Elisha Squires, her father's clerk, was a handsome, well-educated, energetic young fellow—a gentleman by nature and breeding both. Louise had pitied him ten thousand times for his unfit position in her father's employment before he perceived that she was interested the least in him or his occupation, and when it dawned on the busy and weary soul that one bright blossom looked over the paling into his desert life, what was the natural impulse that followed? It is not a young man who "loves the wild rose and leaves it on its stalk," literally or figuratively, and these juvenile idiots fell fathoms deep in love with each other, entirely unconscious of the melancholy fact that one was the richest girl in Bassett, and the other working for daily bread. Arcadia could not have shown more divine simplicity; but Bassett was not Arcadia, and when sundry jealous and disappointed swains discovered that "Lowisy Paine" would go home from prayer-meetings with 'Lisha Squires, had actually been seen lingering with him at her father's front gate in the starry May darkness even after the nine-o'clock bell had rung, and was sure to welcome him on a Sunday night, though she might snap and snarl at them, then Louise's troubles began. Prayer-meetings must be attended, but the squire went

to and fro with her himself, and Elisha could not be spared from the store to attend them at all. Squire Paine hated to lose his clerk, but he would not lose his daughter, so, with the obtuse perception of the heavy father from time immemorial, he rushed into the *mêlée*, like some floundering elephant into a flower bed.

"Lowisy," said he, one Sunday night, after the row of adorers were dispersed, Elisha Squires among them, "hear to me now! I ain't a-goin' to hev you courted the hull time by these here fellers. You've got to stop it. 'Specially I won't have ye careerin' around with 'Lisha; he's poorer 'n poverty, an' as stuck up as though he was mighty Cæsar. I've fetched ye up an' gi'n ye a good eddication, an' you ain't a-goin' to throw yourself away on no sech trash."

The hot color rushed up to Louise's forehead, her red lip curled, and unspeakable disdain expressed itself, as she looked straight into her father's face; but she did not say a word; she left the room with perfect composure, stopping to pick a dry leaf from her pet geranium, and walked up the stairs with a slow precision that ought to have spoken volumes to her father's ear, as it did to Roxy's.

"Well, you've done it now," remarked that respectable woman.

"Yes, I guess I hev," was the squire's complacent answer, quite misapprehending the sense in which he had done it. "I guess I've put a spoke inter that wheel, an' sideways too."

Roxy gave one of the silent chuckles which meant deep amusement, and took herself off to bed. She was not a woman to interfere with the course of true love between Louise and Elisha, both of whom had become special favorites of hers since their first acquaintance; but, as she said to herself, she would not "make nor meddle" in this matter, having full confidence in Louise's power of managing her own affairs, and far too much reverence and delicacy in her own nature to be a match-maker. But the squire went on from bad to worse, and, in his blind zeal to have his own way, brought things to a swift conclusion; for having given Elisha notice that he should need him no longer, he was more than surprised one fine July morning to find that Louise had left him too—that the pair had gone together. The squire was black with rage when the fact was announced to him by Miss Roxy, and a brief and defiant note from Louise put into his hand. He raved, raged, even swore, in his first wild fury, and paced up and down the kitchen like a wild animal.

Miss Roxy eyed him with a peculiar expression. She felt that her hour had come. As she afterward said, "I should ha' bust ef I hadn't spoke. I'd ben a-hankerin' to give it to him quite a spell, but I held my tongue for Lowisy's sake. But thinks, sez I, now's your time, Roxanny Keep; pitch in an' do your dooty, an' I tell ye it whistled of itself. Seemed as though 'twa'n't me, r'ally, but somethin' makin' a tin horn out o' my lips to rouse him up to judgment." And certainly Miss Roxy was roused herself; she confronted the squire like a Yankee lioness.

"Look a-here, Samwell Paine: it's time somebody took ye to do. You've ben a-buyin' an' a-sellin' an' a-rakin' an' a-scrapin' till your soul—ef you've got any—is nigh about petered out. You call yourself a Christian an' a professor, an' a follerer of the golden rewl, do ye? An' here you be, cussin' an' swearin' like a Hivite an' a Jeboosite an' all the rest on 'em, because things ain't jest as you would have 'em to be. You hain't had no bowels of compassion for Lowisy no more'n ef you was her jailer instead of her pa. What's the matter with 'Lisha Squires? He's a honest, good-disposed, reliable feller as ever was; good enough for any body's girl; a Christian too—not one o' the sugar-sandin', rum-waterin', light-weight kind, but a real one. He don't read the golden rewl t'other side up, as you do, I tell ye. You make it doin' to other folks just what you want to do, an' lettin' them go hang. I tell ye the hypocrite's hope shall perish; an' you're one on 'em as sure as the world. 'Tain't sayin' Lord! Lord! that makes folks pious; it's doin' the will o' God—justice an' mercy an' lovin'-kindness."

Here Roxy paused for breath, and the astounded squire ejaculated, "Roxanny Keep!"

"Yes, that's my name; I ain't afeard to own it, nor to set it square to what I've said. I hain't lived here goin' on three year an' seen your ways for nothin'. I've had eyes to behold your pinchin' an' sparin' an' crawlin'; grindin' poor folks's faces an' lickin' rich folks's platters; actin' as though your own daughter was nothin' but a bill of expense to ye, an' a block to show off your pride an' vanity, not a livin', lovin' soul to show the way to heaven to. An' now she's quit. She's got a good, lovin', true-hearted feller to help her along where you didn't know the way, an' didn't want to, neither, an' you're ravin' mad 'cause he hain't got no money, when you've got more'n enough for all on ye. Samwell Paine, you ain't no Christian, not 'cordin' to Gospel truth, ef you have been a professor nigh on to forty year. You no need to think you was converted, for you never was. Folks ain't converted to meanness an' greediness an' self-seekin' an' wrath an' malice: the Lord don't turn 'em into the error of their ways; He turns 'em out on't. Ef you was a minister in the pulpit or a deacon handin' the plate, you ain't no Christian 'thout you act like one, an' that's the etarnal fact on't. You've ben a livin' lie all these years, an'

you've ended by drivin' your only daughter, your own flesh an' blood, the best thing the Lord ever give ye, out o' house an' home 'cause you was mad after money. An' it 'll happen unto ye accordin' to the Word o' the Lord about sech folks: you'll be drownded in destruction an' perdition, an' pierce yourself through with many sorrers, ef you don't flee for your life from sech things, and foller after righteousness, godliness, an' the rest on 'em. You'd oughter go down on your poor old knees an' pray to be converted at the 'leventh hour. There! I've freed my mind, thank the Lord, an' there won't be none o' your blood found on my skirts ef the last day comes in to-morrer mornin'!" With which the exhausted lecturer heaved a long breath, and began to mop her heated face vigorously with her inseparable bandana handkerchief, which might have symbolized to the audience, had there been any, a homely victorious banner.

The squire stood amazed and afraid. In all the long course of his life nobody had ever before gainsaid him; outward respect and consideration had been his portion; now the ground cracked under his feet, and he found himself in a new land. He did not go to the store that day; he stumbled out of Roxy's sight, and shut himself up in the unused parlor, where alternate storms of rage, conviction, despair, and scorn assailed him for many hours. It was, indeed, a dreadful battle that he fought in the musty silence of that darkened room, pacing up and down like a caged tiger. Roxy had spoken awful words, but they were milk and honey compared to the echo which his late-awakened conscience gave them; still he fought with a certain savage courage against the truths that were toppling over to crush him, and justified himself to his own accusing soul with a persistent hardihood that had better served a better cause. It was reserved for God's own stroke to bring sweet waters out of this rock; Moses and the rod had smitten it in vain. Just as his courage seemed to aid him, and he had resolved to send Roxy back to Hermon and her tailoring, and brave out the judgment of his fellow-men and the desertion of Louisa—nay, more, to revenge himself for that desertion by refusing her aid or comfort, or even recognition of any kind—just then, as he had settled down into his self-complacency and willful disregard of God's own words, pelted at him as they had been by Roxy, he heard an outer door open, invading steps, voices of low tumult, a sort of whispering horror and stifled grief drawing nearer to his retreat, and the door opened very slowly, disclosing the stern features of Parson Peters, the village minister. Not altogether stern now was that long and meagre visage: a sort of terror mingled with pity softened its rigid lines.

"My brother," he said, lifting one hand, as he was wont to do when praying over a coffin, and facing the troubled and inflamed countenance of Squire Paine—"my brother, the hand of the Lord is upon you this day. Your child has been taken; there has been a terrible accident to the train by which they left Reading station, and news has come that both are—gone."

Like a forest tree into which the woodman sets his last stroke, the squire tottered, paused for one instant of time, and fell forward prostrate.

Roxy was behind Parson Peters as the old man fell, and pushing that eminent divine out of her way like a spider, she was at once on her knees by his side, promptly administering the proper remedies. It was only a fainting fit, but, when the squire recovered, he was weak, humble, and gentle as a little child. He lay on the sofa in the parlor all day; the unused windows were opened, and the sweet summer air flowed in and out with scents of late roses and new hay on its delicate wings, but Squire Paine did not notice it. He took the broth Roxy brought him without a complaint, and actually thanked her for it. She herself guarded the outside door like a dragon, and even refused admittance to Parson Peters.

"No," said she; "it's good to let him be to-day. I tell ye the Lord's a-dealin' with the poor old creter, an' we hadn't ought to meddle. Human nater is everlastin' queer, an' there is some folks nobody can tune so well as Him that made 'em. He'll take up his bed an' walk as soon as the merracle works, an' we can't hurry it up any; but I've faith to believe it's a-workin'."

And it was according to Roxy's faith. As soon as the sun went down the squire rose up, ate what was set before him, put his disordered dress to rights, and walked feebly over to the weekly prayer-meeting—for these things happened of a Thursday.

The lights in the little school-house were dim and few, for the night's warm atmosphere made even the heat of the two necessary lamps oppressive; but Squire Paine took no advantage of this darkness, though the room was unusually full. He walked to the very front bench, and seated himself before the deacon who conducted the meeting, and as soon as the opening hymn was sung, he waved the good man who was about to follow with a prayer aside with a certain rugged dignity, and rose, facing the assembly, and beginning with broken voice to speak.

"Brethring," he said, "I come here to-night to make a confession. I've lived amongst you for sixty odd year, man an' boy, an' the last forty on 'em I've ben a livin' lie. Brethring, I hev ben a professor in this here church all that time, an' I wa'n't never converted. I was a real stiddy-goin'

hypocrite, an' I hain't but jest found it out. The marciful Lord has kinder spared me for a day of repentance, an' it's come—I tell ye, it's come! There was one that dealt with me mightily, an' shook me some; one, I may say, that drilled the hole, an' put in the powder of the Word, an' tamped it down with pretty stiff facts; but it didn't do no good. I was jest like a rock bored an' charged, but pooty rugged an' hard yet; but, brethring, THE LORD HAS FIRED THE BLAST HIMSELF, an' the nateral man is broken to pieces. I give up right here. The Lord is good. God be merciful to me a sinner! Brethring, can't you pray?"

There was but one answer to the pathetic agony of that appeal. Deacon Adkins rose and prayed as if his lips had been touched with a coal from the altar, and there were sympathetic tears in the hardest eyes there before he finished, while Squire Paine's low sobs were heard at intervals as if they were the very convulsions of a breaking heart.

"Let us sing

"'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,'"

said the deacon, after his prayer was over; and when the last line of that noble doxology floated away into the rafters, they all gathered round to shake hands and express their deep sympathy with the repentant and bereaved father. It was almost too much for Squire Paine; the breaking up of the great deep within had worn upon him exceedingly; humbled, sad, yet wonderfully peaceful as his spirit felt, still the flesh trembled and was weak. He was glad when Roxy came up and, taking hold of his arm, led him homeward.

Was he glad or death-smitten, or, as he thought, suddenly in the heavenly places, when his own door opened before his hand touched the latch, and Louise, darting forward, threw her arms about his neck?

"Land o' liberty!" shrieked Roxy. "Do you want to kill your pa outright? An' how came ye here anyway? We heered you an' him was both stun-dead!"

Roxy's curt and curious interposition seemed to restore the equilibrium suddenly. Squire Paine did not faint, and Louise actually laughed. Here was something natural and homely to shelter in after the dream-like agitation of the day.

"No," said Louise's clear voice, "we wa'n't hurt, not much—only stunned and scared a bit. But there was two in the next seat who—well, *they* won't come home to their folks, Aunt Roxy. We thought maybe you would be anxious, and then somebody said, right before us, that we were both killed, and they'd sent the news over to Bassett; so we thought the best thing to do was to come back and show ourselves. Here's 'Lisha."

Squire Paine must have been converted, for he shook his son-in-law's hand with all good-will, and kissed his daughter heartily. His voice was somewhat weak and husky, but he managed to say, so as to be heard, "An' now ye've got home re'lly, you've got to stay home. I sha'n't hev no more sech risks run. And, 'Lisha, we'll open the store real early to-morrer. I dono when it's ben shut twenty-four hours before."

This was all he said; for the New England man, saint or sinner, has few words when feeling is strongest; but the squire's actions spoke for him. He never referred to the past, but strove with his might to live a new and righteous life. Not all at once the granite gave place to gold; there were roots of bitterness and strivings of the old Adam, many and often, but none who had once known him doubted that Squire Paine was a changed man. At his own earnest request he was allowed to make a new profession of religion; and after relating his experiences in due form to the assembled deacons, he wound up the recital in this fashion: "It was the Lord's hand done it fin'lly, brethring; but, next to Him, I owe this here real conversion to Roxanny Keep."

"Halleloojah!" exclaimed Aunt Roxy, when Mrs. Deacon Adkins betrayed her good husband's confidence far enough to tell her this. "I tell ye, Miss Adkins, I took my life in my hand that mornin', but I felt a call to do it. Ye know, David killed Goliath with a pebble, nothin' more; an' I allers could sling straight."

VENETIAN TAPESTRIES.

MOTH-EATEN and faded, pale with their age and long imprisonment in dark halls into which the sunlight never crept, are the old Venetian tapestries. You may see them to-day, drooping, faint and humble, about the windows of the dingy shops, among the grotesque brasses, the deep-toned laces, the dark tomes and jewelled reliquaries. They shudder at every footfall—broken old aristocrats, so long recluses through poverty that the light of day and the noise of humanity are full of terror and foreboding to them.

At a regatta-time the poor pale phantoms rise from their graves in the iron-bound coffers or the joyless banqueting halls, and flutter mournfully from under the window arches, mocked at by the stone satyr heads, or sweep below the carvings of a balcony nigh to the water's edge—a faint color space with tones of yellow and green, darkening with the figure outlines, reproducing the shifting color effects of the palace front behind and the changeful waterway below, forming an ascending scale of harmony that gives to the wide sweeping way that subdued pearly quality of color that the old painters of the last century, Canaletto and his followers,

felt and expressed—so unconsciously mournful, so symbolic of the city's decay. It is an aspect that could have been made prominent only at a time when human action had ceased to interest, and the artist soul fell back upon accessory.

On *festa* days the damasks make blood-red stains against the gray stones, turning them to white. They have served through victory feasts and holy-tides, have symbolized rejoicing over warrior and monk, but they still glow warm in the noon-time sun, for there is in them something sturdy and martial—the strong old democratic force that blots itself darkly against the poor faded patrician fabrics.

They still linger in the churches, those old velvets and damasks with the odor of the centuries upon them. They glow crimson about the columns, or cover the walls, framing in the fair-haired pictured shapes. Threads of gold and silver gleam suddenly in the altar light from their tissues. In the sacristies, upon the altars, in the robes of the priests, the draperies of the holy tables, the hangings of sacred places, their rich, deep tones, mellowed by the centuries, wrought in crimson, pale green, faint yellow, are all caught up in one exquisite harmony in the soft taper glow.

The history of the sea-city is inwrought with these stately *arazzi*, so grand and royal in their very humiliation, no less than with the great canvases that the dying republic bequeathed to its posterity. The relation is even closer, for the soft yielding folds of the *arazzi* could enter secret places that were closed to the unbending canvases. In the farthest chambers of the palaces, where men bared their hearts one to another, thinking their plots secure, lurked the listening arras, for where the painted holy faces would have been a rebuke, the woven faces had a stolid, indifferent look that held no torment for the guilty. What assassins lurked behind the arras, waiting for their victims! What treacherous footsteps were muffled by the indulgent tapestry! What lovers' heads it touched in blessing as they passed through the portals, brushing aside the heavy folds; what death-doomed caressed with its comforting hands! Courtly, politic old nobles, these *arazzi* of Venice, gaining a foot-hold in every household, indulgent and liberal to guilt as to innocence—philosophic spectators of the great tragedy of life, with no personal interests at stake.

In the early age of the republic there was weaving of stuffs in Venice, but stuffs simple, severe, of single purpose and religious aim—stuffs that hung in long straight folds on the pious men, and draped the saintly women in noble curves. It was in this mood that the earliest artists of Venice worked, those to whom had come down the simple traditions of the early Church and their exponent, Art, and therefore, when they overlaid the domes of the basilica with holy shapes throned in a golden glow, they made their humanity higher than their garments, draping them in the coarse dark serge of the poor and the lowly. And this mood held good wherever sweet and simple thoughts were uttered upon canvas through all succeeding years.

When the Emperor Henry IV. came to Venice to pray before the shrine of holy Mark, in the eleventh century, his state robes were marvellously wrought with gold and silver, and with him he brought the cunning weaver whose labor had resulted in these sumptuous stuffs. Venice viewed this Northern magnificence with wonder and delight. It chanced that the emperor fell in love with a beautiful Venetian, whose charms held him long in the city, and she begged of him a dress wrought after the manner of the imperial robes. So the master-weaver gathered together from the Venetian streets deft-fingered women, to whom he taught his secrets, and in due time the fair Venetian wore her dress of gold brocade, and other patrician dames craved the like, and the city became a confusion of brilliant hues, and the banqueting halls a gleam of gold and silver and scarlet and purple.

A new impulse came from the East with the spoils and trophies of the conquering Venetian arms. The gorgeous dyes of the Oriental stuffs were assimilated with the handiwork of the Venetian people, were wrought into the life and colored the thought of the city, and found their expression in the art of the quattro-cento. There is a wonderful harmony between the canvases, the *arazzi*, and the life of that old Venetian time. Brilliant and intense, varied and intermingled in color, narrow and contracted in scope, concentrated and determined, faithful in detail even to rigidity, incapable of broad combinations or new impressions.

The faces of those old traders have a worthy setting in the crude brightness, the small meaningless combinations of design, the sharp contrasts and shadowless draperies of their accessories. Their appreciation of art, when not religious, was purely decorative. They must needs have bright-colored houses, red and white and blue mosaics, gilded doors and tablets and mouldings—something tangible and real, that should make them feel their ducats well invested. Their faces have the vacant look that belongs to men to whom art is a hieroglyphic to be hung on a wall and gazed at, but never interpreted. Wherever art is overridden by accessory, the result is read on the brows of the people.

With the sixteenth century came com-

panies of Flemish weavers, who set up their looms in the heart of the sea-city, and wrought great tapestries from designs they had brought from the North, and from the cartoons that the Venetian painters made for them, for a new strength had been infused into the city's art. She had struggled up out of the sordid depths of accessory in which her rich patrons had held her fast, and could now afford to stretch out her hand to her younger sister, Design. The harsh brightness of arabesque and scroll and meaningless motley had given way to noble, dignified compositions, grand with humanity, and the genius of master-minds wrought canvas as fresh and pure, as free from convention or restraint, as the works of the great painters.

The fair-haired Flemings taught their art to the Venetian workmen, and it went forth to mingle with the daily life of the people, imparting to them the love of beauty even in the earning of their bread.

I love to dwell upon the sweet humble life that surrounded the birth and growth of those sentient faces, now so pale and faded, that in their completeness looked down from the walls of palaces, and set off the jewelled splendor of patrician dames, the scarlet and ermine of doge and senator.

The chronicles tell us of a colony of Flemish weavers down there in the quarter of San Salvatore, near the Rialto. I can picture them, with their flowing yellow hair, and blue Northern eyes, and coarse dark dress, with tongues unused to the soft lagoon speech, passing the long days in the low shops where the great bright webs stretched from floor to ceiling, feeling the soft wind blow from the main-land, bringing a breath of mountains, and a thought of homesickness, and a dream of the rich grass growth and the gabled cabins of the Flemish plains. A gentle company—stalwart men and soft-eyed women, like the Northern Madonnas, and fair-haired children whom the young colorists, passing by on their way across the Rialto to the great hospitable painter-houses, begged from their parents for a day's posing as angels in their Holy Families.

The gold-locked Flemish maiden, looking up from her bright warp, would find a lithe shape at the window darkening the room—some mad young fellow, with dark eyes and flowing locks, and a saucy plume in his hat—an art student on his way to one of the great studios across the canal. And the girl would leave her weaving, and grasp the glowing red carnations that were flung at her feet. The shape glided away, and the girl laid the flowers against her golden hair and her white throat, and wove the burning hue into the drapery she wrought, and plied her shuttle to the rhythm of an old love ballad. And if there be a knot in the smooth texture, will not posterity know that here a hand touched the hand of the weaver, or a quick caress turned her eyes from the even mesh? They will not be hard on the poor child, those gray-beard senators for whom the tapestry is ordered, for they too have been young, and have flung the passionate carnations in at fair women's windows in the dear lagoon fashion.

Sometimes a mightier shadow would darken the low rooms, and at the open door would stand some great painter—Titian, perchance, or Pordenone, or Il Robusti himself, and the gentle Northern people would rise from their looms and bid him welcome, and listen to his judgment on their work, for which he himself might have furnished the design. And they would bring forth their red wine and their pale green salad, like the color they wrought into their tapestry. And the painter sat among them, with the children on his knee, and smiled on the fair young girls, and helped the patient mothers with their stumbling Venetian speech, so difficult for their Northern mouths. And anon some stately red-robed senator would issue from his gondola shell and enter the low dwelling to inspect the work that was to adorn the reverend halls of justice and smile benignly upon the group. Ay, it was beautiful, the large-heartedness of that old-time genius that did not fear to brush its skirts against the door-stone of the toiling artisan.

I wonder if, then as now, there were *caffè* on the piazza before the Rialto, this side the Fondaco of the German merchants, and if the weavers took their wives and children there for a *festa* night's treat after so many days spent in the dingy shops of San Salvatore. I can fancy how, on Sunday mornings, after they had said their prayers in the old market church among the dusky canvases of Fra Sebastiano, some great lumbering barge would pause at the nearest riva, and the pale weaver with his wife and children would enter it with their staves and pilgrim wallets, and bid the dark ragged oarsmen push off, and they would thread the canals to the lagoon behind the city, where the Alps tower blue in the morning air, and their homesick hearts would leap with joy, and across the lagoon they would find the flowering meadows of the main-land, with corn fields and lily-grown ditches like those of Flanders, and vines wreathing their luxuriant arms about the mulberry-trees with the added glory of the South, and there, lying close to nature, they would dream themselves far away in the hazy Northern meadows.

When I pass these great pale hangings, with their scenes of battle or state, I think of the household joy and sorrow, the simple life and love, that are wrought into the pomp and ceremony of the arras—the laughter of

young men, the joyous plash of oars, the fair faces of girls, the gleam of the gondola prow, the scent of violets in the street, of white lilies from the churches, the glow of moonlight in narrow rooms.

The very ballads of the sea-city keep pace with the color and feeling of the *arazzi*, like the old *canzoni* that have come down from the quattro-cento, with their *naïve* direct speech, their sudden contrasted harmonies, their brilliant scenes and characters, their false perspective and violent combinations, their atmosphere of dying mediævalism and new Orientalism in its commercial side. Then, with the broader aims of the cinque-cento, the large understanding and profound humanity of its expression with the brush as with the loom, the music and words of the popular songs become deeper in sentiment, richer in metaphor and simile, with the mellow Oriental quality of the great poets of the time assimilated with the life of all conditions—the very flowering of art. Then followed the decay of art, in its exaggeration and corruption, and the spontaneous metaphor of the people's songs degenerated into the pseudo-classicism of the Accademia, and the painters strove to hide their feebleness under a mighty display of color and form, and the tapestries that were woven in Venice in that age reflect their exaggerated anatomy, their dull, inharmonious coloring, killed by its own ambition.

The Venetian *arazzi* of the last century have a charm of their own, like the flavor of dead-ripe fruit, or the breath of dried flowers. The traditions of Arcadia had crept into them, and the weavers mingled the models set for them with their ancestral memories of their Northern origin—fair meadows, with lambs disporting themselves, tended by amorous shepherds and their shepherdesses, destined as backgrounds for beribboned dames in powder and patches and gallants in wigs and rouge, to listen to the sounds of the spinet and the romanzi of cruel goddesses and fainting swains, to overhear stealthy whispers at the card tables and near toilet tables, where the fine ladies sit of mornings while their perfumed white-handed confessors recite to them the merry conceits of Goldoni. It is the *rococo*, the *baroque* of life, false, artificial, yet in its very falsity infolding the germ of human experience.

In this time of the Venetian decline there came up from Rome a cunning weaver of *arazzi*, one Antonio Dini, who begged of the state a subsidy, in order to set up his looms. In return he bound himself to take six lads as apprentices, and, as one by one they should perfect themselves in their art, supply their places with others chosen from among the Venetian people. With him came his daughters, skilled like himself in the art of weaving, who had given up their lives to the pursuit of their calling, and to whom—for he was close on sixty—the father looked to carry out the plans he had formed of a school of tapestry-workers. Later a petition was offered to the senate for the establishment of a school of design. That a special school of design should have been needed reveals the width of the chasm that had opened between art and decoration.

It pleases me to dwell upon the thought of the old weaver with the enthusiasm of his art that shines conspicuous in a century in which every earnest feeling was a jest; and his daughters, young and fair, bending over their looms, with love dreams in their hearts, sweet ethereal figures, with a thought of powder on their hair, with rosy cheeks and blue-ribboned corsages, like the pastels of Rosalba, the wonder and adoration of the shy, awkward lads whom the senate placed in the school to learn the weaving of *arazzi*. And I would fancy that they resisted many offers of marriage, from the love they felt for their father and his art; and then when he died they took upon themselves to perpetuate his name in their handiwork. And by degrees the roses faded from their cheeks, and there was no longer need of powder on their hair, and the blue ribbons of their bodices changed to gray or were replaced by modest kerchiefs, and the Venetian mornings had no longer the old sweet impatience, but a quiet joy took its place, and the lads they trained would go out into the world and found schools of their own, or marry and settle near, and on Sundays would bring their families to greet the honorable *sorelle* Dini, or pray them to a dinner and a row on the canal. And so they made for themselves a loving place in the hearts of the toiling Venetians and the regards of the patrons whose walls were adorned with the work of their looms. I can picture them in their old age, white-haired, in close black robes and hoods, moving among the bright-colored Venetian life of the poor like beneficent spirits, marking out for the people the path of industry linked with art—strange figures, worthier of the simple faith and earnest love of the Middle Age than of the gay frivolity and idleness of decaying Venice.

So they lie scattered about the sea-city, the dear old *arazzi* of Venice, their colors faded, their shapes blotted out, mocked at by the careless passer-by, treasured by the lover of antiques, understood aright only by those who feel in every worn thread, in every blurred mysterious form, the touch of long-dead hands, the thrill that shot through the soul of the old weaver as he sat at his loom, centuries ago, in the fine ecstasy of the Venetian morning.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is no more painful and startling fact in the annals of the year that lately ended than the great number of betrayals of trust by men of unsuspected character. This kind of epidemic is not unknown in history, but it is always interesting to trace its causes, and these were suggested in a few words by the Governor of New York in his annual Message. He finds the cause in the demoralization resulting from the war, including the trifling with the public faith. Excessive luxury sprang from imaginary wealth, and fraud of every kind naturally followed. These are solemn themes for the Easy Chair, but when such influences affect private morals, they fall within its fair domain. It is useless to seek excuses and extenuations for the crimes in unexpected quarters that have shocked the public sentiment. The way to prevent them is to show possible offenders of this kind that no glozing or theorizing or explanation will avail to conceal the fact of vulgar swindling. The career of James Fisk was an illustration of the condition of the public mind that encourages frauds and dishonesty of every kind. He was a known reprobate, but he was treated with perfect good humor. His sayings and doings were gayly reported. He was, as Cicero described Catiline, a corrupter of youth, but he was treated as a joke. Now if people, under sore stress of temptation to steal, see that the mere reputation of great riches secures a kind of jesting immunity from censure, they will probably steal.

The more intelligent a man is, and the more familiar with pure and refined influences, the greater is his guilt when he yields to the sophistry that ruins him. He at least can measure not only the gross outward consequences of his offense, the unspeakable sorrow and shame of his family, the loss and embarrassment and disaster of his friends and those who have trusted him, but the moral results, the loss of faith in honesty, and the suspicion that almost threatens the best character, the cynicism that sneers at all effort toward cleaner ways of life, and even at all praise of it. This is, perhaps, the worst effect of these frequent frauds among intelligent and respectable persons, that they sharpen a sneer at virtue itself. Scoffers are emboldened to stigmatize all good endeavor as hypocrisy; and to call a man a goody-goody, or to sneer at him as a reformer, too good for this world, and so pure that even the heavenly pavement would smirch his garments, is actually to discredit him in many minds.

A late estimate of Sir Robert Walpole says, shrewdly, in estimating his influence over the men of his time: "He pretended to no elevation of character; there was no sentiment in his politics; but his contemporaries sneered at elevation of character, and were cynically contemptuous of sentiment. Except at those periods of history when the influence of great ideas has raised men for a time above the common level of humanity, as was the case in the Puritan period, moral flatness is a positive recommendation with the great body of practical men." This feeling and tendency are promoted by nothing more than by the crimes and the fall of men of the highest standing. Their fate fosters distrust of the expression of noble ideas as cant, and of heroic endeavor as sentimental folly. The same critic of Walpole says, felicitously, that in his time "an honest man meant one who honestly disclaimed elevation of purpose."

We are familiar in our day with that standard. We all know the man who does not pretend to be any better than other men, who hopes that he is as honest as his fellows, and who is satisfied with something less than the millennium. His sneer is gratifying to the great mass of men who accept the common standards of conduct and the usual practices of those around them, and who do so because stepping up is always more difficult than slipping along. The suggestion of progress is always disagreeable to those who are content to stand still, especially if conscience re-enforces the argument of progress. And such people welcome eagerly a sneer which implies that the advocate of progress is a selfish Mawworm. "Jim Fisk" could have turned the laugh of his comrades on John Milton. But that was of little importance until John Milton should justify the sneer. Then it would become a general calamity. And this is precisely what the respectable criminals of the last year have done. They have discredited character itself, and made the appeal to it feebler.

There is another and a very different improvement to be drawn from these offenses. It is that, even in the wild game that goes on "in the street," honesty is the best policy. Had the men who pledged stock that did not belong to them respected the trust reposed in them, not only their own good name and the welfare of those dear to them would have been secure, but the long list of damaged dealers would not have been written. Upon the whole, the chance is against the possibility of long concealing dishonesty in transactions which are so swiftly changing. This is evident enough, and as exposure and loss are what so many chiefly fear, the events of the year are a signal warning. But in all these cases the tragedy that does not appear is the true tragedy. The crime is not always a deliberate and long-meditated villainy. Yet it has the same consequences, and the sooner apology and sophistry in extenuating it are abandoned, the better for the community. The young man in Fielding's novel who takes to the road was doubtless sore pressed, but why should not he have starved as well as the widow whose bread he might be stealing?

THE famous remark of Rochefoucauld that "in the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us," has a curious illustration in a view that is taken of some of the stories that were told of Prince Albert. Mr. Theodore Martin has just issued the third volume of the *Life* of the Prince, and takes occasion to dispose of the report that he amassed a large fortune, which he left to the Queen at his death. The story had a very marked political effect in regard to the dower of the Princess Louise and to grants for the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Martin says that the Prince spent his whole income, and left no property whatever, and that the tale is pure fiction. His income was not more than sufficient to pay the salaries of his secretaries and attendants, his public subscrip-

tions, and such purchases of works of art as were expected from him. The story is utterly denied and disposed of by Mr. Martin, and reminds the *Spectator* of a similar accusation of parsimony against the Queen. The Queen is very popular, but, upon Rochefoucauld's principle, the English insist upon pleasing themselves with an idea of her faults.

The theory of the *Spectator* is that it is not really believed, but that it pleases, as all romances about the great please. It is doubtless a stimulant to some minds to repeat scandal, not for the purpose of injury, but for the titillation of the nerves produced by dealing freely with names intrinsically respectable. There is a consciousness and even a common understanding that it is not true, but it is none the less repeated with pungent effect. It is also a method of expressing momentary dislike or opposition. A man irritated with his friend exclaims, "Who would have thought that he would do such a thing?" when he does not believe that he did it, and expects to have the trouble wholly cleared up. Party spirit especially is full of this perfunctory indignation and this unbelieved slander. It is not to be supposed that any American credited what the *Aurora* said of Washington, or that Fisher Ames really supposed that Jefferson's party were as bad as the French terrorists; and the *Spectator* says very well: "Every Democrat in America used to read every day that General Grant was a drunkard and a horse-jockey and a plunderer, and worse, but the Democrat who would not dine with General Grant, or who judged him differently on account of all these stories, might be sought in vain. He read in them expressions of an opinion that the general should not be re-elected, and that was all."

There is a great deal of truth in this good-humored statement, and a striking illustration of it was the speech of Colonel Ingersoll delivered in New York soon after the election of last year, in which he acknowledged that he had done his full share of feeding the angry fires of the campaign. The fact is that as a "campaign" proceeds, the audience and the orator demand stronger and stronger stimulants, until at last brandy and cayenne are indispensable. There is perhaps an unconscious and even half-amused conviction all the while that the "other man" is not quite so black as he is painted, and in the high paroxysm of eloquence in which he is prophesying the overthrow of the Constitution and the wreck of liberty which are to follow the defeat of his own side, the orator perhaps recalls with a smile Timothy Pickering's views of Jefferson and his Jacobites, or Jefferson's grave remark that it would not be advisable to resort to arms against the tendencies of John Quincy Adams's administration "until much longer and greater sufferings." This is one of the most ludicrous outbursts of party spirit in our political history, but it meant only that the Federalists must be defeated in the election, "and that was all."

The mood of mind which asserted with satisfaction, without seriously believing, that Prince Albert left a great fortune invested near South Kensington, and that the court, therefore, was always jobbing to bring up rents in that neighborhood, is the same that requires the speaker on the stump "to carry the war into Africa" and "to charge home," and which thinks the political speech that is not stuffed with stinging personalities is very tame and feeble. It is this constant decline of politics into virulent personalities that disgusts a great many honest gentlemen who refuse to participate in any thing so mean and mortifying. The active players who have selfish ends in view make the game as unclean as they can, and then, because honorable persons hold aloof, they denounce them as superfine and un-American. It is a pity that so many good people are deceived by so shallow a trick. For, granting that the combinations of the gamblers may often succeed, the persistence of honest men would result in drawing the line clearly between the honest and the disreputable, and if the principle of a popular system be not entirely erroneous, the better class would lead in the long-run.

One of the most skillful and most bitter pieces of political controversial writing is the reply of John Quincy Adams to the Boston Federalists, which has been published recently by his grandson Henry Adams. The paper, or document, for it is very long, has long been known to exist, but it now sees the light for the first time, and it shows how intense was the feeling of the most intelligent and respectable men. It is a little mortifying to observe our amused wonder at the warmth of these old conflicts—"so hot, my little Sir!"—and then to reflect that our own will amuse our grandchildren in the same way. But such works as the *New England Federalism*, edited by Mr. Adams, and the *Life of George Cabot*, by Mr. Lŏdge, are very valuable contributions to our political annals and to the general history of parties. They are very timely in their appearance, also, for, warm partisans as most American citizens are, we are all conscious just now of a very positive but most natural relaxation of party fury. It is an exceedingly pleasant thing to be able to praise an opponent as heartily as a comrade. It is an amenity beyond military courtesy, because that mainly concerns bravery. To find an opponent not only brave in defense, but defending our own opinions, puts a very sudden end to the fervors of party animosity; and actually to see something of that situation is to catch a glimpse of Beulah.

One delightful result of the publication of small, cheap, and convenient books like the "Harper's Half-hour Series" is the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with some of the finest works of our literature. It has always been a good habit of *Harper's Monthly* occasionally to lead off a number with some of the standard English minor poems, beautifully illustrated, as in the holiday issue of this season, when it published Milton's "Ode on the Nativity." There are thousands of readers who would most highly enjoy such a poem, but who would never think of exploring a volume of Milton to find it. The Magazine brings it to their hands and hearts, and having once tasted the waters, there are again thousands who will seek the fountain. Upon the railroads and for all spare half hours the "Half-hour Series" should be a formidable rival of the newspapers. And those who are accustomed secretly to suppose that the standard authors are really great borès, or, as Thackeray used to say, pompous old big-wigs, will be amazed to find that they are as fresh and capti-

vating as many of the new novels, and more entertaining than most of them.

The series is very catholic, and already makes a various compact and most agreeable pocket library. But it is not a "diamond" edition of works, where delights can be enjoyed only at the cost of sight. On the contrary, the type is legible, and the little pages are very attractive. Among the more recent issues are some of Macaulay's best essays. History is nowhere more fascinating than in his narration, and each of his biographical articles is a masterly historical sketch, as well as a striking and brilliant literary portrait. Macaulay, indeed, does not sit in judicial ermine on the historical bench; he stands with advocate's wig and gown at the historical bar. He takes sides with all his heart, and tears Archbishop Laud to pieces with as much gusto as he crowns the Prince of Orange with affectionate respect. His essays of this kind are pocket portraits, and so felicitous is his touch that a volume has been gathered of his incidental or very brief mention of famous persons.

There is no English writer who uses historical "properties" with so much skill as Macaulay. The honorary titles of officers, the names of official places full of association, allusions to familiar, characteristic, and picturesque customs, all play a most important part in his page, and increase the richness and the effectiveness of its rhetoric. One of the most striking illustrations of this art is the description of the trial of Warren Hastings, in which the adroit marshalling of every detail which a less cunning literary artificer would have omitted composes a thoroughly characteristic English picture. This is the opening of the famous passage:

"The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers, the streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King at Arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way—George Eliott (Lord Heathfield), recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain."

As a piece of rhetorical description the entire passage is most interesting. The scene, indeed, is undoubtedly much finer upon the page of Macaulay than it was in fact, except to some illuminating eye of imagination. The greatest man and of the most masterly imagination in the pageant was Edmund Burke, to whom the British government, with all its methods and appliances, was little less than divinely inspired. But even upon him the full poetic and historic significance of the scene was wanting, from his individual sense of responsibility. The passage is also very characteristic of Macaulay's literary style, which was essentially rhetorical and not imaginative, while Burke's is full not of picturesque and suggestive details, but of those purple gleams of imagination which make it imperial. It is not difficult to see how a passage like this from the Warren Hastings essay is built up. It is a skillful aggregation of carefully observed details, and the structure is that of a thoroughly trained workman. But Macaulay's imagination was not creative. "I am in despair," said an accomplished critic, speaking of some of Emerson's verse: "I can see how all the others do it, but I can not see how he does it." A comparison of the poetic and the rhetorical imagination, if we may call it so, may be found in this description of Macaulay's with Carlyle's description of the procession of the notables in his *French Revolution*, or Burke's lament over Marie Antoinette in his *Reflections*.

But to the general reader Macaulay's charm is very much greater than Burke's or Carlyle's. His knowledge is so ample and affluent, his style is so clear and antithetic, his perception of the picturesque so true, and the spell of his narration so fascinating, that it must be long before he will be superseded by other historical painters. The heartiness and vigor with which he throws himself into his opinions, the easy range of his thoughts, and his pictorial sense, are peculiarly agreeable to the British taste. There will be thousands who will first make his acquaintance in these pretty forms of the "Half-hour Series." Each essay fills a single volume, and a single volume fills scarcely more than a watch pocket. But never were more interesting knowledge and captivating instruction packed into a smaller practicable space than in that pocketful of pleasure.

The Easy Chair read lately in a morning paper a long and detailed account of a marriage in high life, with descriptions of the beauty of the bride and the richness of her toilet, and of the eloquent remarks at the wedding breakfast by the most distinguished statesmen. It was published in all the papers. It was circulated throughout the country. It was read and commented upon in millions of homes. And it was all a lie. Perhaps the Easy Chair is mistaken in saying that it was the account of a wedding. But it was certainly a detailed and circumstantial narrative of incidents that had occurred. They were told to the injury of certain persons, and they were elaborately untrue. It is gratifying to the public to read gossip. Correspondents of newspapers know this, and write gossip. Editors of newspapers know this, and print gossip. But however people may like gossip, they prefer actual news; and when they find that what is sold to them for news is merely fictitious gossip, they will naturally buy news elsewhere. An editor, therefore, may wisely consider that while it is his business to print the news, and while he can not always stop long to verify it, there are some statements which, however elaborately made, and with whatever seeming authority, need no verification, and may be summarily dismissed as rubbish.

If any enterprising reporter had telegraphed during the war that there were very extraordinary stories afloat of intercepted correspondence between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis covering propositions for withdrawing from Washington and turning over the government to the Richmond cabinet, no editor need have published it "with reserve," because no editor ought to have published it at all. Yet every few days there are things

of various importance, as essentially improbable, gravely put forth, and with equal gravity denied and recalled the next day. Important assertions are now not so much printed as read "with reserve." There was a time when things were assumed to be true because they were in print. But now every important anonymous allegation in print gives a wise man pause. If it does not, if he jumps up from his paper and proceeds to regulate his conversation by what he has read, he will soon find himself in a fictitious world.

A manual for newspaper reading might be prepared which would advise the reader like the warnings to skaters against thin ice and air-holes, and to tramps against dogs and spring-guns. The eager reader might be exhorted not to suppose that a man of the most proved integrity had suddenly taken to telling lies merely because the newspaper said so; and that notorious swindlers were not suddenly honest because it was so reported in double leads in the fifth edition. It might also be safely assumed that when it was expressly stated by special telegram that General Sherman wanted to reduce the army to two regiments, and that Senator Bayard had declared for copper dollars, there was some misunderstanding. Occasionally the falsifications are so ingeniously elaborate that the persons concerned are obliged to expose them. But the exposure stands side by side with other misstatements, and it is now undoubtedly the fact that many readers of the daily news "reserve all rights" of believing what they read, especially if the subject is one of importance. This is a wise plan, for it is exceedingly disagreeable to wax warm and eloquent and even vituperative over a story which next day turns out to be entirely unfounded.

Character should always protect a man against mere anonymous allegation. It should protect, also, against plausible inferences. It should stand against every thing but conclusive evidence. This is the value of a good name, that it is a shield against emergencies and the stealthy blows of assassins. Public men, and especially efficient men in executive official positions, always have enemies, because they are always discovering and punishing wrong-doing. There are a thousand ingenious ways in which this hostility can express itself in print without the least clew to the malice that inspires the expression. It was this knowledge that explains the curt and crisp reply of a statesman to an eager young man who told him with astonishment a report that he had just read of an eminent person, and asked him if he believed it. "My young friend, I don't believe much that I read in the newspapers," was the reply.

Yet if a public man is known to make such a remark, or to speak slightingly of "the press," it is sure to have its revenges. Indeed, the tone in which it retorts upon its critics is often the justification of the criticism. The power of the press, of course, is largely that of incessant reverberation. It is not always—and we trust the editorial brethren will observe the saving qualification—it is not *always* the ability, or force, or truth of what is said, but the opportunity of saying it and incessantly reiterating it, *urbi et orbi*, that constitutes the real power of the press. The thing said may be uttered by a very prejudiced, ill-informed, or malicious person, whose private word would have no weight whatever; but when it is spoken with all the mystery of anonymous publicity, it becomes very imposing. Even a lie posted on all the curb-stones and dead-walls has inevitably a certain importance, and may produce infinite mischief. But a huge placard announcing from every fence that Peter Cooper had been caught in the act of picking the pocket of Bishop Potter would be no more worthy of serious attention than many a statement solemnly printed in the newspapers.

Of course no brother of the craft, as necessarily the Easy Chair is, holds that it is the duty of an editor to publish nothing that he has not personally verified. The Easy Chair is not accusing editors; he is only reminding the ingenuous reader that editors may often be deceived, and that consequently, without fault of editors, much that is untrue is published in newspapers, and that it is a wholesome habit to believe nothing ill of men of good repute merely because it appears amid much that is undoubtedly true. The best way of meeting an injurious story is not to wonder whether it be true, but to denounce it as false, and throw the burden of responsibility of proof upon the affirmant. And, once for all, the long and detailed accounts of the private transactions and even feelings of conspicuous men, "written up" for a sensation from odds and ends of gossip, and shrugs and innuendoes, and suspicions and inventions, may be safely shot for rubbish.

A MAN who was very little known while he lived, but who, since his death, is constantly more famous, and whose name is very sure to survive among those of the most original Americans, is Henry Thoreau. He lived and died in Concord, Massachusetts, seldom leaving home, and never for long absences. Thirty years ago he was well known to every body in the town, but few probably thought that the eccentric and independent man would, with the Revolutionary battle, and the genius of Emerson and Hawthorne, shed lustre upon the quiet village. To many of his old neighbors he was simply a queer and incomprehensible character, full of odd whimseys, going cheerfully to jail rather than pay taxes, and living alone in a hut by a pond near the village. To many others, men of education and literary taste, who had known him at college, and who knew his writings, he was merely an extravagant imitator of Emerson, copying his tone of thought, his style, and even his personal manner and expression. This class was more impatient of him than his neighbors, and was secretly inclined to think of him, in plain speech, only as a lazy humbug.

Yet, in fact, Thoreau was one of the group of remarkable men that appeared in New England during the last generation, all of whom were by no means the children of transcendentalism, but whose combined names largely compose the chief glory of our literature. Thoreau graduated forty years ago at Harvard, without special distinction, and then engaged in making lead-pencils with his father. But his chief interest and occupation were the observation of nature and literary study, and in 1842, we think it was, he published in the *Dial* a paper on the natural history of Massachusetts, in the form of a review of a recent official report upon the subject, which showed as close and exquisite an eye as that of White of Selborne, with a sturdy thought and humor and originality beyond that of the good English curate. That pa-

per alone showed that Thoreau was strictly himself and not an imitator, and throughout, although whenever he spoke of public affairs it was in a tone of sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of New England, it was also in a perfectly independent, courageous, and individual manner.

Thoreau has been already the subject of many articles, and even books, the latest of which is "a study," by Mr. H. A. Page, an Englishman, but it is not easy to give a proper account of him. His figure, as we said, was familiar in the village. He was a man of the ordinary height, always very plainly dressed, but without any oddity of costume. His habitual gait was rapid; and whether or not his known fondness for Indians affected the observer, his movement seemed not unlike that of an Indian. His features were large, the nose very prominent, and his complexion fair. He was not shy, and was always ready to talk; but he was serious, although wholly without melancholy, and had no small-talk or twaddle. The personal impression that he made was that of entire composure and self-possession, with a frosty grave cheerfulness, earnest, without affectation of devotion—a man with a serene perpetual consciousness of the richness and beauty of life and nature. He seemed to need no relaxation of mind or body, sat upright in his chair, and although with entire appreciation of humor, he made no jokes. It was the impression of this inflexibility, a rigidity without intention, which was inevitably but unconsciously a rebuke of frivolity, this constant but natural tension at concert-pitch, which made Hawthorne half impatiently call him "that cast-iron man." He was not indignant with conventional forms, he was merely unconscious of any force in them; yet he never offended good-breeding. He evidently thought that civilization had so loaded life with artificial embarrassments that its freshness and vigor and enjoyment were lost, and the simplicity of the Indian and the easy satisfaction of his few wants seemed to him to offer to the educated man the opportunity of the real knowledge and pleasure that elaborate civilization made impracticable.

Yet there was not a touch of cynicism in his nature. He could not be disappointed or imbittered. Swift would have been as strange to him as Rochester. The disembarrassment or the attempted disembarrassment of his life from the usages of society was instinctive. He made no fuss about it. He did not self-consciously and ostentatiously protest. To pay taxes was to support an unnecessary and cumbrous machinery, which, among other absurd and unjust things, undertook to return innocent persons to slavery. To get money to contribute to this unworthy purpose, time and labor must be spent that might be devoted to some useful end, to the acquisition of knowledge, to peaceful contemplation, and he therefore declined to do any thing so ridiculous. The officers naturally enforced the law, and he went cheerfully to jail, and staid there until a neighbor procured his release. If he had been asked how society could hold together if nobody should pay taxes, he would certainly have answered that he did not know, and still less did he know that it was desirable society should hold together for the purpose of doing injustice. But there would be no heat, no personal feeling of any kind, in the discussion, and he would unquestionably have mounted the scaffold with the same composure and good humor that he went to jail.

Thoreau's true life was in the observation and the suggestion of nature, and of these his books are the record. His distinction among observers is that while he had the eye of the naturalist, he had the mind of the poet. He had a healthy and refreshing delight in every detail of the spectacle of nature, and no less an exquisite perception of its infinite symbolism and correspondence. His eye and his mind are simultaneously busy. There is no such comprehensive observation as his recorded in literature, united with a style so racy, so incisive, and so pictorial. His individuality was so supreme, his attention to his own business was so perfect, and his account of it so complete and satisfactory, that a late writer in the *World* describes him as before all an artist, and laughs at Mr. Page for finding him to be a reformer or a modern St. Francis of Assisi, and wonders at Mr. Emerson for wishing that he should have been other than he was. And, indeed, we do not see how Thoreau could have been spared from his work any more than Hawthorne from his. His books are as unique in literature as Hawthorne's, and they are all robust and hearty and healthy. There is no touch of sentimentality. His genius was sweet and clear, and Thoreau was a noble and characteristic product of modern America. He was only forty-four years old when he died, just at the beginning of the war in 1861.

Editor's Literary Record.

GENERAL LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA'S *Cyprus: its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples* (Harper and Brothers), possesses a right to a hearing which few books possess. The island itself is a marvellous volume of history. Mount Olympus has looked down upon a panorama of successive civilizations passing at its base in procession to their tombs—Phœnician, Syrian, Grecian, Egyptian, mediæval. Famous in ancient times for its mines and precious stones, famous in modern times for its archæological remains, its treasures have ever been under-ground. It is doubtful whether any spot of equal size is as rich in monumental remains. In three years General Cesnola had opened and examined 10,000 tombs, and exhumed their art treasures. In one search of eleven days he brought to light 228 sculptures. The vast majority of his treasures were vases, lamps, personal ornaments, and other small articles. But among them were some notable alike for size, beauty, and antiquity. A colossal statue of Hercules, nearly nine feet in height, and almost perfect, rewarded his toil at Larnaca. A perfect statue of Assyrian sculpture, life size and "without a scratch"—the head was, indeed, broken from the body, but it was easily

re-united—was exhumed at the same place. His excavations at the famous temple of Venus at Paphos produced less objects of virtu that could be removed, but they enabled him to furnish an accurate ground-plan and a partial description of the edifice. His "find" at Kurium scarcely suffers either in actual importance or in dramatic interest by comparison with the famous discovery of the "Priam treasure" by Schliemann at Hissarlik. For ten years he continued his researches. The map which accompanies the volume, and which designates the lines of his travel and explorations, indicates a thorough exploration of the whole island superficially; the narrative itself indicates the thoroughness with which that exploration was pursued in selected localities. Of course every obstacle that Turkish stupidity could devise was thrown in the way of the successful prosecution of his work. The ground must first be purchased at an extravagant price. The stupid indifference of the workmen must be changed into interest by personal influence. No inducement could lead them to use either an iron spade or a wheelbarrow, and no price could make them think of carrying on the work upon their ecclesiastical holidays. They must be constantly watched, lest a careless blow of the pick break the statue they were exhuming. In some instances it was necessary to bring water from a considerable distance in jars, and soften the earth and clay by constant and careful application, in order to disinter the statue with safety. In the case of the Assyrian statue above mentioned, General Cesnola labored for days with his own hands, with knife, sponge, water, and a piece of soft wood. The suspicion of gold aroused the Turk from his lethargy; his eager cupidity was at once excited. When its presence was suspected in the under-ground chambers at Kurium, General Cesnola ordered off the gang to other work, and conducted the investigation in person, with one or two careful and trusty assistants. Whenever a notable find rewarded his labors, the stolid indifference of the Turk was changed into a jealous fear lest this foreigner should make a profit out of the treasures of their own island. Then the mob must be awed by vigorous measures, the local authorities must be frightened by a healthy fear of interfering with a United States consul, and the superior authorities must be beaten at their own game by a more dextrous diplomacy than any they were masters of. When the objects had been safely exhumed, it was still a task, if they were of any considerable size, to transport them to a place of safe-keeping. For this purpose they must be carted over uneven ground, ploughed fields, and, in one instance at least, a precipitous hill, where the feat was accomplished in safety only by taking the wheels off the carts and making them serve as drags. When at last the objects of months of research were safely housed and were about to be shipped, a new obstacle was interposed: General Cesnola was gravely informed that though he had a firman to dig, he had none to carry away; and but for a device as shrewd as it was simple it is doubtful whether this obstacle could have been overcome. Thus the whole story of exploration is one of romance; to the non-scholastic reader the incidents attending the work are not the least interesting part of his narrative. The actual number of articles brought away he does not state. We doubt whether he has preserved an accurate census of them. But his volume contains over 150 illustrations of objects of interest, some of them exceedingly striking and interesting. As an art book alone the volume will serve very well in lieu of a visit to the "Cesnola collection" in New York for those who can not pay it a personal visit, while it will afford, also, a view of some especially valuable articles not in that collection. General Cesnola is a modest and unassuming story-teller; there is no trace of egotism or vanity in his narrative; he is agreeably unconscious of the greatness of his work, though not of the importance of its results; and he differs radically from Dr. Schliemann, whom in literary merits he greatly excels, in not losing his balance, not substituting imagination for discovery, or romance for fact, and not seeking to establish an archæological hypothesis. His book is not an argument; it is simply the artless and transparent narrative of a remarkable experience of exploration. Of its archæological value we do not, therefore, undertake to speak. He propounds no theories to be criticised; he simply states what he has found, gives from photographs likenesses of many of the most significant of his objects, and leaves the archæologists to discuss their meaning, their history, and their value.

Whatever may be thought of Dr. SCHLIEMANN'S Homeric theories, the scholastic world undoubtedly owes him a debt of gratitude for his investigations. In point of romantic interest his *Ancient Mycenæ* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is inferior to Di Cesnola's *Cyprus*, which it by no means equals in literary qualities. But it possesses a peculiar fascination, due partly to the author's enthusiasm and partly to the field of his explorations. German criticism has taken away from us the most romantic historical episodes, and exiled them to the land of myths. Dr. Schliemann enters this Hades of history, drags out some of its unsubstantial shadows, and re-embodies them as historical realities. Nothing more mythical can be well conceived than the assassination of Agamemnon. It belongs to the distinctively mythical age; it is reported in three or four widely different forms by different authorities; the Homeric account purports to be derived from the shade of Agamemnon himself, who tells his story to Ulysses on the visit of the latter to Hades. This Homeric account, based on a ghost story, Dr. Schliemann undertakes to verify by his explorations. These, the most ancient ruins of Greece, except Tiryns, have long been regarded as affording genuine relics of the heroic age. The city was situated at the northeastern extremity of the plain of Argos, and about twenty miles in a straight line southwest of Corinth. According to the ancient legends, it was the residence of Agamemnon, the place of his assassination, and the site of his burial. Pausanias, who visited Mycenæ in the second century A.D., states that his sepulchre, with those of his companions, existed here. The subterranean buildings, whose existence has been known, but which have never been thoroughly explored, have been long believed by modern scholars to be family vaults of ancient heroes. Firmly believing in the Trojan war, and in the historic truthfulness of the traditions which Homer has embodied in his verse, Dr. Schliemann has followed up his explorations in Hissarlik (ancient Troy) with similar explorations in the ruins

of Mycenæ. He has uncovered five sepulchres, unearthed $25,000 worth of material, and discovered fifteen bodies. The remains of one of these were in a sufficiently good state of preservation to bear, after proper preparation, exhuming and transporting. This body, with which was found a massive golden breastplate and several elaborately ornamented bronze swords, Mr. Gladstone, in his preface, is evidently inclined to identify, hypothetically, with Agamemnon himself. The identification, as may be imagined, is very slight, and not likely to be satisfactory, except to one enthusiastically desirous to be convinced. But the circumstantial evidence which tends to confirm Dr. Schliemann's opinion that these are the sepulchres of Agamemnon and his companions, or at least that they belonged to the age of which Homer sung, is very considerable. It would certainly not be sufficient to establish a claim to real estate in a suit at law, but it may be sufficient to establish the historic truthfulness of the essential features in the Homeric legends. Certainly the objects discovered throw no little light on the life which Homer described. The two intaglios representing Hercules's combat with the Nemean lion, and the warriors' duel—possibly the combat between Hector and Achilles; the gold box, with its well-fitting lid, corresponding accurately to the one which Arêtê filled with presents for Ulysses; the silver-wrought, golden-horned, cow-headed deity, seemingly representing Hera, the patron goddess of Mycenæ; the signet rings, with their intaglios of the chase and of the combat; the double-handled golden goblet, which we meet so often in the Homeric feasts; the tripod, described both in the Odyssey and in the Iliad—these are a few among the objects which serve, if not to identify the subterranean sepulchres of Mycenæ with the burial-place of Agamemnon, at least to give new significance to Homer's picture of the heroic age, and to prove that, whether its incidents are historically true or not, its pictures are photographic. Mr. Gladstone's hypothetical account of the sepulture of Agamemnon is both ingenious and plausible. His citation of Shakspeare's Brutus effectually disposes of the objection that the assassins would have allowed no honorable burial to the bodies of their victims; and while his historic imagination can not be accepted as a demonstration of identity, it at least proves that the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann are not inconsistent with his hypotheses. It is only necessary to add that the book is magnificently gotten up both in an art and in a typographical point of view. Its illustrations represent between five hundred and six hundred objects of antiquity discovered in the course of the author's explorations.

The second volume of the "Boston Monday Lectures," *Transcendentalism*, by Joseph Cook (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is more satisfactory than its predecessor, *Biology*. The title is, indeed, imperfect, if not misleading, but as transcendentalism may mean almost any thing outside the realm of physical philosophy, the misnomer need not be severely criticised. It was hardly worth while to revive the popular demand for the philosophical works of Theodore Parker for the sake of answering them. But Mr. Cook seems to require an antagonist in order to arouse his enthusiasm, and he is not to be condemned because nature has made him a critic. He sometimes fails to grasp the real issues. His poetic lecture on the Trinity may serve as a beautiful illustration, but certainly not as an interpretation, nor an argument; and his eloquent lecture on the "Final Permanence of Moral Character," while a solemn exposition of a terrible truth, hardly touches the real question which apparently he aimed to discuss, namely, the eternity of sin and suffering. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the book is instructive and inspiring. With the themes discussed Mr. Cook is more familiar than with biology, and in the discussion accuracy of statement is perhaps both less necessary and less possible. In this field there is also better opportunity for the free play of his marvellous and sometimes lawless imagination. The thoughtful reader may sometimes refuse to follow Mr. Cook to his conclusions, and he may frequently be uncontented to stop with the conclusions which Mr. Cook furnishes him, but he certainly can not read the book without being incited to think for himself; and in the realm of metaphysics, not he is the most valuable teacher who furnishes conclusions "ready-made," but he who impels the pupil to a personal study of the mysterious problems of life and being.

The United States as a Nation (J. R. Osgood and Co.) comprises six lectures on the centennial of American independence, given abroad by J. P. Thompson, D.D., LL.D. In these lectures he discusses the grounds and motives of the American Revolution; the doctrines of American independence; the nature and origin of the Constitution; the significance of its history, its developments, and its trials; and finally the perils which now environ it, the duties which are laid upon its citizens, and the hopes which may well inspire them for the future. Dr. Thompson's character, position, and life studies peculiarly fit him for such a work. While in this country, though never a politician, he was both a student and a teacher of the higher branches of political science, that is, those which trench upon moral science. Standing now for several years dissociated from all party politics, separated by three thousand miles of ocean from local controversies, looking upon the strife but not partaking in it, and accustomed by the habits of a lifetime to consider political questions by their relations to moral progress rather than their bearing on political parties, he has the opportunity to take a broader and more impartial view of the present and the future than he could have done had he remained at home, and he has thoroughly availed himself of his advantages in this respect. His book is at once American and impartial, and is pervaded by a strong faith in democratic institutions.

Peter Harvey's *Reminiscences of Daniel Webster* (Little, Brown, and Co.) gives a pleasanter view of the great statesman than any that is obtained by that knowledge of his political life to which the reading public has generally been limited. A chronological order is observed, but not very rigorously, in the author's illustrations of the various traits and characteristics of Mr. Webster as a student, a lawyer, a statesman, and a personal friend. The book is, as its title indicates, mainly anecdotal, and nearly all the anecdotes are now for the first time given to the public. Some of these only illustrate phases of Mr. Webster's character which his political career had exhibited—his tenacious memory, his remarkable grasp of principles, his moral and physical courage, and his marvellous personal power over men;

but others illustrate traits which the outer world has not attributed to him—an appreciative enjoyment and occasional use of humor, warmth of personal affection, self-denying friendship, and a devout Christian faith. The chapter on his "Religious Thoughts and Feelings" will be almost a new revelation to the mass of readers. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Harvey's personal admiration led him to see only the best side of Mr. Webster's character, and probably true that personal affection led him to record only the best of what he did see. Mr. Harvey's portrait is substantially true to the life, and his book is as instructive as it is entertaining. It contains two steel-engraved portraits of Mr. Webster, and illustrations of the farm-house at Marshfield, the library there, and the statue erected to his memory in Central Park, New York.

Samuel Johnson follows his first volume on "Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religions," *India*, with a second volume of the same series, *China* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). His work in this, as in the preceding volume, is admirable both for breadth and thoroughness of scholarship. He treats not merely the religions of China, but the whole national character; the elements which enter into and constitute the peculiarities of the Chinese people; the influences now at work in their organic life—their education, government, literature, etc., and finally their religious teachers and their religious faiths. The defects of such a book partly grow out of the author's design, but yet more out of his circumstances. He who writes of the religion of a foreign people, and depends for his knowledge of it, as Mr. Johnson has done, upon its literature, is always liable to mistake the ideal for the actual. A liberal-minded Chinaman, whose object was to convince the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire that Christianity possesses some great merits for European nations, and who, with that object in view, should attempt to give them an account of its philosophy and precepts, drawn from the writings of eminent Catholic divines, from the days of Augustine to those of Fénelon, would hardly present to them an impartial and photographic account of the religious life of Europe in the Middle Ages. Mr. Johnson has given an admirable review of the China of literature, but he does not portray the China of actual life. The animus and the genesis are apparent—the animus a catholicity commendable yet deluding, and the genesis a study of books about China, not a study of China itself.

Rossiter Johnson, who has proved his skill and taste as an editor of English collections of literature by his admirable "Little Classics," has added to his editorial reputation by his unique little volume of *Single Famous Poems* (Henry Holt and Co.). The title describes the book—poems, short poems, that have become famous, of all schools and of all moods of feeling, from grave to gay, from jesting to sublime. They are arranged in chronological order; two or three pages of notes in an appendix give some historical information. The volume would have been much more valuable if this appendix had been fuller. Of course a large proportion of the poems are familiar, and are to be found scattered through other collections; but others of them have once been famous, are so no longer, and will be almost or altogether new acquaintances to many readers.—Edmund Clarence Stedman is so well known to the American public that it is enough to say of his *Recent Poems* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) that they are published, and that they show, only in larger measure than their predecessors, that delicacy of feeling, purity of sentiment, and grace of expression which, without either remarkable strength or remarkable imagination, have made Mr. Stedman a deserved favorite among a large host of readers.—Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt's *Poems in Company with Children* (D. Lothrop and Co.) are not easily characterized in a sentence. They are not poems for children, though the quaintness of some of them will attract to them some juvenile readers, who will enjoy without comprehending them; they are not about children, though children figure largely in them; they are written in sympathy with child life, will touch the hearts in which the children's room is the largest and most sacred of the soul, will broaden and deepen sympathy for children, and will do this despite the fact that some of them are so subtle as to be not only incomprehensible to the reader, but to awaken a suspicion that the author did not quite comprehend what she meant herself.—Louise Chandler Moulton possesses the secret word at which the hearts of the people open. Her fugitive pieces are of the kind that find the way into many scrapbooks. Her *Poems* (Roberts Brothers) will find a warm welcome in many homes. The under-tone of gloom, the gentle pathos, give them a charm—for in every life there are sorrows that are comforted by merely being interpreted—and the religious hopefulness of the author puts, generally if-not always, a silver lining on the cloud.—*Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and other Poems*, by Charles F. Adams (Lee and Shepard), are genuinely humorous. The humor is of kin to true pathos, and the poem which gives its name to the book can not be read—certainly it can not be listened to if read by a good reader of dialect—without dew in the eyes and smiles on the lips. As a punster Mr. Adams rivals, but also, alas! he imitates, Hood. His best poems are his genuine originals, such as "Leedle Yawcob" and "The Widow Malone's Pig." The illustrations are decidedly characteristic and effective.

Thoreau, his Life and Aims, by H. A. Page (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is rather a eulogy than a biography. The author compares the object of his admiration with St. Francis of Assisi, and he really does seem to make out that there is possible such sympathy between man and the brute creation, illustrated by Thoreau's experience, that there may be some basis of fact underlying the legends of the power of the saint over the birds, the beasts, and the fishes. There was little in the life of Thoreau to relate; the aim of our author appears to be to bring his readers into sympathy with nature by bringing them into sympathy with her lover and interpreter. The book is a small one, easily carried in the pocket, and a capital companion for a ramble in the woods and the fields.—We heartily agree with Harriet W. Preston in the opening sentence of the preface to her translation of the *Biography of Alfred de Musset* (Roberts Brothers): "The memoir of Alfred de Musset by his devoted brother Paul is in many respects a model of what a biography ought not to be;.....it is any thing but a sober and truthful piece of portraiture." Entertaining this book certainly is, and instructive to one who reads it

with all his moral powers on the alert to guard against the insensible evil in such a story of such a life, but we can not recommend it to the young or the incautious. It is little to the purpose to say that such an eager plea does not deceive; it may not deceive one familiar, as is the translator, with other and more judicial estimates of Musset's life and character, but there are few readers who possess either the knowledge or the critical acumen necessary to enable them to correct the subtle errors of so fascinating but false a piece of portrait painting. "An ardent and tearful defense, a eulogy, a threnody, a picturesque and highly idealized sketch" of a life in which health was wrecked and exquisite talent paralyzed by waywardness, weakness, and dissipation, is not the sort of book to be commended to American readers, who are quite too apt to condone the vices of genius.

The third part of Dr. J. M. Carnochan's *Contributions to Operative Surgery and Surgical Pathology* (Harper and Brothers) gives an account of his well-known operations for the removal of the entire lower jaw—an amputation which derives special interest from the proof which it affords that the patient may not only make a safe recovery after its careful performance at one sitting, but also retain the power of comfortable deglutition, as in the earlier case here recorded, by breaking up the food between the palatal vault and the tongue. Dr. Carnochan's claim of priority in the performance of this important operation will revive a discussion not yet forgotten by our professional readers. This much, however, is clear—that Dr. Carnochan performed the operation successfully as early as July, 1851, while each previous case in which the whole of the lower jaw had been removed (by Heyfelder, Syme, and Signoroni) had either required more than one sitting, or had resulted fatally. There seems, therefore, no reason to doubt that Dr. Carnochan must take the credit of having first performed this operation at one time and with success. Of the operation as performed at two sittings, the last in 1864, his account as here given has less of controversial, but quite as much of scientific, interest. The remaining pages of this part are occupied by a discussion of shock, collapse, and the primary treatment of surgical injuries; in which Dr. Carnochan resumes our present knowledge of this subject, illustrating it from his own large experience, and throwing light, too, upon the still unsuperseded distinctions of Bichat, who, at the age of twenty-nine, first clearly discriminated the triple processes of death by the head, by the heart, and by the lungs. Dr. Carnochan's work thus neglects neither practice nor theory as it progresses. The present part contains two full-page illustrations from nature, and the page and paper are of unusual beauty.

The name of Harriette Bowra, which we take to be a *nom de plume*, is a new one to us; if *A Young Wife's Story* (Harper and Brothers) is really a first novel, a new authoress is added to the list of true and noble romance-writers. It is in many respects a more than ordinary novel; small in size, brief in the time which the story covers, but containing much of life and the beauty of truth in a little compass. The descriptions are wrought out in detail, yet are not at all tedious. The heroine marries in the fourth chapter; the rest of the book is occupied in giving an account of the first year of her married life. By her fidelity to duty under trying circumstances she wins the love of an unloving husband and the allegiance of step-children who have been studiously prejudiced against her. The closing sentence of the novel—"Trust in God, and do right"—gives the moral, and the first clause of the sentence is in the story quite as emphatic as the last clause.—*Hand to Mouth*, by Amanda Douglass (Lee and Shepard), intimates the purpose of the author in its title. Yet the mere reader of the title would perhaps misapprehend the purport of the story, which favors the policy of living from hand to mouth. If this statement is hardly fair to the authoress, it is because in her title she is scarcely fair to herself. Let us say, then, that her object is to promote the policy of enjoyment of possessions rather than mere acquisition. Her book is a half-truth; it would be very useful to those who will not read it, but somewhat dangerous to those who read and think it admirable.—*Lettice Eden*, by Emily Sarah Holt (Robert Carter and Brothers), is a story of the last days of Henry VIII., told in the quaint old English of that period. Many of the characters are historical, but we should hardly characterize it as a historical novel. It is a religious story of a very deep spiritual tone, and is true to the inner life of the Protestantism of that early age. The author has evidently made a study of the period which she undertakes to describe, and seems to write of it with fidelity to truth in even the minutest details.—The last story of Mrs. Prentiss hardly equals in interest either *Stepping Heavenward* or *The Home at Greylock*. *Pemaquid* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is a story of New England life written wholly in the form of letters and journals—a form of story-telling accompanied with almost insuperable difficulties. Of course it is a deeply religious story: Mrs. Prentiss never writes any other. Her object is to portray the radical and beneficial change which is wrought in character by the power of the Christian religion. —*A Jewel of a Girl* (Harper and Brothers) is a story of Irish life, in which Irish character is exceedingly well drawn, and evidently from life, not from conventional models. The old postmistress; Patrick, the serving man; Catherine Colbert, the decayed gentlewoman; James Wild, the typical Irishman, with passions of both love and hate quite ungovernable—are all admirable specimens of character sketching. The story is ingenious in structure; but the act of the heroine in persuading her lover to marry a rival in order to soothe her dying hours is an incident so unreal as not to be justified even by its novelty.—F. W. Robinson has never written any thing stronger than *Poor Zeph!* one of "Harper's Half-hour Series." The whole story is very briefly told; it is, indeed, but a sketch, but it is a very skillful one. The great evil of a little thing, and the danger of mere good intentions when not wisely directed, are the morals, and they are exceedingly well brought out. One can not help wishing that the tale might have ended less pathetically, but to have given it a different end would have been to spoil both moral and story.—*My Lady's Money*, another of the "Half-hour Series," is one of Wilkie Collins's characteristic stories, only we see the end from the beginning, and this even skillful novel-readers are not often able to do in reading his novels.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—In November three asteroids were discovered, which were given in this column with wrong numbers. The correct list for 1877 is, we believe, as below:

No. 170,	discovered	January 10,	by Perrotin.
" 171,	"	January 13,	" Borelly.
" 172,	"	February 5,	" Borelly.
" 173,	"	August 2,	" Borelly.
" 174,	"	September 3,	" Watson.
" 175,	"	October 1,	" Watson.
" 176,	"	October 14,	" Peters.
" 177,	"	November 5,	" Henry.
" 178,	"	November 6,	" Palisa.
" 179,	"	November 11,	" Watson.
" 180,	"	December 29,	" Palisa.

Mr. Stockwell, of Cleveland, in studying the orbit of the asteroid *Gerda*, which has been observed in 1872, 1873, 1874, 1876, and 1877, finds that the *ensemble* of the observations leads to corrections to the elements which are quite inadmissible. The omission of the observations of 1873 leads to elements which almost perfectly represent the observations of 1872, 1876, and 1877, but leave residuals of 27′ (α) and 9′ (δ) for 1873. Using the 1873 observations alone, elements are obtained which satisfy them within less than 1″ in both co-ordinates. The two sets of elements are closely alike in four elements, but the major axes make an angle of 5° or more. It is probable, according to Mr. Stockwell, that the planet of 1873 was not *Gerda*.

The French government intends sending an expedition to the United States to observe the next transit of Mercury, May 6, 1878.

It is stated in *Nature* that the circulation of the English Nautical Almanac is 20,000 copies annually, exclusive of those for the Royal Navy.

Professor Holden, of Washington, has published in *Silliman's Journal* a paper on the proper motion of the nebula M, 20, in which he comes to the conclusion that the evidence as recorded with regard to this nebula indicates marked changes of position and brilliancy during the period 1784–1877.

Observations of the spectra of a sun spot and of the planet Mars have been made at Greenwich.

The last number of the *Monthly Notices* contains notices of new inequalities in the motion of the earth, Mars, and the moon, discovered by Neison.

Several important notes on optical glass have been published recently by Dr. J. Hopkinson, of Chance and Co., England, which are summarized below:

Titano-silicic glass prisms have been examined by Professor Stokes and Dr. Hopkinson, and the hopes that had been entertained of the utility of this glass in the correction of the secondary spectrum were not fulfilled. The phosphatic glass of Harcourt, while a success in this respect, is too soft for use in optical glass, and the new glass, in which a portion of the phosphorus was replaced by titanium, would have been suitable in this respect. The question is, then, as far from a practical solution as ever.

Experiments on the electro-static capacity of glass did not bear out Maxwell's conclusion as to the relation between the refractive index for long waves, the electro-static capacity, and the magnetic permeability.

The paper on the refractive indices of glass refers mostly to glasses which are articles of commerce, and hence is of immediate value—specimens of hard crown, soft crown, titano-silicic crown, extra light flint, light flint and dense flint, extra dense flint, and double extra dense flint. An expression for the irrationality of dispersion of each of these glasses compared with a standard is obtained and tabulated. This table shows how little there is to choose between the glasses ordinarily used.

M. Flammarion has presented to the French Academy a paper on the distances of the stars, in which he combats the opinion that the brightness of a star is any test of its distance. He cites the many faint binary systems with rapid motions which we know, the fact that the large proper motions belong usually to the fainter stars, etc., as proofs of his view, and expresses his belief that the stars generally are situated in masses of faint and bright stars together, independent of the distance. This Herschel admitted, while maintaining that *on the whole* the faint stars were further away; and this position has not yet been disproved.

Dr. Carl von Littrow, the director of the Vienna Observatory, died, after a long illness, on the 17th of November, 1877.

Meteorology, etc.—In the annual report of the committee in charge of the London Meteorological Office it is stated that a very thorough examination has been made of the weather of August, 1873, over the Atlantic Ocean, in connection with the question whether the great hurricane of that month passed eastward from Nova Scotia to Great Britain, and the conclusion is reached that this storm must have been dissipated in mid-ocean, contrary to the view expressed by Abbe in his report upon that hurricane.

The opinion that any storm ever crosses the Atlantic from America to Europe has been of late years very coldly received by the London office, but seems to have gained a strong hold upon the mind of the British public, owing especially to the apparent fulfillment of about one-half of the storm predictions published from time to time in the London papers on the authority of the New York *Herald*. During several years the London office was in receipt of daily dispatches from Heart's Content, and in 1869 Leverrier entertained the idea of obtaining a daily synopsis of American weather from the Cincinnati *Weather Bulletin*; but it remained for the *Herald* to awaken in England and France that interest in the subject that has been manifested during the past year, and which is, we believe, likely to lead to an important step in international meteorology. It is, indeed, now evident that European weather predictions can be made much more satisfactorily when the region from which they receive daily weather reports is made to include as much as possible of America and the Atlantic, although no one has thus far satisfactorily explained what becomes of the areas of high and low barometer after they disappear off our Atlantic coast.

The monthly reviews of the German Meteorological Office contain numerous contributions to the subject of the preceding paragraph. A large number of valuable ocean observations are tab-

ulated in the review for July, just published, and among the very numerous storms whose history is given in detail by Dr. Neumayer are some whose connection with American weather is specially noted by him.

The *Monthly Weather Review* of the Signal Office for November contains, among much other interesting information, special notes on the severe storm during which the *Huron* was lost. Considerable space is given to the details of observations of the earthquake shocks of the 4th in New York, New England, and Canada, and of the 15th in Colorado, Dakota, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Missouri, etc.

The *Canadian Monthly Weather Review* comes to us in a new dress, being finely printed, and bearing appearances of having become a permanent and popular publication. Special attention is given to the subject of storm warnings.

The annual report of Powell's survey of the Rocky Mountain region shows the extensive use of the barometer in the hypsometric work of the survey. The base station of this work is at Mount Pleasant, but it is recommended that a special series of hourly observations be conducted for a few years upon some of the Rocky Mountain peaks for the purpose of correcting the barometric formulæ now in use.

For topographic details much use has been made for some years past of the orograph—an instrument devised by Professor A. H. Thompson, and which seems to have been lately re-invented in France.

As a question of climatology nothing can be more interesting than the fluctuations of Great Salt Lake, as these are now brought to light by the labors of Mr. Gilbert. It is to be hoped that he will also investigate some of the other lakes of the Rocky Mountain region, in order to eliminate the influences of purely local circumstances. Great Salt Lake was low from 1847 to 1850, was five feet higher in 1855, but again as low as before in 1861 and 1862; from 1868 to 1877 it has averaged about ten feet higher than in 1850. A very ancient beach mark that exists about four feet above that of 1850 shows what was its level at some remote period.

The Science Observer, the organ of the Boston Amateur Scientific Society, contains notes by Henry White calling attention to the importance of observing meteor trains as a means of learning something about the air currents at high altitudes. The importance of such observations is not to be denied, but unless several observers at well-located positions unite in such observations, we fear that but little can be deduced relative to air currents. Were a few persons, located within fifty miles of each other, to systematically observe and compare notes on the motions of cirri, polar bands, and meteor trains, they would soon be in position to materially contribute to meteorology.

The eighth paper on American Meteorology by Professor Loomis is published in the *American Journal of Science* for January. It treats of the origin and development of storms, and represents the gradual growth of the author's views on this subject. In apparent opposition to the opinions of many students of meteorology, who hold that excess of heat or moisture, by causing a diminution in specific gravity of the air, gives rise to an initial barometric depression followed by in-flowing air currents, which latter produce the deeper depression due to centrifugal forces, Professor Loomis seems to say that areas of high barometer are the most important cause of the origin of storms. The diagram illustrating the passage of a storm across the Atlantic seems to completely ignore the fact that the North Atlantic during the winter is the theatre of a permanent whirl and low barometer on a large scale, similar to that which occupies the North Pacific, and due to the same grand causes that produce the polar whirl and depression of the antarctic regions. This is the normal distribution of pressure and wind, and the dynamical theory accounting for it has been abundantly elucidated by Ferrl in his elegant memoirs of 1859 and 1877.

In *Physics*, there has been considerable progress during the month. Wild has communicated to the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences an important metrological paper, in which he describes his new linear comparator, and gives the results of his examination with it of a normal meter made by Hermann and Pfister, of Berne. The new comparator reads to 0.0001 millimeter and to 0.01 of a degree C. The true length of the normal meter was found to be 999.9838 millimeters, with a probable error of ± 0.00026 millimeter. Wild also discusses the desirability of quartz in the form of rock-crystal as a material for standards, especially for linear units, and gives his opinion strongly in its favor. A spherical or cylindrical standard hectogram of this material, or a standard divided decimeter, can now be had of Stein, in Oberstein, for thirty thalers. A simple and excellent method of reading the deflection in balances of great precision, by means of a mirror with its telescope and scale, placed at a distance, is also given.

According to *Nature*, preparations are being made at the Champ de Mars, in Paris, for producing Foucault's pendulum experiment on an extended scale. The weight of the pendulum will be 300 kilograms, and the iron wire which supports it will be sixty-five to seventy meters in length. It will be supported above a grooved pipe moving freely on an axis in its centre. In oscillating the pendulum will displace this pipe, which, like the pendulum itself, will remain fixed in space. Beneath the pendulum a large terrestrial globe twenty-five or thirty meters in diameter will be placed, which, being fixed, will of course follow the motion of the earth. The pipe, on the contrary, supported by a pivot at the extremity of the axis, will carry large indexes, which will appear to be displaced with it.

Puluj, of the University of Vienna, has published the second and concluding portion of his paper on the diffusion of vapors through earthenware cells. His apparatus consisted of a graduated tube of glass, having a porous earthenware cell at top, the upper portion of the apparatus being placed within a bell-jar into which the vapor could be conducted. A soap film placed half-way in the tube indicated the direction of diffusion as well as its amount by the direction and extent of its motion. With this apparatus the vapors of water, chloroform, alcohol, and ether were experimented with. The author concludes from his results that vapors follow the same law of diffusion as that discovered by Graham for gases, *i. e.*, that the times of diffusion are directly and the velocities of diffusion are inversely proportional to the square root of the density of these vapors.

Kayser has redetermined the velocity of sound in air by a modification of the method of Kundt. The dust figures in the glass cylinder were formed by the transverse vibrations of steel rods excited by a violoncello bow. A small cork piston attached to one end of the rod played in the glass cylinder, while a style affixed to the other end of the rod drew its vibrations on a phonautograph cylinder. The vibrations were compared with those of a fork recorded simultaneously. He assigns 332.5 meters as the velocity of sound in free air. The same research enabled him to determine the ratio of the specific heat of air at constant volume to that at constant pressure. The true value Kayser finds to be 1.4106.

Terquem has proposed a new method of projecting the curves of two forks vibrating rectangularly, known as Lissajous figures, which he says renders it possible to produce these figures even by means of the calcium light. Upon one of the forks, placed vertically, is fixed, at the end of one of the prongs, a small square plate of aluminum, in which a minute hole is pierced with a fine needle. Upon a prong of the other fork, which is placed horizontally, with its plane parallel to that of the first, is placed a small lens having a focal length of three or four centimeters. This lens is attached to a screen of aluminum, which is screwed to the one prong, a counterpoise being placed on the other. On strongly illuminating the minute opening, and placing the second fork so that its lens forms a sharp image of this opening on the screen, extremely sharp and well-defined curves are obtained, whose amplitude exceeds that given by mirrors.

Dahlander has communicated to the Swedish Academy of Sciences the results of his observations on the comparative rapidity with which heated solid bodies are cooled by immersion in various liquids. If the cooling power of water be taken as unity, that of alcohol is 0.58; of mercury, 2.07; of a concentrated solution of salt, 1.05; and of a concentrated solution of copper sulphate, 1.03. The rapidity of cooling increases with the increased temperature of the liquid.

Moser has examined the question whether each chemical compound has a spectrum of its own, as characteristic and definite for it as are those of the elements for them. After giving a *résumé* of what had already been done, mainly with emission spectra, he goes on to describe his own experiments made with the absorption spectra of iodine and bromine as elements, and of nitrogen tetroxide as a compound. From the results obtained he justifies the conclusion that compounds have definite spectra, which are measurably independent of mass and temperature.

Jablochkoff has constructed a pyro-battery in which carbon is the substance attacked. Two plates, one of coke, the other of platinum, are placed in fused potassium or sodium nitrate. The electromotive force varies between two and three units, exceeding, therefore, that of the Bunsen or Grove batteries. The coke may be ignited and put into the nitrate, which is finely powdered; or the coke in fragments may be inclosed in a basket of iron wire.

Trouvé has proposed a modification of the speaking telephone by which he hopes to increase the loudness of the tones received. He simply places several diaphragms about a cavity, each diaphragm having its magnet and coil. When one talks into the cavity, each membrane is thrown into vibration, and each generates a separate current, which all unite into one on the line, thus intensifying the sound. Such telephones he proposes to utilize for repeating purposes, since if half of the wires go on and the other half go back, talking to the next station beyond a message just received, must send back to the previous station the message which has just been received from it.

In *Chemistry*, Remsen has suggested a modification of the hydrogen soap-bubble experiment which makes their ignition more certain. A large glass funnel is supported five or six feet vertically above the lecture table by means of wires from the ceiling, the mouth of the funnel being downward. A fish-tail gas-burner is fixed horizontally at the centre of the mouth of this funnel so that when the gas is lighted the broad flame is spread out in a horizontal plane over as much of the space included in the mouth of the funnel as it will cover. The bubbles are set free from the pipe in about the same perpendicular line as that corresponding to the axis of the funnel; they will inevitably come in contact with the flame, and if filled with hydrogen the flame frequently fills the funnel for a moment.

Kämmerer has proposed a very simple and efficient way of showing the direct combustion of nitrogen, as a lecture experiment. A jar of about half a gallon capacity, filled with air, has thrust into it a piece of burning magnesium ribbon from twelve to fifteen inches long. After the combustion of the magnesium is completed, the odor of nitrogen tetroxide is observable, and after the magnesia has subsided, its color may even be discerned. Shaken with potassium iodide solution containing a little acetic acid, the liquid becomes brown from free iodine, and strikes the characteristic deep blue color when a little solution of starch is added.

Fremy and Feil have communicated to the French Academy a paper on the artificial production of corundum, ruby, and different crystallized silicates. In a crucible of refractory clay a mixture of equal weights of alumina and minium is placed and calcined for some hours at a bright red heat. After cooling, two layers are found; the one vitreous, formed chiefly of lead silicate, the other crystalline, often presenting geodes full of beautiful crystals of alumina. To obtain the red color of ruby about two or three per cent. of potassium dichromate is added to the mixture. The lead silicate on the ruby crystals is removed by fused lead oxide or hydrogen fluoride. An aluminum silicate, apparently dysthene, was produced by heating for some time a mixture of equal weights silica and aluminum fluoride, silicon fluoride being evolved.

Cloez has studied the hydrocarbons which are formed during the action of acids upon spiegeleisen, and has found that several of these bodies are identical with those which exist in the ground, and are extracted on a large scale under the name of petroleum. This production of complex carbonized compounds, without any intervention of life, supports the views of certain geologists on the origin of petroleum. The reproduction of a large number of organic species might be realized by commencing with ethylene or methane, hydrocarbons furnished in this way by the action of mineral acids on cast iron.

Livache has examined in the laboratory of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, in Paris, the gaseous products which are contained in the tissue of fruits. He finds that in perfectly healthy fruit the gases contained in its pulp consist entirely of oxygen and nitrogen in the proportion in which they exist in the air. In case this pulp is broken or torn, an oxidation results, and the oxygen is rapidly transformed into carbon dioxide. If the pulp thus mangled be left to itself, a true fermentation sets in, abundance of carbon dioxide is produced and disengaged, the oxygen disappears entirely, leaving the nitrogen unaltered.

Anthropology.—Vol. III. of Major Powell's *Contributions to American Ethnology* is nearly ready for distribution. Part I. is the report of Stephen Powers upon the Indian tribes of California. Part II. will contain contributions by Major Powell, General Crook, General Hazen, and others.

The Rev. A. J. Holt, a missionary among the Comanches, has made the discovery that sentences faithfully transcribed a few years ago are no longer strictly accurate. One of the causes of this change is the fact that whenever a brave dies they never mention his name again. As many of their names are taken from the words for things around them, of course the abandoning of the name involves a total disuse of the word. In commenting upon the common saying that Indians can not converse in the dark, Mr. Holt says that this is only true of the "language of the plains," as it is called, or the common dialect by means of which the various tribes hold converse in hunting, etc.

Mr. Henry R. Howland read before the Buffalo Society of Natural History, March 2, a paper upon some interesting objects discovered in a mound twelve miles north of East St. Louis, Illinois. Among the specimens were copper plates beaten out to resemble tortoise-shells, bobbins, a deer's jaw incased in copper, rods of wood and copper, and stone implements. The copper objects were wrapped in three or four coverings. The first was a coarse matting similar to that on the Davenport copper axes; the second was a finer texture made of animal hair; the third was a thick envelope of animal tissue, perhaps rawhide; the fourth was a thin pellicle resembling a bladder or an intestine.

In the ninth number of *Matériaux* a wood-cut is given of the Trocadero Palace, showing how the different departments of art and anthropology will be exhibited at the Paris Exposition. In the same number are discussions on the treatment of the dead by the Aryans, upon the origin of terramares, on geological chronometers, and upon several important prehistoric stations of Europe.

The last number of *Archivio per l'Antropologia*, etc., contains an elaborate paper, by Manlyazza, upon the researches of Beccari and D'Albertis in New Guinea.

The eleventh volume of the Journal of the Victoria Institute has just been issued, and contains several important papers bearing upon the relation of recent investigations in anthropology to revealed religion.

In the *Geographical Magazine*, No. 8, is a brief account of the researches of Don Francisco P. Moreno in Patagonia. In addition to valuable collections in natural history, Mr. Moreno has been very successful in collecting ancient skulls and remains of aboriginal industry, which cast considerable light upon the early people of the peninsula.

The first six numbers of *Mittheilungen der Anth. Ges. in Wien* have come to hand, and, in addition to treatises of purely local interest, contain papers on some expressions in the German language giving evidence of the use of stone implements, and on the perforation of stone implements.

Zoology.—A fourth part of Mr. Archer's valuable *résumé* of recent contributions to our knowledge of fresh-water rhizopods refers to the one-chambered forms, such as the Pelomyxa and Arachnula, which are among the lowest rhizopods allied to Amœba, and are of very peculiar interest.

The metamorphoses of the blister-beetles (Macrobasis and Epicauta) have been discovered by Mr. C. V. Riley, who publishes a full account of them in the Transactions of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences. He has found the larvæ of different ages within the egg pods and devouring the eggs of *Caloptenus spretus*. From such larvæ Riley has reared three species of our common black blister-beetles, so destructive at times to the potato. These beetles, then, pass through three separate larval stages, in the second stage being coarctate and quiescent, taking no food. M. J. Lichtenstein has also, says Riley in his paper, just succeeded in proving that the European Cantharis has a similar "hypermetamorphosis," although its mode of life is unknown. Riley has also discovered and figured a singular beetle belonging to an undescribed genus and species, which he calls *Hornia minutipennis*. It is allied to the oil-beetle, meloë, but has remarkably small wings. It lives in the cells of the mason-bee.

While many insects of different orders produce sounds in various ways, it is not commonly known that even the chrysalis of a butterfly (Thecla) "produces a slight, short chirp." Mr. F. G. Schild, of Germany, who discovered this fact, explains the noise by the hypothesis that the sound arises from air being pressed and drawn in through the tracheæ on the abdomen and above behind the eyes. "It appears, however," state the editors of the *Entomologist's Monthly Magazine*, "that more than a century ago (1774) Herr Kleeman discovered a creaking noise proceeding from the chrysalis of a similar butterfly."

The tenacity of life shown by some snails is surprising. Mr. W. W. Calkins has had many helices which have remained alive shut up in boxes for over three years. He also states in the *American Naturalist* for November that some shore snails of the Florida Keys (*Littorina muricata*) lived two months after they were collected, while the *Littorina inorata* survived a change from their ordinary habitat to the collecting box of four months.

Among the many interesting discoveries made during the present summer by the United States Fish Commission is the discovery of a new species of *Macrurus* (*M. bairdii*, Goode and Bean). It was trawled in 160 fathoms, forty-four miles east of Cape Ann. Another interesting form described by Messrs. Goode and Bean in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* is a new species of *Lycodes* (*L. verrilli*), trawled in ninety fathoms, near Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Professor O. C. Marsh has described in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for December the bones of a gigantic reptile, which was probably thirty feet long, and moved mainly by swimming. It forms the type of a new order

called *Stegosauria*, and had affinities with the Dinosaurs, Plesiosaurs, and more remotely with the Chelonians. It was found by Professor A. Lakes and Engineer H. C. Beckwith, of the United States navy, in Colorado, in beds corresponding to the Wealden of Europe, and which may be classed as upper Jurassic, and was associated with the gigantic Dinosaur *Atlantosaurus montanus*. Other new dinosaurian reptiles from the same formation are also described by Marsh in the same journal.

A very interesting memoir on the structure of the Millipora has been received from Mr. Moseley, of the *Challenger* expedition. The Millipora has always been considered a coral, until in 1860 Professor Agassiz discovered that it was really the secretion from the bodies of minute hydroid polyps, in some respects like the common Hydractinia of our coast. This view was generally accepted in America and Germany, but not in England. Now, however, Mr. Moseley, an Oxford student, claims, and with a strong array of facts, that Agassiz's position was the correct one.

Some remarkable observations of Schmankewitsch on the influence of external surroundings on the organization of animals have recently been published in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift*. This refers to changes in Artemia and Branchipus, two allied genera of Crustacea. In a former article, published in 1875 in the Russian language, he discussed the differences between the fresh and salt water forms of Cyclops and allied forms, Daphnia and Artemia and Branchipus, and showed that several species are produced by difference in the density of the water and absence or presence of salt, with results of unusual interest and pertinence to discussions on the origin of species and genera.

Botany.—During the past month a number of important publications on botanical subjects have appeared. One of the most noteworthy is a paper by Stahl on the development of lichens. This forms the second part of a work noticed in this journal a few months since. In the first part the organs of fructification in lichens were considered. In the present paper Stahl treats of the signification of the hymeneal gonidia, and the paper has a direct and important bearing on the so-called Schwendener theory, that lichens are in reality fungi belonging to the order Ascomycetes, which are parasitic upon some of the lower forms of algæ. The species whose development has been especially studied by Stahl are *Endocarpon pusillum*, Hedw., *Thelidium minutulum*, Koerber, and *Polyblastia rugulosa*, Massal. Stahl considers that the hymeneal gonidia are derived from the thalline gonidia, and that their peculiar appearance is owing only to their place of growth. When the spores are discharged a number of hymeneal gonidia are also discharged with them. Stahl cultivated the spores of the species abovenamed, and was able to watch their development and the effect produced by the growth of the hyphæ upon the free gonidia. In *Endocarpon* and *Thelidium* he was able to follow the whole course of the development from the germination of the spores until the ripening of new spores. The most important result of Stahl's work was the following. He took the spores of *Thelidium minutulum* and the gonidia of *Endocarpon pusillum*, and found that the former grew as well upon the gonidia of the latter as upon its own gonidia, and he was able to produce new asci and spores of *Thelidium* when growing upon the foreign gonidia. This is the first successful attempt at reproducing a perfect lichen by sowing the spores, and strengthens in a forcible manner the theory of Schwendener.

In the Transactions of the Linnæan Society is a paper by Archer on the development of *Ballia callitricha;* and in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy are two papers of interest, by Professor E. Perceval Wright, on a new species of Chlorochytrium, and on a parasite of species of Ectocarpus. In the *Botanische Zeitung* is an article by Kamieuski on Utriculariæ, and by Dr. Ludwig on cleistogamy in *Collomia grandiflora*, Dougl.—a North American plant. In the Transactions of the Academy of St. Louis are three papers by Dr. George Engelmann. The first is a continuation of his valuable paper on the oaks of the United States. The second is a paper on the American junipers, of which nine species are enumerated. Dr. Engelmann calls attention to the local distribution of the species, and figures the edges of the leaves, which, he thinks, afford a means of distinguishing the species where others may fail. The third paper is on the flowering of *Agave shawii*, which is illustrated by a plate. Dr. Engelmann calls attention to the abundant secretion from the nectariferous lower part of the perigonial tube. During the several days in which the flowers were open the whole tube was filled to the brim with a sweetish watery fluid of a slightly nauseous odor.

Engineering and Mechanics.—That the problematical scheme for flooding the Sahara has not been altogether abandoned is evinced by the fact that Captain Donald Mackenzie, its projector and advocate, lately read a paper on the subject before the Chamber of Commerce and the Philosophical Society of Bradford, England. In this paper he re-affirmed his belief in the practicability and the advantages to be derived from the submergence of the basin of El Juf—a vast hollow in the desert, having a total area of not less than 80,000 square miles—which is depressed about 200 feet below sea-level, and which was formerly connected with the Atlantic Ocean by a channel that in process of time has become filled up with sand.

The secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association has just published a review of the iron trade of the United States for 1877, in which he estimates that the demand for our iron and steel products was greater than in 1876—an advantage, however, that was offset by the very material decrease in prices. He estimates the increase in consumption to have affected all branches of the iron trade, except, perhaps, iron rails, and to have included all steel products. The amount of the increase it is impossible to state until complete returns for the year have been received. He ventures the opinion, however, that the production of pig-iron during 1877 will be found to be about ten per cent. greater than the product of 1876, and that it will approximate if it does not exceed that of 1875. The production of Bessemer steel, he believes, has held its own, and will be found to have been at least as great as the product of 1876 (which was 525,996 tons of ingots and 412,461 tons of rails). Our exports and imports of iron and steel (and manufactures thereof) will correspond very closely to the figures of 1876.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of January.—Congress re-assembled, after the holiday recess, January 10. Senator Edmunds submitted a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting the States from making appropriations for sectarian purposes. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The House, on the 11th, by a vote of 111 to 107, adopted Mr. Wood's resolution authorizing unlimited investigations by the several Congressional committees.

The Senate, on the 16th, by a vote of 19 to 31, refused to refer to the Judiciary Committee the Matthews resolution in favor of paying the United States bonds in silver.

The New Hampshire Republican Convention, at Concord, January 9, renominated Governor B. F. Prescott, and passed resolutions sustaining the President, and denouncing the attempts to prevent the execution of the Resumption Act and in whole or in part to repudiate the public debt.

The New Hampshire Democratic Convention, at Concord, on the 16th, nominated Frank A. M'Kean for Governor.

George H. Pendleton has been elected United States Senator from Ohio, and General John S. Williams United States Senator from Kentucky.

The fall of Plevna appears to have been the decisive event of the Eastern war. Since the capture of that stronghold the Turkish power of resistance seems to have been broken. Sophia was captured by the Russians January 3, after a slight skirmish; and on the 9th General Radetzky captured the Turkish army in the Shipka Pass, including 4 pashas, 280 officers, 25,000 men, and 81 guns. The Russian loss in killed and wounded was 5464 men. Suleiman Pasha's army in its retreat from Kamarli occupied a perilous position. According to the latest advices, the pasha, after incredible sufferings on the part of his army, succeeded in bringing off 30,000 men. Since the fall of Plevna the Servians have been very zealous and successful in co-operating with the Russians. Nissa was surrendered to them on the 11th, with 8000 men and 90 cannon.

In the mean time efforts have been made to secure an armistice between the contending powers. England first conveyed overtures from the Porte to the Czar. The Russian reply was that if the Turks desired an armistice, they must apply directly to the commander-in-chief. On the 9th, the Turkish commander-in-chief notified the Russian commander at Lovatz that he was empowered to arrange for an armistice. The reply was that an armistice must be based upon conditions of peace. Server Pasha and Namyk Pasha, who were appointed envoys to negotiate an armistice, left Constantinople on the 15th, and on the 18th met the Grand Duke Nicholas at Tirnova-Semenli. The latter announced that he would negotiate only at Adrianople, which should be evacuated. To this the Turkish envoys assented. The Russians entered Adrianople on the 20th.

The British Parliament met January 17. The most important passage in the Queen's speech touching the Eastern war was as follows: "Hitherto, so far as the war has proceeded, neither of the belligerents has infringed the conditions on which my neutrality is founded, and I willingly believe both parties are desirous to respect them so far as it may be in their power. So long as these conditions are not infringed, my attitude will continue the same; but I can not conceal from myself that, should hostilities be unfortunately prolonged, some unexpected occurrence may render it incumbent on me to adopt measures of precaution. Such measures could not be effectually taken without adequate preparation, and I trust to the liberality of my Parliament to supply the means which may be required for that purpose." In the course of the debate on the address, in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Salisbury closed with these words: "If you will not trust the government, provide yourselves a government you will trust. If you trust the government, provide it with the proper means of carrying out your confidence."

The French Minister of the Interior, M. Marcère, has ordered the prefects to re-instate all municipal councils dismissed since May 16. M. Dufaure, President of the Council, has ordered proceedings to be begun in regard to electoral offenses. The triennial municipal elections were held throughout France on January 6. In Paris seventy-three Councillors out of eighty are Republicans, four Conservatives, and three second ballots are necessary. Previously there were ten Conservatives. In the provincial towns the Republicans were generally successful. On the 10th, M. Grévy was re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Duke d'Audiffret Pasquier was re-elected President of the Senate.

King Victor Emanuel of Italy died January 9, and was buried in the Pantheon at Rome on the 17th. His son, Prince Humbert, succeeds him.

King Alfonso of Spain, on the 23d of January, was married to his cousin the Princess Mercedes, third daughter of the Duke of Montpensier.

DISASTERS.

January 2.—At Negaunee, on Lake Superior, a nitro-glycerine explosion. Seven men killed.

January 15.—At Tariffville, Connecticut, an overcrowded excursion train returning from a Moody and Sankey meeting at Hartford fell through a trestle bridge into the Farmington River. Sixteen lives lost.

OBITUARY.

December 24.—At Cold Spring, New York, Robert P. Parrott, inventor of the Parrott gun, aged seventy-four years.

January 16.—In Springfield, Massachusetts, Samuel Bowles, editor of the Springfield *Republican*, and one of the foremost journalists of America, aged fifty-two years.

January 5.—In Florence, Italy, General Alfonso de la Marmora, the distinguished soldier, aged seventy-three years.

January 8.—In France, François Vincent Raspail, the well-known French Republican and member of the Chamber of Deputies, aged eighty-four years.—In Paris, France, the Comte de Palikao, French general and Senator, in his eighty-second year.

Editor's Drawer.

CHARLES SUMNER is said by his biographer, Mr. Edward L. Pierce, to have been entirely devoid of humor, yet in Mr. Pierce's very interesting work we find this delicious little incident: "We have heard a story—*se non vero, ben trovato*—that he was in his younger days taken dangerously sick, so suddenly that he could not be carried home, and lay in great agony on a couch in his office. The friend who was with him thought it his duty to intimate to him the danger of his condition, and asked him if he wished to do any thing by way of preparation. 'I am prepared to die,' whispered Sumner, in a voice weak from suffering; '*I have read through Calvin's Institutes in the original.*'"

SENATOR OGLESBY, of Illinois, now and then does his little verse. When visiting Galva, in that State, a Mrs. Meade, a charming lady, asked him for his autograph, and taking his pen he quickly wrote:

Those who come to America
Should be naturalized;
Those who come to Galva
Must be Galva-nized.

This is my first attempt at poetry.
Yours, etc., R. J. OGLESBY.

Senator Oglesby, by-the-way, is said to be one of the best *raconteurs* in Congress.

DURING a recent gathering of clergymen in Boston, one of them, who had recently lost his wife, was asked at a dinner table by a guest unaware of the fact, "Doctor, did you bring your wife with you?"

"Oh no," answered the doctor, unwilling to embarrass his questioner with explanations—"oh no; she has gone *in quite another direction.*"

When this reply was afterward repeated to a New Yorker he remarked, with somewhat caustic humor, "The doctor was a little rough *on Boston.*"

WE are indebted to a Philadelphia friend—presumably a Quaker—for the following:

Years ago a worthy old Friend excited the anxiety of his intimates by the regard he evinced for certain potables. Although not intemperate, he seemed to enjoy a stiff glass of grog. On one occasion he and several others of the society were on their way to the quarterly meeting, at P—— C—— Mills. The men were on horseback, the women in carriages. When within sight of the church steeple at the town of H——, our friend Thomas said to his travelling companion, "Jonathan, the day is warm; I think I will ride on a little ahead and rest me until thee comes up." As he cantered off the friends shook their heads. In half an hour they arrived at the tavern, and found Thomas sitting on a bench on the piazza, his hat lying by his side, and something in a tumbler in his hand. Jonathan took a seat by his side and asked, "What is that thee hast?"

"Jonathan," he replied, "taste it; it will refresh thee."

Jonathan yielded and took a sip. "I do not wonder," said he, musingly, "that people get ensnared by this thing, for it tastes well."

"Why," replied Thomas, "if thee thinks it is so good now, what would thee have thought if thee had tasted it before I drank it down *twice* and filled it up with water?"

The response of Jonathan has not come down to us.

COULD any thing be more deftly done than the following, written in November last in the album of a lady who has the felicity of having for her husband one of the brightest writers of poetry and prose in the country—a man of the very *prima faciest* class. Its author is a writer of "leaders" on one of the leading New York journals:

In calm and trustful confidence the missionary sat,
While the energetic sexton was a-passing round the hat.
The services were over, and now had come the pause
To give an opportunity to help along the cause;
But vainly went the sexton teetering up and down the aisle—
In all that congregation no one recognized the tile.
The missionary's hat returned as empty as it went:
He'd been preaching to an audience that wouldn't pay a cent.
O'er the parson's face there flitted a disappointed look
As from the solemn sexton his empty hat he took;
Then smiling on the audience, he returned it to the rack,
With the words, "I'm very thankful that I've got my beaver back."

I'm satisfied that when this book comes back into your hands,
With this very feeble answer to your moderate demands,
You'll compare me with the missionary's crowd that didn't pay,
And perhaps discuss the matter with your husband, Colonel ——y;
You'll doubtless say, as o'er this page you give an anxious look,
"At least he has done better than return an empty book."
Then I think I hear the Colonel this doggerel rehearse,
And say, "Like Silas Wegg, my dear, he's done a little werse."

IN a city in New Jersey, among the interested spectators at a wedding were a group of young ladies and gentlemen, former school-mates of the charming bride. At the conclusion of the ceremony one of them remarked, "That is *the last of Kittie M——.*" Whereupon W. B——, a handsome undertaker from a sister city, took from his pocket a screw-fastener, and, with mock professional gravity, said, "All who wish to *view the remains* will please now step forward."

RIDING a few days since in a horse-car in a neighboring city, my opposite neighbor was the wife of a minister of the Reformed Church. Presently a huge man entered; as he settled himself in a distant corner, the dominie's wife leaned forward and whispered, "If all flesh is grass, what a hay-stack that man would make!"

A FRIEND living in Philadelphia has a sweet golden-haired little daughter, aged three years, who is devoted to her father, and endeavors, after her baby fashion, to govern her actions by his own. This habit causes much amusement in the family, though the little one seems quite unconscious that she is the cause of it all.

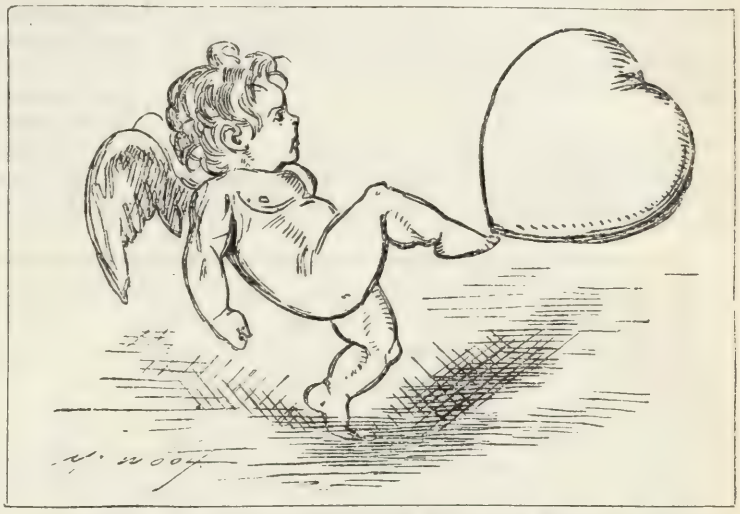
Not long ago the child attended divine service for the first time with her father, and sat quietly and gravely in the pew until the close of the sermon. It chanced to be communion Sunday,

and Mr. ——, being a communicant, went with others toward the chancel, unconscious that his little daughter was following him. As he knelt and bowed his head, the baby of three years beside him also knelt and bowed her sweet face upon her tiny hands. Those who saw the touching sight were affected almost to tears, and nobody attempted to remove the small communicant. Not until my friend rose to return to his seat did he discover the child, who also rose, and, slipping her little hand in his, walked gravely toward the pew. The clergyman, speaking of it afterward, said it was, in his opinion, the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.

This comes from Edmund Yates:

The Bishop of Hereford was examining a school class the other day, and, among other things, asked what an average was. Several boys pleaded ignorance, but at last one replied, "It is what a hen lays on." This answer puzzled the bishop not a little; but the boy persisted in it, stating that he had read it in his little book of facts. He was then told to bring the little book, and, on doing so, he pointed triumphantly to a paragraph commencing, "The domestic hen lays *on an average* fifty eggs each year." Who will say after this that reading does not make a full man?

The anecdote in the December number of the Drawer about Abraham Lincoln recalls to a correspondent at Nashville, Tennessee, an incident of a similar character, of which the late Parson Brownlow was the subject. In the old slavery times a gentleman living near Mr. Brownlow one Christmas morning ordered a sprightly negro boy to load a wagon with wood, take it to Knoxville, and present it to the ugliest man he could find. On arriving the boy discovered, as he thought, his man, and asked his place of residence, saying he had a load of wood for him.



"It's no use trying; this is an Old Bachelor's Heart; can make no impression; it's as tough as Leather."

"Right around the corner," was the answer, at the same time showing the way and the house. The boy threw off two or three sticks, when, looking up, he espied Mr. Brownlow coming along. He stopped operations, looked well at the gentleman close by, then at Mr. Brownlow, and commenced reloading, saying: "Golly! dis wood ain't for you, but for dat man yonder. Old massa tole me to gib it to de ugliest man I could find, and *dar he is!*" Those who have seen Mr. Brownlow will say, "Quite right."

A little girl of eight years, in company of a gentleman, was passing the Episcopal Clergy House at Milwaukee, in which is the office of the



SMELLING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER—A LITTLE ONE FOR A SCENT.

Loving Sister. "Come along, Tiney, and scrouge in by me. You shall have a Smell as well as the rest of 'em, so you shall."

"Diocese of Wisconsin," and the name accordingly, in large letters, is painted on a front window. As they approached the house, she said, "Now you must put your handkerchief to your nose and run." Suiting the action to the word, off she skipped.

"What in the world did you do that for?" the gentleman inquired.

"Why," replied the girl, "they have got the small-pox there; didn't you see the sign up?—*Disease of Wisconsin.*"

Children, as a rule, are not very much impressed with the utility or eloquence of sermons. Now and then, however, a hopeful and practical boy or girl hits the nail on the head, as was the case a few days since at Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, where the following occurred:

Scene.—Sunday morning, an hour before service.

Mother (*to three children*). "Come, children, be getting ready for church."

Boy (*aged seven*). "Well, I'd just like to know what preaching's for, anyway."

Girl (*aged five*). "Why, don't you know? It's to give the singers a rest."

Whether the following was said in class-meeting or not our informant does not state. It comes from Milford, New Hampshire:

In the town of B——, New Hampshire, lived a good, pious, but very simple-minded man named F——, who on a late occasion prayed in a religious meeting as follows in reference to confessing sins: "O Lord, I'll bet five dollars there ain't a man in B——, Manchester, or Merrimac that can make so clean a confession as good old David did." Not taken.

Apropos of the revival of the question of a future state of punishment, which is just now occupying so much of the time and pens of clergymen and editors, the following contribution to the Drawer, from a clever brother editor in New Jersey, seems particularly "pat:"

Some years ago there lived in Hightstown, New Jersey, a young man named Clark Hutchinson, "to the manor born." He was a carriage-builder, and an expert workman, but was also "jack-at-all-trades," always ready to leave his legitimate business and engage in any thing new that turned up. The Universalists had a church in the town, and Hutchinson became a leading man in the society. He was fond of controversy, and on one occasion was expounding the tenets of his faith with much energy to a crowd on a street corner, when "Jim" Norris, a well-to-do blacksmith, who was listening with much interest, broke in with, "Make it strong, Clarky, make it strong, *for there's a good many of us a-dependin' on it.*"

The Universalist pastor of the same town one day was on his way to Good Luck, a town in Ocean County, to preach to the society there. He changed cars at Farmingdale, taking the New



"CAPITAL IS CONSERVATIVE AND TIMID."

Attendant. "Now then, sonny, make up your mind; I can't wait all day."

Jersey Southern line to Tom's River, and thence he was to take a stage to his destination. It was in the winter, and a snow-storm was in progress. When he entered the cars the seats were mostly occupied. He found a vacant one by the side of a clerical-looking gentleman, made the usual inquiry, and was invited to sit down. As he did so, he remarked:

"I always like to get into good company: you are a clergyman, I presume, from your appearance?"

"I am," was the reply; "and for the same reason I take you to be one."

"Yes. Of what denomination are you?"

"I am a Methodist, presiding elder of this district, on my way to a quarterly meeting. To what Church do you belong?"

"I am a Universalist, pastor of the church at Hightstown, on my way to Good Luck to preach to-morrow."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"Yes."

"Have you a pleasant home?"

"Yes, as comfortable a home as any man in town."

"Do you love your wife and children?"

"Love them? Of course I do. No man has pleasanter family relations than I have."

"Then I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Wouldn't leave a comfortable home and a happy family in such a storm as this, and make a long and tedious journey to preach a sermon to people whom I believed were bound to be saved, preaching or no preaching."

The Universalist was fond of a joke. He fully appreciated this witty thrust at himself, and was fond of relating the story.

This brief and touching poem is from an English volume, just published, entitled *Proverbs in Porcelain*, by Austin Dobson:

THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary;
He shall rest for at least to-night."

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed;
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last that he said.

Peter Harvey, in his interesting reminiscences of Webster, tells this:

He was out one day on the marshes near Marshfield, busily shooting birds. It was a hot afternoon in August. The farmers were getting their salt hay on the marshes. He came, in the course of his rambles, to the Green Harbor River, which he wished to cross. He beckoned to one of the men on the opposite bank to take him over in his boat, which lay moored in sight. The man at once left his work, came over, and paddled Mr. Webster across the stream. He declined the payment offered him, but lingered a moment, with Yankee curiosity, to question the stranger. He surmised who Mr. Webster was, and with some hesitation remarked:

"This is Daniel Webster, I believe."

"That is my name," replied the sportsman.

"Well, now," said the farmer, "I am told that you can make from three to five dollars a day pleadin' cases up in Boston."

Mr. Webster replied that he was sometimes so fortunate as to receive that amount for his services.

"Well, now," returned the rustic, "it seems to me, I declare, if I could get as much in the city pleadin' law cases, I would not be a-wadin' over these marshes in hot weather shootin' little birds."

In the columns of that grave Puritanical paper, the Hartford *Courant*, the signs of a new pen crop out occasionally. It appears to be devoted to the improvement of Connecticut morals, which need a good deal of bolstering up, notwithstanding some recent heavy work in Hartford by eminent evangelists. "Probability seems to point out the remote conjecture" that the author, at least the author of that which follows, is Mr. Mark Twain. He thus discourses on

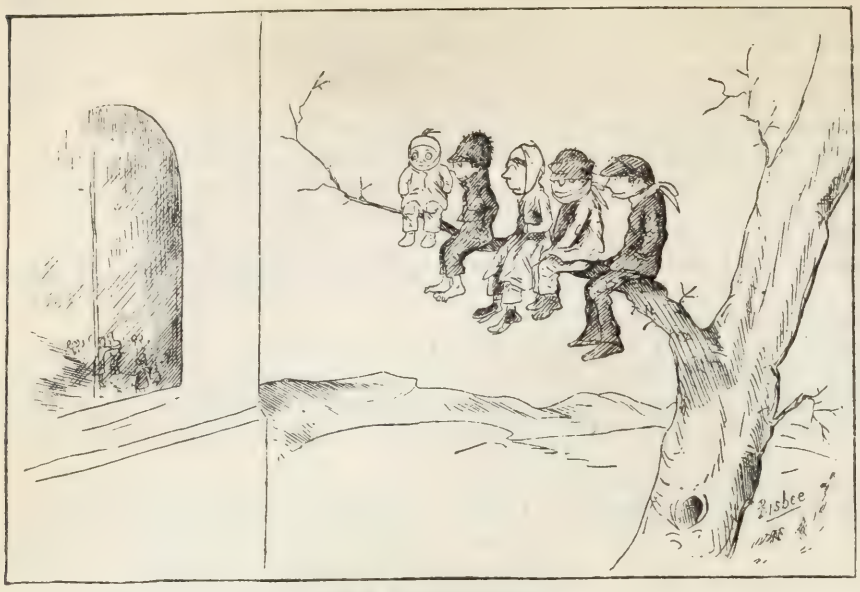
THE MELODEON AS A RELIGIOUS MOTOR.

There is no doubt that the hand organ, badly played, is a means of grace, if its discipline be properly applied. But its influence is very different from that of the cabinet organ, as the full-grown melodeon is now called. This latter is strictly a means of evangelization. It is only manufactured for moral purposes; and if any secular person thinks he can buy one for his lager-beer saloon, let him try it. These organs are sold only to persons who can bring a certificate of good moral character and of church membership.... The melodeon is good for nothing to dance by, except among the Shakers and in those strictly church sociables held in the sociable end of the church. It is not used at all for the German, except in Boston, a place where very little reverence is left. There is something in its pathetic drone that takes the life out of the waltz and dismembers the polka redowa. In the *soirées dansantes* of the metropolis its voice is almost never heard.

There is an impression, current especially in the rural districts, that the melodeon is a hilarious, convivial instrument, calculated to make youth giddy and old age frivolous. This is not so, and the notion can not be too promptly met. The melodeon was built on purpose to promote moral and religious tendencies in the minds of the young, and it is sold only for that use. Any other use of it is an infringement of the patent. It is one of the wildest notions of this slanderous age (one that we presume was started in circulation by the piano judges at the Centennial) that the melodeon is a source of depravity to youth, and that if you shut a young person in a room where the melodeon is persistently played, he will become exhilarated and profane. Nothing is further from the truth. The melodeon never excites any thing except devotional emotions; no other instrument so inspires them, not even the big organ or the harp. We do not go so far as to say that, let us make the melodeons of a people, and we do not care who makes their morals, but we do say that a people brought up on the melodeon will not care much for the accordion or any other sinful instrument like that.

In Brookfield, Linn County, Missouri, a coroner's jury was impanelled to investigate the circumstances connected with the death of a man who was said to have been poisoned. A friend sends to the Drawer the dialogue that occurred between an inquiring juror and the doctor who was on the stand.

Inquiring Juror. "Doctor, will you, as a medical expert and scientific man, state clearly, defi-



THE UNINVITED.

nitely, and unequivocally the disease or cause of death of the deceased?"

Doctor. "Certainly, Sir. It was caused primarily by the molecular tissue, metamorphosis of the vital organs, and pathological blood changes of septic nature."

Inquiring Juror (*sinking back in his chair*). "That is bad!"

The following, received from London by last steamer, is, for an English joke, not bad:

My doctor, a man of considerable standing and ability, has just given me an anecdote of one of his patients, which is not only amusing, but expressive of that particular type of man who, as a rule, does not practice what he preaches:

"A patient of mine, a middle-aged clergyman, was suffering from some slight symptoms of gout. I recommended a glass of hot whiskey and water every day in preference to physics of any kind; but my reverend friend, with upturned eyes, absolutely refused to accept my prescription, saying: 'No, no, doctor; I have all my life preached against alcohol in any form. If that is the only remedy, I must continue to suffer. Besides,' said he, 'if I rang for hot water, my servants would guess its purpose.'

"Said I, 'You shave. Ring the bell for shaving water, mix your glass of medicinal whiskey, and who will be the wiser but yourself?'

"The parson at last submitted; we warmly shook hands and parted. In a few weeks' time, my carriage passing the clergyman's door reminded me of my clerical friend. I touched the bell, and the thin care-worn face of a once robust housekeeper answered me.

"'Well,' said I, 'how's your master?'

"'Stark, starin' mad, Sir. Mad as can be.'

"'Mad! how! what! how mad?'

"'Lor, Sir, mad as can be. Why, he shaves himself about twenty times every day.'"

Our friend General William B. Franklin, president of the Colt's Fire-arms Manufacturing Company, has occasionally given to the Drawer an anecdote that has always hit the bull's-eye. In a recent letter he sends by way of P.S. the following:

A revolver of the smallest calibre (not Colt's) was exhibited one day in Salt Lake City to a trapper by a young man who had just brought it from the East. Instead of being pleased with the dainty little weapon, the noble trapper gave strong indications of disgust.

"How do you like it?" asked the young man.

"Like it! If a fellow ever shot me with that pistol, *and I knew it*, I'd kick him, *sure!*"

Another of the "man and brother:"

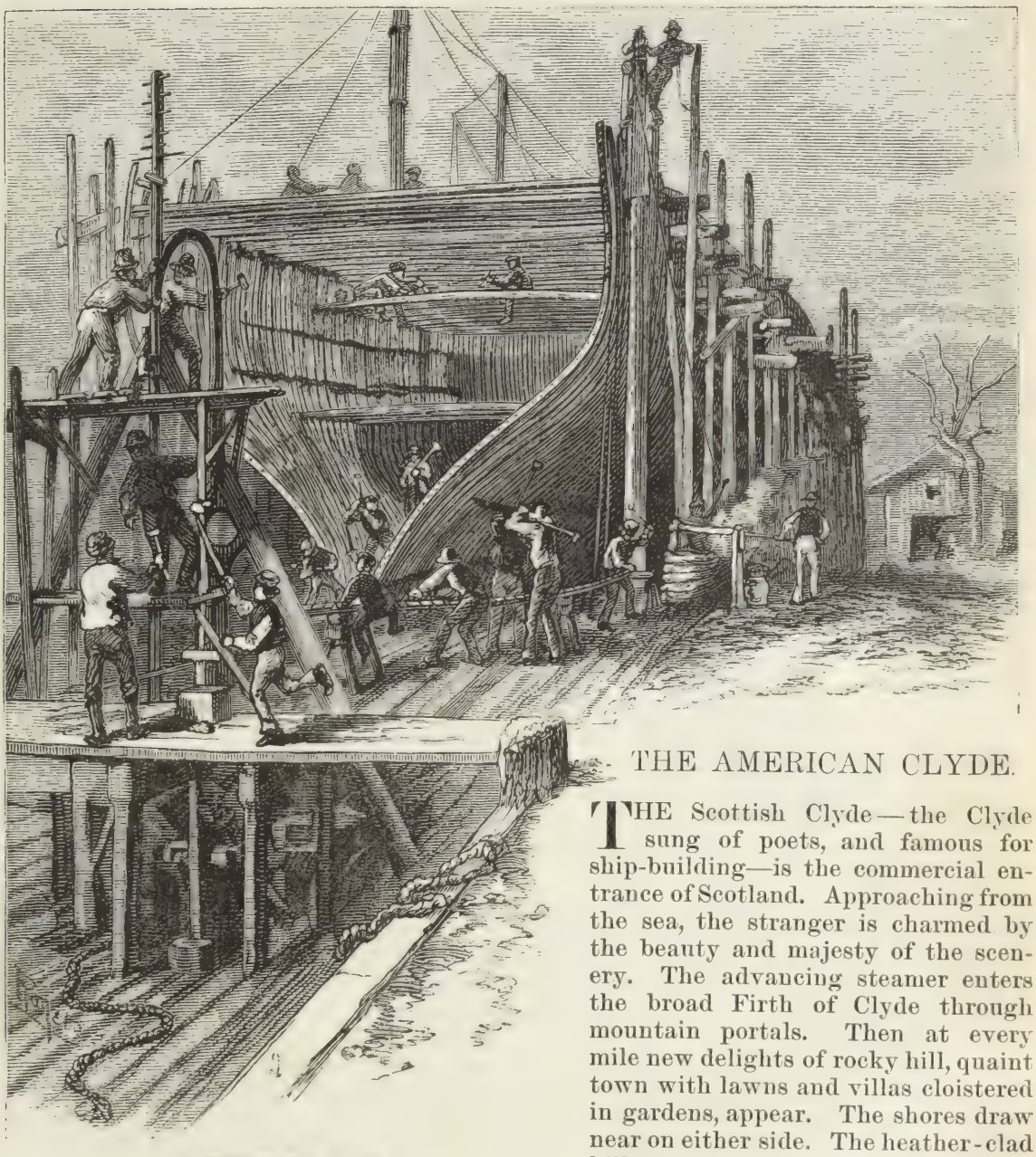
An old negro servant, having noticed "Washington, D. C.," stamped upon an envelope, said, on delivering the letter to the lady of the house, "I jess like to know, miss, why dey allus put 'Washington, D. C.,' on de letter?" The mistress professed ignorance. Whereupon Sambo, after a moment's thinking, said, "I s'pose it means, 'Washington, Daddy of his Country.'"



A SURPRISE PARTY.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXXV.—APRIL, 1878.—Vol. LVI.



A SHIP ON THE WAYS.

THE AMERICAN CLYDE.

THE Scottish Clyde—the Clyde sung of poets, and famous for ship-building—is the commercial entrance of Scotland. Approaching from the sea, the stranger is charmed by the beauty and majesty of the scenery. The advancing steamer enters the broad Firth of Clyde through mountain portals. Then at every mile new delights of rocky hill, quaint town with lawns and villas cloistered in gardens, appear. The shores draw near on either side. The heather-clad hills give place to farms. Here, Wemyss Bay and lovely town; opposite, Inellen; and directly ahead, Loch Long. Then Dunoon and the entrance of Loch Holy. Mountains now seem to bar the way, and at the left the houses gather on the shore, as if to hint the town just hid behind the hill. Over the blue sky gathers the dismal pall of smoke that blights all Scottish manufacturing towns. It seems as if the steamer could go no farther. There is a sudden turn to the left, and she pauses before old Greenock, sitting dull and black in the murky shadow of its own smoke.

This is the Clyde. If the tide is up, it is a lengthening bay stretching off into the country. If the tide runs low, it is a wide expanse of sandy flats, with a narrow chan-

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nel wandering through the middle. To attempt to put the immense steam-ship through this slender waterway seems a trifle absurd. She can not even steer herself in so small a channel, and two dingy little tugs appear, and with one at the bow and the other at the stern, the steam-ship takes her inglorious way up the ill-smelling, inky canal. Then comes Dumbarton and a glimpse of Ben-Lomond. Green fields, with cattle gazing with beautiful eyes at the ship that moves so quietly before them; farms and rural homes draw near on either side. The river becomes a mere canal, with scarcely room for two ships to pass. Huge signs upon the banks warn the ship to "go slow" past doubtful places, and with screw just turning, she slides past, moving in a water lane through meadows. The ancient river, once a slender stream with only water enough to float a barge, has become a ship-canal.

Now in the distance appear strange forms upon the banks. They are neither house, factory, nor castle. As we draw near, the skeletons assume new shapes, and lift bony ribs into the air in unmeaning confusion. Some have taken their black skins, and show their growing shapes. They are ships—iron ships.

The steamer and its smoky guides draw near, and the din of a thousand hammers fills the air with strange *staccato* tappings—quick, sharp notes of iron music. Everywhere ships: some in the stream taking their engines or masts, others loading or discharging, others pushing out into the narrow canal. Every moment the gleam of a furnace flashes from some dusky foundry, and the thick and murky air half conceals rows of dull brick houses behind the ship-yards. The masts grow thicker and more entangled; fussy little tugs, slender, canoe-like pleasure-steamers, sailing and steaming ships of every kind—a vast tangle of vessels in a narrow ditch of ugly water. There is a stone bridge barring the way, and over it swarms a hurrying crowd of teams and people. This is Glasgow.

There is nothing in the European tour more impressive than this entrance to Scotland through her great workshop. Here it is that ships are born. This canal, but twenty miles long, has made Glasgow the second city in Great Britain, and has furnished a building-place for ships that compass the world. The "Clyde-built" ship and steamer, war ship, war vessel, and yacht, invade every port on errands of trade, pleasure, or war. Here is one secret of England's wealth and power. Every people, save the Americans, buy their ships at these black and grimy yards. The very names gilded on the new vessels in the stream suggest every language known to commerce. Here are steamboats for Chinese waters and the Upper Amazon, gun-boats for little nations, and turreted iron-clads for greater governments—iron ships for all the world.

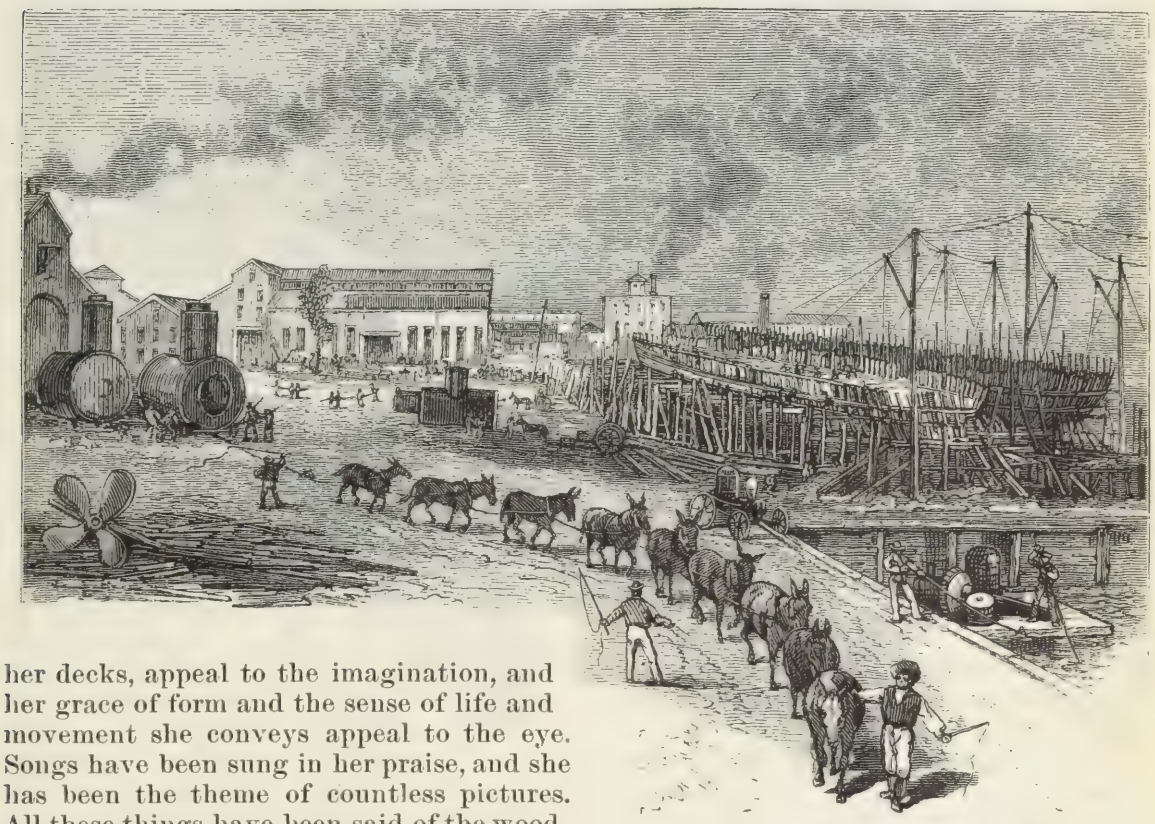
The building of a ship has been the theme of many a song. Both art and literature have made the ship-building on our Atlantic coasts familiar to all the people. But these were wooden ships. Our abundant forests and ready skill with wood-working tools have made American wooden ships famous. Our river steamboats are the wonder and admiration of the foreign traveller; and the Clyde, self-opinionated and conservative as it is, now consents to follow American designs. Even the Rhine boats are advertised as constructed "on American plans." Our yacht beat the world, and revolutionized the art of building pleasure-boats. Our clipper ships were the swiftest, the safest, and the most beautiful that ever ran ocean races. Our first iron-clad became the model for the great navies of to-day. If we have done these things in wood, what have we to show in iron? Have we no Clyde, no birth-place for that latest product of united skill and science, that child of the steam-hammer—the iron ship?

When from the North Atlantic the sailing-master finds adventurous pilots far out at sea, he approaches the Capes of Delaware under their guidance, and seeks a river—a real river. The gray sandy hills of Henlopen and the beaches of Cape May glimmer faint upon the horizon, and the sea and sky seem to meet between. Here is a river worthy the name, a fit portal to a continent. It is like entering some serener sea, with far-off shores on either side. There along the yellow beaches a wealth of summer palaces; upon the other hand, pine woods and farms that seem to fringe the horizon. Ships come and go, or linger behind the breakwater, and the incoming vessel sails on toward the north and west as upon a broad and noble way. The yellow water, thick with sediment, hints the two great rivers yet beyond. Onward by day or night the ship may sail a hundred miles into the land, and still it is like a bay. At every league the smiling landscape grows more interesting. Peach orchards and farms spread wide under the glorious sky and brilliant sunshine. The shores approach; yet it is still a bay-like river, water and sky still meet before and behind. Here the red houses and great factories of Newcastle—a trifle raw, perhaps, but it suggests solid, healthful comfort, and if there are no ruined Dumbartons, there are homes for poor men, and each a castle for homely virtues. Wilmington crowns her hill off to the left, and villas and rural homes begin to line the shores. What are those structures that stand, black or red, upon the bank ahead? Ships—iron ships.

Pretty Chester appears, with ship-yards and foundries. Here, as upon the Clyde,

the sound of busy hammers fills the air with the sharp music of lively industry. We may go on up the river, past shores every where growing more charming, till the vast red bulk of Philadelphia springs up on the horizon, and the voyage finds an end at the union of the Delaware and Schuylkill.

There is something peculiarly poetical and attractive about a ship. Her lonely life upon wide seas, her mysterious movements in response to sail and helm, her precious cargoes, the partings and the meetings upon her decks, appeal to the imagination, and her grace of form and the sense of life and movement she conveys appeal to the eye. Songs have been sung in her praise, and she has been the theme of countless pictures. All these things have been said of the wooden ship. There is nothing poetical about an iron steam-ship. Iron is destructive of all sentiment. The great ribs of the good old ship once grew stately in Southern woodlands; her slender masts were tapering pines from cold New England mountains. What can be said of the iron ship? She can not suggest the beautiful.



THE SHIP-YARD AT CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

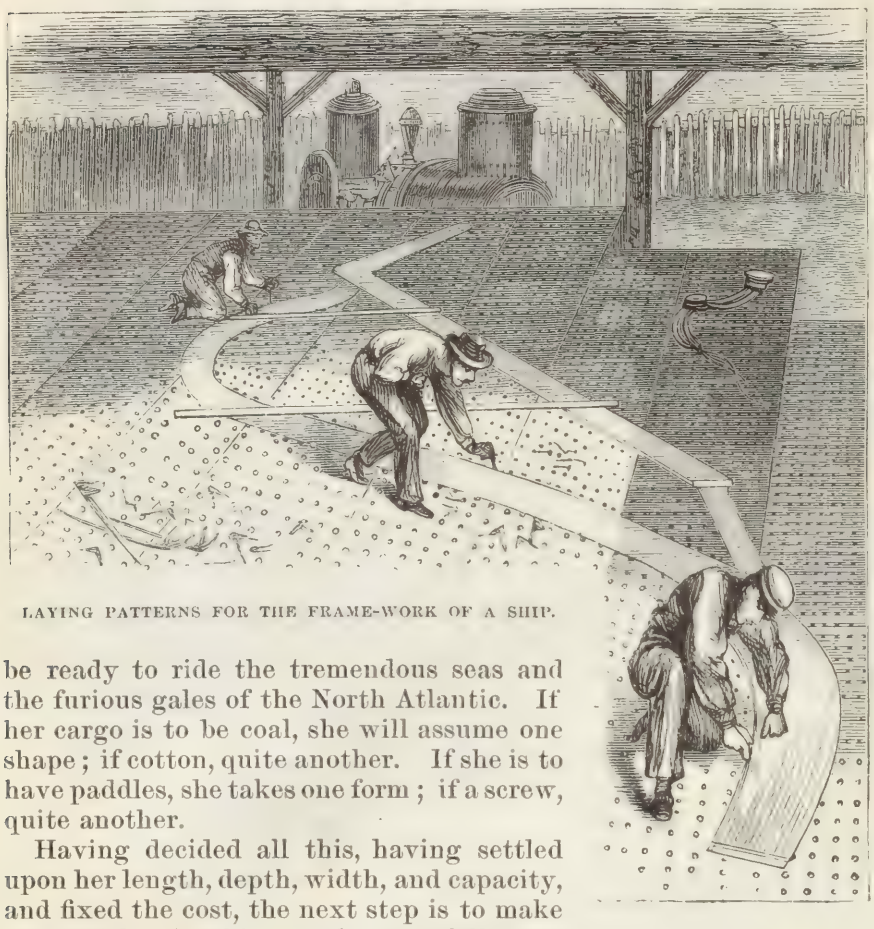
Such is the common impression concerning an iron ship. How far it is correct may be best seen by watching her conception, birth, and final entrance upon her life of usefulness. There are four ship-yards for building iron ships on the Delaware. At all the work is essentially the same, and at any one it can be seen at every stage, from the beginning to the launching.

The first entrance to an iron ship yard is a trifle confusing. There are buildings of every shape and size scattered about the inclosure in apparent confusion—open sheds with curious iron floors, smiths' shops with glowing fires, carpenters' shops, construction places, a wild tangle of masts and iron skeletons, things and tools of strange shapes and still stranger names. The men that swarm through all the shops and open places appear to be going about in aimless wanderings, and the incessant din of hammers only intensifies the sense of confusion. Yet all this is as regular, as exact and methodical, as a piano factory or spinning-mill. An iron ship-building plant must necessarily cover a great deal of ground. Part of the work requires the utmost quiet and neatness, other portions must be in a foundry or machine-shop, and still other parts of the work are carried on in the open air. There must be room and scope enough for all, that none interfere with or impede any other.

First comes the counting-room, the headquarters for the finance, designing, and accounting. There are several million pieces of iron, brass, copper, or wood in an iron ship, and every piece must be accounted for in the books. This part of the work in no wise differs from ordinary accounting, and needs no special mention.

In preparing to build an iron vessel it must be first decided what she is to do, where she is to go, and how she is to be moved. The character of the coast a ship is to visit determines her shape and capacity. If she is always to keep in deep waters, and to follow the great commercial highways of the world, she must be built to sail in every sea; must be ready to encounter the dangers of every climate, hot monsoons of Indian seas or the freezing storms of the North Atlantic. If she is to visit our

Southern ports and rivers, she must be flat-bottomed and of light draught, that she may creep over the shallow bars in safety. If she is to ascend swift and narrow rivers, she must be short and light, that she may be turned about quickly. If she is to visit the Gulf ports, she must be provided with ample means of ventilation and shaded decks. If her way leads to Northern ports, she must



LAYING PATTERNS FOR THE FRAME-WORK OF A SHIP.

be ready to ride the tremendous seas and the furious gales of the North Atlantic. If her cargo is to be coal, she will assume one shape; if cotton, quite another. If she is to have paddles, she takes one form; if a screw, quite another.

Having decided all this, having settled upon her length, depth, width, and capacity, and fixed the cost, the next step is to make the model. A cabinet-maker carefully prepares a number of pieces of choice wood of exactly equal thickness—say, from four to six inches wide, and from a yard to one and a half yards long. At the same time he selects an equal number of pieces of veneer of the same size, choosing a veneer of a dark color or a color contrasting with the other wood. These boards are carefully laid one over the other, with the veneer between each, and the whole is then glued together to make a solid block. Out of this block the designer shapes a model of one-half of the hull of the ship. He gives this block the exact shape the future ship is to assume when seen from the side. Only a half model is made, as the two sides of the ship will be simply duplicates of the model.

Every thing depends upon the skill of the designer. The ship's speed, capacity, draught, and safety depend upon the shape he gives this wooden model. Men are not taught to make models; the good designer is born, not made. The imagination that can see the future ship in the block of wood, the sure eye that can draw the exquisite lines of bow and stern, the delicate hand that can realize these lines of beauty, come not by observation. They are gifts.

The architect making plans of houses and temples has comparatively an easy task. The drawing gives a clear idea of the appearance of the future building, and his work is perfectly plain and simple. The marine architect must combine science with beauty of form, or, rather, his science must be expressed in a beautiful form. The model must be an exact copy of the ship in little. He must be able to point out how deep the ship will sink in the water, how the bows will part the water in front, how the displaced water may sweep past the sides and under the stern. The model must show how deep the screw will be submerged, how far the ship may heel over under the influence of her sails or the waves in safety, and how she will be upborne from moment to moment on the ever-shifting waves. His art is the careful adjustment of forces one against the other, the weight against the flotation or buoyancy, the resistance of the water against the power of her screw and engines, the force of the waves and wind against her own stability. The finished model is full of grace and beauty; but it comes not from the mere blending of sweeping curves and swelling lines, but from the balance of these forces. It is beautiful because the repose of forces in equilibrium is always beautiful. Certainly, if the architect is called an artist, the model-maker is fully his equal.

The finished model is an attractive piece of work. The sheets of veneer make slender lines along the length, showing the graceful curves the ship will have when built. Seen from the bow, the veneer shows the lines of the ship as she enters the water; seen from the other end, they show the shape of the stern; while the side view gives the rise of the keel and the slope of the deck. At the same time that this model is being

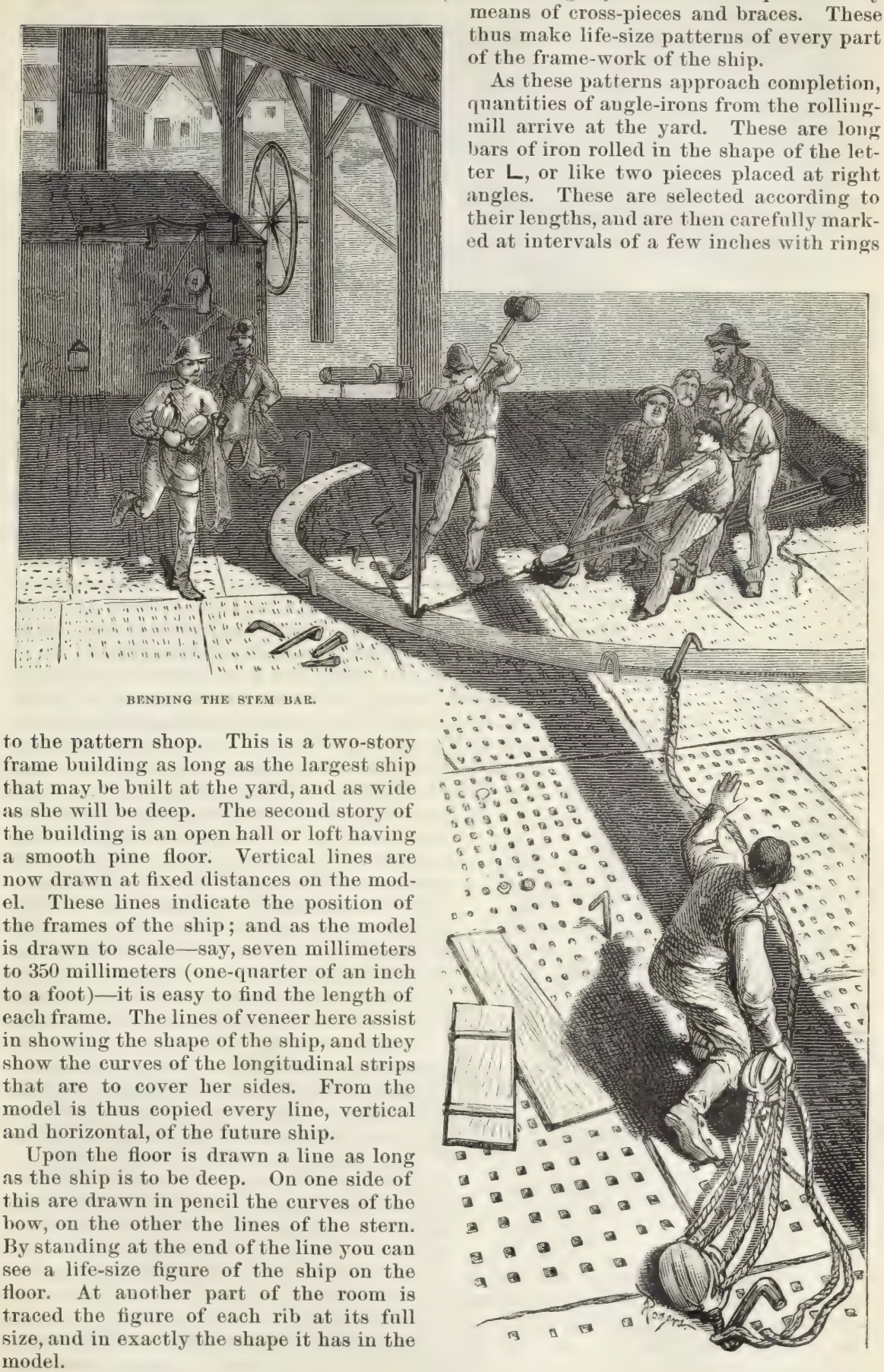
made, there are also plans drawn of every part as shown by the model.

From the designer's room the model goes to the pattern shop. This is a two-story frame building as long as the largest ship that may be built at the yard, and as wide as she will be deep. The second story of the building is an open hall or loft having a smooth pine floor. Vertical lines are now drawn at fixed distances on the model. These lines indicate the position of the frames of the ship; and as the model is drawn to scale—say, seven millimeters to 350 millimeters (one-quarter of an inch to a foot)—it is easy to find the length of each frame. The lines of veneer here assist in showing the shape of the ship, and they show the curves of the longitudinal strips that are to cover her sides. From the model is thus copied every line, vertical and horizontal, of the future ship.

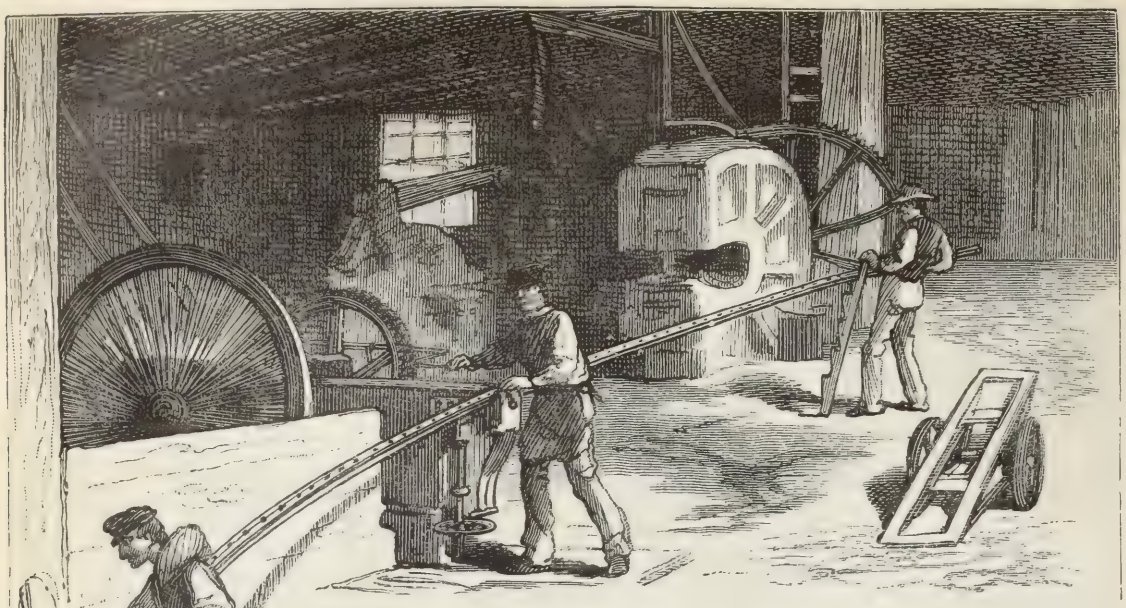
Upon the floor is drawn a line as long as the ship is to be deep. On one side of this are drawn in pencil the curves of the bow, on the other the lines of the stern. By standing at the end of the line you can see a life-size figure of the ship on the floor. At another part of the room is traced the figure of each rib at its full size, and in exactly the shape it has in the model.

As soon as this plotting out has been carefully adjusted and proved, the carpenters appear with quantities of long slender strips of wood. These are laid on the floor and bent into the shape of the pencilled lines, and then rigidly fixed in these positions by means of cross-pieces and braces. These thus make life-size patterns of every part of the frame-work of the ship.

As these patterns approach completion, quantities of angle-irons from the rolling-mill arrive at the yard. These are long bars of iron rolled in the shape of the letter L, or like two pieces placed at right angles. These are selected according to their lengths, and are then carefully marked at intervals of a few inches with rings of white paint, to show where the rivet holes are to be cut. The bar then goes to the punching-machine, that, with enormous jaws



BENDING THE STEM BAR.



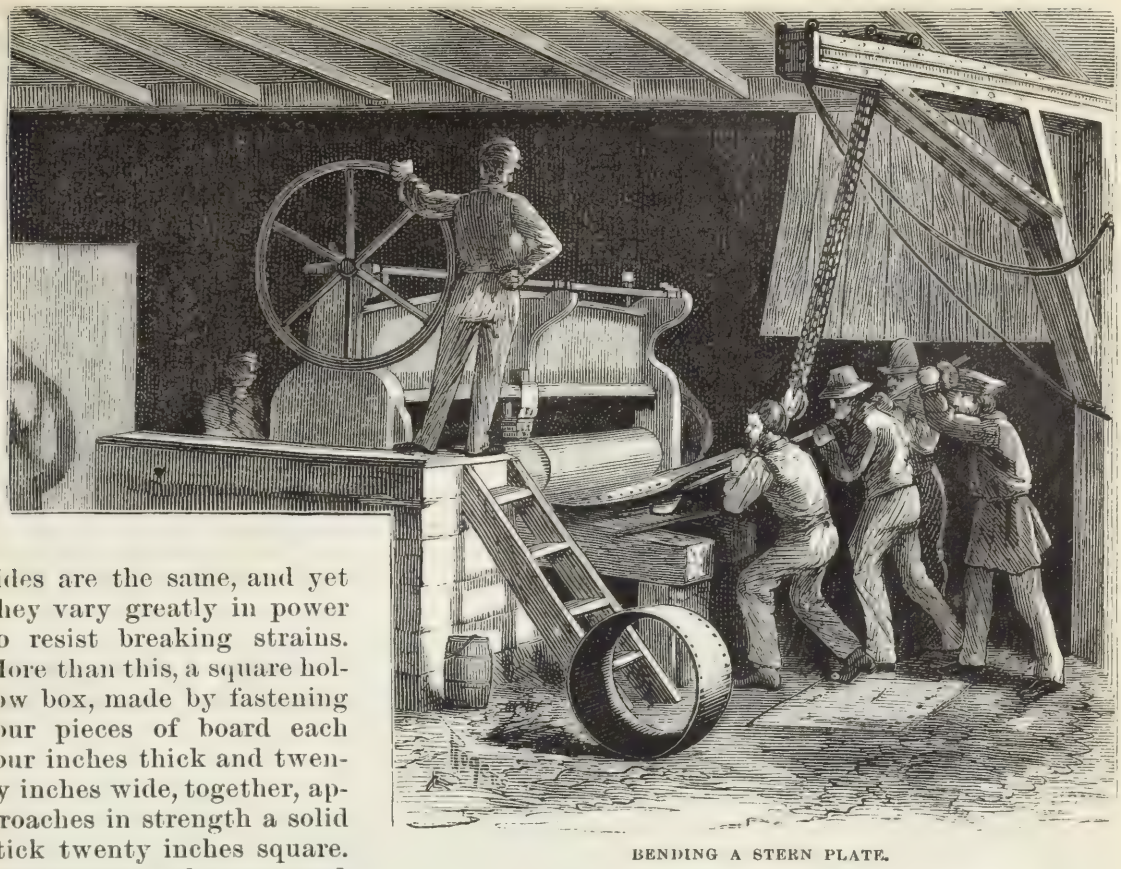
PERFORATING ANGLE-IRON FOR RIVETS.

and a single canine tooth, bites a hole through the iron; then another bite, and then another, till the bar is punched full of holes along each side of the angle.

The wooden patterns are now brought down to the smithing shed. This is an open shed, having at convenient places furnaces driven to a white heat by blowing-engines. These engines may be at any part of the yard, and the blast is brought to each fire by pipes. The floor of the shop is composed of enormous blocks of iron, each pierced with a great number of square holes. Each furnace has a gang of men controlled by a foreman; and every thing being ready, the foreman takes one of the wooden patterns, and, laying it upon the iron floor, makes a copy of it in chalk. The figure having been traced, the men take iron tools resembling huge nails, and drop them into the holes nearest to the trace. These great nails are of various shapes, and, by a little care in selection, it is easy to get a number that, when dropped in certain holes, will mark out the shapes described by the chalk.

The furnace glows with intenser fire, and the door flames furiously as it is opened for the entrance of one of the angle-bars. In a short time the bar is heated, and the men draw near with tongs and hammers. The bar is drawn out, and laid, soft and glowing, upon the iron floor. It is pushed up against the curving row of blocks sunk in the holes, and one end is fastened with a pin dropped into a hole. Then with their tools the men push and drive the bar against the blocks. The rosy glow of the hot iron fades away, and the bar stiffens into its new shape. It is now a rib or frame for the ship. After being marked and numbered, it is laid away till wanted in the yard. Two frames are made in this manner, each exactly alike, and then the blocks in the perforated floor are rearranged in the curves of another pair of frames. Thus it is that the ship's ribs are easily formed out of the familiar angle-irons of commerce.

In a wooden ship the ribs are made of solid sticks of timber. The resistance of a beam to a bending and breaking strain depends upon its thickness or depth more than upon its width. This you may prove for yourself by experiment. A strip of wood twenty inches wide and four inches thick, and supported only at the ends, will sustain a far greater load than a stick twelve inches square. In each the united measurements of the



BENDING A STERN PLATE.

sides are the same, and yet they vary greatly in power to resist breaking strains. More than this, a square hollow box, made by fastening four pieces of board each four inches thick and twenty inches wide, together, approaches in strength a solid stick twenty inches square. In this case the top and bottom boards help but little, and can be left out without materially impairing the strength of the box, if the two sides can be prevented from falling down.

An angle-iron makes two sides of a box, the top and one side. It is thus able to resist bending in two directions. Were the ribs of the ship made of solid iron bars of the same size, they would be immensely heavy, and it would be nearly impossible to bend them into the required shapes. The angle-iron is nearly as strong, and may be readily moulded into any shape. In vessels of moderate size single bars are used, but in large ships another bar of the same shape is laid against it, and the two are fastened together, thus making a three-sided box of double the strength of the single bar.

There are but two forms of iron used in ship-building, the angle-bar and flat plate. These plates come from the rolling-mill, and are of every imaginable shape and size. The usual size of a plate or sheet is a little more than one yard wide, and from two to four yards long, and three-fourths of an inch thick. Out of these two shapes nearly every form of modern iron structure may be made, be it ship, bridge, dock, or water tank. From the wooden patterns of the ship have been made the frames, and from the model are copied the shape and dimensions of each sheet of iron that is to cover, as with a skin, the outside of the ship's hull.

It seems impossible that mere flat plates and angle-bars can be securely fastened together without nails or screws. Wood may

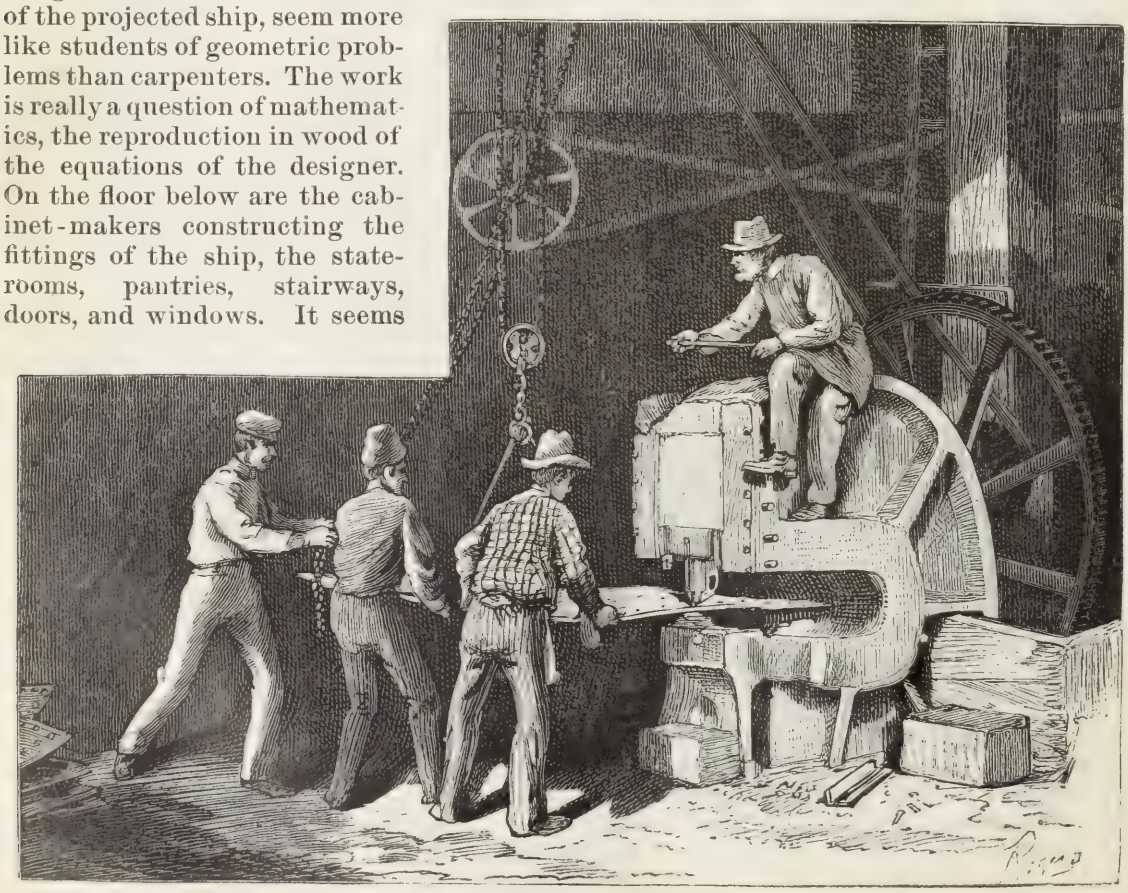


SHAPING A BENT PLATE.

be dovetailed and fitted together, and may be bound with nails. Iron is simply lapped piece over piece at the edge and sewed together. It is treated as a fabric, except that the thread that binds the cloth is continuous, and in the iron sheet each needle-hole has one piece of thread knotted on each side. Suppose two plates or a plate and a bar are to be joined, holes of a uniform size are punched along the edge of each piece, and the two pieces are laid together so that the holes correspond. A small bolt, called a rivet, having a head formed on one end, is heated red-hot and is then passed through the two holes in the plates or bars. The head stops it on one side, and the hot and soft point projects at the other side. A hammer is held against the head of the rivet to keep it in place, and with hammers the soft point is beaten down till it makes a new head by spreading over the edges of the hole. The rivet at once cools and contracts, and binds the two pieces of iron so firmly together that only the most powerful strain can ever pull them apart. In this simple manner is every plate, bar, and beam joined together throughout the ship.

In a ship-yard doing an ordinary amount of business all these operations may be seen in progress at the same time. Here is the great hall of the pattern shop fragrant with new wood, light and airy with numerous windows. The men stooping and kneeling on the wide smooth floor, and mapping out the great semicircles and curves of the projected ship, seem more like students of geometric problems than carpenters. The work is really a question of mathematics, the reproduction in wood of the equations of the designer. On the floor below are the cabinet-makers constructing the fittings of the ship, the state-rooms, pantries, stairways, doors, and windows. It seems to be the fashion to make the interior of a passenger steam-ship as much like a palace as possible. Whether this is wholly wise or artistic may admit of discussion. A passenger, weary with the confinement of stormy days at sea, may doubt the value of so much gilding and carving, and the ill may find the paint and veneer only a weariness to the flesh; however, it is the fashion. The public must demand gilding and all the follies of the jig saw, or the owners would not supply them with so lavish a hand.

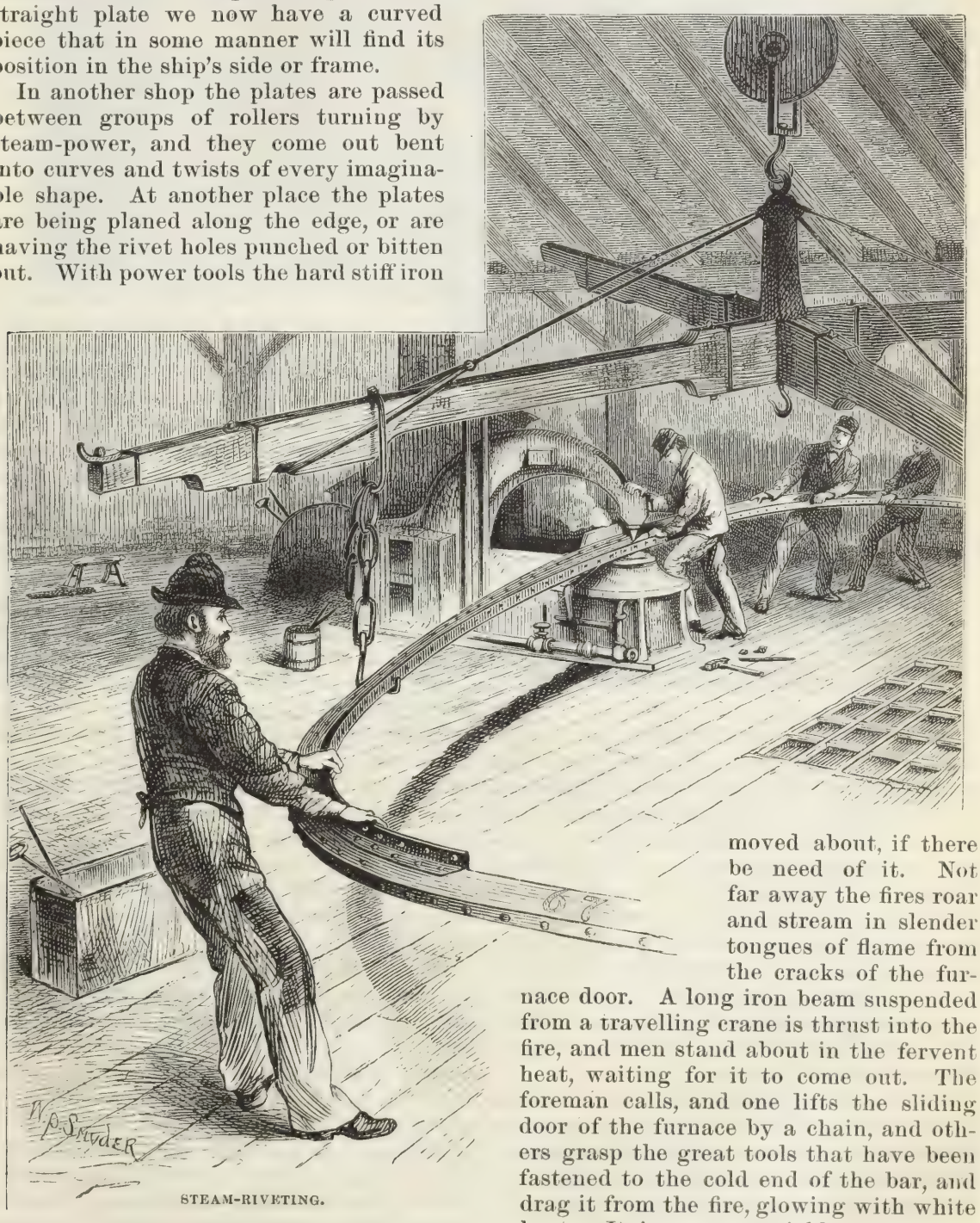
As we go out into the open air the gleam of bright fires flashes from every dusky shed. Here are men gathered round a glowing smithy piecing together strange bits of iron. Long iron beams, having a section resembling the letter T, and with a rounded rim at the foot of the T. These are the deck beams, and the present work is to forge pieces of plate to each end so that the beams may be securely riveted to the frame of the ship. At another part of the shed is a group of men just drawing a long flat plate from the fire. It comes out glowing and soft and ductile at the heated end, and as it drops upon the floor it is pushed up against a curving line of blocks set in the holes of the floor. A chain is passed round the cold end, and by means of a tackle it is pulled hard up against the block at the hot end, and the red portion is then fastened down with a pin. As the strain continues the plate is bent, and the glowing iron bends or



DRILLING HOLES IN A PLATE.

"buckles" up into wavy ridges. Instantly heavy hammers fall on these ridges and they are beaten down flat. Another pull and the plate buckles up again, and then with vigorous arms the hammers are plied again, and the plate sinks down smooth and flat, the rosy glow fades away, and the iron stiffens into its new shape. In place of a straight plate we now have a curved piece that in some manner will find its position in the ship's side or frame.

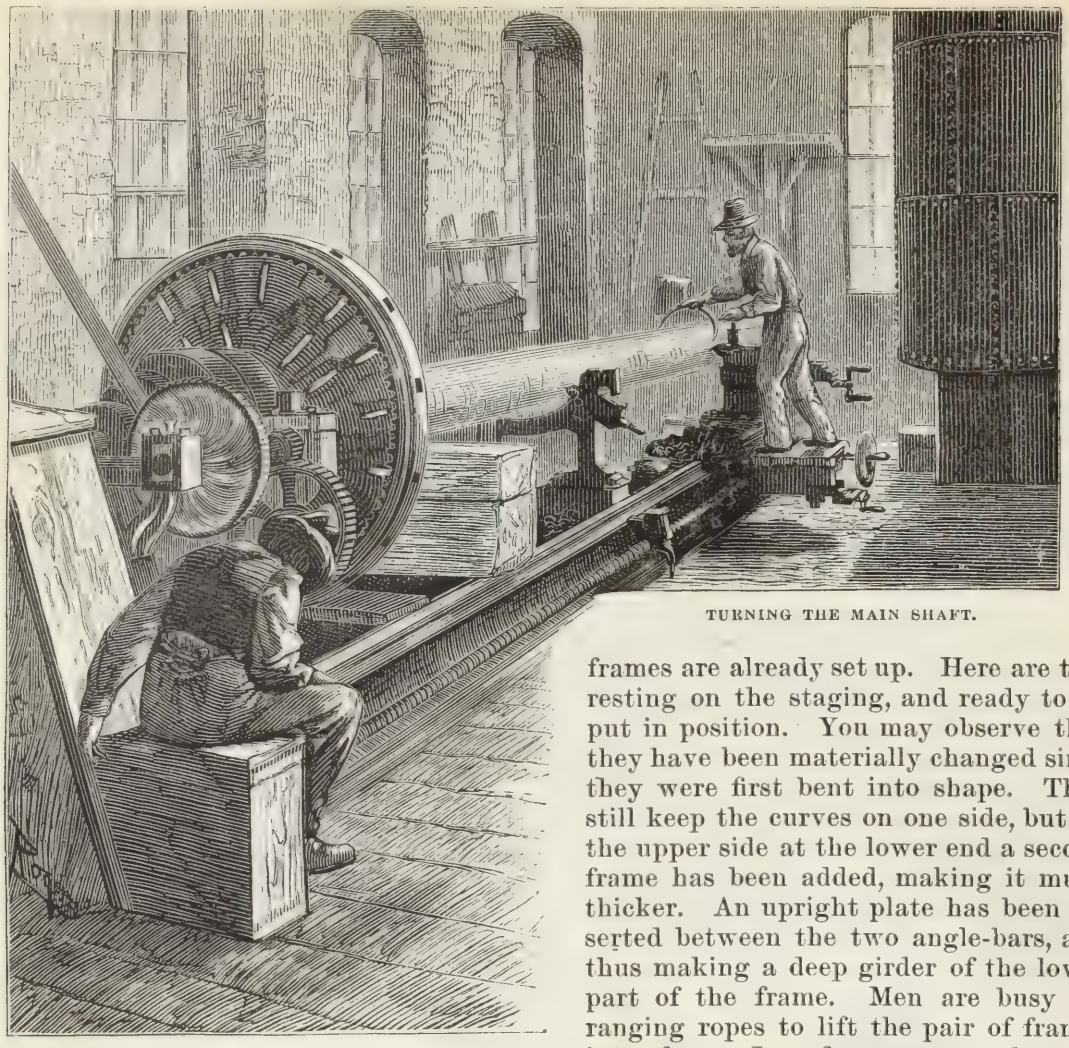
In another shop the plates are passed between groups of rollers turning by steam-power, and they come out bent into curves and twists of every imaginable shape. At another place the plates are being planed along the edge, or are having the rivet holes punched or bitten out. With power tools the hard stiff iron is moulded, cut, or bent into any form as easily as if it were so much silk or cotton. Here are shears with jaws of giant size and edges of hardened steel that bite off bars of iron as if it were macaroni. Plates of iron are sliced apart with a slow resistless motion, an awful crushing force, that makes the iron smoke.



STEAM-RIVETING.

Not far away is the machine-shop, dim, vast, and confused with a tangle of chains and ponderous tools. Here the engine is born. Standing grim and black on the floor are the steam-cylinders, great hollow barrels mounted on enormous iron legs—a huge unwieldy construction that it seems impossible ever to lift into a ship. There is little danger. The ship herself can be lifted up or moved about, if there be need of it. Not far away the fires roar and stream in slender tongues of flame from the cracks of the furnace door. A long iron beam suspended from a travelling crane is thrust into the fire, and men stand about in the fervent heat, waiting for it to come out. The foreman calls, and one lifts the sliding door of the furnace by a chain, and others grasp the great tools that have been fastened to the cold end of the bar, and drag it from the fire, glowing with white heat. It is swung quickly round, and moves easily and steadily along on its elevated railway. It approaches the great steam-hammer, and a man runs up the ladder to the platform above. The enormous hammer, tons in weight, springs up as lightly as if handled by a giant.

Ah! what a terrible crushing blow! The hot iron flies in showers of sparks, and the immense bar bends like lead beneath the blow. The very ground quivers, and all



TURNING THE MAIN SHAFT.

the building jars with the concussions. Round and round the bar is turned, and the staggering, smashing blows beat it into new shapes. The crude and ragged iron assumes a smooth and rounded form of uniform thickness and symmetrical figure. The foreman slips a long compass over the hot bar, and measures its thickness every where. It is good so far, and the hammer springs lightly up out of the way, and the ship's shaft that is being formed is pushed along just above the ground once more to the furnace, there to be softened again, that it may be beaten into its ultimate shape.

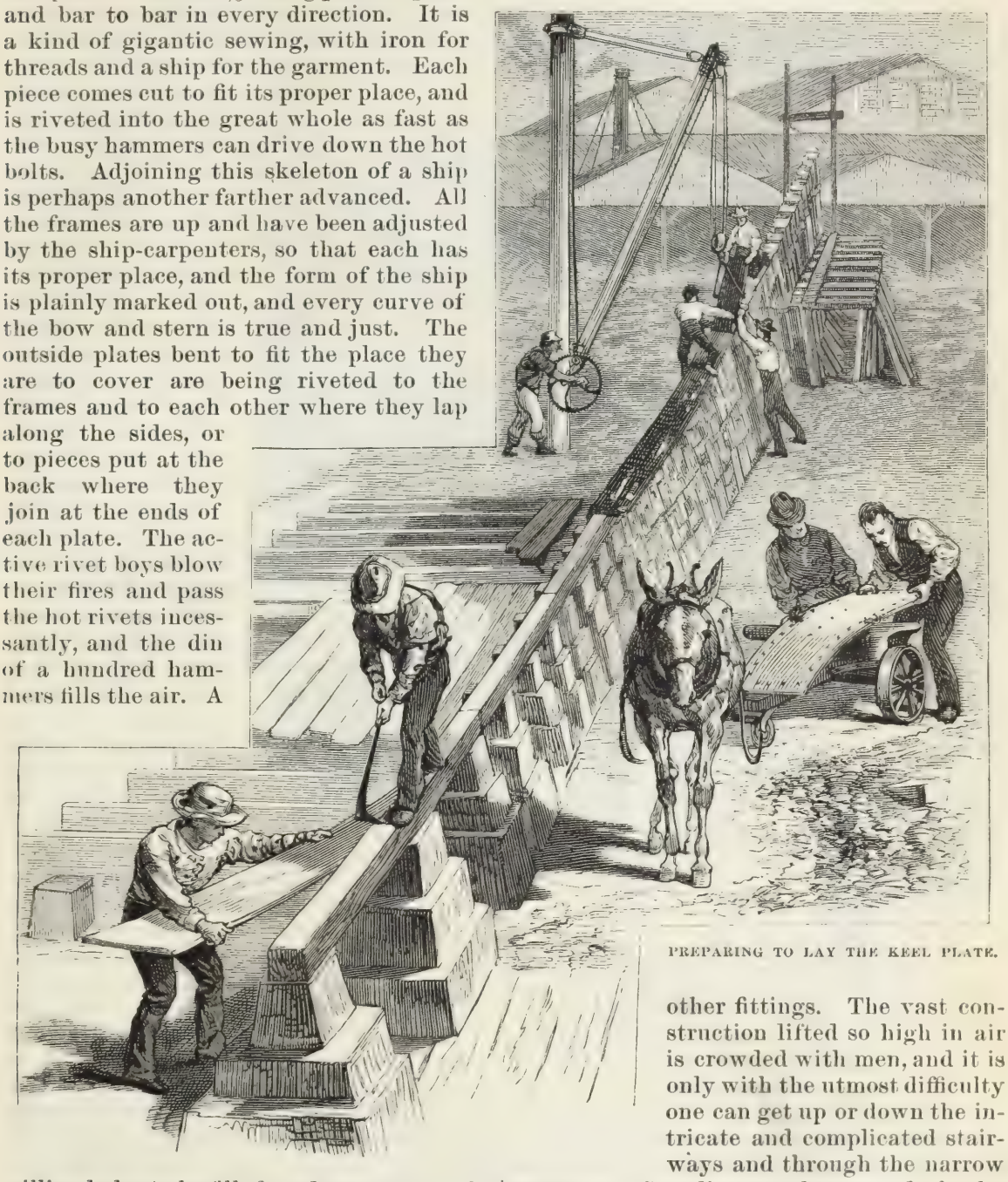
These smithies, forges, and machine-shops differ but slightly from those seen in other branches of the iron-working trades, and do not need special description. We may go out into the open air beside the water.

Here are ships in every stage of construction. This long line of wooden blocks laid on a gentle slope from the water-side forms the support for the keel of the future ship. By climbing on the staging you can see the keel that has just been laid down. It is a heavy piece of plate iron set up on edge, and having plates like wings riveted on each side. It is over a hundred yards long, and marks the beginning of a ship of the largest size. Near the middle a few of the frames are already set up. Here are two resting on the staging, and ready to be put in position. You may observe that they have been materially changed since they were first bent into shape. They still keep the curves on one side, but on the upper side at the lower end a second frame has been added, making it much thicker. An upright plate has been inserted between the two angle-bars, and thus making a deep girder of the lower part of the frame. Men are busy arranging ropes to lift the pair of frames into place. In a few moments they are slowly lifted into the air, and stand upright, one on each side of the keel, and beside those already in place. As they come up into position, carpenters join them together at the top with a bar of wood. It is easy to see how the ship takes on her form. The flat bottom and the curving sides are already hinted in these rows of iron frames.

At once the riveters appear. Little forges are brought up and placed in convenient positions, and boys drive up the fires. The rivets are thrown in the fire, and in a moment a boy picks one glowing hot from the forge by means of long pliers, and hands it quickly to a man above on the staging. It is slipped into a hole in the frame and the iron of the keel, and passes through both. The riveters with lively hammers beat it down, and in less than a minute it is cold and fast in place. Again a hot rivet is passed up, and the ringing blows fall quickly. Then another and another, and even while we look on piece is joined to piece in a grasp that nothing short of the greatest strains can ever pull apart. As the two frames are thus joined together and to the keel, the floor of the ship takes its form. The heavy girder built up on the frames makes the lowest level at the bottom of the

hold. It serves as a support for the engines or the cargo, and at the same time serves to greatly strengthen the lower part of the ship.

Not far away are other groups of men and boys busily engaged in riveting bar, girder, and plate to the keel, joining plate to plate and bar to bar in every direction. It is a kind of gigantic sewing, with iron for threads and a ship for the garment. Each piece comes cut to fit its proper place, and is riveted into the great whole as fast as the busy hammers can drive down the hot bolts. Adjoining this skeleton of a ship is perhaps another farther advanced. All the frames are up and have been adjusted by the ship-carpenters, so that each has its proper place, and the form of the ship is plainly marked out, and every curve of the bow and stern is true and just. The outside plates bent to fit the place they are to cover are being riveted to the frames and to each other where they lap along the sides, or to pieces put at the back where they join at the ends of each plate. The active rivet boys blow their fires and pass the hot rivets incessantly, and the din of a hundred hammers fills the air. A million holes to be filled, and every one to be as tight and firm as can be made, that the sea find no crack or cranny to insert its thin and hungry fingers.



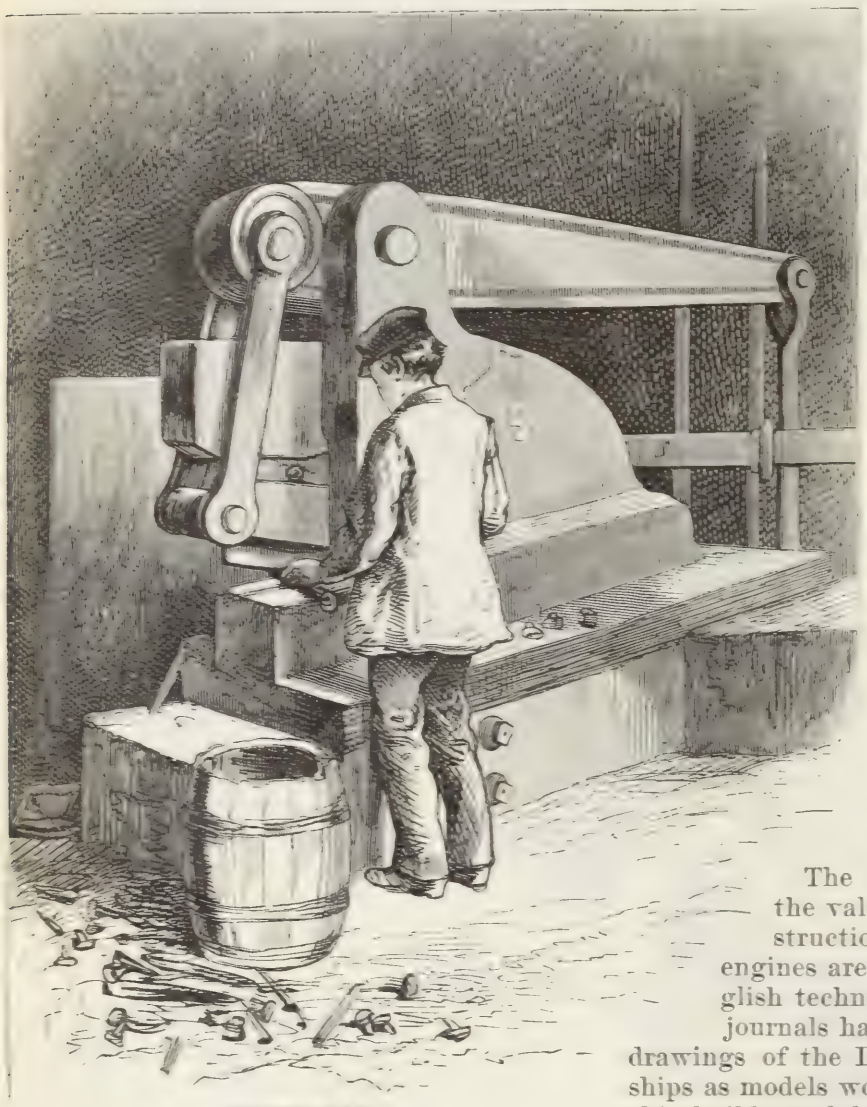
PREPARING TO LAY THE KEEL PLATE.

Here are men with chisels beating the lapping edges of the plates and making them doubly secure. You must observe that is not like the "calking" of the seams of a wooden ship, where every crack must be stuffed with oakum and filled with pitch or tar. The iron ship is air and water tight in all its seams by reason of its riveting, and the extra closing of the edges of the plates is merely to keep the water out of the cracks to prevent rusting.

Already the deck beams are in place, and the carpenters are laying the wooden floors over the iron decks, and erecting the elevators for the hatchways, the state-rooms, pantries and dining-rooms, deck houses and other fittings. The vast construction lifted so high in air is crowded with men, and it is only with the utmost difficulty one can get up or down the intricate and complicated stairways and through the narrow passages. Standing on the open deck, the busy yard below is spread out in full view. The lines of men bearing on their shoulders long bars of iron, the teams coming and going in every direction with coal, wood, and metals, the ships lying at the water-side under the lofty shears or drawn up at the dock, the vast expanse of black roofs, strange tangle of frames and masts by the water, and the bewildering sense of complicated activity—all these unite to make a scene at once inspiring and interesting. It has also its artistic side, with lights and shadows, bits of bright color, and graceful forms. This is the great art—the modern triumph of skill

and labor. There go the ships. This the glorious Delaware, our Clyde, a noble waterway for the fleets of the nations. And here are our ships, these splendid creations born of fire and steel, beautiful, strong, and with hearts of flame.

Come below and look up at the enormous bulk of the steam-ship. Larger than a block of houses on a New York avenue, it towers



CUTTING RIVETS.

overhead a thing of strange and fascinating beauty. Look up at the bow that lifts its knife-like edge into the air. See how the lines of the ship sweep backward in splendid curves, grace realized in iron!

There were, at the publication of the last report of the Bureau of Statistics, in 1876, 214 iron vessels, with a capacity of 171,358 tons, on our Atlantic and Gulf coasts. There were four iron steam-ships of 2648 tonnage on the Pacific coast, on the lakes a tonnage of 15,765 tons, and on our Western rivers a tonnage of 1717 tons. This is our iron commercial marine, with a total tonnage of 191,488 tons. Besides these were the iron steamers, Monitors, dispatch boats, and tugs of the United States navy. Since that time other ships of every pattern have been launched and have gone into business on our seas and rivers. Moreover, there are a number of boats in foreign waters that were built on the Delaware, and sent away either on their own keels, or taken apart and sent by sailing ships to their future scenes of labor, there to be re-erected and launched.

What of the ships? How does the Delaware-built steamer compare with the Clyde ship? This fleet contains steam-ships that are justly regarded as the strongest, safest, most swift and beautiful in the world. This is not an American boast born of ignorance. The breaking strain of our ship iron, tested by government experts, has been recorded as high as 59,200 pounds and at 60,160 pounds to the square inch. That is, a bar of one inch section broke at these strains. It is believed that this exceeds the breaking strain of English ship iron by a large percentage.

The great authorities on the value and scientific construction of ships and marine engines are undoubtedly the English technical papers, and these journals have published detailed drawings of the Delaware-built steamships as models worthy the study of the ship-builders of the Clyde, and have described the ships as the best examples of marine architecture afloat. One only American Atlantic line has Delaware-built ships, and at the great marine insurance offices of England they are reckoned as of the first class.

These iron ships may be seen of all men at New York docks. They need no description. Each ship speaks for itself. By day and by night they sail along one of the most stormy and dangerous coasts in the world, and carry thousands of passengers in comfort and safety. The very names of the ships have become famous on the two great oceans of the globe.

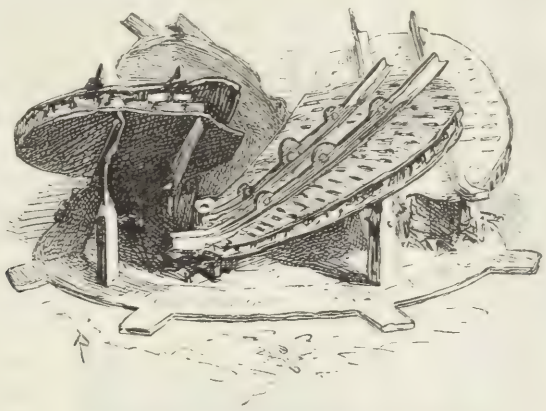
England became great and rich through her ships. She has put her faith in iron, at first because she had no wood, and chiefly

because she thinks it better than wood. Ships are, indeed, wrecked, be they of wood or iron, but the iron ship holds the greatest chances for safety either on the open sea or cast ashore. Many an iron vessel has been weeks and months aground where a wooden ship in the same position would not have lived to float again. Wooden ships have a known limit to their lives. It is yet to be decided how long an iron ship will last. It is only a trifle over forty years since the first iron ships were launched, and some of the earlier vessels are still in use. Iron ship-building is an art so new that there is no standard by which to compare iron with wood.

The American mind delights always in experiments, and is ever restless for improvements. The Englishman built his inconvenient and disagreeable little iron paddle boats for the Thames, and has never seen fit to change the models. He excuses himself for his lack of enterprise by saying, "The old patterns are on hand—why make new ones?" Even the pleasure-boats that yearly take millions of excursionists through the Scottish lakes are marvels of discomfort, and it was only when they began to be made on American plans, and new patterns were tried, that the boats became famous. The American builder, whether in wood or iron, is never content with old patterns. He thinks he sees a better ship in each new model—more graceful lines for the hull, better forms for the engines, and greater ease and safety for the passenger. The Delaware-built fleet is, with few exceptions, a long list of wise experiments, and each ship that is launched is an improvement on the last.

This country is the land of trees. Wooden ships may always be built here, but beneath our forests lie the vast and almost untouched treasures of our iron mountains. We have the skilled labor, the iron, and the great river—a new and better Clyde. Already at Wilmington, on a branch of the Delaware, are two yards equipped with every facility for iron ship-building. At Chester is a great yard that may justly make the country proud; and at Philadelphia is still another yard, from which have gone great and notable vessels.

The Clyde master may point to his swarms of laborers, but we have something better—the inventive mind that realizes a thousand arms in a single machine. We have men and machinery and a future.



MOULD FOR CASTING PROPELLING SCREW.

THE CITY OF THE WINDS.

IN the very heart of Tuscany, perched high upon hills that rise abruptly from the plain, stands the old city of Siena. The province of which it is the capital fully merits the epithets applied by Virgil to Italy in general:

"Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ."

Removed alike from the chilling influences of the Alps and from the intense heats of the southern portion of the peninsula, lying far above the sea-level, beyond the reach of the pestilential Maremma damps, its air is pure, and its hills and valleys fair with the olive and the vine. Some of the best wine of Italy comes from the district of Chianti, in the province of Siena; and Montepulciano, whose vintage is also famous, lies close upon its borders. The peach, the apple, and the pear grow side by side with the fig and the pomegranate, and the gloom of the cypress and the ilex is relieved by the fruitful chestnut and the graceful locust.

"Powerful in arms" Siena was in the days of her glory, but those days were over long ago. The legends of her origin are vague and doubtful. The city was probably founded by the Senonian Gauls, and became a Roman colony under Augustus. The Roman emblems of the wolf and the twins are seen upon its arms and on its public buildings and monuments; its Roman appellation was *Colonia Julia Senensis*. There is not much of general interest in its history down to the thirteenth century, when Siena appears as one of the most important cities

of Italy. And in speaking of the city, it is to be understood that in these Italian provinces the chief city gathered to itself the power and wealth and affections of the whole district. All the great land-owners had palaces in the city and villas and farms in the country. In time of war the inhabitants of the province fled within its walls for shelter, and went out thither *en masse* to fight the common foe; in times of peace they thronged it for the market-days and *festas:* it was their pride, even to the poorest laborer, and each would have thought himself as much bound in honor to defend it as to defend his own hearth-stone.

Between the beginning of the thirteenth and the middle of the fourteenth centuries lies the period of Siena's principal achievements in warfare and in the arts—her golden age. Siena was then a little commonwealth—as were, in effect, all the Italian provinces at that time. They were dependent in some general way upon Naples, or France, or Germany, as the case might be, for succor in emergency, not unfrequently falling under the temporary rule of one of these powers—Italy being then a sort of contested hunting ground for the other nations of Europe—but they were competent in ordinary times to govern themselves, and, above all, to make war upon their neighbors. Florence was Siena's most powerful, and consequently most hated, rival, and no opportunity was lost for mutual annoyance. It was a continual game of chess between the two, in which the pawns were castles. Florence had at the beginning of the thirteenth century pushed her frontiers more than half-way to Siena, under the pretense of "protecting" certain villages and estates. Siena "remonstrated" as best she could by opening her gates to the exiled Ghibellines, and by now and then regaining a castle from her overbearing neighbor, to whom in the battle of Monteaperto, in 1260, she gave a more serious check. Thus the warlike spirit of the age was kept alive; every castle was a fortress, and every noble a warrior. It is marvellous how, amid this continual struggle for supremacy—nay, almost for existence—the arts and sciences found place for steady and noble development, and how, while they held the sword always in one hand, with the other the Sienese, by means of their institutions of charity, poured balm upon the wounds they had inflicted.

The first hospital in Italy was founded in Siena in 676, and still exists in the same spot, opposite the cathedral, having been, however, repaired and enlarged from time to



PALAZZO PUBLICO, SIENA.

time, the present exterior dating back to the thirteenth century. Within there are some fine frescoes by Bartoli and other masters of the fifteenth century.

The Palazzo Publico, or municipal building, was begun in 1293 and finished about 1310. It is a monument every way worthy of the wealth and culture which it represented. It is, like most of the palaces of Siena, in the Gothic style, with a beautiful little open chapel at one side in front, and a tower of 408 feet high, surmounted by a heavy and sonorous bell, which is rung only on feast-days and other great occasions. The interior is full of frescoes by Taddeo di Bartoli, Beccafumi, Matteo da Siena, and others, and the chapel has an altarpiece by Sodoma. The exquisitely carved choir stalls are the work of Domenico di Niccoli in the fourteenth century. There is also a very fine fresco of the Resurrection, by Sodoma, in the Hall of the Syndic (or mayor). The Hall of the Consistory has ceiling frescoes by Beccafumi, and portraits of eight popes and thirty-nine cardinals who were natives of Siena. The city has given many other dignitaries to the Church, and still keeps up its character for devotion. Nowhere does one meet more priests, or find the daily services more fully attended.

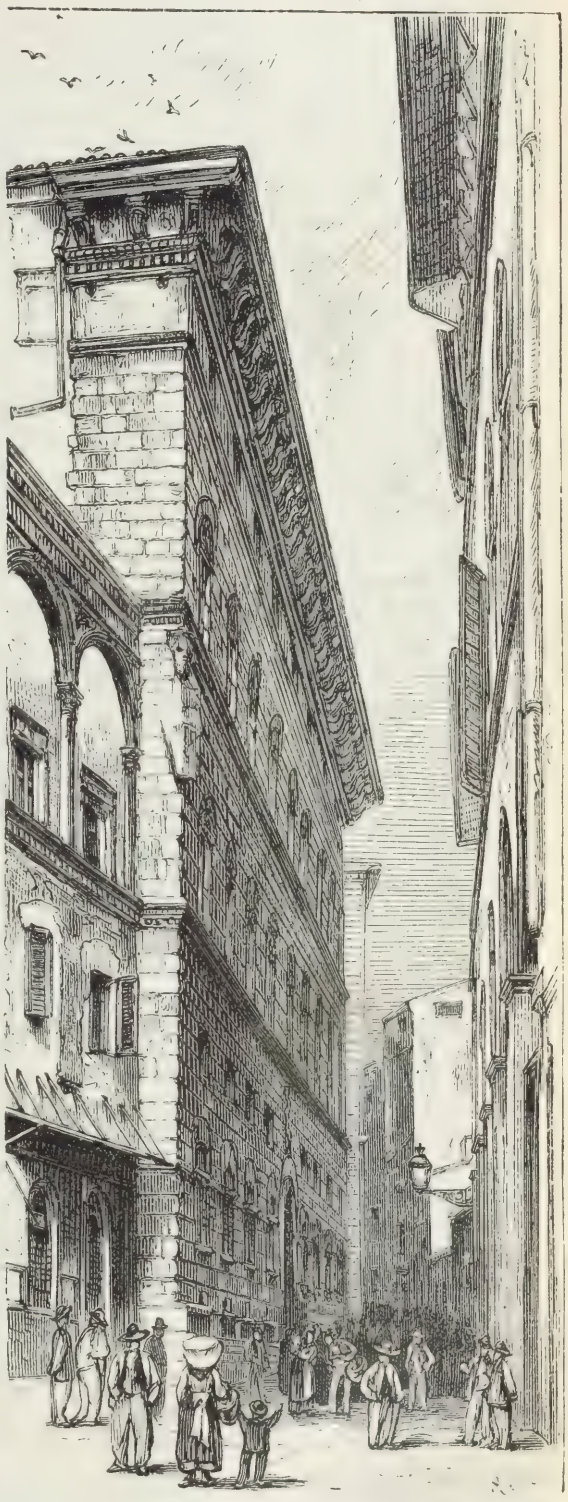
Most of the finest private palaces of Siena were built during the period I have indicated. The architects Agostino and Agnolfo were those most renowned during that time. The most illustrious names among the Sienese school of painters of the thirteenth century are Diotisalvi, Guido, and Ugolino da Siena, and Duccio di Buoninsegni.

Siena was strongly Ghibelline always, and this may perhaps have prompted Dante's invariably contemptuous mention of her people, of whom, it will be remembered, he says in one place:

> "Was ever race
> Light as Siena's? Sure not France herself
> Can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."

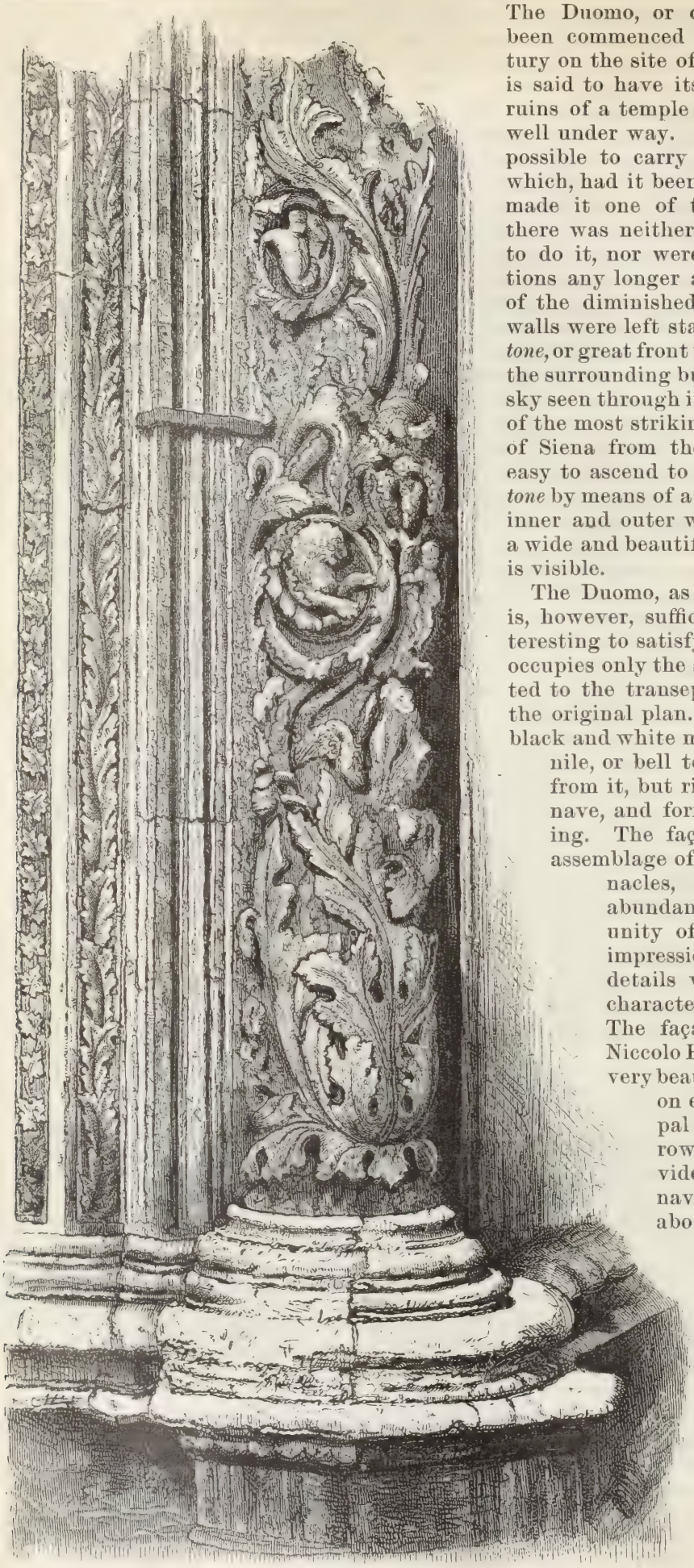
With prosperity no doubt came its excesses; and a love of ease and careless enjoyment of the present still distinguish the Italians from their more hardly conditioned brethren of the North. There was in Dante's time a *brigata spenduccia*, or "prodigal club," of young men in Siena, which consisted, according to an ancient chronicler, of "twelve very rich young gentlemen, who took it into their heads to do things that would make a great part of the world wonder." They established a fund, and built a palace, which still stands, and bears an inscription denoting that therein, during the space of twenty months, 200,000 florins were squandered. In this palace these young men had apartments luxuriously furnished; they gave sumptuous dinners, which they sometimes ended by throwing the whole table service of gold and silver out of the windows. Even their horses are said to have been shod with silver. Of course the end of this was poverty and misery. But much money was spent in nobler ways.

In 1348 came the first decisive blow to



PALAZZO PICCOLOMINI.

the prosperity of Siena—a blow from which it has never recovered. The plague broke out, and in a few months carried off the greater part of the population—some historians say 80,000 persons. Whole families were extinguished; business was prostrated; the city was a place of mourning.



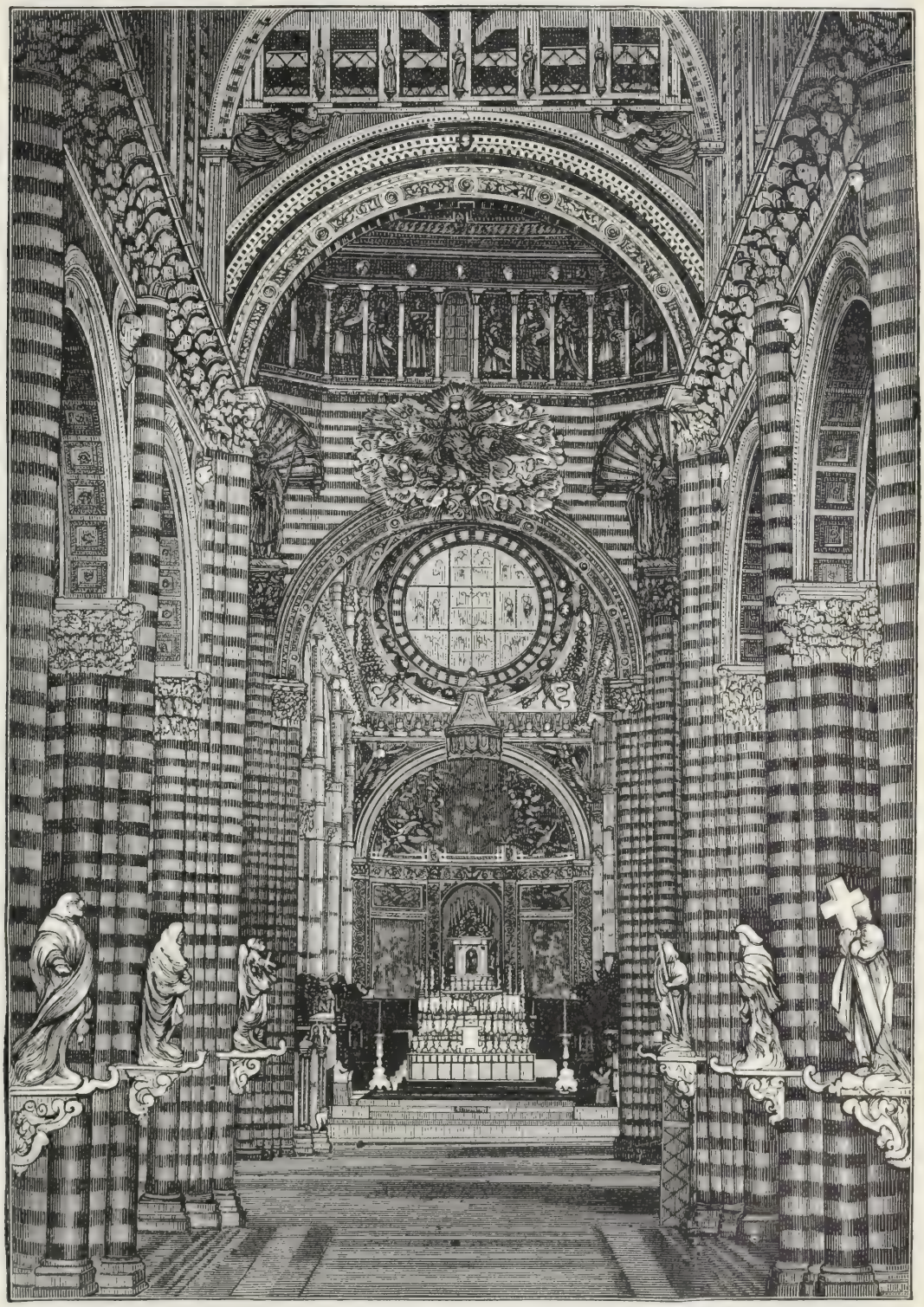
COLUMNS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The Duomo, or cathedral, which had been commenced in the eleventh century on the site of an old church, which is said to have itself been built on the ruins of a temple to Minerva, was then well under way. But it was no longer possible to carry out the vast design, which, had it been fulfilled, would have made it one of the world's wonders; there was neither heart nor means left to do it, nor were its gigantic proportions any longer adapted to the wants of the diminished population. So the walls were left standing, and the *facciatone*, or great front wall, rising high above the surrounding buildings, with the blue sky seen through its empty arches, is one of the most striking objects in the view of Siena from the plain below. It is easy to ascend to the top of this *facciatone* by means of a staircase between the inner and outer walls, and from thence a wide and beautiful expanse of country is visible.

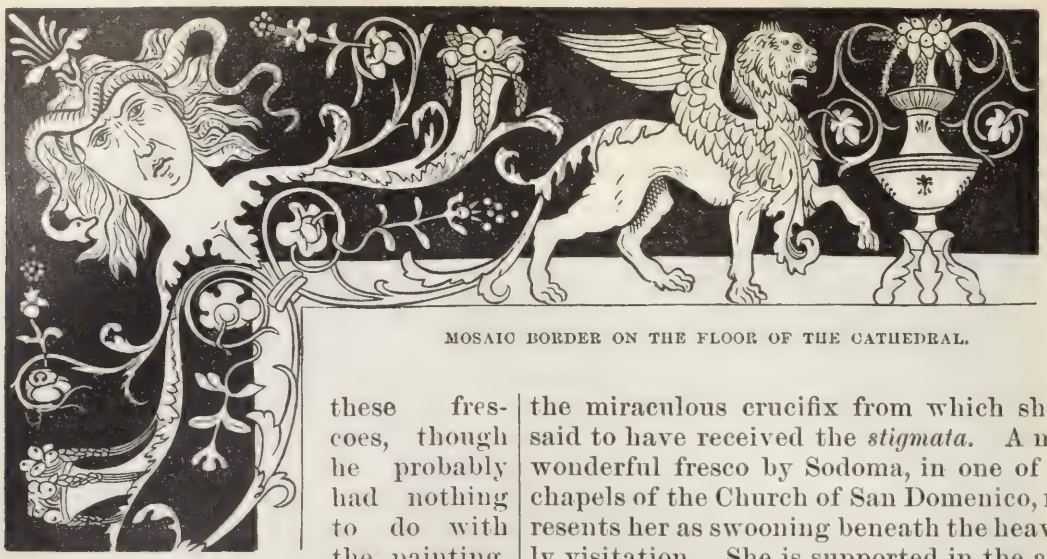
The Duomo, as we see it at present, is, however, sufficiently grand and interesting to satisfy the visitor, though it occupies only the space which was allotted to the transept of the cathedral in the original plan. It is constructed of black and white marble, and the campanile, or bell tower, is not detached from it, but rises at one side of the nave, and forms part of the building. The façade is a bewildering assemblage of statues, columns, pinnacles, and mosaics, whose abundance detracts from the unity of effect, but gives an impression of that richness in details which is the striking characteristic of the Duomo. The façade was designed by Niccolo Pisano. There are some very beautiful antique columns on each side of the principal door of entrance. Two rows of marble pillars divide the interior of the nave, and on the cornice above them are busts in terra cotta of the popes down to Alexander III. The dome is hexagonal, with delicate columns. Near the door stands a vase for holy water, of which the pedestal was found among the ruins of the Temple of Minerva. The pavement at once attracts attention. It is composed

of pictures inlaid in *pietra dura* of different colors (principally black, red, and white), the subjects being Scriptural or mythological. The most remarkable of these are in front of the high altar, and are the work of Beccafumi and Duccio. There is a wonderful expressiveness in the faces and attitudes. Each medallion is encircled by a black and white border in mosaic of the most delicate patterns. A great part of this pavement is kept covered with a wooden flooring to preserve it from injury, but this can be raised in portions to allow the inspection of visitors, and is wholly removed at the time of the annual festival in August.

Beneath the dome, on the left side of the cathedral, stands the exquisitely sculptured marble pulpit by Niccolo Pisano, whose bass-reliefs merit minute observation. A door leads from the cathedral proper to the library, which is interesting from its frescoes and its collection of illuminated missals. Raphael assisted in the sketching of



CATHEDRAL HIGH ALTAR.

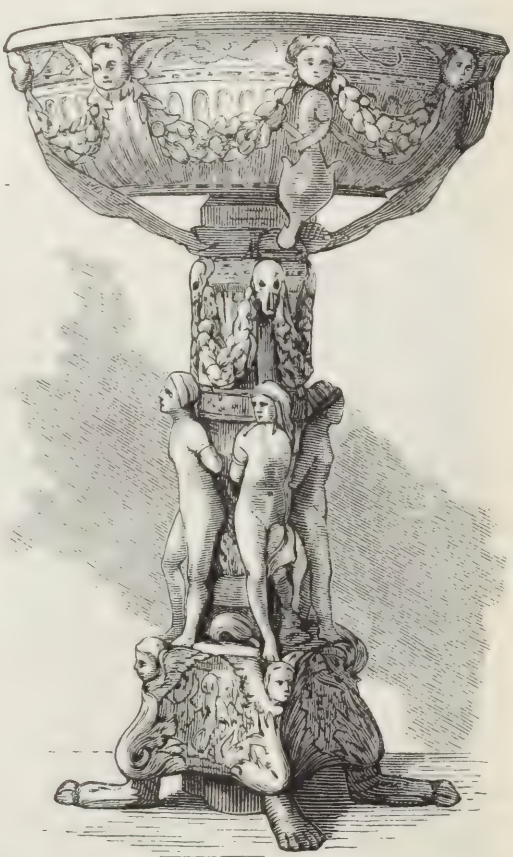


MOSAIC BORDER ON THE FLOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

these frescoes, though he probably had nothing to do with the painting, which is the work of Pinturicchio. They represent different events in the life of Eneas Piccolomini, afterward Pope Pius II.

The choir contains much beautiful carving and inlaid-work, and the chapels are richly decorated, especially that belonging to the Chigi family, which is so gilded as to give the effect of perpetual sunshine. On certain days the sacristy is opened, and the altar furniture and vestments displayed, many of the robes being heavy with embroidery and beautiful with antique lace. One may spend days in exploring the riches of this sacred museum, and find himself ever coming back to it with renewed interest. In the rear of the cathedral and quite beneath the choir is the baptistery, also a fine specimen of architecture.

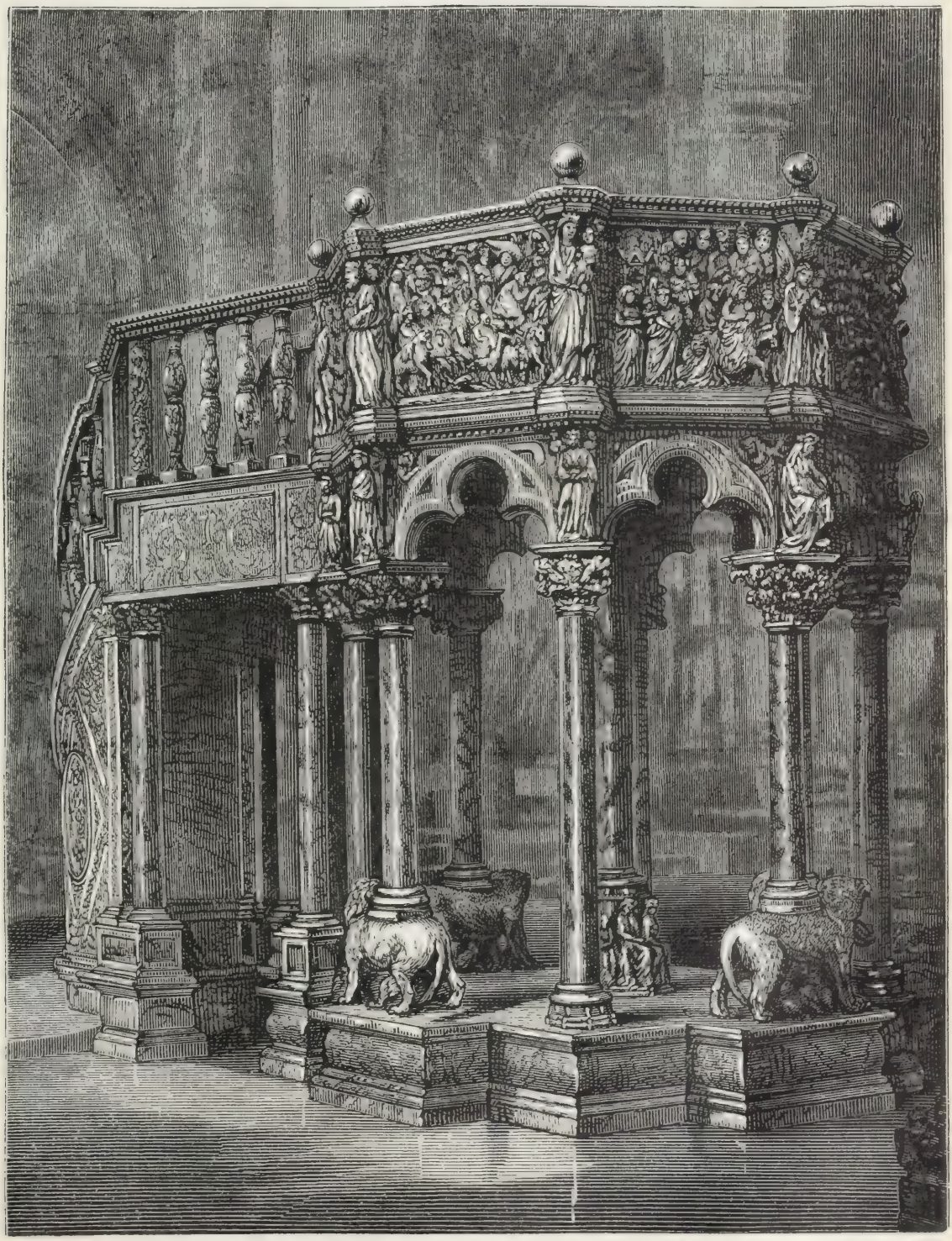
The house of St. Catherine of Siena is, of course, an object of special interest both to the curious and the credulous. She lived in the fourteenth century, and, whatever may be thought of her claims to religious veneration, was a woman of great energy and influence in her time. It is certain that she procured the return of Pope Gregory XI. from Avignon to Rome, and had a voice in many important affairs of state. The house where she was born is in one of the poorest and dirtiest parts of the city, now, as anciently, the fullers' quarter, for St. Catherine was the daughter of a dyer and fuller. It is near the old fountain of Fontebranda, which Dante mentions. Very little of the saint's original dwelling remains, except the chamber, and within is the cell which she inhabited. The latter is a little room about seven feet by six, lighted only by the door which communicates with the outer chamber. The brick floor is protected by a wooden covering, with a plate of glass inserted above the stone which formed St. Catherine's pillow. There is no furniture, and no ornament save a crucifix. But the rest of the house is converted into oratories gaudily decorated, with a few fine frescoes representing the life of St. Catherine, and the miraculous crucifix from which she is said to have received the *stigmata*. A most wonderful fresco by Sodoma, in one of the chapels of the Church of San Domenico, represents her as swooning beneath the heavenly visitation. She is supported in the arms of two nuns, and the divinely given wounds are seen in her hands. This is one of Sodoma's masterpieces; its colors are fresh and delicate as if newly painted, and there is a singular tenderness and depth of expression on all the countenances. The head of the



HOLY WATER VASE, THE PEDESTAL OF WHICH WAS FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA.

saint is preserved in a shrine above the altar of this chapel, the keys of the shrine being kept at the Palazzo Publico. Tradition has it that her body was buried at Rome, where she died, but that her confessor, not willing that her native city should entirely lose such a sacred treasure, cut off her head and secretly conveyed it to Siena.

There is a picture of St. Catherine by Guido Reni in one of the beautiful old palaces with which Siena abounds, but which is not often shown to strangers, which makes a deep impression on all beholders. The saint is kneeling before a table, on which are placed a skull and a crucifix, with the lily branch which is her emblem. She is leaning forward with clasped hands, on which the marks of the *stigmata* are visible. Her eyes are fastened on the figure of the suffering Saviour in a rapture of love and grief such as I never saw portrayed elsewhere. Her face expresses not so much contrition as tenderness; the thought of the *cause* of the Redeemer's sufferings seems to be lost in that of His ineffable condescension. She is not thinking of herself, but of Him. She wears a crown of thorns above her veil, and you feel that there are great blood-drops where they have pierced the tender skin beneath it; but the painter, with rare insight, has not weakened the impression by making them visible, nor are there tears upon the cheeks, although we know that that intense gaze is the prelude to an agony of weeping. Her lips are parted as if in wonder and awe, and her whole attitude seems to say, "I have found Him whom my soul loveth."



MARBLE PULPIT.—[CARVED BY NICCOLO PISANO.]

The school of painting of Siena is so well known that there is no need to particularize. It is characterized by tenderness and truth of expression, and Sodoma (whose real name was Gianantonio Razzi) is its chief glory. He was born in 1480, and was a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci. The *Instituto delle Belle Arti* contains his "Descent from the Cross," and several other works of his, with a good general collection of pictures by the Sienese painters, and a morning spent there will give a fair idea of the principal qualities of this school. The Instituto is now under the direction of Signor Mussini, himself a painter of no mean reputation. Almost every church has one or two paintings of merit. There is a beautiful Crucifixion, by Perugino, in the Church of S. Agostino. There are also many gems of art in private galleries.



PANEL OF THE PRINCIPAL DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Iron-work was formerly brought to great perfection in Siena. The hinges of the doors and windows are of most graceful patterns and skilled workmanship, and the *cancellieri*, or iron gates (which are usually placed inside of the principal door of entrance in Italian palaces), both in design and execution are really works of art. The lantern-holders which are placed in rows along the front of every palace, usually on each story, add much to the beauty of the façade. Some of them are in the form of leaves, the acanthus, which is seen on the Palazzo Magnifico, being the most elegant; and some represent the heads of deer and other animals. There is a good deal of stained glass in these palaces, some of it very old and interesting. As a general thing the restorations made have been in excellent taste, and even to details the original plan has sometimes been reproduced. One thing that strikes the stranger most pleasantly in visiting Siena is the remarkable degree of preservation of these ancient structures. There is nothing about them which suggests decay, though every thing is venerable with age. Many of these palaces are still inhabited by descendants of those who erected them; usually a few rooms are furnished in modern style, but in the rest the antique look is preserved as far as possible. The walls of the vestibules are hung with old armor and weapons which have done duty in many a fight; there are curiously wrought shields and immense lances, which recall the paraphernalia of Homer's heroes. There is usually a picture-gallery of more or less interest, and there are some very fine collections of casts and engravings.

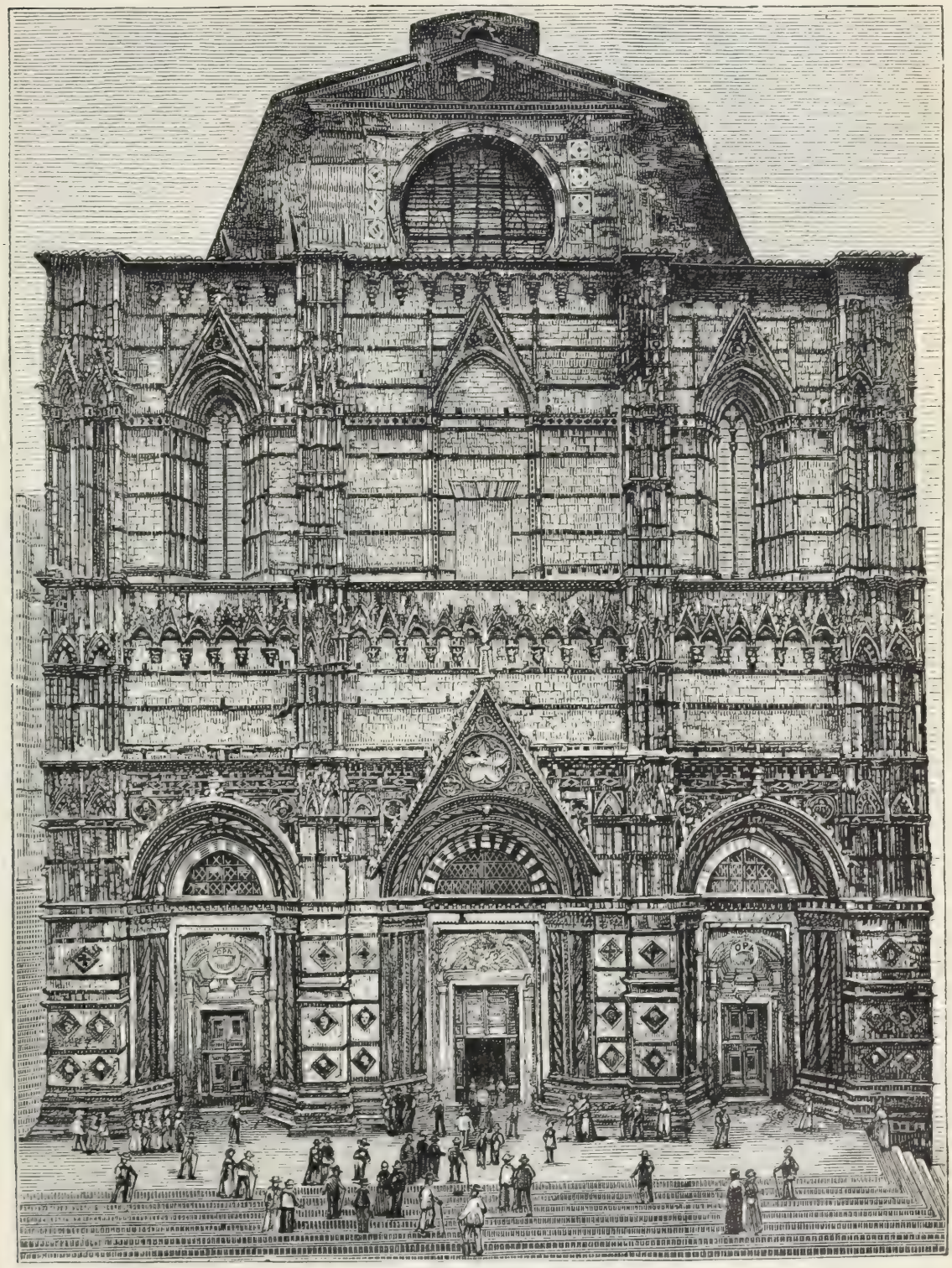
The Sienese have a strong aversion to parting with any of their treasures, even when sadly in want of money, and he who sells them falls greatly in public estimation. There are riches untold for the curiosity-hunter, which he can see and admire, but the objects for sale in the shops devoted to such purposes are less satisfactory than in other cities, for the reason above given.

The delicate pointed arches of the windows, the form of the vestibule and staircases, are particularly worthy of notice in these palaces. The carved wood-work of the doors and ceilings furnishes fine studies to the artist of the present day. Wood-carving has always been a specialty of Siena, and nowhere can more beautiful specimens be seen, of either ancient or modern. In speaking of this I am reminded that some articles of carved furniture which I saw and admired in Siena in 1875 were sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition, where it is to be hoped they may have awakened a salutary horror of the machine carving with which so much American furniture is disfigured.

The library in the Accademia degli Intronati is one of the most ancient in Europe. Siena has always been noted for the encouragement of literature and science, and in 1654 she had a library for women, a most remarkable thing at that era. In the library of the Accademia, which contains over 40,000 volumes and 5000 MSS., there is much to interest the student and artist. Among the MSS. are the Greek Gospels of the ninth century, brought from Constantinople, and sketch-books by Baldassare Peruzzi and Giuliano da Sangallo.

Siena offers to the visitor many attractions as a summer residence, besides these treasures of the past. The climate is health-

ful, and the city being a thousand feet above the level of the sea, it is continually fanned by cool breezes, whence it derives its appellation of "the city of the winds"—*Città dei Venti.* It is not nearly so warm in Siena as in Milan, or Turin, or Lucca. The accommodations for foreigners are ample, from a Grand Hotel, recently established, to a quiet *pension.* Of late Siena has been much frequented by families wishing to educate their children. The language of the Sienese is the purest Tuscan; there are excellent masters, and living is less expensive than in the larger cities. A good furnished apartment of ten rooms may be had for from eighty to one hundred francs per month, and a villa for one hundred to one hundred and fifty francs. A cook's wages is from ten to twelve francs a month. Meat and vegetables are abundant and of good quality, and the bread of Siena is far superior to that of Florence. The people are gentle and hospitable, and life among them has a flavor of antique simplicity, combined with enough modern



FAÇADE OF THE BAPTISTERY.

comforts to make it agreeable. There is a peculiar adherence to old customs and traditions among the Sienese. The days of Siena's glory yet live in the imagination of her inhabitants, and the old feuds are only beginning to die out. Trollope, in his *History of the Commonwealth of Florence*, relates that in 1848, at the time of the Grand Duke's flight from Florence, when there was a general disposition among the other cities to express sympathy and offer aid in this emergency, the Sienese were urged by an eminent patriot to manifest their friendliness by sending a deputation to Florence. His entreaties were received with a hesitation which he could not understand. At length one of the leading citizens arose and said that the objection on the part of the Sienese was not a want of willingness to fraternize with the Florentines, but that they were doubtful of their reception, fearing that the battle of Monteaperto might not have been forgotten! The events of the thirteenth century were to the speaker and his fellow-citizens as the events of the present day.



FONTE NUOVA, SIENA.

There is, indeed, every thing in Siena to nourish old recollections. It seems to a stranger who walks its streets as if the ages had rolled back, and that he might expect to see coming forth from those ancient palaces squires and dames in mediæval costume. The streets themselves are narrow, crooked, and dim; the buildings so high that one can walk in shadow even in a summer noon. There are all sorts of quaint windows and bits of carving and statuary which surprise you in the most unlikely places; and ever and anon, through the arch of a steep stairway which makes a short-cut for foot passengers from one street to another, you get a charming view of some palace or bit of landscape. These covered stairways honeycomb Siena, and are among its most picturesque features. Not more than half the streets are passable for carriages, and those which are so are steep and badly paved, so that there is no great pleasure in driving within the limits of the city. There is, indeed, the Lizza, a small park on the northwestern side of the city, perhaps half a mile in circumference, and the only level spot of that size to be found within the walls, around the outside of which it is fashionable to drive on Sundays and Thursdays, when the band plays; but it is rather a monotonous amusement, except for those who are satisfied with seeing and being seen by their acquaintances. Far pleasanter than the Lizza is the Fortress, which lies on the high ground to the left, and which on summer evenings is filled with promenaders enjoying the cool breeze and the enchanting prospect on every side. It is separated by a deep ravine from the hill on which the cathedral stands, and one of the finest views of the latter is had from thence.

The attachment to ancient customs of which I have spoken shows itself in the Sienese festivals. The 15th of August, Assumption-day, is the grand festa of the year, as the city was formally dedicated to the virgin after the battle of Monteaperto, out of gratitude for her supposed intervention on that memorable day. During the conflict, which took place on the plain below the city, and which was long and doubtful, a cloud of singular form was seen to rise and hover over Siena. It was interpreted as a sign of Divine protection through the intercession of the Madonna, and gave renewed courage to the Sienese, while it struck terror into the hearts of the Florentines. This festival is kept with much pomp and rejoicing. Throughout the country round it is looked forward to during the whole year as the grand holiday, and many are the plans laid to save up money for it, and to make a brave appearance in the throng.

The races are so unique in character that some account of them may be interesting to those who have not been at Siena at this season. The city is divided into seventeen *contrade*, or districts, each of which is named from some animal or object, as the Turtle, the Goose, the Shell; each has a special saint and church of its own, also a distinctive costume for *fêtes*, and banners. Only

ten out of the seventeen districts are permitted to compete in the grand race each year, seven being chosen by turn and three by lot. Each contributes a horse and jockey, but these are assigned by lot, so that a horse does not always run for his own district, nor does a jockey always ride his own horse. The racers are Corsican ponies, small and delicately formed, quite different in size and style from our American ideas of what a race-horse ought to be; but they are full of spirit and endurance.

The races take place in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, which is the central point of Siena. Its form is that of a scallop shell, hollowed out in the centre, and gradually rising to the edges. It is said to be the crater of an extinct volcano. It is about a third of a mile in circumference, paved with brick, and crossed by narrow lines of stone. The carriage road runs around the outside. At one side is a large and beautiful fountain, or rather basin, of marble, with decorations by Jacopo della Quercia, which is fed by conduits that are said to bring the water from springs fifteen miles distant. It feeds twelve other fountains and a large number of cisterns. At the base of the shell, and opposite the fountain, is the Palazzo Publico, and some of the finest private palaces are intermingled in Italian fashion all around the piazza with mean dwellings and shops of all sorts. But on this gala day all the buildings, small and great, are gay with red, green, and white hangings, and the windows and balconies are filled with spectators. Against the lower stories of the houses are built up rows of seats, which are let at a franc a place, and are much patronized by the middle classes, the balconies being the aristocratic station, and the space in the middle of the piazza that of the crowd. The carriage road has some days before the races been covered with a thick layer of the yellow earth of Siena, and well wetted down. As the course is very uneven, with sharp curves, and steep ascents and descents at two of these, mattresses are placed against the barriers which have been erected at either side of the road, to break the force of a fall, as the jockeys are not infrequently thrown off. Indeed, at one of the *prove*, or trials, which preceded the race in 1875, all ten of the jockeys tumbled off in rounding the worst corner. There are three of these *prove*, and they are almost as interesting as the races themselves, and attract a great crowd. It is curious that neither in the *prove* nor in the races have I ever seen a watch taken out to time the horses, and I do not at all know their rate of speed. Apparently this is considered of no consequence abstractly, the only thing desired being to come in *first*, whether soon or late.

On the afternoon of the 15th each horse which is to run is conducted to the church of his *contrada* to be blessed. He is accompanied by the jockey, the pages, and the flag-bearers, all in costume, and himself is as glossy as the most careful grooming can make him, his hoofs gilded, and sometimes gilt stars ornamenting his back and sides. He is led up to the altar, and stands there, while the other members of the procession kneel, and a priest in full robes pronounces



SIENESE PEASANT WOMAN.

some prayers, and sprinkles man and beast with holy water. Then cakes and wine are served, and all present are expected to drink to the success of the blessed animal.

By the time this ceremony is finished the piazza is filling fast, and presents a picturesque and animated scene—all the more striking from the background of sombre and ancient buildings. What with the surroundings, the costumes of the performers, and the seriousness with which the preparations are made, one might fancy himself about to assist at a tournament of the Middle Ages. I have seen as many as forty thousand persons in the piazza on these occasions, and all, except a few foreigners, apparently absorbed in what was taking place, enjoying with

true Italian intensity this bright interlude in their lives of toil, as if there were nothing but enjoyment under the sun. Whatever may be said of the want of foresight and prudence in these Southern nations, we who are born to a heritage of overanxiousness can not help envying them the simplicity with which they take



SIENESE PEASANT GIRL IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

"the good of now and here,"

and feeling sometimes that they may be wiser in their generation than ourselves.

There is no crowd so good-humored as an Italian one. They take the pushing and squeezing as necessary accompaniments of the play, and where an Englishman or an American would be tempted to use hard words, and perhaps blows, they only hurl jests at each other, and gesticulate and laugh the harder. They are very noisy, and perhaps for that reason very tractable. They have come to be amused, and they do not let any thing interfere with that purpose. Let him who is sullen stay at home. But I have never yet seen an Italian of that character. As the clock strikes six, half a dozen mounted soldiers come out from the archway of the Palazzo Publico, and proceed to clear the race-course, riding abreast, and gently forcing back the crowd. They do their duty gently but firmly, and are not less than a quarter of an hour in accomplishing the circuit of the piazza. When they have retired under the archway, the procession which is to commence the performances enters the piazza from a side street, where it has been formed. It is headed by a band of music; then come the representatives of the districts, a dozen men to each *contrada*, with the horse in the centre led by a page, and the jockey following on a larger animal. The flag-bearers toss the banners in the air with wonderful skill; the costumes are of the brightest colors, and some of them really elegant; and the whole forms a bewildering and unique spectacle. After these have made the tour, comes forth a great *carroccio*, or battle-car, which formerly accompanied the troops to battle. It is a large square platform, with a tall mast in the centre bearing a bell and a black and white flag. Upon it are twelve men in complete suits of armor. This is followed by another *carroccio*, constructed in exact imitation of the one taken from the Florentines at Monteaperto. When these have also passed around the square the signal is given for the races, and instantly the ten horses dash up before the judges' balcony. They push and crowd for the best places; there is no rule or orderliness about it; the horses are wild with impatience. A rope that has been stretched across the course is pulled dextrously away, the master of ceremonies drops his white flag, and off go the racers pell-mell. The jockeys are armed with short strong whips of bone, which they ply lustily, not only upon the horses, but upon each other, until it seems as if they would be seriously hurt, as they sometimes, indeed, are. Now a jockey tumbles off, and is seized and dragged out of the way, disgraced and stunned. The horses make three rounds, and it is pretty evident which will win by the close of the second, as the jockeys do not seem to be much in the habit of keeping their horses back for a "spurt." The gun fires, the winning horse is led in front of the judges' stand, and the jockey, who has been snatched off by his admiring friends, is almost stifled by embraces, and borne triumphantly to receive the congratulations of the authorities of the *contrada*. The prize—a beautiful white silk banner, with the arms of Siena and appropriate inscriptions—is given by the judges to the standard-bearer of the district. The jockey receives three hundred francs from the municipality, and a good deal more from those whom he has served. The winning horse is led back to church to return thanks, followed by a long and noisy

procession; the crowd slowly disperses, and the grand event is over.

But the second and less formal races, which occur the day following, are still more amusing. The night has been spent in feasting and merriment, and the morning in making a tour of the principal streets with the successful horse. Before the principal palaces and dwellings there has been a flourish of trumpets, responded to from within by the bestowment of a sum of money, to enable the *contrada* to celebrate its victory properly. At 6 P.M. the piazza is again thronged, and the preliminary ceremonies of the day before being repeated, the races begin. This time there are four distinct heats; three horses, chosen by lot, run in each of the first three, and the fourth is for the six worst horses of the ten districts. The enthusiasm is as great as before; the people, even the *crème de la crème* in the balconies, stand up, shout, applaud, and almost shriek, as their favorites lose or win. In the evening there is a display of fire-works and more feasting. But the grand celebration of the first day's victory is usually deferred some weeks, in order to give time for preparations. It takes place on a Sunday evening. A table, perhaps two hundred feet long, is placed in the middle of some principal street in the winning district. As there is hardly a street in Siena which is level, this presents a very peculiar appearance, and one standing at the lower end can see the whole table, with the feasters—a most picturesque sight when it is illuminated and surrounded by a jovial crowd. The houses are trimmed with evergreens and paper flowers; colored lanterns are hung in rows across the street, intermingled with the flags of the *contrada*. Last year the table was in one of the steepest streets of the city, so that it seemed a miracle that the cups and glasses did not slide down hill, and the *coup d'œil* was unusually fine.

The country about Siena is varied and attractive. There are many points of interest in the neighborhood, such as monasteries and old castles and eminences commanding fine views; and about sixteen miles distant is the estate of Broglio, the home of the Ricasoli family for many generations, and now inhabited by Baron Bettino Ricasoli, known as one of the leading promoters and supporters of Italian liberty and of the government of Victor Emanuel. A part of his castle has been restored in accordance with the original design, and a part is entirely modern. From the terrace there is a magnificent view of the valley of the Arbia, and of the Monte Amiata and its foot-hills, which form a spur of the Apennines.

THE ELECTRIC TIME SERVICE.

AS we ride over one of the main routes of travel between the East and West, the immense movement of freight and passenger traffic can hardly fail to strike the most careless observer. During the day the rush of passing cars is incessant; at nearly every stopping-place we observe others drawn up on sidings to let us go by; and when night comes on, the noise of panting engines, which pass the window with a crescent shriek, makes it seem as if our broken sleep had been passed in the vicinity of interminable rumbling trains. The amount and intricacy of this movement grow on us the more we study it, so that we shall not be far wrong if we suppose that for hundreds of miles the road would present to an eye which could survey the whole at once two endless processions of trains separated from each other by but few minutes' distance—processions, however, moving in opposite directions, and in each of which portions were constantly dropping out of the moving line or being added to it, with all the risk of accident from such incessant interruption.

We readily understand that there can be no possible safeguard in this intricate movement without a most exact observance of the pre-arranged time at which each train should be found at each of the hundreds of miles in its journey. *Time* exactly obtained and kept is the regulator of this complex system of moving parts, which, in theory at least, should resemble one great piece of clock-work. To make things "move like clock-work" is not merely a figure of speech, then, here, where our lives depend on the accuracy of a conductor's watch, but it should be, and it is, the aim of every officer of the road to make them do so in reality.

A great safeguard against accidents arising from mistakes as to time, which in the past have been so fruitful in disaster, has been introduced of late years by some of our leading roads, which have called in the aid of astronomical and electrical science in the manner to be described. That adopted by the extensive system of roads uniting New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Chicago, in connection with the Alleghany Observatory, near Pittsburgh, is selected for illustration here, not as the only example, but as the one with whose details the responsibility of initiation and superintendence has made the writer most familiar.

We have all at some time noticed the convenience of an accurately striking public clock, by which all the watches of the community within sound of the bell may be set

to the same minute; and remembering that our object here is to obtain an exact agreement of times at very distant points, we readily see that if it were possible to have a clock strike so as to be heard along the whole railroad at once, our end would be directly attained, and that most of the accidents or delays arising from discrepancies of this sort would disappear. To make not only the stroke of the hour, but the very ticking of the seconds, from one clock, audible the country over, might have seemed a few years ago to have demanded a miracle for its accomplishment. Yet very much such a miracle science works now for us daily in the way which the employment of the electric telegraph has already made familiar.

In one of the vague speculations which long preceded the era of modern discovery it was suggested that two friends might converse with each other at a distance if each had a magnet so powerful and so delicately suspended that either would respond by its "magnetic virtue" to a particular motion of the other. But though no ordinary magnet can directly influence another through any but the shortest distance, yet by the intervention of a wire carrying the "magnetic virtue" (or by whatever more modern term we describe a still mysterious force) we now make a magnet move by an impulse conveyed from one end of the country to the other. Without attempting to describe details, we need only to see how this is applied to our present use. Imagine a piece of iron (called the "armature") suspended in every telegraph station between a plate of sonorous metal and a coil of wire, the coil being a continuation of the telegraph wire outside, which conducts the electric current into the building through the coil, round an iron core, out, and on again to the next station.

While the current is passing through the coil it exercises that very "magnetic virtue" the early speculator dreamed of, the "armature" being attracted and held as firmly to it as by a common magnet. If the wire on the telegraph poles were cut, and the severed ends separated by so much as the hundredth of an inch, the current would cease all along the line at once; at once every "armature" would be set free, and, falling back against the resonant metal behind it, produce a sound distinctly and simultaneously heard at every station. When the wires are joined, the current leaps in a fraction of a second through thousands of miles, the coils regain their attractive power as suddenly as they lost it, the armatures move again, to fall back and sound once more when the next interruption comes, and so on, without end, so long as the "circuit" is unbroken, and the distant battery, which sends the impulse, is fed with its zinc and acid fuel.

At a certain hour in every day, in any one of the principal offices of the railroad —at Jersey City or at Philadelphia, for instance—there is a moment's pause in the rattle of the telegraphic instruments, and then in one of them we see and hear the armature moving back and forth, not with the irregular motion impressed upon it by the operator's finger, but with a uniform beat every second. It sounds like a clock ticking somewhere in the room: it *is* a clock ticking, but the clock is many hundreds of miles away, and it is marking off minutes and seconds in this manner, at one and the same moment, in hundreds of points, in distant cities, or scattered along some thousands of miles of main or branch roads.

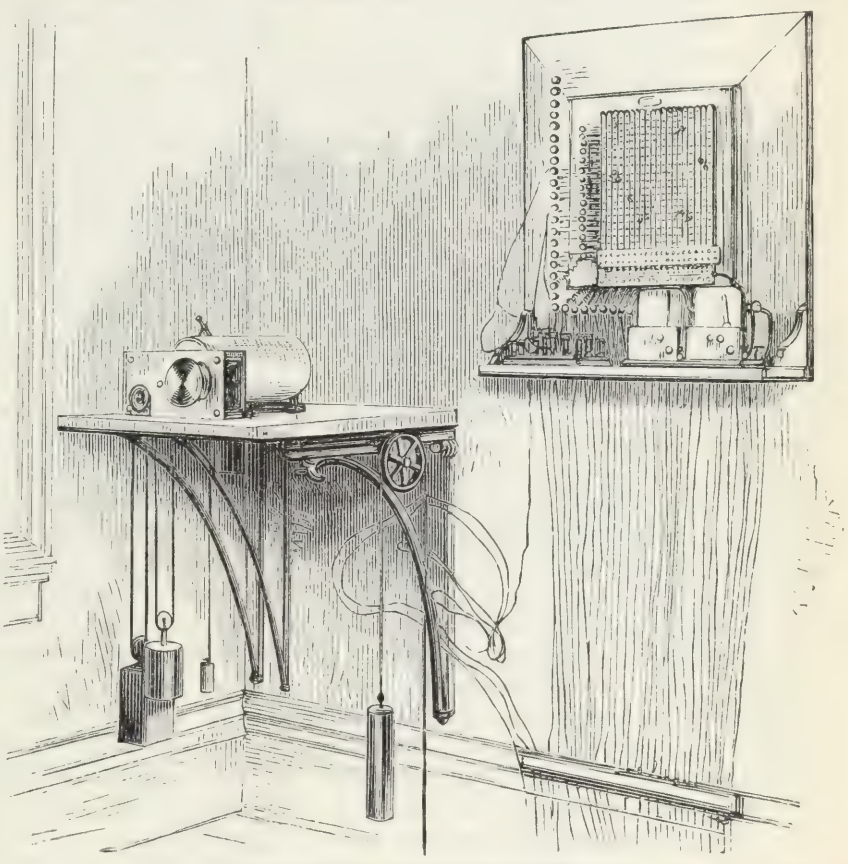
If we wish to see how this is done, let us take up the wires which lead the current through the instrument, and follow their course beside the railway to Pittsburgh, where they leave the track, and, ascending the table-land on the north of the Ohio, finally bring us into the Alleghany Observatory. They enter the eastern wing of the building, and passing beneath the dome, which contains the large equatorial telescope (not used in these observations), come up in an apartment on the western extremity, called the "transit room." An aperture traverses this room from north to south, opening a narrow view of the sky when the shutters are thrown back. The dome is made to revolve, so that its shutters can be opened to any quarter, and the telescope it covers can be turned in any direction, but the range of the instrument in this room with this fixed opening must evidently be different, as we see from its external disposition. Within this room, then, the wires terminate inside the works of a very accurate clock, where one, ending in a little plate of gold, rests lightly upon the other, so that the metallic connection being thus still complete, the electric impulse flows through them unimpeded. But close to the golden end of the wire is a jewel, so placed as to be very lightly brushed by each tooth of the wheel that turns the minute-hand. As each tooth passes, it raises the jewel by a touch which, though light as the brush of a fly's wing, causes it to move the gold terminal. This is lifted through a distance so small as to be invisible without a magnifying-glass, yet this hair-breadth gap the electric current which moves in a moment from Chicago to New York can not leap over. It is stopped in its course as completely as though a mile intervened, and compelled to wait, during something like the fiftieth part of a second, till the passing tooth has let the jewel fall, and bridged the little space over.

During this time, which to ordinary reckoning is infinitesimally small, the current has ceased along a thousand miles, the magnets in the "sounders" of the telegraph lines

have lost their virtue, and let go the armature, whose click is heard in each remote station, recurrent with each beat of the pendulum and each advance of a tooth, for the whole operation is repeated with every second, save at a brief pause caused by the absence of certain teeth, whose position corresponds to the closing seconds of the minute, the short silence marking the point at which each new minute begins.

Many of the instruments of the observatory have been obtained of European artists, but the delicate mechanism just described is the product of American skill, the standard mean time clock being the work of the Howard Company, of Boston, and its electric attachments of Mr. J. Hamblet, their electrician.

If we now turn again to the wires we shall find them passing from the clock into an apartment in the eastern wing, where a contrivance to be found in every main telegraph office, and technically called a "switch-board," is used for directing the currents into one course or another. It is fastened to the wall of the room, as shown in the illustration, and it consists of a great number of strips of metal separated from one another and from a second series, hidden from view, and which they overlie at right angles. The pegs which are seen stuck into the numerous holes are disposed so as to form a connection between any two of the strips, for by putting in one of these brass pins a metallic roadway is furnished for the current, which is thus diverted on to any wire, and sent at pleasure in any direction, just as on a railroad the "switch," by moving the rails a few inches one way or another, directs the course of trains from a centre of divergence to different and distant destinations. Beneath the switch-board are two little instruments called "indicators," in each of which the upright needle moves back and forth with each passing second, so as to give ocular evidence that the time is passing. A cessation of the current, though caused by an accidental severance of the circuit as far away as New York or Chicago, would at once stop their motion, and notify the attendant that the clock beats had been interrupted there.



THE CHRONOGRAPH AND SWITCH-BOARD.

Now, taking up the course of the wires again, we find one set connecting the observatory with the turret clock of the Municipal Hall in Pittsburgh, whose mechanism, similar in some respects to that in the standard clock, and by the same makers, causes every third hour a single stroke on a heavy bell to be audible through the city, where the comparison of watches at the sound is so general as to offer satisfactory evidence of the public appreciation of the convenience. Another wire carries the beats of the observatory clock into the stores of the principal watch-makers and jewellers, who thus enable their customers to set their watches by "regulators," themselves regulated with astronomical precision. Still other wires perform the more important service of uniting the standard clock with the private telegraph lines of the railways, by which several thousand miles of main and branch roads, from Erie on the north to Baltimore on the south, and from New York to Chicago, are supplied with exact time in the manner already described. At Philadelphia these wires are connected with the offices of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company of that city. Mr. Bentley, its president, has recently added to the other functions of these city telegraph lines that of distributing accurate time to the company's customers by means of very beautiful and exact apparatus which the makers of that at Alleghany have furnished for the purpose—an apparatus whose completeness and extensive character it has

been found with regret impracticable to present an adequate illustration of within the limits of the present article. It may be mentioned, however, that by an arrangement with the officers of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad the exact time of Philadelphia is sent over the railway telegraph from nightly observations at Alleghany, distributed by the Philadelphia local wires, and that an exact coincidence of the clocks of the principal roads leading from the city with that of most watches used in it is thus secured, to the convenience of the wearers of the latter.

Other uses of the clock signals from Alleghany, for the convenience of distant points or for the determination of longitudes, have been made through the courtesy of the officers of the Western Union Telegraph Company; but enough has been said to indicate the extension which the system (commenced at Alleghany in 1869) has already reached, and to justify the hope that it would prove of public utility, which led to its trial. The considerable expenses attendant upon its inauguration have been met from the private means of a citizen of Pittsburgh, whose generous aim it was to make an institution, of which he had been one of the founders, and always the foremost promoter, thus useful not only through scientific research, but in immediate utilities, and for the public convenience and safety.

We have traced the supply of the time from a certain clock, which directly or indirectly regulates thousands of others, but the inquiry remains as to how *this* clock is regulated, since, left to itself, the most accurate time-piece will go wrong. Strictly speaking, indeed, no such thing as a perfect time-keeper exists, if we use the word "perfect" in its rigorous sense. But, in fact, we usually employ it in its relative meaning; and while the clock in the kitchen is said to keep "perfect" time if it is never a minute out of the way, we should not say as much of a jeweller's regulator under the same circumstances, though this too we should probably call "exactly" right if it was on the very second. But for an observatory, whose time is like a national standard measure, which all other standards in turn copy, and which can never be too accurate, this word "exact" is little used. With instruments which measure not only the second, but its hundredth part, it is found that *no* clock which has ever been made is *exact*, and that not even the clocks made for the astronomers' special use can be caused to run with *perfect* uniformity for a single hour. The time at which the principal stars cross the meridian will be found, however, in astronomical ephemerides, printed years in advance, with an error of very much less than a second, and it is evident that astronomy must possess some means of ascertaining time with corresponding precision to venture the prediction.

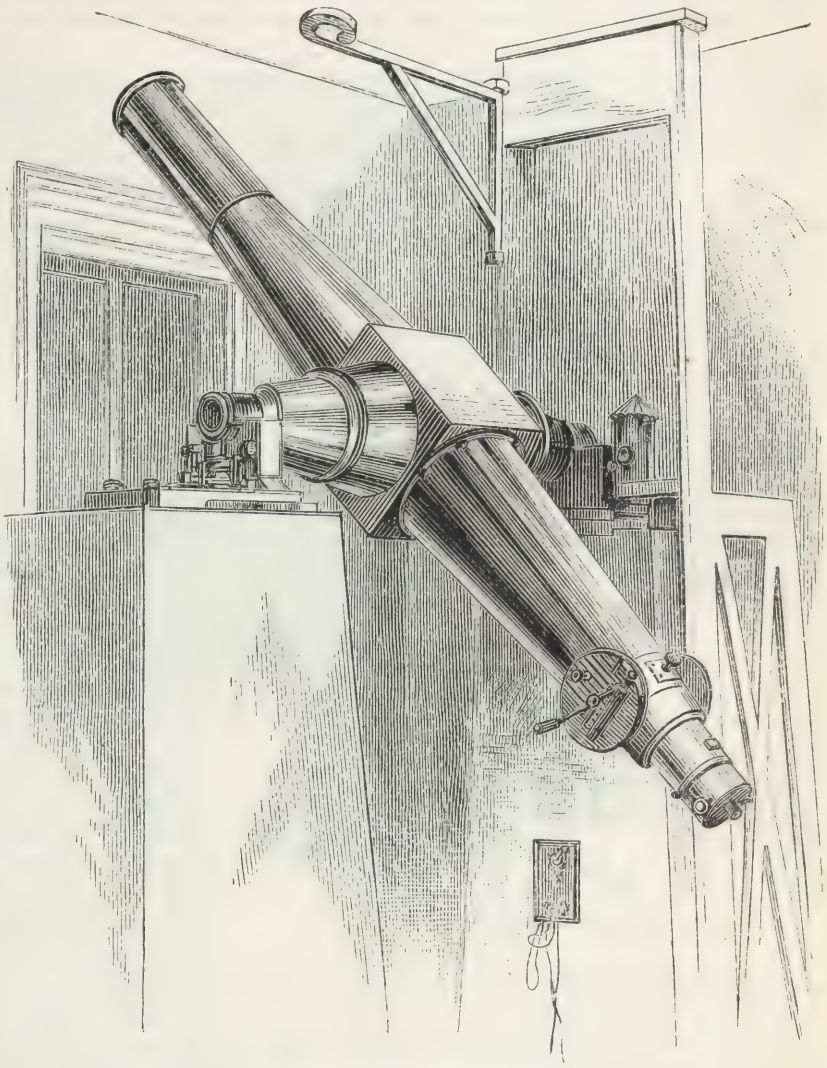
Nothing is commoner than to find that persons—even those of education—believe that this is done by means of the sun, which is popularly supposed to come on to the meridian at twelve every day. But the sun is in fact a most irregular time-keeper, arriving sometimes a quarter of an hour before this and sometimes a quarter of an hour after, and varying more than half an hour in the year, so that a watch which kept no better time than the sun does would be a poor one indeed.

We must set our clock, however, by something, and this is done, in the first place, by setting it by another: at Alleghany, for instance, by a clock on the opposite side of the room, resting on a massive stone pier, isolated from the floor so as to be secure from the least jar. This second time-piece is called the "sidereal clock." It is of very perfect workmanship, but as the other is so too, it would appear that we have only pushed the difficulty a step farther off; but we are here, in fact, comparing with a new standard of time, unknown to common use, for the principal hand of the sidereal clock turns coincidently, not with the apparent motion of the sun, but of the stars, and revolves through a complete circle while the earth turns once upon its axis. The use of this construction is seen when we learn that our turning globe itself is to be made the standard that this clock is set by; for this revolution of our own planet is the final measure of uniformity in time. We make the earth mark off the hours for us by first selecting some fixed object, like a star, whose real place we know can not be altered by any motion of our own. Then if a telescope, with a tube of metal so massive that it can not bend or alter, be bolted against some solid wall of stone at such an angle as to be directed to the star at any one moment, our telescope will in spite of us directly be moved away again, for its stone foundation forms a part of the great globe beneath us, which, as it revolves, sweeps in the course of a day and night the telescope through the whole circuit of the heavens. If, looking through it, then, we notice the instant it is passing any point in the sky, and at this moment start the sidereal clock, whose hour-hand is meant to revolve about its centre just as fast as the earth does about its axis, we have an evidently simple way of knowing whether it does this or not, for on looking through the instrument we shall see the star swept past again just when the hand should have got round to its starting-point on the dial. If it has done less, the clock is slow; if more, it is fast, and we can thus regulate it to extreme exactness.

The telescope used for this purpose is

called the "transit," and the one employed at Alleghany is shown in the engraving. In practice it is not fastened to a single pier of stone, but placed between two (as the illustration shows), to which it is firmly bolted, so that it can not be moved to the right or left, while it can still be elevated or lowered, so that its use is not confined to any particular height in the sky. To see any star, then, we have no way but to wait patiently, after setting to the proper height, till the motion of the earth brings the object into view; and we must make good use of the brief time in which it passes, for, this over, nearly twenty-four hours must elapse before it appears again. The telescope is made so large in order that we may see any bright star even in the daytime, and for greater accuracy fibres from the cocoon of the little wood-spider (common cobweb is too coarse) are stretched up and down in the middle of the field of view to serve as pointers. The instant that the star appears to cross the middle line is the moment at which to compare the clock; but here comes a difficulty, for we are, it must be remembered, aiming at such exactness that an error of a tenth part of a second would be quite too large to pass over. Now how shall the observer, who lies on a low chair beneath the instrument, see the clock and the star at once? He can not; and if he turn his eyes from one to the other, however quickly, he has lost in the very time required for the motion that minute fraction of the second he would secure. Here comes in the aid of electricity again, for within reach of his hand is an ivory key (seen in the illustration resting against the further pier), a pressure on which causes an instrument at the other extremity of the building to write down the hour, the minute, the second, and the hundredth part of a second, by the sidereal clock, when the finger touched the key. This instrument (the *chronograph*) is seen in the prior illustration, on the left of the switch-board, but its explanation must be dispensed with here as foreign to a description which only deals with general methods, and not with mechanical detail.

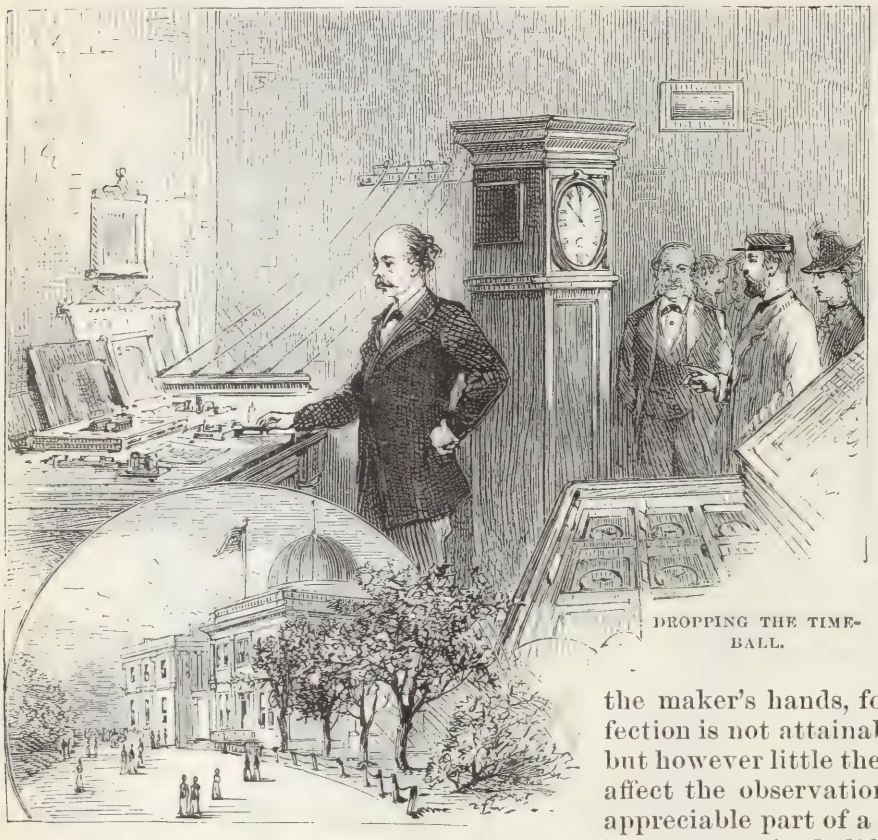
The processes which we have described in connection with the Alleghany Observatory are essentially the same as those by which indications of time are distributed from the National Observatory at Washington. At the hour of noon each day a ball, suspended from the top of the flag-staff attached to the Signal Service stations in different parts of the country, is dropped, precisely as the armature in the telegraph station is set free by the interruption of an electric current. Our illustration on page 670 shows the interior of the chronometer room of the Washington Observatory at the moment of dropping the time-ball. This use of a time-ball is not entirely novel. Twenty years ago such a ball was used on the old New York Custom-house, in telegraphic connection with the Dudley Observatory, at Albany. The ball is shown in the illustration on page 671.



THE TRANSIT INSTRUMENT.

As instruments have been made to measure not only the hundredth part, but the hundred-thousandth part of a second, and even less, it might seem as if there were no

limit to the accuracy thus attainable; but in fact we very soon reach one, and in aiming after what has proved to be in some cases superhuman exactness, astronomers have been led to some curious discoveries as to the minute and obscure causes of failure which interpose a barrier to indefinite progress in this direction. Thus, we see the telescope resting on two massive piers, each hewn from a single stone, and these rest on still heavier foundations, which are carried down to the bed-rock. Nothing can be made more solid, yet, while the observer is gazing, a tap of his naked hand on either pier will make a star passing through the field of view of the telescope appear to tremble in the sky. Since the motion is not really in the star, and since the pier has not stirred from its base, this compels us to admit that a tremor has been set up in the substance of the solid stones (of several tons weight) by a tap of the fingers, and that though the motion must be all but infinitesimal, the magnifying power of the telescope detects it. Movements absolutely non-existent to our unaided sense may, then, at any time affect the direction of the instrument and impair the observation, and this is found to be the case in practice. Thus a beam of sunshine falling on either pier will, by expanding the stone, lift the axle and tilt the telescope out of the meridian; and such a cause, or currents of warmer or cooler air, or movements of the rock foundation, are constantly doing this. By levels of extreme delicacy, constructed for the purpose, and by the telescope itself, it is found that one pier is moving up, the other down, one forward, the other back, every hour of the day or night, so that the instrument is literally swaying about at all times, while to the eye it seems at absolute rest. This minute incessant movement of course is a feature not peculiar to the piers of an observatory, but is one shared by every structure of man's hands (and, indeed, of nature's), though the means for detecting it do not commonly exist.



DROPPING THE TIME-BALL.

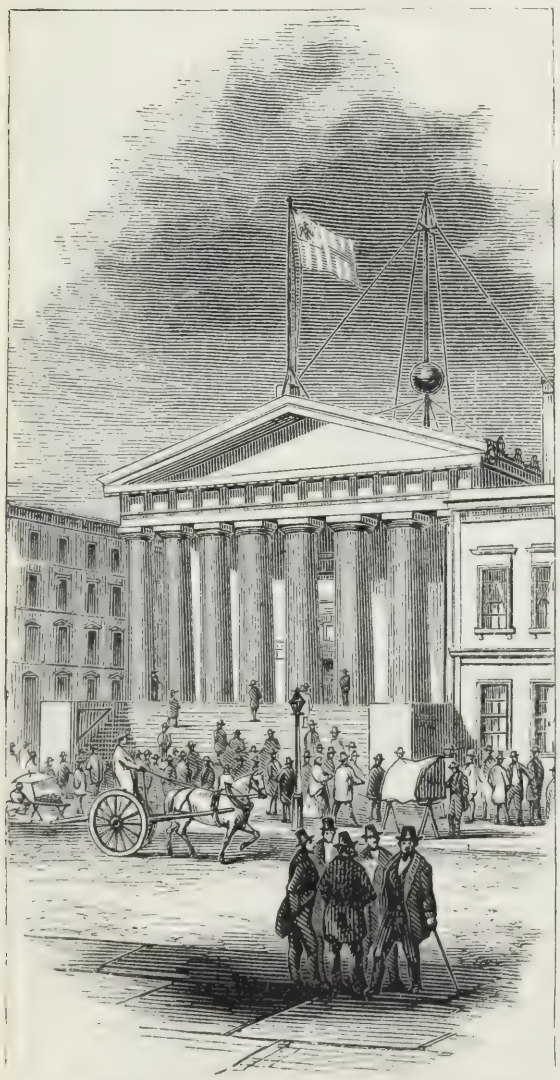
NATIONAL OBSERVATORY, AT WASHINGTON.

There is the same inevitable failure to attain perfect accuracy as to obtain perfect stability; thus the axles on which the transit revolves, and which have been turned with a diamond, though of exquisite exactness, are not perfectly equal cylinders even when they leave the maker's hands, for mathematical perfection is not attainable by the nicest art; but however little the short-coming it will affect the observation, an error of a very appreciable part of a second being caused by an unnoticed difference of less than one-ten-thousandth of an inch in their diameters.

All these difficulties, however, might be more easily overcome than another class arising in the observer himself, and due to the fallibility of the human eye, hand, and brain. Thus it has been abundantly proved, as a general rule, that the best observer even does not really press the key at the instant of the star's passage (as he fully intends to do), and that a small part of a second is somehow lost. It is a small thing to hunt for, but the astronomer must know what becomes of it, in order to understand the cause, and apply a correction.

The deficiency was perceived in the last century for the first time by Maskelyne, the then Astronomer Royal, who was led to discharge his assistant, Kinnebrook, because the latter always noted the star's passage a fraction of a second later than he himself did. Then, when examination was made, it proved that *every* observer lost a certain time, in spite of every effort, or else that, in his endeavor to correct an ineradicable fault, he went into the other extreme, and anticipated the true moment. Volumes have been

written since on the subject, which has occupied the attention of eminent physiologists, and is deserving of our own, for the peculiarity is one inherent in the human organization; and the reader may be sure it exists in himself, and affects every act and motion of his life, whether he knows it or not. The observer's, then, is merely a particular case, which offers facilities for the study of an imperfection common to us all. We may be interested, therefore, in knowing that it has been found that time is lost in *seeing* the star (or any other object)—lost, that is, in the passage to the brain of the impression of what the eye pictures. More time is lost while the impulse *from* the brain journeys down the nerve to the finger which the brain directs to press the key (or to the hand which it bids carry food to the mouth, or



THE TIME-BALL ON THE OLD NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

the fist or foot we will to strike or kick). There are other causes of delay of a like order; but when the time thus lost has all been measured (as it has been), it is found that a remnant is yet unaccounted for. Perhaps it is spent in the act of volition, for these curious researches appear to give us the number of hundredths of a second which it takes for the mind to *will* the hand to touch the key, or the voice to speak. These causes operate differently in each observer; the lost time is not the same in one as in another, and the sum of all the losses we have mentioned is rarely more than one-third of a second. Yet this time must be measured; for though we can not get rid of the faults of the mechanism employed, whether it be of stone or brass, or that of our nerves and brain, we can, after observing, allow in computation corrections for their effects, and so finally evolve truth from what appears a maze of error.

Again, then, let us observe that these actions of our mind and will, which appear to be independent of time, really take place in time—in periods so minute, perhaps, that it is bewildering to contemplate them, but which are no less real than if they extended over hours. Their effects are sensible in all of us, and their amount must, in the astronomer's case, be known, in order to perfect observations where exactness has an indisputable importance in its bearing on the affairs of practical life.

IF I WERE YOU, SIR.

If I were you, Sir,
I would not sue, Sir,
For any woman's love day after day;
I'd never stand, Sir,
At her command, Sir,
Year in and out in this fond foolish way.

Across my face, Sir,
I'd have the grace, Sir,
Or mother-wit, to pull a gayer mask,
And wait to find, Sir,
What was her mind, Sir,
Before I'd grovel at her feet to ask.

All very well, Sir,
For you to tell, Sir,
Of that grand poet in the olden time,
Whose fine advice, Sir,
Was so concise, Sir,
In that immortal strain of gallant rhyme.

It does not fit, Sir,
Your case a bit, Sir;
He never meant a man should pray and pray,
With such an air, Sir,
Of poor despair, Sir,
For any woman's love day after day.

If you will read, Sir,
The verse with heed, Sir,
You'll see it runs as clearly as it may,
That every man, Sir,
Should take his answer
With manly courage, be it yea or nay.

Then cease your sighs, Sir;
No man's a prize, Sir,
In any woman's sight, just let me say,
Who's not too high, Sir,
To sigh and die, Sir,
For any woman's love day after day.

THE NORMAL COLLEGE OF NEW YORK CITY.

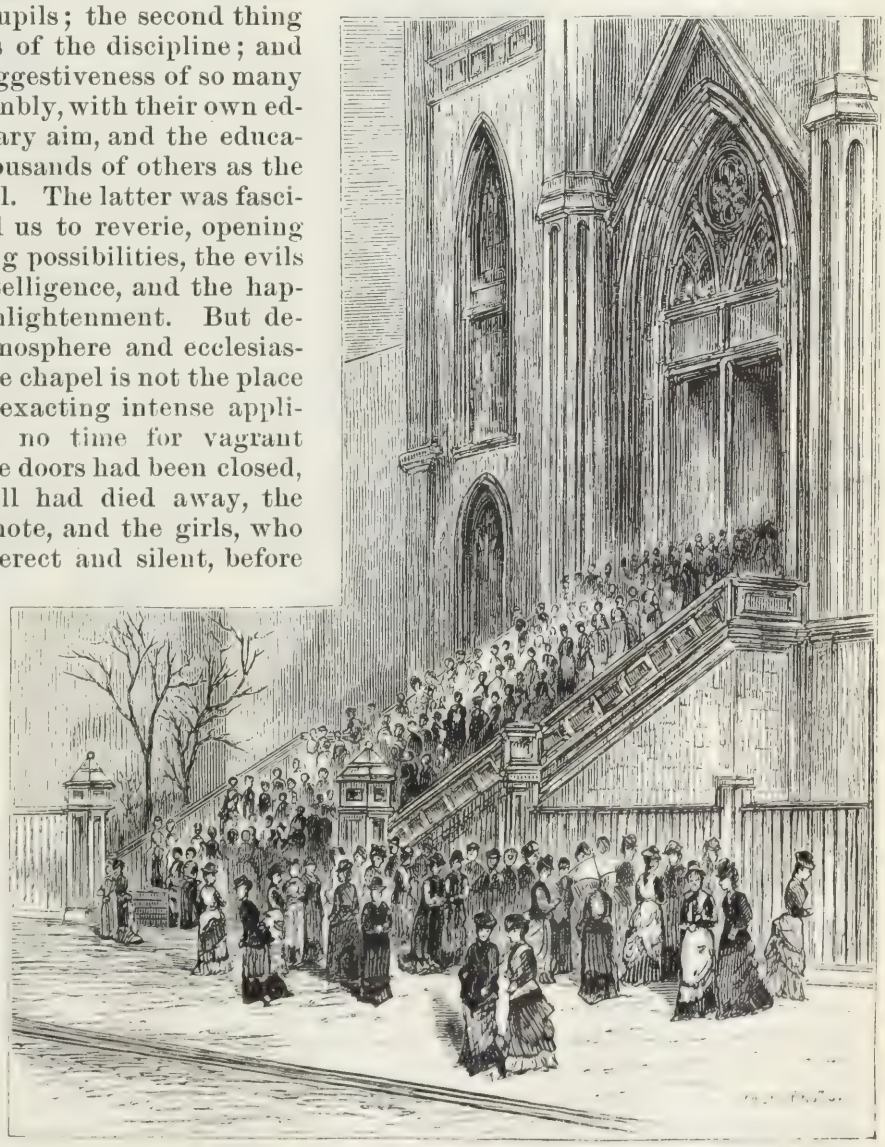
AT ten minutes to nine o'clock one morning last November the writer took seats with the president on the chapel platform of the Normal College. The vast hall was then empty and reverberant; the day outside was cloudy, and the long Gothic windows let in a gray twilight which gave the interior an ecclesiastic solemnity, the effect being heightened by the gilded pipes of a large organ in the gallery. On the platform with us were the professors and tutors, both ladies and gentlemen. The body of the hall was black with seats, and the gallery on both sides of the organ offered further accommodations. Precisely at five minutes to nine—not a second earlier or later—a lady seated at the piano in front of the platform began to play a lively march, and at that very moment the doors leading into a wide corridor, with class-rooms on each side, were thrown open, and what seemed to be an endless procession of girls came in, the patter of their feet sounding like the dripping of a fountain, and harmonizing



THE PROCESSION INTO THE CHAPEL.

prettily with the allegretto movement of the music. They were formed in single file, and stringed in with measured pace, silent and demure—girls all the way from fourteen to twenty years of age, from the farther edge of childhood to the farther limit of maidenhood; girls with every shade of complexion and degree of beauty; girls in such variety that it was amazing to contemplate the reduction of their individuality to the simple uniformity of their well-drilled movements. We looked for the last of them; the seats in the body were fast filling, without the least noise or confusion; but the lady at the piano was still beating out the allegretto air, and we could see the long lines threading in through the great corridor, and hear the steady rain of footsteps. The clock in front of the gallery marked nine, and the body of the hall was now filled, but the stream continued to pour into the gallery, until nearly every seat was occupied; and at four minutes past nine the last of the procession had entered, the doors were closed, and the piano became silent. What a triumph of system! The first thing to excite our wonder and admiration was the number —there were 1542 pupils; the second thing was the earnestness of the discipline; and the third was the suggestiveness of so many girls at work in assembly, with their own education as the primary aim, and the education of countless thousands of others as the final aim, of their toil. The latter was fascinating, and inclined us to reverie, opening long vistas of stirring possibilities, the evils counteracted by intelligence, and the happiness evoked by enlightenment. But despite its mellow atmosphere and ecclesiastical architecture, the chapel is not the place for dreams, its uses exacting intense application, and leaving no time for vagrant thoughts. When the doors had been closed, and the last footfall had died away, the pianist struck one note, and the girls, who had been standing, erect and silent, before their seats with the faces directed to the platform, turned half round; another note was struck, in response to which they unfolded the seats; and upon hearing the third, they sat down in a body, not one being the tenth of a second later than the others. If, instead of being self-willed, independent, audacious American girls, they had been automata simultaneously controlled by a rush of electricity, the unanimity of their movements could not have been more perfect; and with our admiration came the thought of the invaluable lessons their future husbands might learn from a philosophical study of normal school government. The inmates of a convent, with their burden of silent bitterness, could not possibly be more decorous and systematic than these untrammelled maids of the new era were, who at once vindicated their sex and set at naught the critics of young Americans.

The students being seated, a chapter of the Bible was read by Mr. William Wood, president of the Board of Education—a venerable gentleman, whose name is identified with one of the historic banking houses of the metropolis (this duty being done by Mr. Thomas Hunter, president of the college, in the absence of Mr. Wood)—and a non-sectarian hymn was sung to the accompaniment of the organ. A pause followed, and we instinctively became aware that mingled expectation and hesitation were rife in the assemblage. It was time for quotations.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF NEW YORK NORMAL COLLEGE.

To exercise their memories and inspire self-confidence, the students are invited to volunteer personally selected quotations from authors, and "the multitudinous seas" of literature, from the nearest to the farthest, are explored for aphorisms, epigrams, odes, and elegies; Herbert Spencer or Emerson yielding a subtle morsel of philosophy now, and good Thomas à Kempis or Mohammed doing service then in sonorous adoration; the Attic salt of Oliver Wendell Holmes and the envenomed wit of Talleyrand, the ponderous wisdom of Dr. Johnson and the sweet piety of Jonathan Edwards, the musk-and-lavender verse of literary Ladies' Repositories and the robust humor of Shakspeare or Sheridan—scarcely any thing is deemed inappropriate, and the selections made indicate most varied reading, with, perhaps, too great a taste for the florid in rhetoric.

The pause continued. Many of the girls evidently had quotations at their tongues' ends; but the creeping horror of rising amid that great silence and facing the president and the awful-looking row of professors and guests on the platform, the nervous dread of hearing their own voices alone, and feeling that over three thousand eyes were fixed upon them—the ordeal was too much for them, and nearly a minute, lengthened by suspense, elapsed before one, with stronger nerves than her associates, ventured to rise and in a tremulous key repeat a few lines from Thomson:

> "In the service of mankind to be
> A guardian God below; still to employ
> The mind's brave ardor in heroic aims,
> Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
> And make us shine forever—that is life."

That came from a girl with serious intentions; and this game of authors, once begun, was carried on with spirit. Following her was a self-possessed maid, with archly dressed hair and innumerable coquettish touches and twists of ribbon, who quoted a saucy speech of Rosalind's from *As You Like It* with elocutionary emphasis; and then another risked all her reputation as head of a class in French with a bold excerpt from the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. The individuality that had been temporarily obedient to the disciplinary stroke of the



NEW YORK NORMAL COLLEGE.

piano keys was now emancipated, and revealed itself in much diversity of costume and manner, in pretty faces and softly modulated voices, and in faces that were, to say the least, not pretty, and piping voices that were not modulated at all.

A pensive student, with a tight-fitting suit of black, and big, liquid, lustrous eyes in a pale face, enunciated a sagacious passage from Huxley: "The saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing is a very dangerous adage. If knowledge is real and genuine, I do not believe that it is other than a very valuable possession, however infinitesimal its quantity may be. Indeed, if a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?" Another had been reading Shakspeare, and gave the following from *King Henry VIII.*:

"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

Another had explored the profundities of Bacon, and recited this characteristic fragment: "The pleasure and delight of learning far surpasseth all others in nature; for in all other pleasures there is satiety, and after they be used their verdure departeth. Of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable, and therefore knowledge appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident." Some broke down, and we could see troubled hearts and tears of mortification behind the failures; but clear intonation, nice emphasis, and self-possession marked most of the recitations.

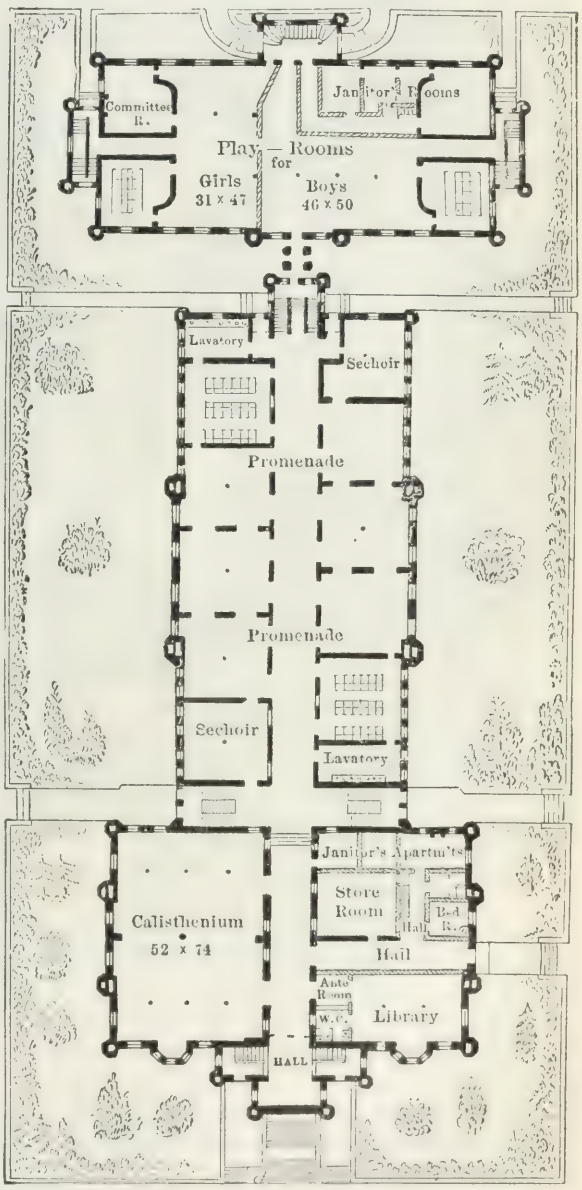
President Hunter next addressed the students, urging them not to miss a single lesson; and while one of the divisions into which the college is divided remained in the chapel for musical instruction, the others retired, responding to the touches of the piano with the extraordinary precision shown at their entrance, and the fountain seemed to be playing again in the patter of their footsteps.

But we have forgotten to say what takes place previous to the services in the chapel. Should the day be wet, the students leave their wraps in the drying-rooms on entering the college. The drying-rooms are provided with racks for overshoes and rails for clothing. At a quarter before nine a gong is struck, the students repair to their recitation-rooms, and all conversation is prohibited. Five minutes later the gong is struck again, the rolls are called, and marks are awarded for punctuality; and at a third stroke of the gong all the students pass into the chapel, as we have seen.

The day's work was now begun, Tennyson's "Princess" becoming almost reality to us:

"And then we strolled
For half the day thro' stately theatres
Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard
The grave Professor. On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration: follow'd then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thunderous Epic lilted out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever: then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame, the rock,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and known."

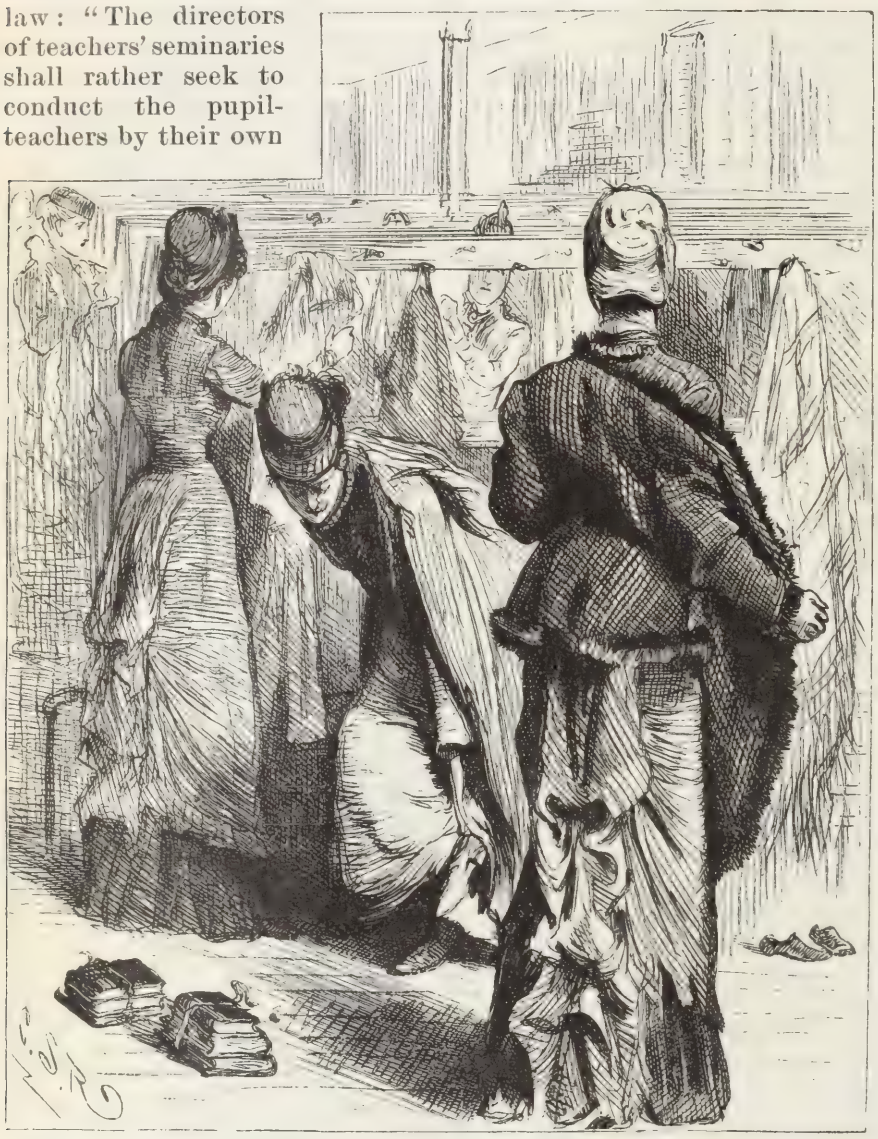
The first normal school was founded in 1681 by the Abbé De la Salle, canon of the



GROUND-PLAN OF NEW YORK NORMAL COLLEGE.

cathedral at Reims, and sixteen years later a teachers' class was opened in connection with an orphan school at Halle, the pupil-teachers receiving two years' training under the head-master, August Hermann Francke, under whom the system developed surprisingly, and soon received the invaluable sup-

port of Frederick the Great. Other normal schools were opened in Hanover, Austria, Switzerland, France, Holland, Belgium, and, about forty years ago, in Great Britain, whence they have extended into nearly every civilized country. The aims of the schools are well expressed in the following extract of the Prussian law: "The directors of teachers' seminaries shall rather seek to conduct the pupil-teachers by their own experience to simple and clear principles, than to give them theories for their guidance; and with this end in view, primary schools shall be joined to all teachers' seminaries, where the pupil-teachers may be practiced in the art of teaching." There are now about 850 normal schools in Europe, the British colonies, and British India, the latter having 104.



DRESSING-ROOM.

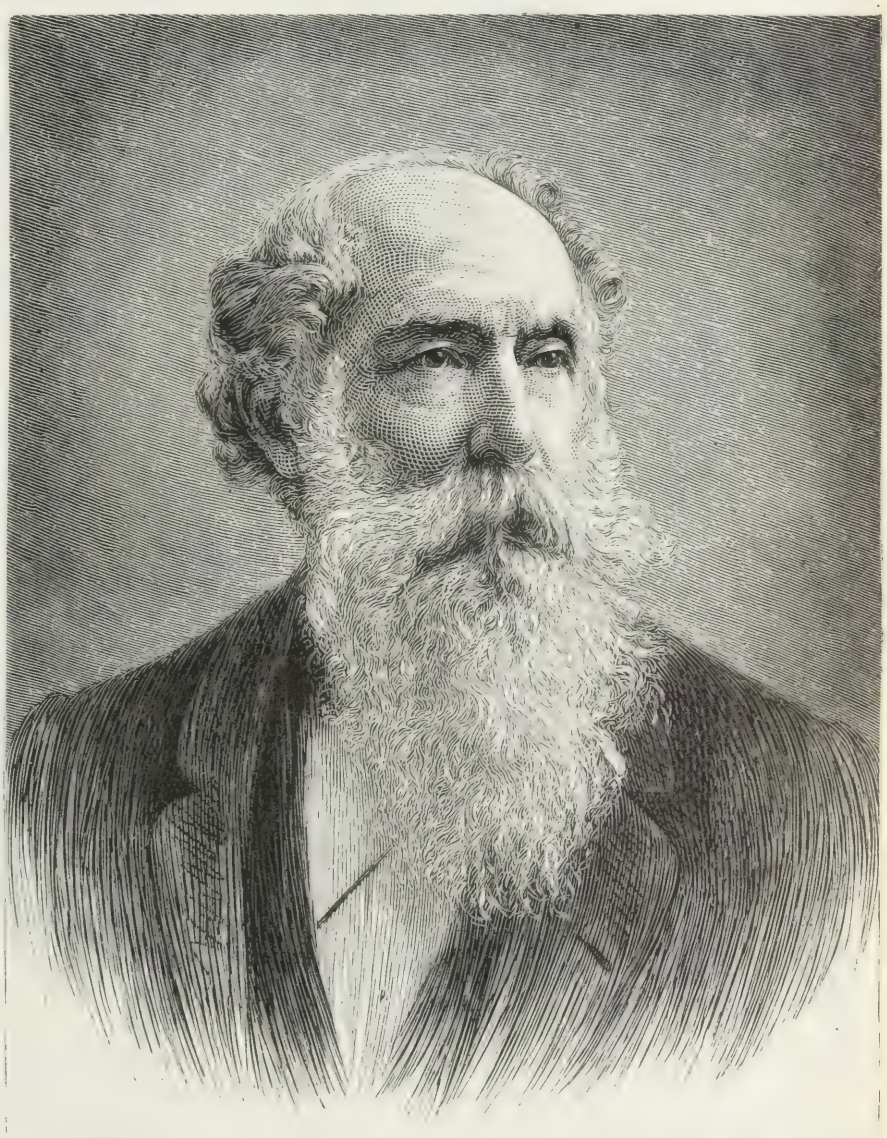
Massachusetts was the first State in the American Union to establish normal schools, of which there now are 137, with over 29,000 pupils and over 1000 instructors, Ohio and Pennsylvania each having twelve schools, while New York State has nine, Illinois and Missouri eight each, and Massachusetts seven. The largest number of pupils are in New York, however, where there are 4158. The necessity of such schools needs no other enforcement than a few statistics relating to education in the United States. Nearly 9,000,000 scholars are enrolled in the public schools. Nearly 5,000,000 are in attendance daily, and about 231,000 teachers are employed, including 133,000 women. The amount expended annually upon this vast scheme, which seems almost fabulous, is about $82,000,000, and the imagination is carried away by the tremendous suggestiveness of the figures.

Previous to the establishment of the present college, normal instruction was shabbily provided for in New York city. A school for teachers was opened in 1856, and closed three years later; but ample amends for past deficiencies are made in the existing institution, to which the citizen who is shamefaced in the consciousness of the political iniquities manifest in scores of ways can with returning pride direct a visitor's attention as the completest of its kind in the world. The building is one of the most attractive sights in the city; it covers, with the inclosed ground surrounding, the whole block bounded by Lexington and Fourth avenues, Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets; it is 300 feet long, 125 feet wide in front, 78 feet wide in the rear, and the principal material used in its construction is red brick, which is still fresh and glowing. It overlooks Central Park, and is within a stone's-throw of the Lenox Library, the Museum of Natural History, and the Carnivorium. A female grammar school with accommodations for about 300 and a primary with accommodations for about 500 pupils are attached to it. The corner-stone was laid on March 19, 1872—a wild, blustering day—and eighteen months later the enormous pile had risen as if by

magic, and was ready for occupation, $350,000 having been expended upon it. Over 1000 girls attended the first sessions, and its great capacity is now taxed to the utmost. It has four stories above the basement, and contains thirty recitation-rooms, two lecture-rooms, an art studio, a chapel with seats for 2000, a library, a calisthenium, two drying-rooms, six retiring-rooms for instructors, president's offices, and three great corridors, each fifteen feet wide.

The best criterion of its usefulness is the fact that of the 2300 teachers employed by the Board of Education, 2100 are women, eight or nine per cent. of whom retire annually, and the college fills these vacancies with its graduates.

The faculty consists of Thomas Hunter, President, and Professor of Intellectual Philosophy; Arthur H. Dundon, Professor of Latin and English; Joseph A. Gillet, Professor of Physics and Chemistry; Charles A. Schlegel, Professor of German; Edward H. Day, Professor of Natural Science; and Eugene Aubert, Professor of French Language and Literature. Besides these, there are thirty instructors, including one tutor in methods of teaching and five in mathematics, twenty-eight of the thirty being women. The writer is particularly indebted for assistance to President Wood, of the Board of Education, whose work in its behalf entitles him to distinction as founder of the college, to President Hunter, and to Professor Aubert.



WILLIAM WOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, NEW YORK CITY.

A dainty little manual, with a chocolate cover and gilt lettering, is issued for the government of the college; but the outside prettiness binds the formula of a martial discipline. Its tinted pages of creamy mildness give no idea of the severity of the text, which is both curt and imperative. Students *must* account for every minute of lateness or absence, and after an absence of one day they *must* not be permitted to re-enter their classes without a written permit from the president or lady superintendent; they *must* maintain single files, always taking the right-hand side in changing rooms; and they *must not* run in the halls or on the stairs, nor delay in passing out of the building. Unladylike conduct of any kind in the cars or stages on the part of a student is investigated by the lady superintendent, and may be punished by expulsion.

Those students who are in the last or graduating year of the course are more carefully marked than the others, with a view to ascertaining their moral fitness for the work of teaching, and those who are found wanting are refused diplomas, even though the number of marks awarded to them reaches the necessary average. A Madcap Violet is not possible among the girls of the Normal College; but while strict obedience is enforced, they receive, without the smallest expense, such an education as very few oth-

er cities in the world can give at any price, qualifying them for the practical duties of life as well as for the teacher's profession; and excelling proficiency is further rewarded with medals, etc., given by patrons of the institution. A gold medal and a silver medal are annually awarded to the best students of German; a silver medal and a bronze medal for excellence in methods of teaching; a gold medal for physiology; a gold medal for Latin; two money prizes for French, and one for physics.

The catholicity and toleration crystallized in the country's Constitution prevail in the college; about two hundred of the students are Jewesses, and a black face, framed in curly African hair, may occasionally be seen at the recitations. The capacity of the college being strained, and the directors being perplexed as to the means by which the number of students may be regulated, the writer asked President Hunter why candidates for admission are not required to express an intention to become teachers at the time of their graduation, no such engagement being now exacted, and many of the students entertaining no intention whatever of earning a livelihood in the scholastic profession. It was Mr. Hunter's opinion that such a measure would simply lead to deception, and would exclude many girls of the better classes who are now enrolled, and whose influence upon some of the other girls is refining and otherwise beneficial; the most feasible plan that occurred to him being the lengthening of the course from three to four years, an amendment that would undoubtedly advance the standard of graduates and exclude candidates who are not thorough in their aims.

The course of study is as follows:

First Grade. *First Year. First Term.*—Latin; outlines of ancient history; German or French; algebra, in simple equations, involution, evolution, and radicals; plane geometry.

Second Grade. *First Year. Second Term.*—The studies are the same as in the first term, physics, including heat, electricity, and mechanics, being substituted for algebra, and music, drawing, penmanship, and English composition being added.



DRAWING CLASS.

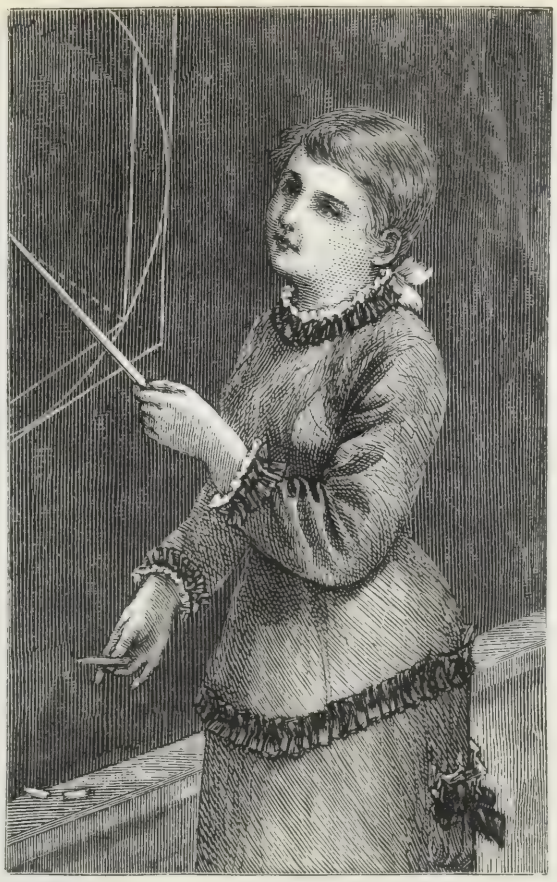
Third Grade. *Second Year. First Term.*—Easy selections from classic authors in Latin; outlines of modern history; French or German reader and conversation; algebra, in quadratics; physics, in light and sound; music, drawing, English composition, and botany.

Fourth Grade. *Second Year. Second Term.*—Latin extracts from Cæsar, Sallust, and Cicero; rhetoric and English composition; German or French conversation; mathematic and descriptive astronomy; notation, nomenclature, and atmospheric elements

in chemistry; music, drawing, geology, and mineralogy.

FIFTH GRADE. *Third Year. First Term.*—Third Book of Virgil; English language and literature; German or French; electricity, galvanism, and magnetism in physics; astronomy, music, drawing, and zoology; review of subjects prescribed for the primary and grammar schools, and the methods of teaching them.

SIXTH GRADE. *Third Year. Second Term.*—Virgil continued; intellectual philosophy and the theory of teaching; English language, literature, and composition; general review of French or German grammar, with conversation and translations; general review of physics; music, drawing, and physiology; review of subjects prescribed in primary and grammar grades for common schools, and practice in the model school under critic teachers of experience.



A DEMONSTRATION IN GEOMETRY.

As we have already said, at the close of services in the chapel, one of the great divisions remained for a lesson in vocal music, while the other passed out for review in rudimentary subjects, such as spelling, grammar, and arithmetic, and for physical training in the calisthenium.

Watching them introspectively as they filed out through the corridors on the day of our visit, we could scarcely refrain from applause, so admirably precise were their movements, several hundred behaving with the perfect unanimity before noticed, which was almost machine-like. Here were girls with latent mischief twinkling unmistakably in their eyes; girls of the mercurial volatility



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.



CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.

that shakes a household; girls brimming with animal spirits and fertile ingenuity for kittenish pranks—all subdued for the present, and thoughtfully observant of college discipline. Other girls, too, there were with natural serenity and dignity of manner; girls with sweet, clear faces and quiet ways, the good angels of their homes; girls with domesticity shining through them, and girls, alas! with suspicions of the virago about them; girls that, like Miss Miggs in *Barnaby Rudge*, would rather die than go up a ladder; girls that believed in round dances and theatres, and girls that execrated both those amusements; girls with shrewish angularity of feature, and girls of suffusive amiability; prudes and tomboys, the angelic and (presumably) the devilish, the extremest differences of temperament fused into a mobile, cohesive unit, which flowed along as rhythmically as a river in placid weather. The warmest praise of the normal school government is not undeserved, for while the discipline is exacting, the idea inculcated among the students is that they must be self-governing; they are placed on their own honor, and mean espionage is carefully avoided.

The exercises in the calisthenium last fifteen minutes, and no students are excused from taking part in them, except on a physician's certificate of disability. About three hundred girls were assembled when we entered, and under the direction of a teacher, placed on a commanding dais at the end of the room, they were performing simple and graceful evolutions to the music of a piano. The tune was lively; and the lines weaving

in and out, the waving of arms, the measured step of the feet, and the swaying of the body made a pretty and inspiriting sight, like a theatrical *ensemble*. Each girl held a strong elastic band, with wooden handles, which was stretched from side to side in front, from shoulder to hip, from back to breast, and from over head to chin in ways that develop muscle, expand the chest, and—let us whisper it—prevent the silly fashion of tight lacing. At the end of the fifteen minutes those students who had been languid felt a freer coursing of their blood, and a glowing activity that prepared them for the work of the day. Their steps were lighter and their brains clearer; indeed, the advantages of these brief calisthenics can not be overestimated, and are too apparent for dispute.



NORMAL COLLEGE TYPES.

At ten minutes to ten the regular recitations were begun. There are four of them every day, each continuing fifty minutes, with intervals of five minutes, during which the students have the great privilege of talking. In the Introductory year Latin is studied four hours a week, modern languages four hours, history two hours, English grammar and composition two hours, algebra three hours, geometry three hours, drawing one hour, and music one hour. In the Junior, or second year, the same time is given to Latin, modern languages, history, drawing, and music as in the first year, besides which two hours a week are given to rhetoric and composition, three to physics, and three to natural science. In the third, or Senior year, Latin and modern languages are allowed three hours a week each; intellectual philosophy and methods of teaching, English, astronomy, physics, and natural science, two hours each; elocution, algebra and geometry, drawing and music, one hour each. The years are divided into first and second terms, and the vacations are the same as those of the public schools. Students failing at the general examination in June are reduced one year, and students failing at two consecutive examinations are expelled, seventy-five per cent. of marks being the minimum attainment recognized. On Saturday special sessions are held for the benefit of female teachers employed by the Board

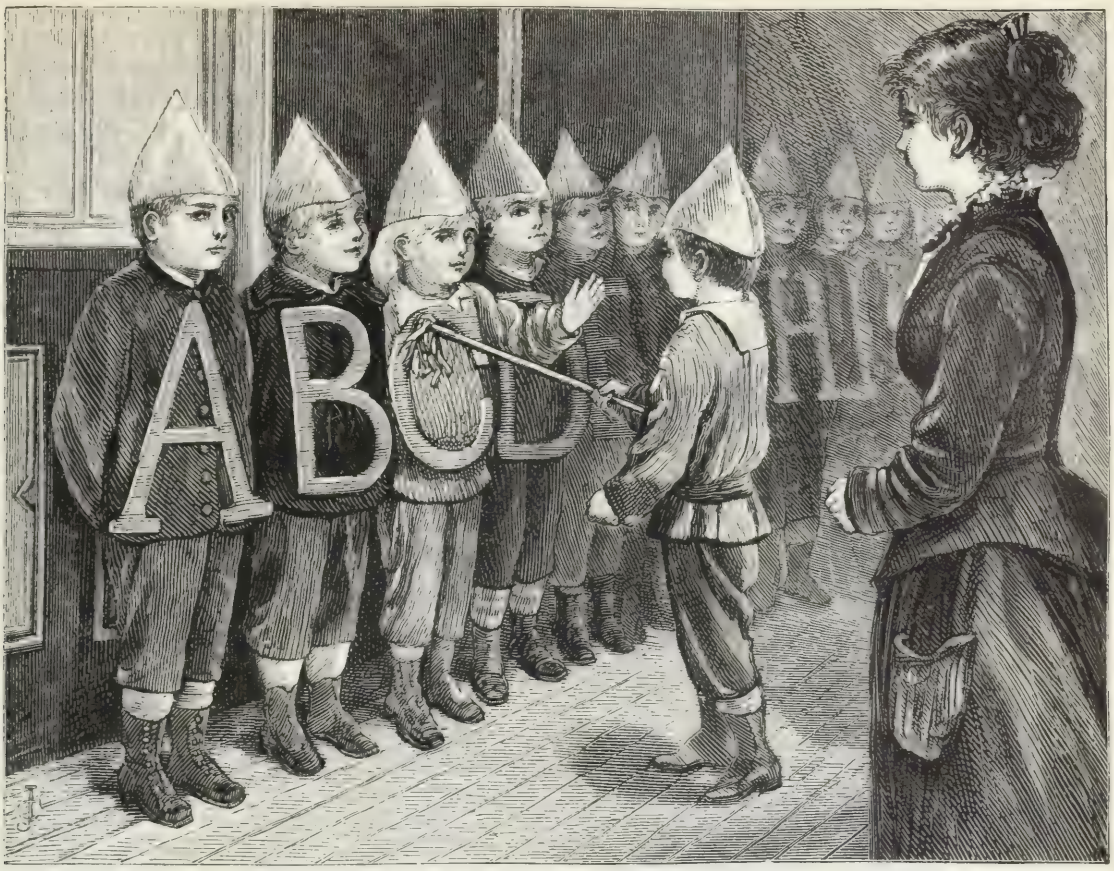
of Education, who are required to attend until they have had two years' experience in the schools. They are formed in classes for practice, and each in turn becomes class teacher, subject to the criticism of her associates, the professors, and the instructors.



LUNCH COUNTER.

As we have stated, the boon of conversation is granted during the five-minute intervals between recitations, and we half suspect that to some of the students—only the feather-brained ones, of course—these are the great events of the normal school day. A whirl of small-talk is compressed into the brief space, and an eavesdropper would be deafened by the variety of verbal nothingness that flows from tongues which a few moments previously have bravely enunciated "electric, chemic laws, and all the rest." The appearance and history of the "distinguished visitors" who have been on the platform, the dress and subjects of the quotation-makers, the temper of the instructors, the state of the weather, and much besides, are discussed with a volubility that amazes. But before the last second of the five minutes has expired the girls are as demure and silent as ever, and ready to resume their studies. Half an hour is allowed for luncheon, and that makes another interesting sight, though it is one upon which a modest visitor will not intrude. The purveyor is a woman, whose counter is weighted with sandwiches, pies, and fruit, but candy is excluded on account of the president's reasonable consideration for his pupils' health—another regulation which proves how thorough an *alma mater* the Normal College is.

A covered passage, which is known among the girls as the "Bridge of Sighs," connects the college with the training schools. The latter consist of a female grammar and a mixed primary department, with a *Kindergarten* attached. They are perfect in their appointments, and wonderfully cheery in their appearance. In many places the Commissioners of Education have been compelled to abandon training schools connected with normal colleges, because the parents would not permit their children to be experimented upon by young and inexperienced teachers; but in the New York college this difficulty is avoided, each class being presided over by a veteran, who instructs the children three-quarters of the time. The other quarter is given to the pupil-teacher for practice, though the critic-teacher is always present and responsible; and the variety arising from the instruction under the former affords some relaxation to the wearied little ones.



KINDERGARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL.

The aim of the entire course through which the Normal students pass is not so much to burden the mind with facts as to develop intellectual power, cultivate judgment, and enable the graduates to take trained ability into the world with them. "Because teaching is intangible," says President Hunter, "and can not be weighed like flour, nor measured like muslin; because it is spiritual in its nature, and deals with the human mind, the evil influence of a weak, foolish, or incompetent teacher is not felt until it is too late—is not seen by those in authority until the helpless children have been so bent and twisted that no subsequent training can make them straight. The thirsty, tempest-tossed mariner had better not drink at all than drink salt-water, for madness and death inevitably ensue. The ignorant had better not be taught than have their moral and intellectual natures destroyed by empirics. Our great free-school system is an organized body of which the normal schools and colleges are the head, and it would be well for friends of this system to remember that a severe blow on the head is very apt to paralyze the whole body. Injury can not be inflicted on a vital part without endangering the life of the whole, and any crippling of the Normal system would react disastrously on every public primary school in the United States."

TO A PIONEER OF ANTISLAVERY.

O GRAVE of brow, sweet voice, and speech all weight,
  Weighted as though by haunting memories
  Of that accursed Past of tears and sighs
That held thy dear land late in armed debate!
Something thou seem'st life-wearied by that fate;
  Heart-wearied by the moving eloquent scorn,
  Birth-pang whereby thy new world was reborn,
Which to thy lips of love forced words of hate.
  So here. Elsewhere—transfigurate with Delight
    Known to the souls elect that never swerved—
  Shalt thou be seen; there where ineffable Light,
    By Love the Avenger from all time reserved,
  To make earth-darkened faces ever white,
    Shall fall on thee and those whom thou hast served.

IN THE HEART OF THE HARTZ.

WALPURGIS night! Can it be that we have entered this haunted region at the time of the witches' carnival?

"Nay," replied our driver, a stolid peasant of the Hartz; "the Fest was over two months ago."

Rumbling along in our rough mountain wagon, glancing right and left at the mighty bowlders jumbled together in inextricable confusion, we felt as if they must have been hurled there in some frolic mood by giant hands; hence the query, Can it be the season when the Prince of Darkness here asserts his power?



A BROCKEN WITCH.

We afterward learned that during Walpurgis week neither man nor boy can be found bold enough to act as guide over the mountains; not a solitary peasant ventures then beyond the sanctity of his own roof-tree; but goblins, bogies, and spectres issue forth from earth and rock and cloud for their annual carousal in the darksome forest.

In lonely huts children dare not cry aloud, lest the witches, hearing them, should spirit them away to be served up at their terrible orgies!

Silence reigns within these humble walls, and superstition and dread brood over the mountain. By their dull firesides these ignorant folk still keep alive their belief in the supernatural by frequent repetition of fanciful tales and legends.

We were in the very heart of the Hartz, the scene of the wildest superstitions of North Germany. In a journey through this wonderful region one wearies, perhaps, of so much tradition. It invests every tree; it laughs at you from every brook; it peeps from among the mountain grasses; it shows a grotesque face on all the gray old stones shaded by caps of moss, green and white and scarlet-tipped; while ghostly voices seem to question the right of *mortals* to invade this goblin kingdom.

And yet, what would the Hartz Mountains be if stripped of their legendary lore?

Truly they are always grand and wild and picturesque, with wooded summits commanding glorious views of hill and dale, cities and villages, and great plains stretching away to the verge of the horizon; but do not the weird stories that have been repeated in every land surround the place with an indescribable air of mystery that we would not brush away even if we could?

The steep slopes are furrowed by dark ravines; and while in sunny places brooks and streams leap gayly along, in the shadows they glide stealthily, as if half afraid. For miles there is no sign of life, save from the hovels of the charcoal-burners, themselves the very impersonation of black

gnomes, glowering at us curiously as we pass.

The scenery rapidly changes, however, as we enter the peaceful valley of the Bode. By a sudden turn in the road we lose sight of the gloomy charcoal-workers, of the dark forest, whose foliage is so dense that a sunbeam rarely penetrates; and instead we behold rich grain fields stretching out before us, or a hill-side plantation of young trees, the green sod freshly turned, where men and women are planting in regular rows tiny firs not more than a foot high—one of the forest nurseries, of which there are many here. In the distance we catch sunny glimpses of gardens and chalets; then, as if by magic, we are again in the fragrant solitude, treading upon a carpet of moss, with pines whispering over our heads.

Leaving the wagon, we follow a narrow foot-path, stony and rough, winding away between granite bowlders, and so to the road again, where our guide is waiting, and informs us that the "Gasthaus" is only ten minutes farther on. All at once every thing vanishes in a cloud of mist, which lifts for a moment only as we drive up to the door of the Hôtel zur Rosstrappe.

Immediately after dinner, starting out in the sunshine—for the mist had disappeared as suddenly as it had come—we found a quiet spot sheltered from the sun by huge blocks of granite overgrown with vines, and there we rested, with Alpine roses and purple heather blooming at our feet, the greensward flecked with daisies, and the rocky clefts gay with nodding columbine, while some one recounted to us the legend of the Rosstrappe.

Many centuries ago, while yet the forests of Germany were standing in primeval glory, undisturbed by the woodman's axe, while strange birds built their nests in the tree-tops with no fear of molestation, and wild beasts roamed at will in the dark shadows, there dwelt in his stronghold among the mountains an aged king, whose rule extended over the entire region of the Hartz. His palace, surrounded by pleasure-gardens and fortified by massive walls, stood on the very spot where to-day we see only the inn of the Rosstrappe.

The king's son, a brave and valiant youth, had gone out, according to the custom of the time, to see the world, to prove his knightly valor in such adventures as might befall him, and to choose a wife, if so be he should find a worthy princess. In the course of his travels he reached the land of Bohemia, and there fell in love at first sight with the king's daughter, the glorious Princess Brunhilde. She was equally enamored of the handsome stranger; and after a week spent in her father's castle, where a banquet was made every day in his honor, back to the Hartz he journeyed to hasten the preparations for a wedding feast befitting his own rank and that of his royal bride.



ENTRANCE TO BODETHAL.

Eagerly Brunhilde awaited his return, while neither dreamed of the cloud that was already darkening their sky, soon to break in an overwhelming storm.



DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE.

A week had not elapsed after his departure when another suitor presented himself at the castle—a suitor whom the king could hardly refuse. This was Bodo the giant, who, having heard the rumor of Brunhilde's beauty, had come down from his home in the cold North-land to make her his wife. Rich gifts he brought, necklaces of translucent amber, ornaments of gold, and gems, with which he hoped to win the heart of the princess.

Her father the king, fearing to refuse this giant, who was more than a match in size and strength for six ordinary men, begged only a few days for deliberation, while his guest should be entertained in the castle, and should be at liberty to pay his court to the fair Brunhilde.

To this Bodo readily agreed; and as the king listened to his recital of his daring exploits, he felt a mighty admiration in his soul for this boaster, whose physical strength could not be doubted, who was the possessor of untold wealth, and the ruler of a powerful province; and he began to think that, on the whole, he might not be such a very undesirable son-in-law. In vain the wretched Brunhilde implored her father to spare her, and to remember the dear prince to whom she had already given her love. Turning a deaf ear to her entreaties, he promised her to the giant, and declared that she should wed him within three days.

From that hour Brunhilde was totally changed. She wept no more, she complained no more; her manner toward the bridegroom was so suave that Bodo almost believed she loved him; yet all the while she was firmly resolved never to marry him—she would die sooner than desert her prince. Might not some kind Fate interpose to save her? She half believed her lover would return, challenge the giant to combat, and, in spite of their unequal strength, conquer the cruel Bodo and liberate her.

But day succeeded day, and he for whom she longed came not. Far away in his Hartz castle joyful preparations were in progress for the "welcome home" of his bride. In vain did Brunhilde sit in the high watch-tower, gazing eagerly over the hills hour after hour. Still he came not. Instead of her prince she saw the giant only as he rode his prancing steed up and down before the castle gates. This horse was black as night, with arching neck, quivering nostrils, and eyes like balls of fire; under his tread the earth trembled, and each footfall re-echoed like distant thunder. He was the favorite charger of the giant, who had brought as a present to Brunhilde another of the same size, but as white as



HÔTEL AT ROSSTRAPPE.

the snow on his Northern fields, and with eyes like gleaming stars. She had never dared mount him; but one day, as she watched him shooting like an arrow across

the plain, leaping over stream and rock, trench and hedge-row, the idea suddenly possessed her soul that he could help her escape! If she could reach those distant mountains, she would be safe. Flight with such a horse seemed not impossible.

Great was the delight of the giant Bodo when Brunhilde expressed her willingness to ride with him, and her desire to control this powerful steed. He suspected nothing of the plan that was working in the gentle girl's mind as she flew beside him over the plain.

So at last the day of the marriage dawned clear and bright. Guests came from far and wide; the castle halls resounded with jubilant merry-making; and Bodo the giant was merriest of all, for on this day, for the first time, Brunhilde had *smiled* upon him. As she looked into his face, and stroked his shaggy beard with her fair little hand, the giant was overcome with ecstasy. Indeed, no eye could turn away from the lovely bride in her white dress and floating veil, adorned with gems, and wearing above her blonde curls a diamond crown, the jewels of the Norman Bodo.

At sunset, when the excitement was at its height in the crowded *salon*, Brunhilde glided from the hall, flew like a bird through the lighted corridors, and groped through dim passages till she reached the giant's stable. There, flinging herself upon the white horse, she ordered the guard to lower the draw-bridge, and like a flash she was gone.

The thunder of the horse's hoofs upon the bridge sounded back, and echoed ominously in the ears of the joy-intoxicated giant. As a suspicion of her flight dawned upon him, he sprang up with a roar that made the very walls of the castle ring; and even as Brunhilde cleared the bridge, the giant Bodo on his black charger left the court-yard and tore away after her. Neither for rock, nor ditch, nor brook did he slacken speed; on through meadow and wood, through brake and brier, over hill and dale, flew horse and rider.

Darkness settled down upon the earth; and before him, but ever farther and far-



BRUNHILDE'S LEAP.

ther away, Bodo could see the form of the white horse, with his fairy burden, gleaming through the night like a meteor in the sky; and ever, like an evil spirit with flaming eyes, the black horse followed after. Sparks of fire flew from their hoofs, leaving a red trail to mark the path of this midnight ride. The breath of the panting



THE VALLEY OF THE BODE.

creatures sounded like blasts of the north wind; forest trees bent before it, rivers foamed, and the wild beasts fled howling into the depths of the wood. The giant's voice, hurling frightful maledictions after the princess, was lost in the tumult, while she rode on, undismayed by the darkness, thoughts of her love inspiring her soul with courage, and confident that she should yet reach her goal.

So the night wore away, and morning touched the hills with rosy light. All at once Brunhilde uttered an exultant cry. Far away in the distance, against the blue sky, she could dimly discern a silver cloud, which gradually assumed the outline of a snow-capped mountain.

It must be the Brocken; and, if so, she is in the Hartz, her lover's kingdom. His castle must be near at hand, and there she will find shelter; once with him, danger will be forever past. Eagerly she urged her horse to greater speed.

Fainter and farther off sounded the voice of her pursuer. She had passed the first low range of hills, and over one mountain-peak after another the white horse had borne his lovely mistress, higher and ever higher, when suddenly some obstacle checks his swift career.

He hesitates, rears, tosses his silvery mane, prances and curvets about as if he were bewitched — as if there were a spell upon the place. Brunhilde, pale with fear, sees yawning before her a broad, impassable gulf, a rocky valley inclosed on both sides by steep and jagged cliffs.

She looked down from this dizzy height into a black abyss, and heard, far below, the dull roar of an angry mountain stream. Above, on the opposite side, the precipitous rock frowned threateningly at her, the nearest point a thousand feet away. Horse and rider drew back aghast. One wretched moment of indecision for Brunhilde: below, death and destruction; behind, her fearful pursuer; but beyond!—beyond is safety. There lies the home of her lover; she sees the turrets glistening in the sunshine; there love awaits her, if she can only reach it. Love awaits her!

This thought inspires her with fresh courage, and her choice is quickly made. She turns her horse back from the sloping edge, then, wheeling him rapidly, slackens the rein, gives him a sharp stroke with the whip, and the huge animal, cleaving the air with a mighty bound, sweeps across the abyss, and Brunhilde is safe!

Only her golden crown fell from her head, and was lost in the gulf below. As the giant horse alighted on the cliff the granite cracked under his ponderous weight, one of his hoofs was deeply indented in the rock, and there for all time his foot-print rests.

Bodo, still in pursuit, looked across, and, seeing her on the opposite side, struck the spurs into his horse's flank, urging him to the fearful leap; but the weight of his body was too great: horse and rider were borne down into the bed of the rushing stream, which thus became the grave of the wild giant, and has since been named, in memory of him, the Bode. Where Brunhilde's crown lies buried in the sparkling water, the giant also lay, till by some magic power he was transformed into a dog, and there to-day he lifts his stony head, keeping guard over the jewelled crown—all that is left of his truant bride Brunhilde.

Now, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place, we resume our march. The path winds to the right and left among firs and pines, oaks and sycamores, and a wilderness of bright mountain flowers, while, many hundred feet below, the valley of the Bode lies among the shadows, and the shining stream, spanned here and there by pretty bridges, dashes wildly over its rocky bed. At a bend in the road we came upon a quiet nook, and saw, sitting upon a rock, the queerest old crone, with a face as brown and dry as the pine needles under our feet. She was enveloped from head to foot in an immense green cloak, and from under a head-dress of the same hue and material stray locks of gray hair hung round her face.

Utterly alone, out of sight or sound of human figures or voices, except those of passing tourists, she sat in the shade of ancient oaks and elms, her withered hands full of fresh leaves, which with trembling fingers she was weaving into garlands, mumbling to herself meanwhile, and gently rocking to and fro. Her green robe and brown face were so nearly the color of the foliage and tree trunks that we were close upon her before we were aware of her presence, and even then might have passed by unheeding, had not the sound of her voice, shrill and yet plaintive, startled us with its "Grüss Gott."

We looked at the strange old creature, and wondered how she had ever learned a greeting used only by *mortals* far down below these solitary heights, where she must have dwelt forever. Alas for our delusion in fancying her the witch of the Rosstrappe, muttering spells and incantations over her fantastic weaving! She scanned us from under her shaggy brows, and waving before our eyes a wreath just completed, piped out, "Sehr billig! sehr billig!" (Very cheap! very cheap!)

To think that our very first bogie should prove to be only a wretched old woman intent upon gain!—it was too exasperating. Without a word we meekly paid each our pfennig, letting her twine the garlands round our hats, and with drooping spirits, but still hopeful of some sort of a spectre, we hurried on to test the impression of the horse's hoof-print.



QUEDLINBURG CASTLE.

The way broadened as we advanced. Leaving behind us trees, shrubs, flowers, and even grass, we entered upon an open path, rough and steep; clambering over the rocks piled one above another like a flight of winding stairs, we stood at last on the very summit of rough granite.

Without one moment's respite to enjoy the magnificent view spread out on every side, our guide drew us on till we stood in a circle round the "foot-print;" that was all "Rosstrappe" meant to *him;* and there, to be sure, it was. *Could* we doubt the truth of the legend when directly under our eyes was the mark of that horse's hoof imprinted an inch or two deep in the solid rock? Goblins forbid!

Across the valley lay the wide-spreading Hexentanzplatz, the place where the witches hold their annual ball. From the point just opposite, projecting farthest into the valley, the mighty horse must have made the leap which landed him here where we were now standing.

I believe our guide half fancied we were not yet convinced of the actual performance of the heroic deed, even with this proof of it under our feet; but, satisfied in our own

minds, we at length withdrew to a point a little farther on, where there is a wonderful echo, to which we must listen whether we will or no, as the guide wakes it by shouting and firing of guns.

Standing on the cliff, eight hundred feet above the valley, we looked down into its quiet shadows, where tiny cascades went leaping over the stones to swell the stream, ley lay in darkest gloom, and we were in the midst of clear rays from the setting sun. Soon the tops of the trees—the pale birch, the dark green firs, pine, oak, and beech—were brightly defined against the sky, where the clouds burst into a sudden glory of red and gold; a rainbow rested on the mountain-tops, spanned the valley, crept down the sides, and was lost in night far, far below.



ROSSTRAPPE.

and across to Hexentanzplatz—a broad open plateau still higher than the Rosstrappe—and far away we saw the weird form of the Brocken, dimly visible behind its misty veil. Meadows and green pastures lay now in sunshine, now in shade from the light clouds floating above; level plains studded with cities and villages stretched away, and were lost in vapor. We were hemmed in by mountains, some of which were so gaunt and stony that no smallest plant could grow thereon, while others were gay with blossoms and rich with foliage. Suddenly one peak after another was lost in rain; showers were falling all about us, the drops glistening like gems in the sunshine. The val-

Elsewhere in the world there are loftier heights, softer landscapes, grander waterfalls; but in variety of tint and depth of color, none of them can surpass a sunset on the Rosstrappe.

From the Hexentanzplatz a good carriage-road leads down to the highway, and crossing this, we follow a foot-path through the woods and around the slope of the hills, past the quaint town of Gernrode, with its ancient church, its houses with heavy gray gables and red-tiled roofs, vines framing doors and windows in vivid green; past Suderode—a lovely resort, famous for its saline springs—to the Stubenberg, commanding the finest view in the Hartz.

In the foreground, at the left, the towns we have just passed, surrounded by fruit trees, lie picturesque and fair in the sunshine; at the right, Quedlinburg, with its numerous towers; the Regenstein, Blankenburg Castle, on the heights above the town; and far off against the sky the "Seven Brothers" raise their heads. They are the guardians, tall and stately, of some tiny springs gurgling at their feet, and why they should all be standing there together is a mystery well worth solving.



"THE SEVEN BROTHERS."

You must know, therefore, that once upon a time there was a certain King of the Hartz who had seven daughters of such marvellous beauty that the fame thereof spread over the land far and wide, and even across the water, till it reached the ears of the royal family of England. In this family there were seven sons, who at once declared their intention of wooing these far-away damsels.

Setting sail from their native shore, they rested not till they had reached the German mountains and found what they sought—these seven beauteous sisters.



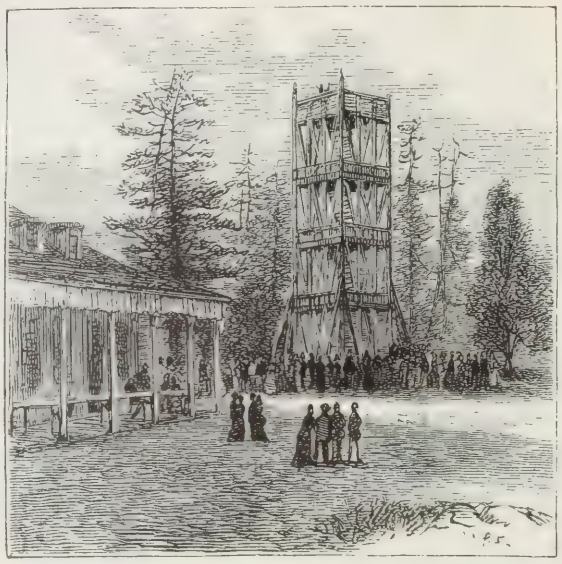
STUBENBERG.

To their former suitors they had ever been cold as the Brocken snows, but at sight of the brave English knights they yielded. Their German lovers, however, who had sued these proud princesses in vain, were filled with jealous rage toward their successful rivals, and vowed vengeance upon them. They consulted a mighty magician, who agreed that they should never marry these children of the Hartz, nor should they ever leave the mountains, for he would transform the handsome knights into stone.

True to his promise, he waylaid them at midnight, as they were flying away through the forest under the light of moon and stars, and after a brief struggle, each wretched maid beheld her lover lying dead before her. In despair they wept and wailed and tore their golden locks, but all without avail. They were carried back to their father's castle, from which they escaped at daybreak to return and mourn over their fallen heroes; but there, in the very spot where they had left them only the night

before, seven mountain-peaks met their astonished gaze.

Every day at the rising and setting of the sun these woe-begone maidens here repaired, bewailing their hapless lot, till at last their poor little hearts broke, and they sank out of sight in the earth. At the foot of each mountain a crystal spring bubbles up — one for each sister who there melted away in tears of grief and love. To-day and forever there they are, the seven brothers, and at their feet the seven springs.



VICTORSHÖHE.

From the Stubenberg one can enter the Selke Valley, which, with its mountain walls rising like barriers on either side, broadens gradually till it is lost in the plain. The villages of the Selkethal are exceedingly pretty and interesting.

Mägdesprung, with its extensive foundries, its charming situation, and the queer stories appertaining to it, with which one can be entertained for a long summer's



MAGDESPRUNG.

day; Alexisbad, a small watering-place, cool and sweet with invigorating mountain breezes; and from the beautiful height called Victorshöhe we have unrolled before us a full panorama of vale, stream, mountain, and plain, gardens, parks, and castles. Of the latter the most imposing is that of the Falkenstein, as it stands surrounded by tall firs and oaks.

From the Stubenberg we see that strange line of sandstone rock, the Teufelsmauer, or devil's wall, so called because his Satanic Majesty, jealous of the rapid spread of Christianity in that region, determined to set apart a place for himself, within whose limits his reign should be supreme, and where no soul should ever hear a whisper of any other kingdom than his own.

Accordingly, he ordered his subjects to build a wall high enough to reach the sky, and so strong that no power of heaven could prevail against it. Every night and all night these spirits of darkness toiled, piling up huge blocks of stone, but with the first ray of morning light they were obliged to flee to their dark caves, and as soon as the sun rose, the stones by some invisible hands were always thrown down again. At last, in utter despair of ever being able to complete their work, they abandoned it, and the result of that momentous enterprise is a broad range of picturesque rock stretching from Blankenburg to Bal-



FALKENSTEIN.

lenstedt, and very beautiful it is with its growth of mountain shrubs and wild flowers.

At Blankenburg one can sojourn pleasantly for a week, making charming pedestrian tours in the environs. These tours are most interesting in late summer, when the heather is in fullest bloom, its countless tiny bells shedding a rose tint over the whole landscape.

In walking to the Regenstein, about two miles north of the city, one's path is lined

with flowers, and every crumbling ruin of the ancient fortress is fringed with blossoms. A curious old place is this Regenstein, or Reihenstein, with its romantic associations, its memories of illustrious heroes, and its grewsome legends.

In 479 A.D., if we may credit ancient chronicles, a battle was fought on the spot where Wernigerode now stands.

The people of Thuringia, led by their king, Melverich, sought to take possession of this region by driving the inhabitants farther north—banishing them, indeed, to the extreme limit of the Hartz. By the mighty prowess of their champion, Hatebold, however, the Saxons were victorious; the Thuringians fled, leaving five thousand of their men upon the field.

The Saxons, in gratitude to their hero, agreed to build him a castle in any place which he might designate within their dominion. When he beheld this mountain rising precipitously nearly three hundred feet above the plain, he exclaimed to his followers, "Here on this Regenstein let us erect our stronghold!" (In the ancient Saxon dialect Regen signified Reihen, meaning row or series.) This, accordingly, they did, and though few of the walls are standing, there is a wondrous charm about the old ruin, with its dark passages hewn in the solid rock, its castle keep, and its mysterious cells. The gloomiest of these, the Teufelsloch, is a round room measuring in width and height only four feet, and the scene of such frightful torments that we are only too thankful to escape into the sunshine again.



THE REGENSTEIN.

During the Thirty Years' War this fortress was besieged and taken by Wallenstein; it was captured by the French in 1757, and soon after dismantled by Frederick the Great.

On the highest point the watch-tower stands. It is broken away at the top, the stones have fallen in, and of the sandy soil enough has lodged there to nourish such seeds as are borne thither by the wind; and a most peaceful aspect it presents with its crown of green shrubs, and its gray mossy sides clothed with trailing vines and creepers.

Blankenburg itself is full of interest;

a quaint old town with irregular streets roughly paved, houses adorned with curious carvings, stone archways overgrown with ivy, while high above the market-place, far removed from the sound of toil and traffic, the ducal château rises white and fair against its dark background of wooded hills. This is a summer residence of the Duke of Brunswick, and of course many romantic tales cluster around it — what would a castle be worth without them? It is haunted, also, at various times and seasons, the chief ghost being that of "the white lady of Blankenburg." She seldom appears when strangers are present, and indeed the old castellan informed us that she is more often heard than seen. As she flits through corridors and halls the rustle of her robes is distinctly audible, while doors open and close behind her, although at the time they may be double-locked and barred.



BLANKENBURG CASTLE.

She is supposed to be the once famous Countess von Orlamünde, who, for some evil deed committed while in the body, can find no rest in the grave, and so returns to wander aimlessly through the old castle. The portrait of the "white lady" has its place in the gallery among those of other ancestors of the house of Brunswick.



WERNIGERODE.

The most beautiful of all the pictures in the castle is that of Maria Theresa, who spent much of her early life here, and whose portrait now adorns the exquisite room which was once her own boudoir.

Her entire suite of apartments is thrown open to visitors, as well as the ducal library —a large handsome room containing a few rare pictures and works of art— the armory, dining-room, and grand entrance hall. From the terrace a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained, and a broad avenue leads down to the high-road.

On our way from Blankenburg to the Brocken we turned aside from the main road, following a path up a steep hill called Ziegenkopf, on the summit of which is a restaurant and garden, where we dined. Our host greeted us in such fluent English that we ventured to compliment him thereupon, when, with a shrewd smile, he replied: "I am no German; I am an American, and fought for the Union during the whole civil war!" Where may we not look for our soldiers after this? Could any thing be more amazing than to run across a Massachusetts soldier catering to the capricious appetites of travellers of every nation on a granite peak of the Hartz Mountains?

This hill is a most attractive spot, rising nearly fourteen hundred feet above the plain, with an outlook clear and uninterrupted; and there in the still summer afternoon, with scarcely breeze enough to rustle the leaves overhead, we gazed dreamily away into the dark fragrant woods, into the valley glowing with sunlight, and at the distant summits over which faint wreaths of mist were curling, too light to conceal, only making softer, their rugged outlines.

From Ziegenkopf we proceeded by diligence to Wernigerode—an ancient town lying at the foot of a softly rounded eminence crowned by the castle and park of Count Stolberg-Wernigerode. The hill is covered with magnificent woods on the one side, while on the other meadows bright with flowers slope gently down to the plain. The route from Wernigerode to the Brocken is one of the pleasantest in the Hartz. It winds around the eastern base of the mountain, presenting a fine view of the Holzemme Valley, with forest-crowned heights and water-falls.

As we approach the Brocken the road becomes wilder and more rugged, the scene changing with every turn. At one moment

we are urging our horses up a sharp ascent, rough with rolling stones, and dark from the heavy foliage of interlacing trees; the next, we had alighted and were walking through open glades amid fern and waving grasses. Again, we came suddenly upon a mountain brook foaming and plashing over rocks far above, to fall into the stream below;



THE BROCKEN INN.

then silence and beds of wild flowers—the pale, bluish-white blossoms of the wild lettuce, harebells, Alpine roses, and forget-me-nots. Stopping to gather a handful of these pretty things, there sounded through the still air the tinkle of bells and the "yodel" of the herdsman, who soon appeared driving before him his goats and gentle dun-colored cows.

Soon after, a flock of geese came rushing over the crest of the hill, followed by a most picturesque old "Gänsefrau," in a short red petticoat, blue apron and jacket, white-frilled cap, and wooden shoes. She carried a crook, and flew down the steep path over the stocks and stones and gnarled roots as fearlessly as her geese. They all went whizzing by, together with such a flapping of wings and screeching and quacking as might have scared the very witches on the Brocken.

We stood breathless till she was nearly out of sight, when some one called to know how many geese she had in her flock. Turning her head, she shouted back, "Fünf hundert," and then vanished as completely as if the mountain had opened and swallowed her. Most likely it had, for we were close upon the Brocken, and we never saw her nor a solitary goose afterward.

As we now made the toilsome ascent between enormous granite bowlders, the rocks assumed most grotesque shapes, and we began to feel the influence of this awe-inspiring spot, the abode of hobgoblins and spectres, stirring within us. We fancied we could see the witches dancing round the "Teufelskessel" in which their loathsome supper was preparing, and glanced askance at the "Devil's Pulpit," the "Witches' Altar," and the "Goblins' Drinking Cup," as their forms showed dimly through the clouds now rising from the valley.

The sun had set, and night was fast closing in around us. Now we heard distant thunder, the wind whistled and shrieked, and the air was full of strange, shadowy forms. What matter if they were only clouds of vapor rolling up from the depths below? Were we not justified, in the darkness of that haunted place, in thinking them witches waving their besoms threateningly, and then vanishing with a sound of flapping wings?

We could no longer see even so far as our horses' heads, yet on we drove through mist and rain, trusting blindly to our guide to land us—*somewhere.*

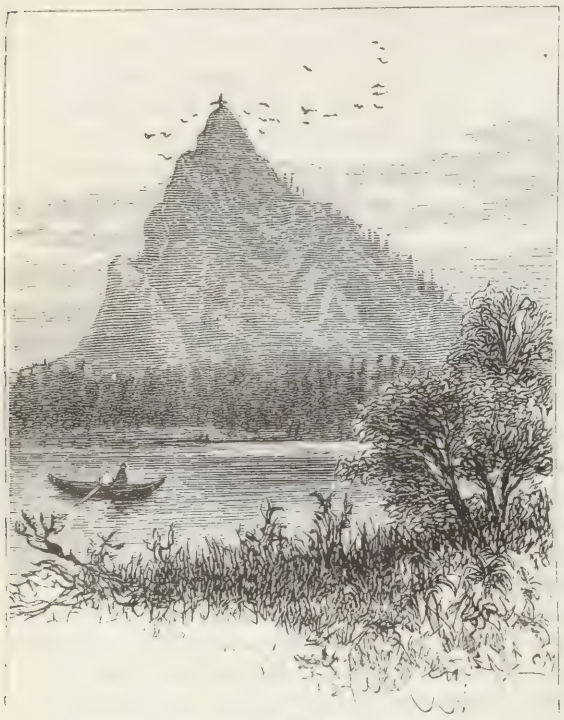
A sudden ray of light streamed across our path, and we found ourselves at the open door of the inn. This sight revived our spirits at once, and a hot supper, ten minutes later, served to restore our failing courage; for it must be confessed that during the last half hour some of our party had sorely repented ever having set foot in the witches' dominion. Under the influence of a warm and brightly lighted room, however, things assumed a different aspect.

Stories were told, Brocken mysteries discussed, and midnight settled down upon the mountain as quietly as over our peaceful hills at home. We were to be called at four o'clock to see the sunrise; and on a clear morning—of which there are two or three during the season—the view from this height must be glorious.



PEASANTS OF THE HARTZ.

The first words that greeted me in the morning were these: "*Eight o'clock*, as I live! What do you suppose the witches



ILSENSTEIN.

have done with the sun? There isn't any here. Look!" And drawing aside the curtain, there was not only no *sun*, but no world; every thing had vanished utterly. We were above the clouds and in them and under them; there was no sky, no earth, nor even a sound to remind us of the world we had left only the night before. Suddenly from our stove, a great ungainly German affair, there issued a noise as of crackling fire; but no human hand had touched that stove! A breath of sulphureous vapor was exhaled through the room, and each moment the air grew heavier and hotter. Verily this was unendurable.

Summoning the philosopher of the party, we begged him to explain this phenomenon, whereupon he calmly stated that the stove was built up, according to a fashion of this region, for the double purpose of warming two apartments, and the draughts and place for kindling happened to be on the other side of the wall. Ignoring the shouts of laughter from the rest of the party, we humbly suggested breakfast, and then a speedy flight from this diabolical region.

Before taking our departure, however, we groped about among the clouds, hoping for a glimpse of—something, not "the spectre;" we had had enough of that. We listened calmly while our host enumerated the cities and towns and mountain-peaks and rivers and plains and the rest of the world that could be seen from the tower in fair weather, while for us the tower itself was a mere shadow looming up before our windows as the mist lifted for an instant, and then melting away again before we had decided whether it was square or round.

The only substantial thing worth recording which we found on that mountain was a gigantic St. Bernard dog. We discovered his head and shoulders, and then coaxed him into the house that we might have a full view. He proved to be as handsome as he is brave, this noble "Leo," who has rescued from suffering and death many a traveller lost in the clouds of this strange upper world.

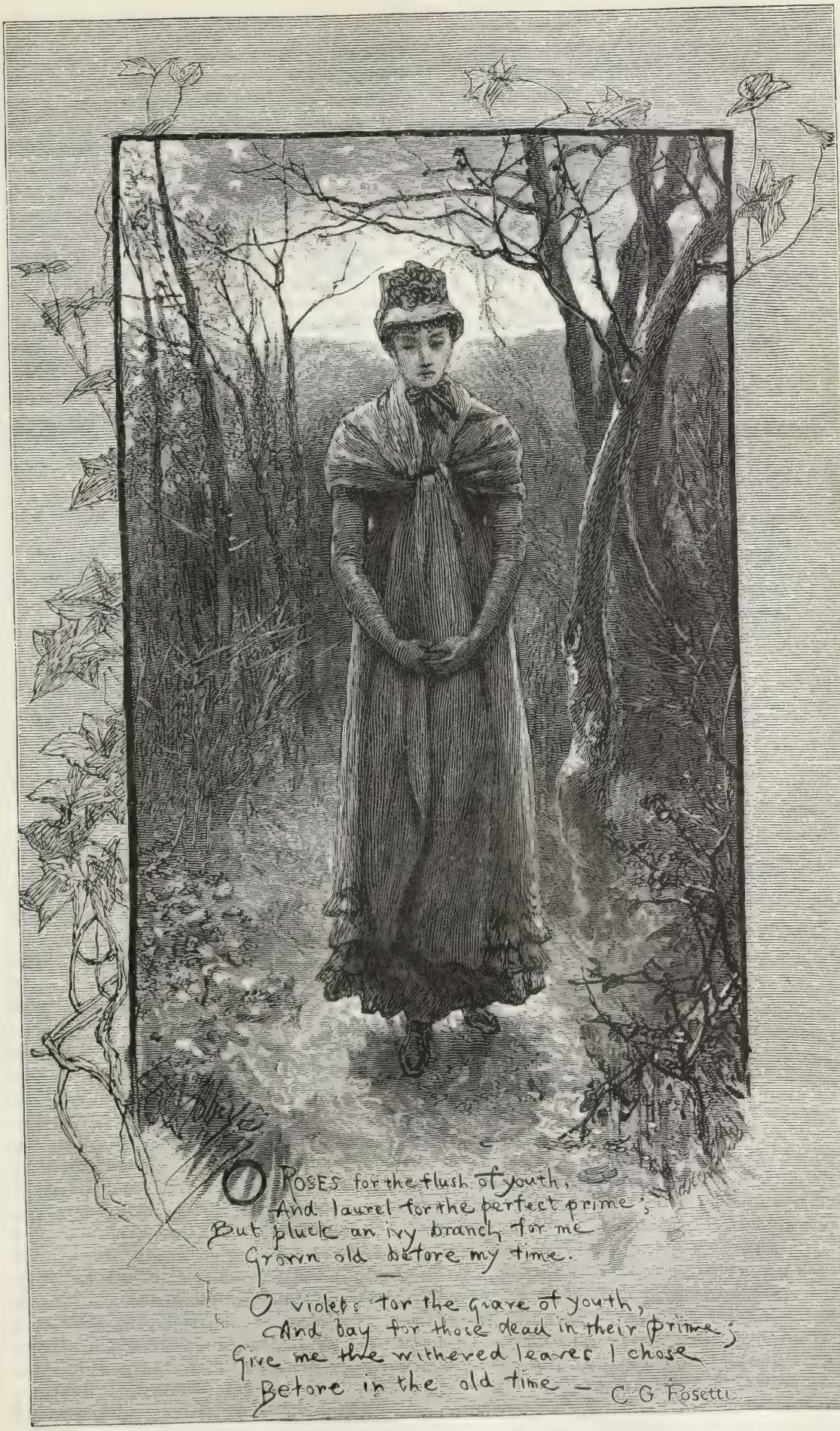
As we drove away from the Brocken a burden seemed lifted from our souls, and the sweet valley echoed with our songs and laughter. Was there ever a day so full of sunshine and singing of birds as this that greeted us after our strange imprisonment? Trees, brooks, flowers, every thing whispered a welcome.

Retracing our steps along the road we had traversed yesterday, we turned aside at Ilsenburg that we might take a peep at least into the valley over which, according to tradition, fair Princess Ilse reigns. We rested under the shadow of her rock, the beautiful Ilsenstein, listened to her silvery voice where she goes singing and leaping down the mountain, and recalled the story of the willful child who finally became a "princess of the purest water," and a blessing beyond price to all who dwelt in the sweet Ilsenthal.



"LEO" OF THE BROCKEN.

A SONG.



O ROSES for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.

O violets for the grave of youth,
And bay for those dead in their prime;
Give me the withered leaves I chose
Before in the old time. — C. G. Rosetti.

OLD FLEMISH MASTERS.

II.—HUBERT AND JEAN VAN EYCK.

COLOGNE in 1370 boasted of the famous artist Master William, whose fame spread through Germany and the Low Countries, and whose favorite pupil, Master Stephen, is the painter of the celebrated "Adoration of the Magi" at Cologne; Prague had a flourishing school of artists, whose works were afterward destroyed by the Hussites in their religious intoleration; Nuremberg had not only its artists, but skilled engravers and workers in gold and mosaics; but Bruges, ere the century was over, was the city which art lovers resorted to, for there lived the "fathers of painting."

Hubert van Eyck was born in 1366, in Limbourg, at Maas Eyck—that is, at Eyck on the Meuse—and, according to the then custom, took his surname from the place of his birth. He was four or five years old when Master William was in his prime, and he and the school founded by that artist grew up together. Under whom he studied painting is not known, but his early style was the same as that of William and Stephen. Jean, his brother, twenty years Hubert's junior, had him for his master. The brothers, with their sister Margaret—also an artist, but whose works have never been authenticated—decided in the year 1400 to leave their old home and go to Bruges. Bruges was then the richest of all the rich Flemish cities. There flocked those who had money to spend, and those whose livelihood depended upon the generosity of the rich; for since the formation of the Hanseatic league Bruges had become a great commercial emporium, and among its citizens were representatives from all Europe. The Van Eycks were evidently not poor, and it was natural that they should seek a more lucrative mart for their works, and desire to live where their talents would be more widely appreciated. That they had not occupied an inferior position is known, or inferred, from the fact that Jean had been more highly educated than was usual in those days for men occupying even a higher rank of life. By his after-labors he shows that he was conversant with chemistry, understood the art of distillation, had studied geometry, and, according to Faucius, he was an excellent Greek scholar.

Their paintings attracted attention and patrons after their removal to Bruges, and they were celebrated painters long before Jean by his improvements revolutionized the art of painting. According to Mr. Didron, in his *Guide to Painting*, the ancient artists understood the use of linseed-oil in its natural state in painting, but it was a tedious process, "for each time a color was applied it was necessary to wait for it to thoroughly dry ere a different tint could be superimposed upon it. Then each coating must be dried in the sun's rays." This method had fallen into disuse, and all the pictures in Van Eyck's time were painted in distemper—a process, however, almost as laborious. The panels (the paintings were upon wood) received a coating of sizing; the colors were mixed in water in which either cherry or plum tree gum had been dissolved, and were then applied with a brush. Carmine, ceruse, and vermilion, not being dissolvable in water, had to be mixed with the white of egg. Over the whole was spread a varnish composed of gum-arabic and linseed-oil boiled together. The natural sizing in parchment was used in making the gold backgrounds. The panels, after the varnishing, were dried in the sun. This method was felt by artists to be faulty and imperfect, and many had tried to improve upon it, but it was reserved for Jean van Eyck to discover the proper combinations, and, like many other important improvements, an accident led to his devoting his attention to the subject.

One day after he had finished a picture on which he had lavished much thought and time, he varnished it and exposed it to the sun. The heat proved too strong, and, to his chagrin, the wood cracked, and large crevices spread over the picture. His work was ruined, and he then resolutely determined to try and find some more certain way of producing imperishable paintings. His knowledge of chemistry aided him, and after many experiments he discovered that linseed and nut oil, the most siccative of all oils, if boiled together, soon lost their humidity, and the addition of certain essences accelerated during their evaporation the desired result. Thus, whether the sun shone or not, and alike regardless of summer's heat or winter's cold, the artist could pursue his work unmindful of the weather's changes. In addition, he found the colors mixed in this amalgam were more brilliant and also more easily manipulated, the varnish was no longer necessary, and the picture, also, was uninjured by contact with water. Lately an attempt has been made to wrest the honor of this discovery from Jean and transfer it to Hubert, on the pleas that Hubert was the elder and the teacher of Jean, and that the latter, in the Latin inscription on "The Adoration of the Lamb," declares Hubert to be the greatest of all painters he had ever known, and places himself as second. These expressions are only indicative of the respect and affection in which Jean van Eyck held his elder brother; they are not statements of positive facts; and had Hubert been the dis-

coverer, the younger, in his desire to do him justice, would have explicitly stated the fact. It was some ten or eleven years after their removal to Bruges when Jean finished his investigations, and the brothers put into practice his discoveries. Their fame was greatly augmented by the brilliant paintings they now produced. They guarded their secret, and secluded themselves when working. Every one who could was anxious to own their works, and orders came from France, Spain, Germany, and Italy. Lorenzo de' Medici and the Duke of Urbino purchased several; some Florentine merchants at Bruges on business purchased a large work, and sent it as a present to Alfonso of Sicily. The artists were anxious to find out their secret; and the painter Antonio of Messina was so impressed by the work sent to Alfonso that he made the journey to Bruges to see the painter. He gained Jean's friendship, who taught him his method; and not till after Van Eyck's death did he return home, where, as Humboldt says, he "transplanted the predilection for landscape painting to Venice, and that the pictures of the Van Eyck school exercised a similar action" (a taste for a vivid representation of natural forms) "in Florence on Domenico and other artists." Antonio taught Domenico the secret of the Flemish artist, and in consequence the fame of Domenico was so augmented that a jealous rival, Castagno, stabbed him one night as he was returning home, and many years afterward, when on his death-bed, confessed the crime.

The brothers did not rest satisfied with their discovery; they continued to improve.



HUBERT AND JEAN VAN EYCK.

For the stiff elegance of the gold backgrounds they substituted landscapes. His knowledge of geometry aided Jean in understanding and portraying perspective, heretofore neither practiced nor understood, and it is not until this time that the painters ever attempted to represent interiors or give backgrounds. This ignorance of the laws of perspective had prevented any truthful representations of people; there were no portraits before which could be recognized as correctly giving the impression, as the likeness of a living being; and in addition to all these improvements in art, Jean van Eyck made such important modifications in the previous method that he may correctly be considered as the inventor of painting upon glass. Heretofore the coloring was done in the mass, and a different piece of glass had to be employed for every tint needed; but Van Eyck, by heat properly applied, prevented the coloring matter from penetrating through the glass: it was retained on the surface. He hollowed out, by aid of emery, the first, even with the white surface, which in its turn received an enamel of another shade, and thus, instead of the

laborious patchwork mosaics of the preceding century, were produced diaphanous pictures such as adorn the Church of St. Gudule, at Cologne.

The style of the brothers underwent somewhat of a change, though their taste always inclined them to the representations of allegories and mystical subjects. Of all of Hubert's works but one remains; but of Jean's earlier style the best exponent that can be positively identified as his work is a head of Christ in the Academy at Bruges, on the frame of which is inscribed, "Als ikh kahn —Johannes de Eyck, anno 1420, 30 Januarii." "Als ikh kahn" ("As I can") is the motto placed by him on all his pictures, for, hoping to obtain greater skill, he never was entirely satisfied with his work; and this motto gives a good insight into the character of the artist. In this picture three groups of ornaments are substituted for the nimbus; and the stiffness of the design, the immobility of the features, the red coloring, all show that the artist had not yet thrown off entirely the old trammels; but in this same year, 1420, the great picture by which the brothers are best known was begun.

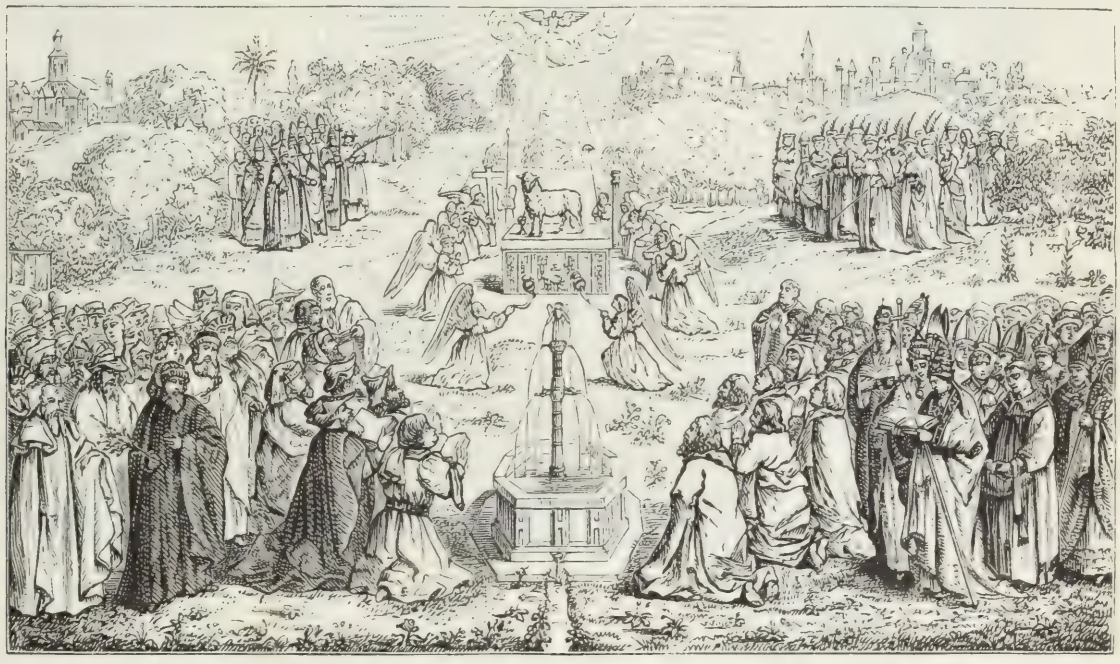
Jossé Vydt, a nobleman of Ghent, purchased a chapel in St. Bavon, in order to have a burial-place for his family. Over the altar he desired a work by the brothers. They were to choose their own subject; only he requested that the picture should surpass all others of a similar character. In order to execute this commission the brothers and Margaret went to Ghent to live, and on the site of the house they used to occupy is now a dwelling adorned with two medallions containing their portraits. They chose for their subject "The Adoration of the Lamb," as described in the fourteenth chapter of Revelation. The work was to be on twelve panels, four stationary and painted on one side, eight movable and painted on both sides, this amount of space being necessary to contain all of the pious assembly, for there are three hundred figures. A full description is impossible, but in M. Michiel's *History of Flemish Art* an elaborate account is given. Every figure was intended for some particular person; and there are groups of the saints, legendary heroes, priests, the church militant, the Crusaders, Dante, Virgil, and among a group of judges Hubert and Jean, the latter



GOD THE FATHER, THE VIRGIN, AND ST. JOHN.

with his head turned one side, and evidently painted by the artist from his reflection in a mirror. The outside of the eight movable panels, which, closing, shut in "The Adoration," were adorned with "The Annunciation," "St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist," "The Cumæan Sibyl," "The Erythræan Sibyl," "The Prophets Michael and Zechariah;" and the left and right hand panels with portraits of Jossé Vydt and his wife Isabella Boorlut.

The brotherhood of Notre Dame in Ghent elected Hubert one of its members in 1422, and the artists were much esteemed in the city, where they labored assiduously. In this picture we have all that is left of Hubert's work, and the upper portion of the great picture is his. The style is more archaic; and Jehovah, the Virgin, and St. John are surrounded by the gold background, according to the primitive custom; the gorgeousness of their costumes, the expression and outlines of their faces, are of a



"ADORATION OF THE LAMB."

Byzantine grandeur; the regular folds of the draperies and the extreme fineness of the finish all point to the elder Van Eyck as the painter. He did not live to finish the picture, but, after six years of patient, loving labor on it, died on the 18th of September, 1426. Jossé Vydt had him buried in the chapel he had toiled to adorn. Over his grave was carved in stone a skeleton holding a brass plate bearing this inscription:

See in me your image, you who walk over my head. I once resembled you; now I am dead and laid away in the ground. Neither art, wisdom, nor medical skill could save me. Honor, skill, power, riches, grandeur, avail not; death spares naught. I was called

HUBERT VAN EYCK.

I was famous, and spoken of as a great painter; now the worms devour me. I was of consequence, a few days, and I am as naught.

It was in the year of our Lord 1426, on the 18th of September, that with pain I rendered my soul to God. Pray for me, you who love art, that I may merit His grace; and for you, avoid evil, do good, for there will come a day when you must follow me.

So great was the esteem in which Hubert was held that the authorities of Ghent, to do him reverence, adopted a strange device. His right arm, which had wrought such good work, was cut off, and exposed as an object of veneration in an iron casket placed at the entrance of the cathedral. According to Marc van Vaernewyck, this relic was there as late as the sixteenth century.

Jean van Eyck had for his first patron the Bishop of Liege, who appointed him his *valet de chambre*, at that time such a post not being considered menial; but, after a stormy life, the bishop died in 1425, and Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, an art-loving prince, desired Jean to enter his service, and the contract between them bears date May 19, 1425. On his part the duke promises to pay the artist "100 pounds good Flemish money yearly, one-half on Christmas-day, the other on St. John's Day." Contemporaries unite in describing the artist as a man elegant in appearance and carriage, of a gentle, winning address, and much beloved by the duke.

Jossé Vydt begged Jean to continue the altarpiece, and the artist consented. Soon after Hubert's death Margaret died, and was buried by her brother's side, as is proved by the lines of Lucas de Heere, in St. Bavon:

Hy rust begraven hier de sustere herunontrent
Die met haer schilderye oock menich helft verwondert.

("He reposes by his sister, who also astonished the world by her painting.") There is

no picture which is authentically the work of Margaret.

The year he lost his brother and sister Jean was summoned by the duke to Bruges, and was sent in 1428 with the embassy to Portugal who were empowered to demand the Princess Elizabeth in marriage, and the artist was to paint for his patron a portrait of the lady. He returned in 1429, and in this year he executed the portrait of his wife, though the precise date of his marriage has never been discovered. The picture evidently is not flattered, and though we are told she was considerably his junior, the face certainly has the hardness and staidness of a woman in middle life; whether the marriage was a happy one or no neither history nor rumor tells us. On his return, Jean hastened to Ghent to finish "the picture," and worked on it unceasingly for three years. The results of his foreign travel are easily traceable, for in the right wings we find orange, cedar, cypress, and palm trees, not the vegetation of Belgium. The hermits and pilgrims have faces bronzed by Southern suns, and features different from the Flemish type. The picture was finished in 1432, and Duke Philip came from Bruges to see it ere it left the artist's studio. On the 6th of May, 1432, the altarpiece was put up and the chapel consecrated. On the base of the painting was this inscription:

Pictor Hubertus e Eyck, major quo nemo repertus
Incepit; pondusque Johannes, arte secundus
Suscepit lactus, Judoci Vyd prece fretus.
Vers U se Xta Ma L Vos Co L Lo Cat a Ctat Uerl.

("The painter Hubert van Eyck, the superior of all who have ever lived, began this picture, and Jean, the second in his art, at the prayer of Jossé Vydt, charged himself with the finishing of it. This verse tells you that on the 6th of May the finished work was exhibited to the public.")



"ADORATION OF THE VIRGIN."—[BY ST. GEORGE AND ST. DONATUS.]

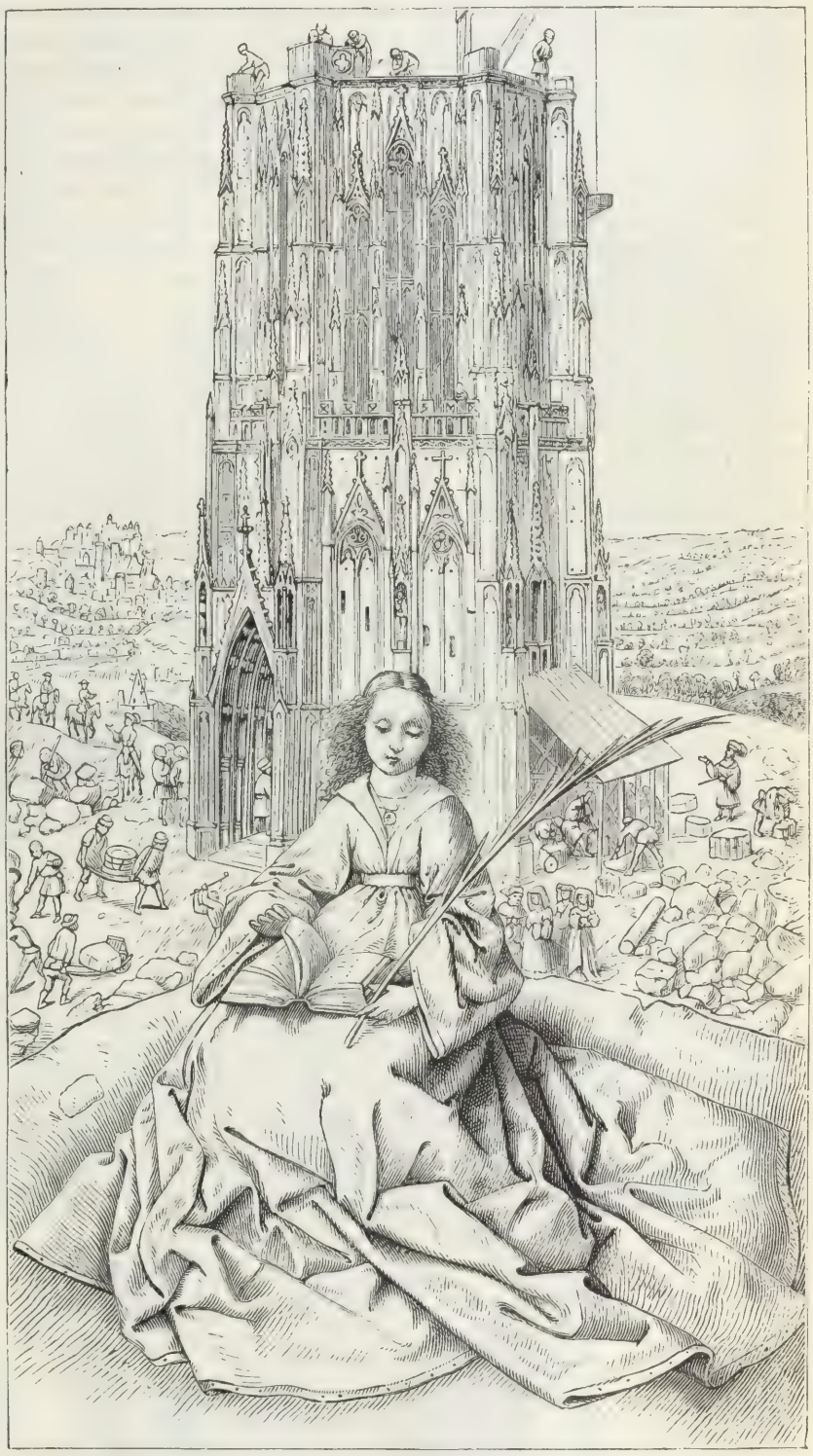
When the "Adoration" was finished, Van Eyck returned to Bruges, and there painted his second great work—"The Triumph of the New Law," which is in the Museum San Trinidad at Madrid. This is a superb specimen both of his creative genius and the care and fidelity with which he executed his work.

Jean van Eyck had now obtained such popularity that orders came faster than he could execute them, though he labored diligently. He continued in the duke's service, and never lost his favor, for, according to the records in 1434, the artist received 86 pounds for "an act performed, and several journeys on different affairs;" and in the same year the duke by proxy became sponsor at the baptism of Jean's daughter, and on that occasion presented him with six silver cups costing "96 pounds 12 pence." This year the duke's treasurer demurred at paying

the artist in addition his salary, on learning which Philip wrote to the recreant official:

"This act might have caused him to leave our service, which would have been very displeasing to us, for we wish to retain him for certain important works, in which we know of no one else who could take his place, nor be so much to our mind either in his art or skill." He orders the salary to be paid instantly, says the command is for once and forever, and recommends the treasurer not to forget this, if he does not want to make him (the duke) angry, which would certainly happen should the treasurer make a second letter on the matter necessary. In 1436 Jean undertook another private mission for the duke, which must have been of importance, for on his return a requisition was made for 720 pounds to cover expenses. In 1439 he was commissioned to illuminate for his patron a book, and painted 272 large letters and twelve small, for which he was paid six pounds sixpence. It is easy to see that if this was the scale of payment, in spite of constant work, a fortune would needs be of slow growth.

Jean van Eyck's last work was an altar-piece for the Church of St. Martin d'Ypres. The subject was the Virgin and Child, before whom kneels the Abbé Maelbeke, the donor. On the outside of the doors, divided in two, is a different group of the Virgin and Child, accompanied by three angels, who by their blowing on the trumpets announce the coming of the Saviour, the Cumæan sibyl, who is said to have presided at His birth, and the Emperor Augustus, during whose reign the event occurred. On the interior are the burning bush, Ezekiel, Gideon with his emblem, and Aaron with his rod. These last are merely sketched, for the artist did not finish them; he was taken sick, left Ypres, and returned to Bruges, where he died in July, 1440, at the age of fifty-nine. His funeral was at the city's expense, the magistrates desiring to do him honor; and they record that the cost was 12 pounds, "exclusive of 24 pence paid to the bell-ringers." He was buried at St. Donat, and the plain stone which marked his resting-place was afterward replaced by one bearing the following inscription in Latin:



ST. BARBARA.

Here lies Jean, celebrated for his virtues, and for his pictures of marvellous grace. He could paint figures,

landscapes, flowers, and endow with beauty all he depicted. He triumphed over Phidias and Apelles; Polyclete also was his inferior. Bewail, then, the cruel Fates who have torn from us such a man! Let our tears reproach implacable destiny. Let us beseech God to receive him into His bosom.,

Neither the inscription, the tomb, nor the church now exists. The church was destroyed, and the ashes of the great painter became the sport of the winds; and where the church once stood is now a gay boulevard.

His only child, a daughter, that same year entered a convent at Maas Eyck, and the duke gave her dower to the convent, 24 pounds. In 1446 there is a record of Jean van Eyck's widow purchasing a lottery ticket; after that there is no mention or trace of the family. His last picture is lost, supposed to have been destroyed, along with many of Hubert's, by the iconoclasts during their mad campaign, and a poor copy of it is all that remains, in the possession of M. Dumortier, of Bruges.

Jean van Eyck had many pupils to whom he made known his discovery; besides Antonio of Messina, previously spoken of, were Hugo van der Gros, Pierre Christophsen, Jossé de Gand, the two Van der Meires, and his favorite Rogier van der Weyden; besides these, though not his pupil, his most famous follower was Hemling, whose works are so much prized. Rogier was the artist chosen by the Brussels authorities to decorate their Town-hall; and he painted for the council-room four pictures, two of which tell the story of Herkenblad—a judge of Brussels in the eleventh century, the Brutus of Flanders—and two the legend of Trajan. The emperor marching from Rome is stayed by the prayers of a widow, who demands justice on the murderers of her son, and the emperor gave judgment. One of the pictures represents his condemning the culprit; the other, on one side, represents Pope Gregory VII. praying; on the other, the Pope gazing at an open tomb. The story is: the Pope, filled with admiration for the virtues of Trajan, though a pagan, interceded in his behalf; God listened, and answered in the words painted on the picture: "I have listened, and grant your prayer, and pardon Trajan; but, remember, never again intercede for one of the damned." The Pope, overjoyed, had the tomb of the emperor opened, but of Trajan, who had been dead some hundreds of years, naught remained but the tongue, which had never uttered any words but those of wisdom; all else was dust.



"ST. LUKE PAINTING THE VIRGIN."



L'ALLEGRO.

[JOHN MILTON, 1608—1674.]

ILLUSTRATED BY THE LONDON ETCHING CLUB.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
  Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
  In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
  Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth!
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,



"HASTE THEE, NYMPH, AND BRING WITH THEE JEST AND YOUTHFUL JOLLITY."

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,



"TILL THE DAPPLED DAWN DOTH RISE."

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;



"OFT LISTENING HOW THE HOUNDS AND HORN."

And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free:



"AND AT MY WINDOW BID GOOD-MORROW."

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of Sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,



"WHILE THE PLOUGHMAN, NEAR AT HAND."



"AND THE MILKMAID SINGETH BLITHE, AND THE MOWER WHETS HIS SCYTHE."

From the side of some hoar hill
Through the high wood echoing shrill;
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;



"AND EVERY SHEPHERD TELLS HIS TALE."

While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.



"WHERE THE NIBBLING FLOCKS DO STRAY."

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;



"MOUNTAINS, ON WHOSE BARREN BREAST."



"SHALLOW BROOKS, AND RIVERS WIDE."

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,



"WHERE CORYDON AND THYESIS, MET."

Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.



"WITH STORIES TOLD OF MANY A FEAT."

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade;



"HOW FAERY MAB THE JUNKETS EAT."



"SHE WAS PINCH'D, AND PULL'D, SHE SAID."

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,



"AND HE, BY FRIAR'S LANTERN LED."

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn



"HIS SHADOWY FLAIL HATH THRESH'D THE CORN."

That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;



"THUS DONE THE TALES, TO BED THEY CREEP."

And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,



"TOWER'D CITIES PLEASE US THEN, AND THE BUSY HUM OF MEN."

Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry:



"WHILE BOTH CONTEND TO WIN HER GRACE WHOM ALL COMMEND."

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.



"SUCH SIGHTS AS YOUTHFUL POETS DREAM."

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



"LAP ME IN SOFT LYDIAN AIRS."

MACLEOD OF DARE.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAUREL COTTAGE.

A SMALL, quaint, old-fashioned house in South Bank, Regent's Park; two maidens in white in the open veranda; around them the abundant foliage of June, unruffled by any breeze; and down at the foot of the steep garden the still canal, its surface mirroring the soft translucent greens of the trees and bushes above, and the gaudier colors of a barge lying moored on the northern side. The elder of the two girls is seated in a rocking-chair; she appears to have been reading, for her right hand, hanging down, still holds a thin MS. book covered with coarse brown paper. The younger is lying at her feet, with her head thrown back in her sister's lap, and her face turned up to the clear June skies. There are some roses about this veranda, and the still air is sweet with them.

"And of all the parts you ever played in," she says, "which one did you like the best, Gerty?"

"This one," is the gentle answer.

"What one?"

"Being at home with you and papa, and having no bother at all, and nothing to think of."

"I don't believe it," says the other, with the brutal frankness of thirteen. "You couldn't live without the theatre, Gerty—and the newspapers talking about you—and people praising you—and bouquets—"

"Couldn't I?" says Miss White, with a smile, as she gently lays her hand on her sister's curls.

"No," continues the wise young lady. "And besides, this pretty, quiet life would not last. You would have to give up playing that part. Papa is getting very old now; and he often talks about what may happen to us. And you know, Gerty, that though it is very nice for sisters to say they will never and never leave each other, it doesn't come off, does it? There is only one thing I see for you—and that is to get married."

"Indeed."

It is easy to fence with a child's prattle. She might have amused herself by encouraging this chatter-box to go through the list of their acquaintances, and pick out a

goodly choice of suitors. She might have encouraged her to give expression to her profound views of the chances and troubles of life, and the safeguards that timid maidens may seek. But she suddenly said, in a highly matter-of-fact manner:

"What you say is quite true, Carry, and I've thought of it several times. It is a very bad thing for an actress to be left without a father, or husband, or brother, as her ostensible guardian. People are always glad to hear stories—and to make them—about actresses. You would be no good at all, Carry—"

"Very well, then," the younger sister said, promptly, "you've got to get married. And to a rich man, too; who will buy you a theatre, and let you do what you like in it."

Miss Gertrude White, whatever she may have thought of this speech, was bound to rebuke the shockingly mercenary ring of it.

"For shame, Carry! Do you think people marry from such motives as that?"

"I don't know," said Carry; but she had, at least, guessed.

"I should like my husband to have money, certainly," Miss White said, frankly; and here she flung the MS. book from her, on to a neighboring chair. "I should like to be able to refuse parts that did not suit me. I should like to be able to take just such engagements as I chose. I should like to go to Paris for a whole year, and study hard—"

"Your husband might not wish you to remain an actress," said Miss Carry.

"Then he would never be my husband," the elder sister said, with decision. "I have not worked hard for nothing. Just when I begin to think I can do something—when I think I can get beyond those coquettish, drawing-room, simpering parts that people run after now—just when the very name of Mrs. Siddons, or Rachel, or any of the great actresses makes my heart jump—when I have ambition, and a fair chance, and all that—do you think I am to give the whole thing up, and sink quietly into the position of Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith, who is a very nice lady, no doubt, and very respectable, and lives a quiet and orderly life, with no greater excitement than scheming to get big people to go to her garden parties?"

She certainly seemed very clear on that point.

"I don't see that men are so ready to give up their profession, when they marry, in order to devote themselves to domestic life, even when they have plenty of money. Why should all the sacrifice be on the side of the woman? But I know if I have to choose between my art and a husband, I shall continue to do without a husband."

Miss Carry had risen, and put one arm round her sister's neck, while with the other she stroked the soft brown hair over the smooth forehead.

"And it shall not be taken away from its pretty theatre, it sha'n't!" said she, pettingly; "and it shall not be asked to go away with any great ugly Blue-beard, and be shut up in a lonely house—"

"Go away, Carry," said she, releasing herself. "I wonder why you began talking such nonsense. What do you know about all those things?"

"Oh! very well," said the child, turning away with a pout; and she pulled a rose and began to take its petals off, one by one, with her lips. "Perhaps I don't know. Perhaps I haven't studied your manœuvres on the stage, Miss Gertrude White. Perhaps I never saw the newspapers declaring that it was all so very natural and lifelike." She flung two or three rose petals at her sister. "I believe you're the biggest flirt that ever lived, Gerty. You could make any man you liked marry you in ten minutes."

"I wish I could manage to have certain school-girls whipped and sent to bed."

At this moment there appeared at the open French window an elderly woman of Flemish features and extraordinary breadth of bust

"Shall I put dressing in the salad, miss?" she said, with scarcely any trace of foreign accent.

"Not yet, Marie," said Miss White. "I will make the dressing first. Bring me a large plate, and the cruet-stand, and a spoon and fork, and some salt."

Now when these things had been brought, and when Miss White had set about preparing this salad dressing in a highly scientific manner, a strange thing occurred. Her sister seemed to have been attacked by a sudden fit of madness. She had caught up a light shawl, which she extended from hand to hand, as if she were dancing with some one, and then she proceeded to execute a slow waltz in this circumscribed space, humming the improvised music in a mystical and rhythmical manner. And what were these dark utterances that the inspired one gave forth, as she glanced from time to time at her sister and the plate?

"*Oh, a Highland lad my love was born—and the Lowland laws he held in scorn—*"

"Carry, don't make a fool of yourself!" said the other, flushing angrily.

Carry flung her imaginary partner aside.

"There is no use making any pretense," said she, sharply. "You know quite well why you are making that salad dressing."

"Did you never see me make salad dressing before?" said the other, quite as sharply.

"You know it is simply because Sir Keith Macleod is coming to lunch. I forgot all about it. Oh, and that's why you had the clean curtains put up yesterday!"

What else had this precocious brain ferreted out?

"Yes, and that's why you bought papa a new neck-tie," continued the tormentor; and then she added, triumphantly, "*But he hasn't put it on this morning—ha, Gerty?*"

A calm and dignified silence is the best answer to the fiendishness of thirteen. Miss White went on with the making of the salad dressing. She was considered very clever at it. Her father had taught her; but he never had the patience to carry out his own precepts. Besides, brute force is not wanted for the work: what you want is the self-denying assiduity and the dextrous light-handedness of a woman.

A smart young maid-servant, very trimly dressed, made her appearance.

"Sir Keith Macleod, miss," said she.

"Oh, Gerty, you're caught," muttered the fiend.

But Miss White was equal to the occasion. The small white fingers plied the fork without a tremor.

"Ask him to step this way, please," she said.

And then the subtle imagination of this demon of thirteen jumped to another conclusion.

"Oh, Gerty, you want to show him that you are a good housekeeper—that you can make salad—"

But the imp was silenced by the appearance of Macleod himself. He looked tall as he came through the small drawing-room. When he came out on to the balcony the languid air of the place seemed to acquire a fresh and brisk vitality: he had a bright smile and a resonant voice.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you a little present, Miss White—no, it is a large present—that reached me this morning," said he. "I want you to see one of our Highland salmon. He is a splendid fellow—twenty-six pounds four ounces, my landlady says. My cousin Janet sent him to me."



ON THE VERANDA.—[SEE PAGE 717.]

"Oh, but, Sir Keith, we can not rob you," Miss White said, as she still demurely plied her fork. "If there is any special virtue in a Highland salmon, it will be best appreciated by yourself, rather than by those who don't know."

"The fact is," said he, "people are so kind to me that I scarcely ever am allowed to dine at my lodgings; and you know the salmon should be cooked at once."

Miss Carry had been making a face behind his back to annoy her sister. She now came forward and said, with a charming innocence in her eyes:

"I don't think you can have it cooked for luncheon, Gerty, for that would look too like bringing your tea in your pocket, and getting hot water for twopence. Wouldn't it?"

Macleod turned and regarded this new-

comer with an unmistakable "Who is this?"—"*Cò an so?*"—in his air.

"Oh, that is my sister Carry, Sir Keith," said Miss White. "I forgot you had not seen her."

"How do you do?" said he, in a kindly way; and for a second he put his hand on the light curls as her father might have done. "I suppose you like having holidays?"

From that moment she became his deadly enemy. To be patted on the head, as if she were a child, an infant—and that in the presence of the sister whom she had just been lecturing!

"Yes, thank you," said she, with a splendid dignity, as she proudly walked off. She went into the small lobby leading to the door. She called to the little maid-servant. She looked at a certain long bag made of matting which lay there, some bits of grass sticking out of one end. "Jane, take this thing down to the cellar at once! The whole house smells of it."

Meanwhile Miss White had carried her salad dressing in to Marie, and had gone out again to the veranda, where Macleod was seated. He was charmed with the dreamy stillness and silence of the place, with the hanging foliage all around, and the colors in the steep gardens, and the still waters below.

"I don't know how it is," said he, "but you seem to have much more open houses here than we have. Our houses in the North look cold, and hard, and bare. We should laugh if we saw a place like this up with us; it seems to me a sort of a toy place out of a picture—from Switzerland or some such country. Here you are in the open air, with your own little world around you, and nobody to see you; you might live all your life here, and know nothing about the storms crossing the Atlantic, and the wars in Europe, if only you gave up the newspapers."

"Yes, it is very pretty and quiet," said she, and the small fingers pulled to pieces one of the rose leaves that Carry had thrown at her. "But you know one is never satisfied any where. If I were to tell you the longing I have to see the very places you describe as being so desolate— But perhaps papa will take me there some day."

"I hope so," said he; "but I would not call them desolate. They are terrible at times, and they are lonely, and they make you think. But they are beautiful too, with a sort of splendid beauty and grandeur that goes very near making you miserable. . . . I can not describe it. You will see for yourself."

Here a bell rang, and at the same moment Mr. White made his appearance.

"How do you do, Sir Keith? Luncheon is ready, my dear—luncheon is ready—luncheon is ready."

He kept muttering to himself as he led the way. They entered a small dining-room, and here, if Macleod had ever heard of actresses having little time to give to domestic affairs, he must have been struck by the exceeding neatness and brightness of every thing on the table and around it. The snow-white cover; the brilliant glass and spoons; the carefully arranged, if tiny, bouquets; and the precision with which the smart little maid-servant, the only attendant, waited—all these things showed a household well managed. Nay, this iced claret-cup—was it not of her own composition?—and a pleasanter beverage he had never drank.

But she seemed to pay little attention to these matters, for she kept glancing at her father, who, as he addressed Macleod from time to time, was obviously nervous and harassed about something. At last she said,

"Papa, what is the matter with you? Has any thing gone wrong this morning?"

"Oh, my dear child," said he, "don't speak of it. It is my memory—I fear my memory is going. But we will not trouble our guest about it. I think you were saying, Sir Keith, that you had seen the latest additions to the National Gallery—"

"But what is it, papa?" his daughter insisted.

"My dear, my dear, I know I have the lines somewhere; and Lord —— says that the very first jug fired at the new pottery he is helping shall have these lines on it, and be kept for himself. I know I have both the Spanish original and the English translation somewhere; and all the morning I have been hunting and hunting—for only one line. I think I know the other three—

'Old wine to drink.
Old wrongs let sink.
* * * *
Old friends in need.'

It is the third line that has escaped me—dear, dear me! I fear my brain is going."

"But I will hunt for it, papa," said she; "I will get the lines for you. Don't you trouble."

"No, no, no, child," said he, with somewhat of a pompous air. "You have this new character to study. You must not allow any trouble to disturb the serenity of your mind while you are so engaged. You must give your heart and soul to it, Gerty; you must forget yourself; you must abandon yourself to it, and let it grow up in your mind until the conception is so perfect that there are no traces of the manner of its production left."

He certainly was addressing his daughter, but somehow the formal phrases suggested that he was speaking for the benefit of the stranger. The prim old gentleman continued:

"That is the only way. Art demands ab-

solute self-forgetfulness. You must give yourself to it in complete surrender. People may not know the difference; but the true artist seeks only to be true to himself. You produce the perfect flower; they are not to know of the anxious care—of the agony of tears, perhaps—you have spent on it. But then your whole mind must be given to it; there must be no distracting cares; I will look for the missing line myself."

"I am quite sure, papa," said Miss Carry, spitefully, "that she was far more anxious about these cutlets than about her new part this morning. She was half a dozen times down to the kitchen. I didn't see her reading the book much."

"The *res angustæ domi*," said the father, sententiously, "sometimes interfere, where people are not too well off. But that is necessary. What is not necessary is that Gerty should take my troubles over to herself, and disturb her formation of this new character, which ought to be growing up in her mind almost insensibly, until she herself will scarcely be aware how real it is. When she steps on to the stage she ought to be no more Gertrude White than you or I. The artist loses himself. He transfers his soul to his creation. His heart beats in another breast; he sees with other eyes. You will excuse me, Sir Keith, but I keep insisting on this point to my daughter. If she ever becomes a great artist, that will be the secret of her success. And she ought never to cease from cultivating the habit. She ought to be ready at any moment to project herself, as it were, into any character. She ought to practice so as to make of her own emotions an instrument that she can use at will. It is a great demand that art makes on the life of an artist. In fact, he ceases to live for himself. He becomes merely a medium. His most secret experiences are the property of the world at large, once they have been transfused and moulded by his personal skill."

And so he continued talking, apparently for the instruction of his daughter, but also giving his guest clearly to understand that Miss Gertrude White was not as other women, but rather as one set apart for the high and inexorable sacrifice demanded by art. At the end of his lecture he abruptly asked Macleod if he had followed him. Yes, he had followed him, but in rather a bewildered way. Or had he some confused sense of self-reproach, in that he had distracted the contemplation of this pale and beautiful artist, and sent her down stairs to look after cutlets?

"It seems a little hard, Sir," said Macleod to the old man, "that an artist is not to have any life of his or her own at all; that he or she should become merely a—a —a sort of ten-minutes emotionalist."

It was not a bad phrase for a rude Highlander to have invented on the spur of the moment. But the fact was that some little personal feeling stung him into the speech. He was prepared to resent this tyranny of art. And if he now were to see some beautiful pale slave bound in these iron chains, and being exhibited for the amusement of an idle world, what would the fierce blood of the Macleods say to that debasement? He began to dislike this old man, with his cruel theories and his oracular speech. But he forbore to have further or any argument with him; for he remembered what the Highlanders call "the advice of the bell of Scoon"—"*The thing that concerns you not, meddle not with.*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRINCESS RIGHINN.

THE people who lived in this land of summer and sunshine and flowers—had they no cares at all? He went out into the garden with these two girls; and they were like two young fawns in their careless play. Miss Carry, indeed, seemed bent on tantalizing him by the manner in which she petted and teased and caressed her sister—scolding her, quarrelling with her, and kissing her all at once. The grave, gentle, forbearing manner in which the elder sister bore all this was beautiful to see. And then her sudden concern and pity when the wild Miss Carry had succeeded in scratching her finger with the thorn of a rose-bush! It was the tiniest of scratches; and all the blood that appeared was about the size of a pin-head. But Miss White must needs tear up her dainty little pocket-handkerchief, and bind that grievous wound, and condole with the poor victim as though she were suffering untold agonies. It was a pretty sort of idleness. It seemed to harmonize with this still beautiful summer day, and the soft green foliage around, and the still air that was sweet with the scent of the flowers of the lime-trees. They say that the Gaelic word for the lower regions, *ifrin*, is derived from *i-bhuirn*, the island of incessant rain. To a Highlander, therefore, must not this land of perpetual summer and sunshine have seemed to be heaven itself?

And even the malicious Carry relented for a moment.

"You said you were going to the Zoological Gardens," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "I am. I have seen every thing I want to see in London but that."

"Because Gerty and I might walk across the Park with you, and show you the way."

"I very much wish you would," said he, "if you have nothing better to do."

"I will see if papa does not want me,"

said Miss White, calmly. She might just as well be walking in Regent's Park as in this small garden.

Presently the three of them set out.

"I am glad of any excuse," she said, with a smile, "for throwing aside that new part. It seems to me insufferably stupid. It is very hard that you should be expected to make a character look natural when the words you have to speak are such as no human being would use in any circumstances whatever."

Oddly enough, he never heard her make even the slightest reference to her profession without experiencing a sharp twinge of annoyance. He did not stay to ask himself why this should be so. Ordinarily he simply made haste to change the subject.

"Then why should you take the part at all?" said he, bluntly.

"Once you have given yourself up to a particular calling, you must accept its little annoyances," she said, frankly. "I can not have every thing my own way. I have been very fortunate in other respects. I never had to go through the drudgery of the provinces, though they say that is the best school possible for an actress. And I am sure the money and the care papa has spent on my training—you see, he has no son to send to college. I think he is far more anxious about my succeeding than I am myself."

"But you have succeeded," said Macleod. It was, indeed, the least he could say, with all his dislike of the subject.

"Oh, I do not call that success," said she, simply. "That is merely pleasing people by showing them little scenes from their own drawing-rooms transferred to the stage. They like it because it is pretty and familiar. And people pretend to be very cynical at present—they like things with 'no nonsense about them;' and I suppose this sort of comedy is the natural reaction from the rant of the melodrama. Still, if you happen to be ambitious—or perhaps it is mere vanity?—if you would like to try what is in you—"

"Gerty wants to be a Mrs. Siddons: that's it," said Miss Carry, promptly.

Talking to an actress about her profession, and not having a word of compliment to say! Instead, he praised the noble elms and chestnuts of the Park, the broad white lake, the flowers, the avenues. He was greatly interested by the whizzing by overhead of a brace of duck.

"I suppose you are very fond of animals?" Miss White said.

"I am indeed," said he, suddenly brightening up. "And up at our place I give them all a chance. I don't allow a single weasel or hawk to be killed, though I have a great deal of trouble about it. But what is the result? I don't know whether there is such a thing as the balance of nature, or whether it is merely that the hawks and weasels and other vermin kill off the sickly birds; but I do know that we have less disease among our birds than I hear of any where else. I have sometimes shot a weasel, it is true, when I have run across him as he was hunting a rabbit—you can not help doing that if you hear the rabbit squealing with fright long before the weasel is at him—but it is against my rule. I give them all a fair field and no favor. But there are two animals I put out of the list; I thought there was only one till this week—now there are two; and one of them I hate, the other I fear."

"Fear?" she said: the slight flash of surprise in her eyes was eloquent enough. But he did not notice it.

"Yes," said he, rather gloomily. "I suppose it is superstition, or you may have it in your blood; but the horror I have of the eyes of a snake—I can not tell you of it. Perhaps I was frightened when I was a child—I can not remember; or perhaps it was the stories of the old women. The serpent is very mysterious to the people in the Highlands: they have stories of water-snakes in the lochs: and if you get a nest of seven adders with one white one, you boil the white one, and the man who drinks the broth knows all things in heaven and earth. In the Lewis they call the serpent *righinn*, that is, '*a princess;*' and they say that the serpent is a princess bewitched. But that is from fear—it is a compliment—"

"But surely there are no serpents to be afraid of in the Highlands?" said Miss White. She was looking rather curiously at him.

"No," said he, in the same gloomy way. "The adders run away from you if you are walking through the heather. If you tread on one, and he bites your boot, what then? He can not hurt you. But suppose you are out after the deer, and you are crawling along the heather with your face to the ground, and all at once you see the two small eyes of an adder looking at you and close to you—"

He shuddered slightly—perhaps it was only an expression of disgust.

"I have heard," he continued, "that in parts of Islay they used to be so bad that the farmers would set fire to the heather in a circle, and as the heather burned in and in you could see the snakes and adders twisting and curling in a great ball. We have not many with us. But one day John Begg, that is the school-master, went behind a rock to get a light for his pipe; and he put his head close to the rock to be out of the wind; and then he thought he stirred something with his cap; and the next moment the adder fell on to his shoulder, and bit him in the neck. He was half mad with the fright; but I think the adder

must have bitten the cap first and expended its poison; for the school-master was only ill for about two days, and then there was no more of it. But just think of it—an adder getting to your neck—"

"I would rather not think of it," she said, quickly. "What is the other animal—that you hate?"

"Oh!" he said, lightly, "that is a very different affair—that is a parrot that speaks. I was never shut up in a house with one till this week. My landlady's son brought her home one from the West Indies; and she put the cage in a window recess on my landing. At first it was a little amusing; but the constant yelp—it was too much for me. '*Pritty poal! pritty poal!*' I did not mind so much; but when the ugly brute, with its beady eyes and its black snout, used to yelp, '*Come and kiz me! come and kiz me!*' I grew to hate it. And in the morning, too, how was one to sleep? I used to open my door and fling a boot at it; but that only served for a time. It began again."

"But you speak of it as having been there. What became of it?"

He glanced at her rather nervously—like a school-boy—and laughed.

"Shall I tell you?" he said, rather shamefacedly. "The murder will be out sooner or later. It was this morning. I could stand it no longer. I had thrown both my boots at it; it was no use. I got up a third time, and went out. The window, that looks into a back yard, was open. Then I opened the parrot's cage. But the fool of an animal did not know what I meant—or it was afraid—and so I caught him by the back of the neck and flung him out. I don't know any thing more about him."

"Could he fly?" said the big-eyed Carry, who had been quite interested in this tragic tale.

"I don't know," Macleod said, modestly. "There was no use asking him. All he could say was, '*Come and kiz me;*' and I got tired of that."

"Then you have murdered him!" said the elder sister in an awe-stricken voice; and she pretended to withdraw a bit from him. "I don't believe in the Macleods having become civilized, peaceable people. I believe they would have no hesitation in murdering any one that was in their way."

"Oh, Miss White," said he, in protest, "you must forget what I told you, about the Macleods; and you must really believe they were no worse than the others of the same time. Now I was thinking of another story the other day, which I must tell you—"

"Oh, pray don't," she said, "if it is one of those terrible legends—"

"But I must tell you," said he, "because it is about the Macdonalds; and I want to show you that we had not all the badness of those times. It was Donald Gorm Môr; and his nephew Hugh Macdonald, who was the heir to the chieftainship, he got a number of men to join him in a conspiracy to have his uncle murdered. The chief found it out, and forgave him. That was not like a Macleod," he admitted, "for I never heard of a Macleod of those days forgiving any body. But again Hugh Macdonald engaged in a conspiracy; and then Donald Gorm Môr thought he would put an end to the nonsense. What did he do? He put his nephew into a deep and foul dungeon—so the story says—and left him without food or water for a whole day. Then there was salt beef lowered into the dungeon; and Macdonald he devoured the salt beef, for he was starving with hunger. Then they left him alone. But you can imagine the thirst of a man who has been eating salt beef, and who has had no water for a day or two. He was mad with thirst. Then they lowered a cup into the dungeon—you may imagine the eagerness with which the poor fellow saw it coming down to him—and how he caught it with both his hands. *But it was empty!* And so, having made a fool of him in that way, they left him to die of thirst. That was the Macdonalds, Miss White, not the Macleods."

"Then I am glad of Culloden," said she, with decision, "for destroying such a race of fiends."

"Oh, you must not say that," he protested, laughing. "We should have become quiet and respectable folks without Culloden. Even without Culloden we should have had penny newspapers all the same; and tourist boats from Oban to Iona. Indeed, you won't find quieter folks any where than the Macdonalds and Macleods are now."

"I don't know how far you are to be trusted," said she, pretending to look at him with some doubts.

Now they reached the gate of the Gardens.

"Do let us go in, Gerty," said Miss Carry. "You know you always get hints for your dresses from the birds—you would never have thought of that flamingo pink and white if you had not been walking through here—"

"I will go in for a while if you like, Carry," said she; and certainly Macleod was nothing loath.

There were but few people in the Gardens on this afternoon, for all the world was up at the Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's, and there was little visible of 'Arry and his pipe. Macleod began to show more than a school-boy's delight over the wonders of this strange place. That he was exceedingly fond of animals—always barring the two he had mentioned—was soon abundantly shown. He talked to them as though the mute inquiring eyes could understand him thoroughly. When

he came to animals with which he was familiar in the North, he seemed to be renewing acquaintance with old friends—like himself they were strangers in a strange land.

"Ah," said he to the splendid red deer, which was walking about the paddock with his velvety horns held proudly in the air, "what part of the Highlands have you come from? And wouldn't you like now a canter down the dry bed of a stream on the side of Ben-an-Sloich?"

The hind, with slow and gentle step, and with her nut-brown hide shining in the sun, came up to the bars, and regarded him with those large, clear, gray-green eyes—so different from the soft dark eyes of the roe—that had long eyelashes on the upper lid. He rubbed her nose.

"And wouldn't you rather be up on the heather, munching the young grass and drinking out of the burn?"

They went along to the great cage of the sea-eagles. The birds seemed to pay no heed to what was passing immediately around them. Ever and anon they jerked their head into an attitude of attention, and the golden brown eye, with its contracted pupil and stern upper lid, seemed to be throwing a keen glance over immeasurable leagues of sea.

"Poor old chap!" he said to the one perched high on an old stump, "wouldn't you like to have one sniff of a sea-breeze, and a look round for a sea-pyot or two? What do they give you here—dead fish, I suppose?"

The eagle raised its great wings and slowly flapped them once or twice, while it uttered a succession of shrill *yawps*.

"Oh yes," he said, "you could make yourself heard above the sound of the waves. And I think if any of the boys were after your eggs or your young ones, you could make short work of them with those big wings. Or would you like to have a battle-royal with a seal, and try whether you could pilot the seal in to the shore, or whether the seal would drag you and your fixed claws down to the bottom and drown you?"

There was a solitary kittiwake in a cage devoted to sea-birds, nearly all of which were foreigners.

"You poor little kittiwake," said he, "this is a sad place for you to be in. I think you would rather be out at Ru-Treshanish, even if it was blowing hard, and there was rain about. There was a dead whale came ashore there about a month ago; that would have been something like a feast for you."

"Why," said he, to his human companion, "if I had only known before! Whenever there was an hour or two with nothing to do, here was plenty of occupation. But I must not keep you too long, Miss White. I could remain here days and weeks."

"You will not go without looking in at the serpents," said she, with a slight smile.

He hesitated for a second.

"No," said he; "I think I will not go in to see them."

"But you must," said she, cruelly. "You will see they are not such terrible creatures when they are shut up in glass boxes."

He suffered himself to be led along to the reptile house; but he was silent. He entered the last of the three. He stood in the middle of the room, and looked around him in rather a strange way.

"Now come and look at this splendid fellow," said Miss White, who, with her sister, was leaning over the rail. "Look at his splendid bars of color? do you see the beautiful blue sheen on its scales?"

It was a huge anaconda, its body as thick as a man's leg, lying coiled up in a circle; its flat ugly head reposing in the middle. He came a bit nearer. "Hideous!" was all he said. And then his eyes were fixed on the eyes of the animal—the lidless eyes, with their perpetual glassy stare. He had thought at first they were closed; but now he saw that that opaque yellow substance was covered by a glassy coating, while in the centre there was a small slit as if cut by a penknife. The great coils slowly expanded and fell again as the animal breathed; otherwise the fixed stare of those yellow eyes might have been taken for the stare of death.

"I don't think the anaconda is poisonous at all," said she, lightly.

"But if you were to meet that beast in a jungle," said he, "what difference would that make?"

He spoke reproachfully, as if she were luring him into some secret place to have him slain with poisonous fangs. He passed on from that case to the others unwillingly. The room was still. Most of the snakes would have seemed dead but for the malign stare of the beaded eyes. He seemed anxious to get out; the atmosphere of the place was hot and oppressive.

But just at the door there was a case some quick motion in which caught his eye, and despite himself he stopped to look. The inside of this glass box was alive with snakes—raising their heads in the air, slimily crawling over each other, the small black forked tongues shooting in and out, the black points of eyes glassily staring. And the object that had moved quickly was a wretched little yellow frog, that was now motionless in a dish of water, its eyes apparently starting out of its head with horror. A snake made its appearance over the edge of the dish. The shooting black tongue approached the head of the frog; and then the long, sinuous body glided along the edge of the dish again, the frog meanwhile being too paralyzed with fear to move. A second afterward the frog, apparently recovering, sprung clean out of the basin; but it was

only to alight on the backs of two or three of the reptiles lying coiled up together. It made another spring, and got into a corner among some grass. But along that side of the case another of those small, flat, yellow-marked heads was slowly creeping along, propelled by the squirming body; and again the frog made a sudden spring, this time leaping once more into the shallow water, where it stood and panted, with its eyes dilated. And now a snake that had crawled up the side of the case put out its long neck as if to see whither it should proceed. There was nothing to lay hold of. The head swayed and twisted, the forked tongue shooting out; and at last the snake fell away from its hold, and splashed right into the basin of water on the top of the frog. There was a wild shooting this way and that—but Macleod did not see the end of it. He had uttered some slight exclamation, and got into the open air, as one being suffocated; and there were drops of perspiration on his forehead, and a trembling of horror and disgust had seized him. His two companions followed him out.

"I felt rather faint," said he, in a low voice—and he did not turn to look at them as he spoke—"the air is close in that room."

They moved away. He looked around—at the beautiful green of the trees, and the blue sky, and the sunlight on the path—God's world was getting to be more wholesome again, and the choking sensation of disgust was going from his throat. He seemed, however, rather anxious to get away from this place. There was a gate close by; he proposed they should go out by that. As he walked back with them to South Bank, they chatted about many of the animals—the two girls in especial being much interested in certain pheasants, whose colors of plumage they thought would look very pretty in a dress—but he never referred, either then or at any future time, to his visit to the reptile house. Nor did it occur to Miss White, in this idle conversation, to ask him whether his Highland blood had inherited any other qualities besides that instinctive and deadly horror of serpents.

CHAPTER X.

LAST NIGHTS.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Macleod!"—"Good-night!"—"Good-night!" The various voices came from the top of a drag. They were addressed to one of two young men who stood on the steps of the Star and Garter—black figures in the blaze of light. And now the people on the drag had finally ensconced themselves, and the ladies had drawn their ample cloaks more completely round their gay costumes, and the two grooms were ready to set free the heads of the leaders. "Good-night, Macleod!" Lord Beauregard called again; and then, with a little preliminary prancing of the leaders, away swung the big vehicle through the clear darkness of the sweet-scented summer night.

"It was awfully good-natured of Beauregard to bring six of your people down and take them back again," observed Lieutenant Ogilvie to his companion. "He wouldn't do it for most folks. He wouldn't do it for me. But then you have the grand air, Macleod. You seem to be conferring a favor when you get one."

"The people have been very kind to me," said Macleod, simply. "I do not know why. I wish I could take them all up to Castle Dare and entertain them as a prince could entertain people—"

"I want to talk to you about that, Macleod," said his companion. "Shall we go up stairs again? I have left my hat and coat there."

They went up stairs, and entered a long chamber which had been formed by the throwing of two rooms into one. The one apartment had been used as a sort of withdrawing-room; in the other stood the long banquet table, still covered with bright-colored flowers, and dishes of fruit, and decanters and glasses. Ogilvie sat down, lit a cigar, and poured himself out some claret.

"Macleod," said he, "I am going to talk to you like a father. I hear you have been going on in a mad way. Surely you know that a bachelor coming up to London for a season, and being asked about by people who are precious glad to get unmarried men to their houses, is not expected to give these swell dinner parties? And then, it seems, you have been bringing down all your people in drags. What do those flowers cost you? I dare say this is Lafitte, now?"

"And if it is, why not drink it and say no more about it? I think they enjoyed themselves pretty well this evening—don't you, Ogilvie?"

"Yes, yes; but then, my dear fellow, the cost! You will say it is none of my business; but what would your decent, respectable mother say to all this extravagance?"

"Ah!" said Macleod, "that is just the thing; I should have more pleasure in my little dinner parties if only the mother and Janet were here to see. I think the table would look a good deal better if my mother was at the head of it. And the cost?—oh, I am only following out her instructions. She would not have people think that I was insensible to the kindness that has been shown me; and then we can not ask all those good friends up to Castle Dare; it is an out-of-the-way place, and there are no flowers on the dining table there."

He laughed as he looked at the beautiful

things before him; they would look strange in the gaunt hall of Castle Dare.

"Why," said he, "I will tell you a secret, Ogilvie. You know my cousin Janet—she is the kindest-hearted of all the women I know—and when I was coming away she gave me £2000, just in case I should need it."

"£2000!" exclaimed Ogilvie. "Did she think you were going to buy Westminster Abbey during the course of your holidays?" And then he looked at the table before him, and a new idea seemed to strike him. "You don't mean to say, Macleod, that it is your cousin's money—"

Macleod's face flushed angrily. Had any other man made the suggestion, he would have received a tolerably sharp answer. But he only said to his old friend Ogilvie,

"No, no, Ogilvie; we are not very rich folks, but we have not come to that yet. 'I'd sell my kilts, I'd sell my shoon,' as the song says, before I touched a farthing of Janet's money. But I had to take it from her, so as not to offend her. It is wonderful, the anxiety and affection of women who live away out of the world like that. There was my mother, quite sure that something awful was going to happen to me, merely because I was going away for two or three months. And Janet—I suppose she knew that our family never was very good at saving money—she would have me take this little fortune of hers, just as if the old days were come back, and the son of the house was supposed to go to Paris to gamble away every penny."

"By-the-way, Macleod," said Ogilvie, "you have never gone to Paris, as you intended."

"No," said he, trying to balance three nectarines one on the top of the other, "I have not gone to Paris. I have made enough friends in London. I have had plenty to occupy the time. And now, Ogilvie," he added, brightly, "I am going in for my last frolic, before every body has left London, and you must come to it, even if you have to go down by your cold-meat train again. You know Miss Rawlinson; you have seen her at Mrs. Ross's, no doubt. Very well, I met her first when we went down to the Thames yacht race, and afterward we became great friends; and the dear little old lady already looks on me as if I were her son. And do you know what her proposal is?—that she is to give me up her house and garden for a garden party, and I am to ask my friends; and it is to be a dance as well, for we shall ask the people to have supper at eight o'clock or so; and then we shall have a marquee—and the garden all lighted up—do you see? It is one of the largest gardens on Campden Hill; and the colored lamps hung on the trees will make it look very fine; and we shall have a band to play music for the dancers—"

"It will cost you £200 or £300 at least," said Ogilvie, sharply.

"What then? You give your friends a pleasant evening, and you show them that you are not ungrateful," said Macleod.

Ogilvie began to ponder over this matter. The stories he had heard of Macleod's extravagant entertainments were true, then. Suddenly he looked up, and said,

"Is Miss White to be one of your guests?"

"I hope so," said he. "The theatre will be closed at the end of this week."

"I suppose you have been a good many times to the theatre?"

"To the Piccadilly Theatre?"

"Yes."

"I have been only once to the Piccadilly Theatre—when you and I went together," said Macleod, coldly; and they spoke no more of that matter.

By-and-by they thought they might as well smoke outside, and so they went down and out upon the high and walled terrace overlooking the broad valley of the Thames. And now the moon had arisen in the south, and the winding river showed a pale gray among the black woods, and there was a silvery light on the stone parapet on which they leaned their arms. The night was mild and soft and clear, there was an intense silence around; but they heard the faint sound of oars far away—some boating party getting home through the dark shadows of the river-side trees.

"It is a beautiful life you have here in the South," Macleod said, after a time, "though I can imagine that the women enjoy it more than the men. It is natural for women to enjoy pretty colors, and flowers, and bright lights, and music; and I suppose it is the mild air that lets their eyes grow so big and clear. But the men—I should think they must get tired of doing nothing. They are rather melancholy, and their hands are white. I wonder they don't begin to hate Hyde Park, and kid gloves, and tight boots. Ogilvie," said he, suddenly, straightening himself up, "what do you say to the 12th? A few breathers over Ben-an-Sloich would put new lungs into you. I don't think you look quite so limp as most of the London men; but still you are not up to the mark. And then an occasional run out to Coll or Tiree in that old tub of ours, with a brisk sou'wester blowing across—that would put some mettle into you. Mind you, you won't have any grand banquets at Castle Dare. I think it is hard on the poor old mother that she should have all the pinching, and none of the squandering; but women seem to have rather a liking for these sacrifices, and both she and Janet are very proud of the family name—I believe they would live on sea-weed for a year if only their representative in London could take Buckingham Palace for the season. And Hamish—don't

you remember Hamish?—he will give you a hearty welcome to Dare, and he will tell you the truth about any salmon or stag you may kill, though he was never known to come within five pounds of the real weight of any big salmon I ever caught. Now, then, what do you say?"

"Ah, it is all very well," said Lieutenant Ogilvie. "If we could all get what we want, there would scarcely be an officer in Aldershot Camp on the 12th of August. But I must say there are some capitally good fellows in our mess—and it isn't every one gets the chance you offer me—and there's none of the dog-in-the-manger feeling about them: in short, I do believe, Macleod, that I could get off for a week or so about the 20th."

"The 20th? So be it. Then you will have the blackcock added in."

"When do you leave?"

"On the 1st of August—the morning after my garden party. You must come to it, Ogilvie. Lady Beauregard has persuaded her husband to put off their going to Ireland for three days in order to come. And I have got old Admiral Maitland coming—with his stories of the press-gang, and of Nelson, and of the raids on the merchant ships for officers for the navy. Did you know that Miss Rawlinson was an old sweetheart of his? He knew her when she lived in Jamaica with her father—several centuries ago you would think, judging by their stories. Her father got £28,000 from the government when his slaves were emancipated. I wish I could get the old admiral up to Dare—he and the mother would have some stories to tell, I think. But you don't like long journeys at ninety-two."

He was in a pleasant and talkative humor, this bright-faced and stalwart young fellow, with his proud, fine features and his careless air. One could easily see how these old folks had made a sort of pet of him. But while he went on with this desultory chatting about the various people whom he had met, and the friendly invitations he had received, and the hopes he had formed of renewing his acquaintanceship with this person and the next person, should chance bring him again to London soon, he never once mentioned the name of Miss Gertrude White, or referred to her family, or even to her public appearances, about which there was plenty of talk at this time. Yet Lieutenant Ogilvie, on his rare visits to London, had more than once heard Sir Keith Macleod's name mentioned in conjunction with that of the young actress whom society was pleased to regard with a special and unusual favor just then; and once or twice he, as Macleod's friend, had been archly questioned on the subject by some inquisitive lady, whose eyes asked more than her words. But Lieutenant Ogilvie was gravely discreet. He neither treated the matter with ridicule nor, on the other hand, did he pretend to know more than he actually knew—which was literally nothing at all. For Macleod, who was, in ordinary circumstances, any thing but a reserved or austere person, was on this subject strictly silent, evading questions with a proud and simple dignity that forbade the repetition of them. "*The thing that concerns you not, meddle not with:*" he observed the maxim himself, and expected others to do the like.

It was an early dinner they had had, after their stroll in Richmond Park; and it was a comparatively early train that Macleod and his friend now drove down to catch, after he had paid his bill. When they reached Waterloo Station it was not yet eleven o'clock; when he, having bade good-by to Ogilvie, got to his rooms in Bury Street, it was but a few minutes after. He was joyfully welcomed by his faithful friend Oscar.

"You poor dog," said he, "here have we been enjoying ourselves all the day, and you have been in prison. Come, shall we go for a run?"

Oscar jumped up on him with a whine of delight; he knew what that taking up of the hat again meant. And then there was a silent stealing down stairs, and a slight, pardonable bark of joy in the hall, and a wild dash into the freedom of the narrow street when the door was opened. Then Oscar moderated his transports, and kept pretty close to his master as together they began to wander through the desert wilds of London.

Piccadilly?—Oscar had grown as expert in avoiding the rattling broughams and hansoms as the veriest mongrel that ever led a vagrant life in London streets. Berkeley Square?—here there was comparative quiet, with the gas lamps shining up on the thick foliage of the maples. In Grosvenor Square he had a bit of a scamper; but there was no rabbit to hunt. In Oxford Street his master took him into a public-house and gave him a biscuit and a drink of water; after that his spirits rose a bit, and he began to range ahead in Baker Street. But did Oscar know any more than his master why they had taken this direction?

Still further north; and now there were a good many trees about; and the moon, high in the heavens, touched the trembling foliage, and shone white on the front of the houses. Oscar was a friendly companion; but he could not be expected to notice that his master glanced somewhat nervously along South Bank when he had reached the entrance to that thoroughfare. Apparently the place was quite deserted; there was nothing visible but the walls, trees, and houses, one side in black shadow, the other shining cold and pale in the moonlight.

After a moment's hesitation Macleod resumed his walk—though he seemed to tread more softly.

And now, in the perfect silence, he neared a certain house, though but little of it was visible over the wall and through the trees. Did he expect to see a light in one of these upper windows, which the drooping acacias did not altogether conceal? He walked quickly by, with his head averted. Oscar had got a good way in front, not doubting that his master was following him.

But Macleod, perhaps having mustered up further courage, stopped in his walk, and returned. This time he passed more slowly, and turned his head to the house, as if listening. There was no light in the windows; there was no sound at all; there was no motion but that of the trembling acacia leaves as the cold wind of the night stirred them. And then he passed over to the south side of the thoroughfare, and stood in the black shadow of a high wall; and Oscar came and looked up into his face.

A brougham rattled by; then there was utter stillness again; and the moonlight shone on the front of the small house which was to all appearance as lifeless as the grave. Then, far away, twelve o'clock struck, and the sound seemed distant as the sound of a bell at sea in this intense quiet.

He was alone with the night, and with the dreams and fancies of the night. Would he, then, confess to himself that which he would confess to no other? Or was it merely some passing whim—some slight underchord of sentiment struck amid the careless joy of a young man's holiday—that had led him up into this silent region of trees and moonlight? The scene around him was romantic enough, but he certainly had not the features of an anguish-stricken lover.

Again the silence of the night was broken by the rumbling of a cab that came along the road; and now, whatever may have been the fancy that brought him hither, he turned to leave, and Oscar joyfully bounded out into the road. But the cab, instead of continuing its route, stopped at the gate of the house he had been watching, and two young ladies stepped out. Fionaghal, the Fair Stranger, had not, then, been wandering in the enchanted land of dreams, but toiling home in a humble four-wheeler from the scene of her anxious labors? He would have slunk away rapidly but for an untoward accident. Oscar, ranging up and down, came upon an old friend, and instantly made acquaintance with her, on seeing which, Macleod, with deep vexation at his heart, but with a pleasant and careless face, had to walk along also.

"What an odd meeting!" said he. "I have been giving Oscar a run. I am glad to have a chance of bidding you good-night. You are not very tired, I hope."

"I am rather tired," said she; "but I have only two more nights, and then my holiday begins."

He shook hands with both sisters, and wished them good-night, and departed. As Miss Gertrude White went into her father's house she seemed rather grave.

"Gerty," said the younger sister, as she screwed up the gas, "wouldn't the name of Lady Macleod look well in a play-bill?"

The elder sister would not answer; but as she turned away there was a quick flush of color in her face—whether caused by anger or by a sudden revelation of her own thought it was impossible to say.

CHAPTER XI.

A FLOWER.

THE many friends Macleod had made in the South—or rather those of them who had remained in town till the end of the season—showed an unwonted interest in this nondescript party of his; and it was at a comparatively early hour in the evening that the various groups of people began to show themselves in Miss Rawlinson's garden. That prim old lady, with her quick, bright ways, and her humorous little speeches, studiously kept herself in the background. It was Sir Keith Macleod who was the host. And when he remarked to her that he thought the most beautiful night of all the beautiful time he had spent in the South had been reserved for this very party, she replied—looking round the garden just as if she had been one of his guests—that it was a pretty scene. And it was a pretty scene. The last fire of the sunset was just touching the topmost branches of the trees. In the colder shade below, the banks and beds of flowers and the costumes of the ladies acquired a strange intensity of color. Then there was a band playing, and a good deal of chatting going on, and one old gentleman with a grizzled mustache humbly receiving lessons in lawn tennis from an imperious small maiden of ten. Macleod was here, there, and every where. The lanterns were to be lit while the people were in at supper. Lieutenant Ogilvie was directed to take in Lady Beauregard when the time arrived.

"You must take her in yourself, Macleod," said that properly constituted youth. "If you outrage the sacred laws of precedence—"

"I mean to take Miss Rawlinson in to supper," said Macleod; "she is the oldest woman here, and I think my best friend."

"I thought you might wish to give Miss White the place of honor," said Ogilvie, out of sheer impertinence; but Macleod went off to order the candles to be lit in the marquee, where supper was laid.

By-and-by he came out again. And now the twilight had drawn on apace; there was a cold, clear light in the skies, while at the same moment a red glow began to shine through the canvas of the long tent. He walked over to one little group who were seated on a garden chair.

"Well," said he, "I have got pretty nearly all my people together now, Mrs. Ross."

"But where is Gertrude White?" said Mrs. Ross; "surely she is to be here?"

"Oh yes, I think so," said he. "Her father and herself both promised to come. You know her holidays have begun now."

"It is a good thing for that girl," said Miss Rawlinson, in her quick, *staccato* fashion, "that she has few holidays. Very good thing she has her work to mind. The way people run after her would turn any woman's head. The Grand Duke —— is said to have declared that she was one of the three prettiest women he saw in England: what can you expect if things like that get to a girl's ears?"

"But you know Gerty is quite unspoiled," said Mrs. Ross, warmly.

"Yes, so far," said the old lady. "So far she retains the courtesy of being hypocritical."

"Oh, Miss Rawlinson, I won't have you say such things of Gerty White!" Mrs. Ross protested. "You are a wicked old woman—isn't she, Hugh?"

"I am saying it to her credit," continued the old lady, with much composure. "What I say is that most pretty women who are much run after are flattered into frankness. When they are introduced to you, they don't take the trouble to conceal that they are quite indifferent to you. A plain woman will be decently civil, and will smile, and pretend she is pleased. A beauty—a recognized beauty—doesn't take the trouble to be hypocritical. Now Miss White does."

"It is an odd sort of compliment," said Colonel Ross, laughing. "What do you think of it, Macleod?"

"These are too great refinements for my comprehension," said he, modestly. "I think if a pretty woman is uncivil to you, it is easy for you to turn on your heel and go away."

"I did not say uncivil—don't you go misrepresenting a poor old woman, Sir Keith. I said she is most likely to be flattered into being honest—into showing a stranger that she is quite indifferent, whereas a plain woman will try to make herself a little agreeable. Now a poor lone creature like myself likes to fancy that people are glad to see her, and Miss White pretends as much. It is very kind. By-and-by she will get spoiled like the rest, and then she will become honest. She will shake hands with me, and then turn off, as much as to say, 'Go away, you ugly old woman, for I can't be bothered with you, and I don't expect any money from you, and why should I pretend to like you?'"

All this was said in a half-jesting way; and it certainly did not at all represent—so far as Macleod had ever made out—the real opinions of her neighbors in the world held by this really kind and gentle old lady. But Macleod had noticed before that Miss Rawlinson never spoke with any great warmth about Miss Gertrude White's beauty, or her acting, or any thing at all connected with her. At this very moment, when she was apparently praising the young lady, there was a bitter flavor about what she said. There may be jealousy between sixty-five and nineteen; and if this reflection occurred to Macleod, he no doubt assumed that Miss Rawlinson, if jealous at all, was jealous of Miss Gertrude White's influence over—Mrs. Ross.

"As for Miss White's father," continued the old lady, with a little laugh, "perhaps he believes in those sublime theories of art he is always preaching about. Perhaps he does. They are very fine. One result of them is that his daughter remains on the stage—and earns a handsome income—and he enjoys himself in picking up bits of curiosities."

"Now that is really unfair," said Mrs. Ross, seriously. "Mr. White is not a rich man, but he has some small means that render him quite independent of any income of his daughter's. Why, how did they live before they ever thought of letting her try her fortune on the stage? And the money he spent, when it was at last decided she should be carefully taught—"

"Oh, very well," said Miss Rawlinson, with a smile; but she nodded her head ominously. If that old man was not actually living on his daughter's earnings, he had at least strangled his mother, or robbed the Bank of England, or done something or other. Miss Rawlinson was obviously not well disposed either to Mr. White or to his daughter.

At this very moment both these persons made their appearance, and certainly, as this slender and graceful figure, clad in a pale summer costume, came across the lawn, and as a smile of recognition lit up the intelligent fine face, these critics sitting there must have acknowledged that Gertrude White was a singularly pretty woman. And then the fascination of that low-toned voice! She began to explain to Macleod why they were so late. Some trifling accident had happened to Carry. But as these simple, pathetic tones told him the story, his heart was filled with a great gentleness and pity toward that poor victim of misfortune. He was struck with remorse because he had sometimes thought harshly of the poor child on account of a mere occasional bit of pert-

ness. His first message from the Highlands would be to her.

"O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,"

the band played merrily, as the gay company took their seats at the long banquet table, Macleod leading in the prim old dame who had placed her house at his disposal. There was a blaze of light and color in this spacious marquee. Bands of scarlet took the place of oaken rafters; there were huge blocks of ice on the table, each set in a miniature lake that was filled with white water-lilies; there were masses of flowers and fruit from one end to the other; and by the side of each *menu* lay a tiny nosegay, in the centre of which was a sprig of bell-heather. This last was a notion of Macleod's amiable hostess; she had made up these miniature bouquets herself. But she had been forestalled in the pretty compliment. Macleod had not seen much of Miss Gertrude White in the cold twilight outside. Now, in this blaze of yellow light, he turned his eyes to her, as she sat there demurely flirting with an old admiral of ninety-two, who was one of Macleod's special friends. And what was that flower she wore in her bosom—the sole piece of color in the costume of white? That was no sprig of blood-red bell-heather, but a bit of real heather—of the common ling; and it was set amid a few leaves of juniper. Now the juniper is the badge of the Clan Macleod. She wore it next her heart.

There was laughter, and wine, and merry talking.

"Last May a braw wooer,"

the band played now; but they scarcely listened.

"Where is your piper, Sir Keith?" said Lady Beauregard.

"At this moment," said he, "I should not wonder if he was down at the shore, waiting for me."

"You are going away quite soon, then?"

"To-morrow. But I don't wish to speak of it. I should like to-night to last forever."

Lady Beauregard was interrupted by her neighbor.

"What has pleased you, then, so much?" said his hostess, looking up at him. "London? Or the people in it? Or any one person in it?"

"Oh," he said, laughingly, "the whole thing. What is the use of dissecting? It is nothing but holiday-making in this place. Now, Miss Rawlinson, are you brave? Won't you challenge the admiral to drink a glass of wine with you? And you must include his companion—just as they do at the city dinners—and I will join too."

And so these old sweethearts drank to each other. And Macleod raised his glass too; and Miss White lowered her eyes, and perhaps flushed a little as she touched hers with her lips, for she had not often been asked to take a part in this old-fashioned ceremony. But that was not the only custom they revived that evening. After the banquet was over, and the ladies had got some light shawls and gone out into the mild summer night, and when the long marquee was cleared, and the band installed at the farther end, then there was a murmured talk of a minuet. Who could dance it? Should they try it?

"You know it?" said Macleod to Miss White.

"Yes," said she, looking down.

"Will you be my partner?"

"With pleasure," she answered, but there was some little surprise in her voice, which he at once detected.

"Oh," said he, "the mother taught me when I was a child. She and I used to have grand dances together. And Hamish he taught me the sword-dance."

"Do you know the sword-dance?" she said.

"Any one can know it," said he; "it is more difficult to do it. But at one time I could dance it with four of the thickest-handled dirks instead of the two swords."

"I hope you will show us your skill to-night," she said, with a smile.

"Do you think any one can dance the sword-dance without the pipes?" said he, quite simply.

And now some of the younger people had made bold to try this minuet, and Macleod led his partner up to the head of the improvised ball-room, and the slow and graceful music began. That was a pretty sight for those walking outside in the garden. So warm was the night that the canvas of one side of the marquee had been removed, and those walking about in the dark outside could look into this gayly lighted place with the beautifully colored figures moving to the slow music. And as they thus walked along the gravel-paths, or under the trees, the stems of which were decorated with spirals of colored lamps, a new light arose in the south to shed a further magic over the scene. Almost red at first, the full moon cleared as it rose, until the trees and bushes were touched with a silver radiance, and the few people who walked about threw black shadows on the greensward and gravel. In an arbor at the furthest end of the garden a number of Chinese lanterns shed a dim colored light on a table and a few rocking-chairs. There were cigarettes on the table.

By-and-by from out of the brilliancy of the tent stepped Macleod and Fionaghal herself, she leaning on his arm, a light scarf thrown round her neck. She uttered a slight cry of surprise when she saw the picture this garden presented—the colored cups on the trees, the swinging lanterns, the broader sheen of the moonlight spreading over the foliage and the lawn and the walks.

"It is like fairy-land," she said.

They walked along the winding gravel-paths; and now that some familiar quadrille was being danced in that brilliant tent, there were fewer people out here in the moonlight.

"I should begin to believe that romance was possible," she said, with a smile, "if I often saw a beautiful scene like this. It is what we try to get in the theatre; but I see all the bare boards and the lime light—I don't have a chance of believing in it."

"Do you have a chance of believing in any thing," said he, "on the stage?"

"I don't understand you," she said, gently; for she was sure he would not mean the rudeness that his words literally conveyed.

"And perhaps I can not explain," said he. "But—but your father was talking the other day about your giving yourself up altogether to your art—living the lives of other people for the time being, forgetting yourself, sacrificing yourself, having no life of your own but that. What must the end of it be?—that you play with emotions and beliefs until you have no faith in any one—none left for yourself; it is only the material of your art. Would you not rather like to live your own life?"

He had spoken rather hesitatingly, and he was not at all sure that he had quite conveyed to her his meaning, though he had thought over the subject long enough and often enough to get his own impressions of it clear.

If she had been ten years older, and an experienced coquette, she would have said to herself, "*This man hates the stage because he is jealous of its hold on my life*," and she would have rejoiced over the inadvertent confession. But now these hesitating words of his seemed to have awakened some quick responsive thrill in her nature, for she suddenly said, with an earnestness that was not at all assumed:

"Sometimes I have thought of that—it is so strange to hear my own doubts repeated. If I could choose my own life—yes, I would rather live that out than merely imagining the experiences of others. But what is one to do? You look around, and take the world as it is. Can any thing be more trivial and disappointing? When you are Juliet in the balcony, or Rosalind in the forest, then you have some better feeling within you, if it is only for an hour or so."

"Yes," said he; "and you go on indulging in those doses of fictitious sentiment until—But I am afraid the night air is too cold for you. Shall we go back?"

She could not fail to notice the trace of bitterness, and subsequent coldness, with which he spoke. She knew that he must have been thinking deeply over this matter, and that it was no ordinary thing that caused him to speak with so much feeling. But, of course, when he proposed that they should return to the marquee, she consented. He could not expect her to stand there and defend her whole manner of life. Much less could he expect her to give up her profession merely because he had exercised his wits in getting up some fantastic theory about it. And she began to think that he had no right to talk to her in this bitter fashion.

When they had got half-way back to the tent, he paused for a moment.

"I am going to ask a favor of you," he said, in a low voice. "I have spent a pleasant time in England, and I can not tell you how grateful I am to you for letting me become one of your friends. To-morrow morning I am going back home. I should like you to give me that flower—as some little token of remembrance."

The small fingers did not tremble at all as she took the flower from her dress. She presented it to him with a charming smile, and without a word. What was the giving of a flower? There was a cart-load of roses in the tent.

But this flower she had worn next her heart.

SEGOVIA AND MADRID.

It sings to me in sunshine,
  It whispers all night long;
My heart-ache like an echo
  Repeats the wistful song;
Only a quaint old love-lilt,
  Wherein my life lies hid:
"My body is in Segovia,
  But my soul is in Madrid."

I dream and wake and wonder,
  For dream and day are one,
Alight with vanished faces,
  And days forever done.
They smile and shine around me,
  As long ago they did,
For my body is in Segovia,
  But my soul is in Madrid.

Through inland hills and forests
  I hear the ocean breeze,
The creak of straining cordage,
  The rush of mighty seas,
The lift of angry billows
  Through which a swift keel slid,
For my body is in Segovia,
  But my soul is in Madrid.

Oh, fair-haired little darlings,
  Who bore my heart away,
A wide and woful ocean
  Between us roars to-day;
Yet am I close beside you,
  Though time and space forbid:
My body is in Segovia,
  But my soul is in Madrid.

If I were once in heaven,
  There would be no more sea;
My heart would cease to wander,
  My sorrows cease to be;
My sad eyes sleep forever,
  In dust and daisies hid,
And my body leave Segovia—
  Would my soul forget Madrid?

THE FRIAR-ASS.

NOTE.—The following poem is an adaptation rather than a translation of one of Pignotti's prettiest fables. It was made by Henry F. Cary, the translator of Dante, about 1814, and was published in a memoir of him by his son in 1847. Cary prefaced his version with this statement: "The following tale is imitated rather than translated from the Italian of Pignotti, who may take his place somewhere between the French La Fontaine and our own Gay."

Now autumn's mists to winter winds give way,
And the long evening closes in the day,
Dear girls, as round the blazing hearth we cower,
Say shall a story cheat the lingering hour?
Slander shall nothing for our tale supply,
To feed our mirth no reputation die:
No word but ye might speak these lips shall pass.
Judge ye; my heroes are an old man and an ass.

Once to the castle near, so goes my song,
Laden with oil an ass he led along.
Reck'ning his profits, and what share of gain
Might fairly to the Gossip's part pertain,
What to St. Francis, on his way he went,
Like one on deepest meditation bent.
The bridle round his trembling arm was twined,
Slowly he stalk'd, and dragg'd his ass behind.



"LADEN WITH OIL AN ASS HE LED ALONG."

There lived an old man, then, whose reverend head
Had been with age's honors long o'erspread;
His feeble back and shoulders downward weigh'd,
His hearing much, and much his sight decay'd;
Oppressed beside with thousand evils more
That vent their cruel spite on poor fourscore.
In a far hamlet safe from noise and strife,
A countryman, he pass'd his quiet life.
Store he had much, but so devoutly spent,
It seem'd for pious uses only lent;
His doors were ever throng'd—a goodly sight—
With friars of all shades from black to white:
And passing to and fro the livelong day,
They many blessings left, and bore much grain away.

Thus journeying on, it happen'd that his way
Through a dark forest wide and lonely lay.
There, near a thicket that so closely grew
It quite conceal'd the spot from passing view,
Al fresco in the cool and shady wood
Three minor brethren of St. Francis stood;
Their hands upon their breast were meekly spread
In sign of cross, and cowls were on their head,
With faces of so grave and sad a cast
As never portrait of a saint surpass'd.

Ye deem, fair ladies, that on things above
These friars' thoughts were fix'd in holy love.
But, the plain truth it pains me to declare,



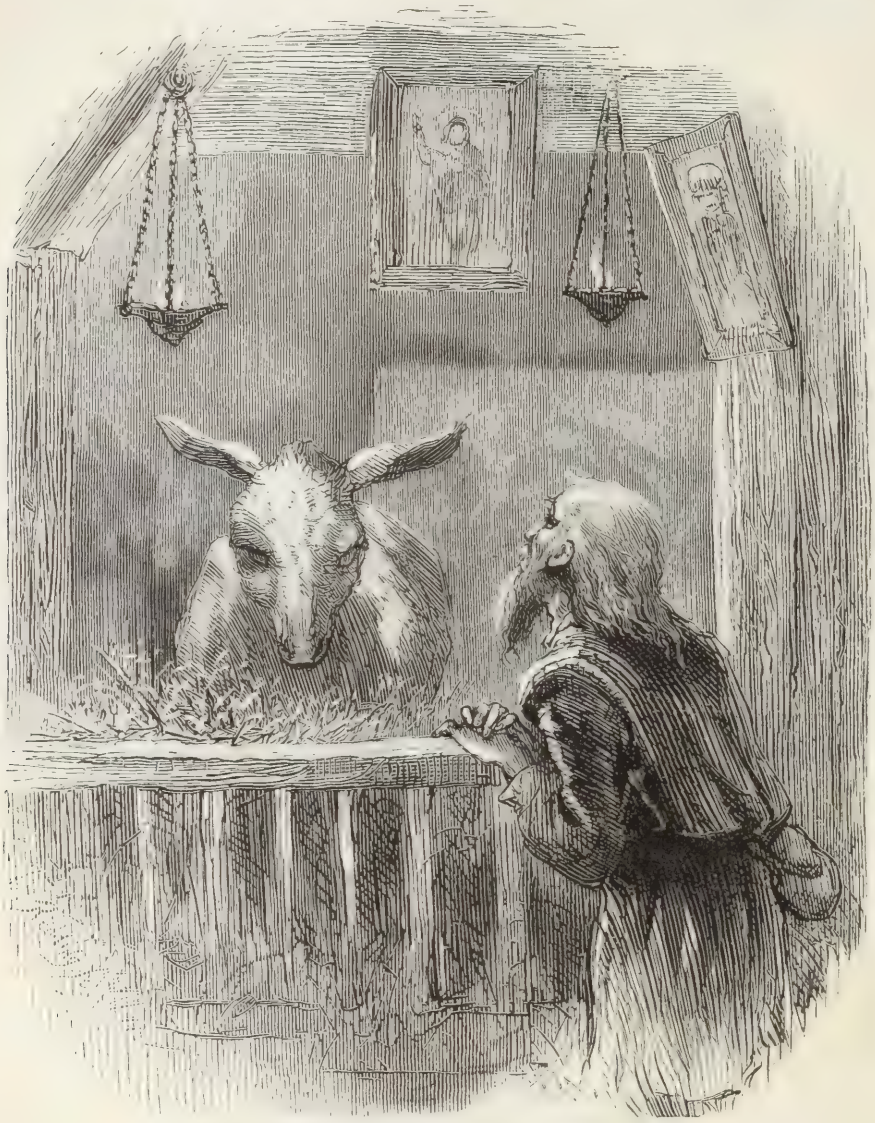
"MARVELLING AT A MIRACLE SO STRANGE."

Three robbers the pretended brothers were;
And here they lurk'd beside the gloomy way,
To make the unweeting traveller a prey.
Before them with his ass that bore the oil
The old man comes, and seems so worn with toil,
In his behalf compassion might have spoke
To any but a thief in friar's cloak.
Even in these his faint and feeble age
Had power to check the course of brutal rage.
Straight they resolved to spare him needless fright,
And rob him only by some happy sleight.
Then one, not more a rascal than a wit,
With ready thought on an expedient hit.
Sudden he quits his place, and softly steals
With noiseless step behind the old man's heels.
The rest on tiptoe follow, but no fear
From one who little saw and less could hear;
And, as to aid the project, a shrill blast
Swept all the leaves and thro' the woodland pass'd.
Yet gently on the reins his hands were laid:
Nor with adroiter skill the satin braid
A beau e'er loosen'd from his fair one's side
Than he the halter from the brute untied,
And to his nowl the loosen'd knot applied:
So trudged along, a paragon of rogues,
Clattering, like asses' hoofs, his clouted brogues,
His leader little dreaming of the case;
But when the booty was removed a space,
He halted on the road and would not budge,
As if he had conceived some sudden grudge.
Gaffer, accustom'd to his wayward mind,
Turn'd not, but touch'd him with his staff behind;

Next twitch'd the string, coax'd, threaten'd him: in vain;
Then rated, coax'd, and pull'd the cord again.
When all sufficed not—see him turn and stand,
The uplifted bludgeon trembling in his hand.
Not in more blank amaze Apollo stood
By the smooth margin of Peneus' flood,
When in his arms encircled he survey'd
A trunk of laurel for a blooming maid,
Than the old man, astounded at the change,
Marvelling at a miracle so strange.
At first he could not speak. The thief meanwhile
Scarcely refrain'd his features from a smile:
At last, the wonder and the fear to end,
"I am," quoth he, "thou seest, a friar, friend;

"The oil!" he cried: "a viewless hand, old man,
Bore that away to our good sacristan:
With that for one whole year at least will shine
The lamp that burns before St. Francis' shrine.
Know every drop that there shall waste away
Remits some trespass at thy judgment day.
Never was flask so profitably given;
Its value shall be centupled in heaven.
Adieu: the bell I hear, and must not stay,
That calls me back to porridge from my hay."

That said, his nowl out of the noose he slipp'd,
And from his quondam master nimbly tripp'd,
Who, worthy man, regretted not his beast,
O'erjoy'd to think so hard a fate released.



"AND EVERY SAINT WAS PRAY'D IN HIS BEHOOF."

My fortune once was happily to dwell
Resign'd to meek devotion in my cell.
But oh! it chanced a porringer I broke:
Hastily the fatal word our Guardian spoke:
'An ass be thou!' transform'd the shape I wear—
I weep it as I tell—this many a year:
Thou know'st to what condemn'd, the blows, the kicks,
All I have borne from whips and spurs and sticks.
But why to thee should I recount my woe?
(And if not now, when use thy tears to flow?)
The destined term of my affliction past,
To mine own limbs I am restored at last."

The old man yet was dumb. But in a while
After his burden ask'd: "Where was the oil?"

A few days after, as may well be thought,
The beast was by the thieves to market brought.
It chanced the old man came: and scarce look'd round,
When he once more his old companion found,
Friar or ass, I wot not which to say:
Behold him on all sides the beast survey.
And "Troth," he cries, "I see it but too plain,
The friar has broke a porringer again."
Then, drawing nearer, whispers him to see
If 'twere indeed the same, the very he.
Straight, as in answer to the question made,
Dapple so long and lamentably bray'd,
The old man deem'd for certain in that note
He craved compassion of his luckless lot.
The suit prevail'd: for in his breast arose
Such tender yearning for the imagined woes,

That he resolved, whate'er the cost might be,
To set the miserable captive free;
And home conducting him, as his own heir,
To cherish and to keep him ever there.
The Guardian much he blamed: "Ill suits," he said,
"A fault so venial with a pain so dread."
And felt the more because himself in sooth
Devout, and half a friar in his youth,
Though he had never ta'en the sacred cord,
Had served as a noviciate at the board.
"But thou," he added, "till the day be come,
Appointed for reversal of thy doom,
Shalt want for naught my pitying care can give,
And blest, as in this shape thou canst, shalt live."

He promised; and he did not fail his word;
With thistles, herb, and blade the rack was stored:
No more he felt the saddle or the pack,
His friend would suffer none to mount his back.
And not alone the body's good design'd,
But cater'd for the palate of the mind.
The stable walls the pictured hues adorn,
And still he sleeks his coat both eve and morn.
The neighbors wonder at such care and cost,
And shake their heads and fear his senses lost,
Till to a few more trusted he explains
The cause of his profuseness and his pains.
Some jeer him, others doubt, but most believe,
Applaud his zeal, and for the prisoner grieve,
Expecting still to see the ears retreat,
The hide grown smooth, and arms instead of feet.

Year after year elapsed. "A weary time
Awaits," the old man cried, "this second crime;
The fault, I fear, him doom'd to expiate
By a life's penance in this dismal state."

Too true he guess'd. The soul could never stir,
Nor moult for human hair its rougher fur:
And when at length it yielded to the blow
That lays all asses, in all vestures, low,
His fate was mourn'd as one who had been in
Too strict a sentence for so slight a sin.
Some tears the senior shed, but dried his eyes—
"At least Saint Peter has him now," he cries,
Resolved as best he could to grace his obsequies.

The hide was stuff'd and in the stall-room kept;
The crib replenish'd and th' apartment swept;
The frequent lamp illumed the rafter'd roof;
And every saint was pray'd in his behoof.
And the old man so constantly averr'd
To all the country all he'd seen and heard,
That still, not only with the meaner kind,
But e'en by those more cultured and refined,
'Tis doubtful held, as it has ever been,
Whether an ass or friar own'd the skin.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

BOOK FIRST

Depicts the scenes which result from an antagonism between the hopes of four persons inhabiting one of the innermost recesses of Wessex. By reason of this strife of wishes, a happy consummation to all concerned is impossible, as matters stand; but an easing of the situation is begun by the inevitable decadence of a too capricious love, and rumors of a new arrival.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOSE WHO ARE FOUND WHERE THERE IS SAID TO BE NOBODY.

As soon as the sad little boy had withdrawn from the fire, he clasped the money tight in the palm of his hand, as if thereby to fortify his courage, and began to run. There was really little danger in allowing a child to go home alone on this part of Egdon Heath. The distance to the boy's house was not more than three-eighths of a mile, his father's cottage and one other a few yards further on forming part of the small hamlet of Mistover Knap; the third and only remaining house was that of Captain Drew and Eustacia, which stood quite away from the small cottages, and was the loneliest of lonely houses on these sparsely populated slopes.

He ran until he was out of breath, and then, appearing to become more courageous, walked leisurely along, singing in an old voice a little song about a sailor-boy and a fair one, and bright gold in store. In the middle of this the child stopped: from a pit under the hill ahead of him shone a light, whence proceeded a cloud of floating dust and a smacking noise.

Only unusual sights and sounds frightened the boy. The shrivelled voice of the heath did not alarm him, for that was familiar. The thorn-bushes which arose in his path from time to time were less satisfactory, for they whistled gloomily, and had a ghastly habit after dark of putting on the shapes of jumping madmen, sprawling giants, and hideous cripples. Lights were not uncommon this evening, but the nature of all of them was different from this. Discretion rather than terror prompted the boy to turn back instead of passing the light, with a view of asking Miss Eustacia Vye to accompany him home.

When the boy had re-ascended to the top of the valley he found the fire to be still burning on the bank, though lower than before. Beside it, instead of Eustacia's solitary form, he saw two persons, the second being a man. The boy crept along under the bank to ascertain from the nature of the proceedings if it would be prudent to interrupt so splendid a creature as Miss Eustacia on his poor trivial account.

After listening under the bank for some minutes he turned in a perplexed and doubting manner, and began to withdraw as silently as he had come. That he did not, upon the whole, think it advisable to interrupt her conversation with Wildeve, without being prepared to bear the whole weight of her displeasure, was obvious.

Here was a Scyllo-Charybdean position for a poor boy. Pausing a while when again safe from discovery, he finally decided to face the pit phenomenon as the lesser evil. With a heavy sigh he retraced the slope, and followed the path he had followed before.

The light had gone, the rising dust had disappeared—he hoped forever. He marched resolutely along, and found nothing to alarm him till, coming within a few yards of the sand-pit, he heard a slight noise in front, which led him to pause. The pause was but momentary, for the noise resolved itself into the steady bites of two animals grazing.



"SHE LIFTED HER LEFT HAND, AND REVEALED THAT IT HELD A CLOSED TELESCOPE."—[SEE PAGE 579, MARCH NUMBER.]

"Two he'th-croppers down here," he said aloud. "I have never known 'em come down so far afore."

The animals were in the direct line of his path, but that the child thought little of;

he had played round the fetlocks of horses from his infancy. On coming nearer, however, the boy was somewhat surprised to find that the little creatures did not run off, and that each wore a clog to prevent his going astray; this signified that they had been broken in. He could now see the interior of the pit, which, being in the side of the hill, had a level entrance. In the innermost corner the square outline of a van appeared, with its back toward him. A light came from the interior, and threw a moving shadow upon the vertical face of gravel at the further side of the pit into which the vehicle faced.

The child assumed that this was the cart of a gypsy, and his dread of those wanderers reached but to that mild pitch which titillates rather than pains. Only a few inches of mud-wall kept him and his family from being gypsies themselves. He skirted the gravel-pit at a respectful distance, ascended the slope, and came forward upon the brow, in order to look into the open door of the van and see the original of the shadow.

The picture terribly alarmed the boy. By a little stove inside the van sat a figure red from head to heels—the reddleman who had been Thomasin's friend. He was darning a stocking, which was red like the rest of him. Moreover, as he darned he smoked a pipe, the stem and bowl of which were red also.

At this moment one of the heath-croppers feeding in the outer shadows was audibly shaking off the clog attached to its foot. Aroused by the sound, the reddleman laid down his stocking, lit a lantern which hung beside him, and came out from the van. In sticking up the candle he lifted the lantern to his face, and the light shone into the whites of his eyes, and upon his ivory teeth, which, in contrast with the red surrounding, lent him a startling aspect.

This was enough to make the boy shudder. He knew too well for his peace of mind upon whose lair he had lighted. Uglier persons than gypsies were known to cross Egdon at times, and a reddleman was one of them.

"How I wish 'twas only a gypsy!" he murmured.

The man was by this time coming back from the horses. In his fear of being seen, the boy rendered detection certain by nervous motion. The heather and peat stratum overhung the brow of the pit in mats, hiding the actual verge. The boy had stepped beyond the solid ground; the heather now gave way, and down he rolled over the scarp of gray sand to the very foot of the man.

The red man opened the lantern, and turned it upon the figure of the prostrate boy.

"Who be ye?" he said.

"Johnny Nunsuch, master."

"What were you doing up there?"

"I don't know."

"Watching me, I suppose."

"Yes, master."

"What did you watch me for?"

"Because I was coming home from Miss Vye's bonfire."

"Beest hurt?"

"No."

"Why, yes, you be: your hand is bleeding. Come under my tilt and let me tie it up."

"Please let me look for my sixpence."

"How did you come by that?"

"Miss Vye gied it to me for keeping up her bonfire."

The sixpence was found, and the man went to the van, the boy behind, almost holding his breath.

The man took a piece of rag from a sachel containing sewing materials, tore off a strip, which, like every thing else, was tinged red, and proceeded to bind up the wound.

"My eyes have got foggy like. Please may I sit down, master?" said the boy.

"To be sure, poor chap. 'Tis enough to make you feel fainty. Sit on that bundle."

The man finished tying up the gash, and the boy said, "I think I'll go home now, master."

"You are rather afraid of me. Do you know what I be?"

The child surveyed his vermilion figure up and down with much misgiving, and finally said, "Yes."

"Well, what?"

"The Reddleman!" he faltered.

"Yes, that's what I be. Though there's more than one. You little children think there's only one cuckoo, one fox, one giant, one devil, and one reddleman, when there's lots of us all."

"Is there? You won't carry me off in your bags, will ye, master? 'Tis said that the reddleman will sometimes."

"Nonsense. All that reddlemen do is sell reddle. You see all these bags at the back of my cart? They are not full of little boys—only full of red stuff."

"Was you born a reddleman?"

"No, I took to it. I should be as white as you if I were to give up the trade—that is, I should be white in time, perhaps six months: not at first, because 'tis growed into my skin and won't wash out. Now you'll never be afraid of a reddleman again, will ye?"

"No, never. Willy Orchard said he seed a red ghost here t'other day. Perhaps that was you?"

"I was here t'other day."

"Were you making that dusty light I saw by now?"

"Oh yes; I was beating out some bags. And have you had a good bonfire up there?

I saw the light. Why did Miss Vye want a bonfire so bad that she should give you sixpence to keep it up?"

"I don't know. I was tired, but she made me bide and keep up the fire just the same, while she kept going up across Blackbarrow way."

"And how long did that last?"

"Until a hop-frog jumped into the pond."

The reddleman suddenly ceased to talk idly. "A hop-frog?" he inquired. "Hop-frogs don't jump into ponds this time of year."

"They do, for I heard one."

"Certain-sure?"

"Yes. She told me afore that I should hear'n; and so I did. They say she's clever and deep, and perhaps she charmed 'en to come."

"And what then?"

"Then I came down here, and I was afraid, and I went back; but I didn't like to speak to her because of the gentleman, and I came on here again."

"A gentleman—ah! What did she say to him, my man?"

"Told him she supposed he had not married the other woman because he liked his old sweetheart best; and things like that."

"What did the gentleman say to her, my sonny?"

"He only said he did like her best, and how he was coming to see her again under Blackbarrow o' nights."

"Ha!" cried the reddleman, slapping his hand against the side of his van so that the whole fabric shook under the blow. "That's the secret o't!"

The little boy jumped clean from the stool.

"My man, don't you be afraid," said the dealer in red, suddenly becoming gentle. "I forgot you were here. That's only a curious way reddlemen have of going mad for a moment; but they don't hurt any body. And what did the lady say then?"

"I can't mind. Please, Master Reddleman, may I go home-along now?"

"Ay, to be sure you may. I'll go a bit of ways with you."

He conducted the boy out of the gravel-pit and into the path leading to his mother's cottage. When the little figure had vanished in the darkness, the reddleman returned, resumed his seat by the fire, and proceeded to darn again.

CHAPTER IX.

LOVE LEADS A SHREWD MAN INTO STRATEGY.

Reddlemen of the old school are now but seldom seen. Since the introduction of railways, Wessex farmers have managed to do without these somewhat spectral visitants, and the bright pigment so largely used by shepherds in preparing sheep for the fair is obtained by other routes. Even those who yet survive have lost the poetry of existence which characterized them when the pursuit of the trade meant periodical journeys to the pit whence the material was dug, a regular camping out from month to month, except in the depth of winter, a peregrination among farms which could be counted by the hundred, and, in spite of this Arab existence, the preservation of that respectability which is insured by the never-failing production of a well-lined purse.

Reddle spreads its lively hues over every thing it lights on, and stamps unmistakably, as with the mark of Cain, any person who has handled it half an hour.

A child's first sight of a reddleman was an epoch in his life. That blood-colored figure was a sublimation of all the horrid dreams which had afflicted the juvenile spirit since imagination began. "The reddleman is coming for you!" had been the formulated threat of Wessex mothers for many generations. He was successfully supplanted for a while, at the beginning of the present century, by Bonaparte; but as process of time rendered the latter personage stale and ineffective, the older phrase resumed its early prominence. And now the reddleman has in his turn followed Bonaparte to the land of worn-out bogeys, and his place is filled by modern inventions.

The reddleman lived like a gypsy; but gypsies he scorned. He was about as thriving as travelling basket and mat makers; but he had nothing to do with them. He was as decently born and brought up as the cattle-drovers who passed and repassed him in his wanderings; but they merely nodded to him. His stock was more valuable than that of peddlers; but they did not think so, and passed his cart with eyes straight ahead. He was such a fearfully unnatural color to look at that the men of roundabouts and wax-work shows seemed gentlemen beside him; but he considered them low company, and remained aloof. Among all these squatters and folks of the road the reddleman continually found himself; yet he was not of them. His occupation tended to isolate him, and isolated he was mostly seen to be.

It was sometimes suggested that reddlemen were criminals for whose misdeeds other men had wrongfully suffered: that in escaping the law they had not escaped their own consciences, and had taken to the trade as a life-long penance. Else why should they have chosen it? The necessity for reddlemen was not nearly so obvious as the necessity for sweeps, yet the red business, apart from its more lively hue in the landscape, was scarcely to be preferred to the black.

In the present case such a question would

have been particularly apposite. The reddleman who had entered Egdon that afternoon was an instance of the pleasing being wasted to form the groundwork of the singular, when an ugly foundation would have done just as well for that purpose. The one point that was forbidding about this reddleman was his color. Freed from that, he would have been as agreeable a specimen of rustic manhood as one should often see. After looking at him one would have hazarded the guess that good nature and an acuteness as extreme as it could be without verging on craft formed the frame-work of his character.

While he darned the stocking his face became rigid with thought. Softer expressions followed this, and then again recurred the tender sadness which had sat upon him during his drive along the highway that afternoon. Presently his needle stopped. He laid down the stocking, arose from his seat, and took a leathern pouch from a hook in the corner of the van. This contained among other articles a brown-paper packet which, to judge from the hinge-like character of its worn folds, seemed to have been carefully opened and closed a good many times. He sat down on the three-legged milking stool that formed the only seat in the van, and examining his packet by the light of a candle, took thence an old letter, and spread it open. The writing had originally been traced on white paper, but the letter had now assumed a pale red tinge from the accident of its situation, and the black strokes of writing thereon looked like the twigs of a winter hedge against a vermilion sunset. The letter bore a date some two years previous to that time, and was signed "Thomasin Yeobright." It ran as follows:

"Dear Diggory Venn,—The question you put when you overtook me coming home from Pond Close gave me such a surprise that I am afraid I did not make you exactly understand what I meant. Of course, if my aunt had not met me, I could have explained all then at once, but as it was there was no chance. I have been quite uneasy since, as you know I do not wish to pain you, yet I fear I shall be doing so now in contradicting what I seemed to say then. I can not, Diggory, marry you, or think of letting you call me your sweetheart. I could not indeed, Diggory. I hope you will not much mind my saying this, and feel it as great pain. It makes me very sad when I think it may, for I like you very much, and I always put you next to my cousin Clym in my mind. There are so many reasons why we can not be married that I can hardly name them all in a letter. I did not in the least expect that you were going to speak on such a thing when you followed me, because I had never thought of you in the sense of a lover at all. You must not becall me for laughing when you spoke; you mistook when you thought I laughed at you as a foolish man. I laughed because the idea was so odd, and not at you at all. The great reason with my own personal self for not letting you court me is that I do not feel the things a woman ought to feel who consents to walk with you with the meaning of being your wife. It is not as you think, that I have another in my mind, for I do not encourage any body, and never have in my life. Another reason is my aunt. She would not, I know, agree to it, even if I wished to have you. She likes you very well, but she will want me to look a little higher. I do not mean that a haulier's is not a very good calling, but aunt would be at me about it, and perhaps be angry. I hope you will not set your heart against me for writing plainly, but I felt you might try to see me again, and it is better that we should not meet. I shall always think of you as a good man, and be anxious for your well-doing. I send this by Jane Orchard's little maid, and remain, Diggory,

"Your faithful friend,

"Thomasin Yeobright."

Since the arrival of that letter on a certain autumn morning long ago the reddleman and Thomasin had not met till to-day. During the interval he had shifted his position even further to the worse, in the eyes of the stationary dwellers upon Egdon, by adopting the reddle trade, though he was really better in circumstances. Indeed, seeing that his expenditure was only one-fourth of his income, he might have been called a prosperous man.

Rejected suitors take to roaming as naturally as unhived bees, and the business which he had adopted was in many ways congenial to Venn. But his wanderings, by mere stress of old emotion, had frequently taken an Egdon direction, though he never intruded upon her who attracted him thither. To be in Thomasin's heath, and near her, yet unseen, was the one ewe-lamb of pleasure left to him.

Then came the incident of that day, and the reddleman, still loving her well, was excited by this accidental service to her at a critical juncture to vow an active devotion to her cause, instead of, as hitherto, sighing and holding aloof. After what had happened, it was impossible that he should not doubt the honesty of Wildeve's intentions. But her hope was apparently centred upon him; and dismissing his regrets, Venn determined to aid her to be happy in her own chosen way. That this way was, of all others, the most distressing to himself, was awkward enough; but the reddleman's love was generous.

His first active step in watching over Thomasin's interests was taken about seven o'clock the next evening, and was dictated by the news which he had learned from the sad boy. That Eustacia was somehow the cause of Wildeve's carelessness in relation to the marriage had at once been Venn's conclusion on hearing of the secret meeting between them. It did not occur to his mind that Eustacia's love signal to Wildeve was the tender effect upon the discarded mistress of the intelligence which her grandfather had brought home. His instinct was to regard her as a conspirator against rather than as an antecedent obstacle to Thomasin's happiness.

During the day he had been exceedingly anxious to learn the condition of Thomasin, but he did not venture to intrude upon a household to which he was a stranger, particularly at such an unpleasant moment as this. He had occupied his time in moving with his ponies and load to a new point in the heath, eastward of his previous station; and here he selected a nook, with a careful eye to shelter from wind and rain, which seemed to mean that his stay there was to be a comparatively extended one. After this he returned on foot some part of the way that he had come, and, it being now dark, he diverged to the left till he stood behind a holly bush on the edge of a pit not twenty yards from Blackbarrow.

He watched for a meeting there, but he watched in vain. Nobody except himself came near the spot that night.

But the loss of his labor produced little effect upon the reddleman. He had stood in the shoes of Tantalus, and seemed to look upon a certain mass of disappointment as the natural preface to all realizations, without which preface they would give cause for alarm.

The same hour the next evening found him again at the same place; but Eustacia and Wildeve, the expected trysters, did not appear.

He pursued precisely the same course yet four nights longer, and without success. But on the next, being the day week of their previous meeting, he saw a female shape floating along the ridge and a male figure ascending from the valley. They met in the little ditch encircling the barrow—the original excavation from which it had been thrown up.

The reddleman, stung with suspicion of wrong to Thomasin, was aroused to strategy in a moment. He instantly left the bush and crept forward on his hands and knees. When he had got as close as he might safely venture without discovery, he found that, owing to a cross wind, the conversation of the trysting pair could not be overheard.

Near him, as in divers places about the heath, were areas strewn with large turves, which lay edgewise and upside down, awaiting removal by Timothy Fairway previous to the winter weather. He took two of these as he lay, and dragged them over him till one covered his head and shoulders, the other his back and legs. The reddleman would now have been quite invisible even by daylight; the turves, standing upon him with the heather upward, looked precisely as if they were growing. He crept along again, and the turves upon his back crept with him. Had he approached without any covering, the chances are that he would not have been perceived in the dusk; approaching thus, it was as though he burrowed under-ground. In this manner he came quite close to where the two were standing.

"Wish to consult me on the matter," reached his ears, in the rich, impetuous accents of Eustacia Vye. "Consult me? It is an indignity to me to talk so: I won't bear it any longer." She began weeping. "I have loved you, and have shown you that I loved you, much to my regret; and yet you can come and say in that frigid way that you wish to consult with me whether it would not be better to marry Thomasin. Better?—of course it would be. Marry her: she is nearer to your own position of life than I am!"

"Yes, yes; that's very well," said Wildeve, peremptorily. "But we must look at things as they are. Whatever blame may attach to me for having brought it about, Thomasin's position is at present much worse than yours. I simply tell you that I am in a strait."

"But you shall not tell me! You must see that it is only harassing me. Damon, you have not acted well; you have sunk in my opinion. You have not valued my courtesy—the courtesy of a lady in loving you, who used to think of far more ambitious things. But it was Thomasin's fault. She won you away from me, and she deserves to suffer for it. Where is she staying now?—not that I care, nor where I am myself. Ah, if I were dead and gone, how glad she would be! Where is she, I ask?"

"Thomasin is now staying at her aunt's, shut up in a bedroom, and keeping out of every body's sight," he said, indifferently.

"I don't think you care much about her even now," said Eustacia, with sudden joyousness; "for if you did, you wouldn't talk so coolly about her. Do you talk so coolly to her about me? Ah, I expect you do! Why did you originally go away from me? I don't think I can ever forgive you, except on one condition, that whenever you desert me, you come back again sorry that you served me so."

"I never wish to desert you."

"I do not thank you for that. I should hate it to be all smooth. Indeed, I think I like you to desert me a little once now and

then. Love is the dismalest thing where the lover is quite honest. Oh, it is a shame to say so; but it is true." She indulged in a little laugh. "My low spirits begin at the very idea. Don't you offer me tame love, or away you go."

"I wish Tamsie were not such a confoundedly good little woman," said Wildeve, "so that I could be faithful to you without injuring a worthy person. It is I who am the sinner, after all; I am not worth the little finger of either of you."

"But you must not sacrifice yourself to her from any sense of justice," replied Eustacia, quickly. "If you do not love her, it is the most merciful thing in the long-run to leave her as she is. That's always the best way. There, now I have been unwomanly, I suppose. When you have left me, I am always angry with myself for things that I have said to you."

Wildeve walked a pace or two among the heather without replying. The pause was filled up by the intonation of a pollard thorn a little way to windward, the breezes filtering through its unyielding twigs as through a strainer. It was as if the night sang dirges with clinched teeth.

She continued, half sorrowfully, "Since meeting you last it has occurred to me once or twice that perhaps it was not for love of me you did not marry her. Tell me, Damon: I'll try to bear it. Had I nothing whatever to do with the matter?"

"Do you press me to tell?"

"Yes, I must know. I see I have been too ready to believe in my own power."

"Well, the immediate reason was that the license would not do for the place, and before I could get another she ran away. Up to that point you had nothing to do with it. Since then her aunt has spoken to me in a tone which I don't at all like."

"Yes, yes. I am nothing in it—I am nothing in it. You only trifle with me. Heaven! what can I, Eustacia Vye, be made of, to think so much of you!"

"Nonsense; do not be so passionate. . . . Eustacia, how we roved among these bushes last year, when the hot days had got cool, and the shades of the hills kept us almost invisible in the hollows!"

She remained in moody silence till she said, "Yes! and how I used to laugh at you for daring to look up to me! But you have well made me suffer for that since."

"Yes, you served me cruelly enough until I thought I had found some one fairer than you. A blessed find for me, Eustacia."

"Do you still think you found somebody fairer?"

"Sometimes I do, sometimes I don't. The scales are balanced so nicely that a feather would turn them."

"But don't you really care whether I meet you or whether I don't?" she said, slowly.

"I care a little, but not enough to break my rest. No, all that's past. I find there are two flowers where I thought there was only one. Perhaps there are three, or four, or any number as good as the first. . . . Mine is a curious fate. Who would have thought that all this could happen to me?"

She interrupted with a suppressed fire to which the form of love or anger seemed an equally possible emergence, "Do you love me now?"

"Who can say?"

"Tell me; I will know it."

"I do, and I do not," said he, mischievously. "That is, I have my times and my seasons. One moment you are too tall, another moment you are too do-nothing, another too melancholy, another too dark, another I don't know what, except—that you are not the whole world to me that you used to be, my dear. But you are a pleasant lady to know, and nice to meet, and I dare say as sweet as ever—almost."

Eustacia was silent, and she turned from him, till she said, in a voice of suspended mightiness, "I am for a walk, and this is my way."

"Well, I can do worse than follow you."

"You know you can't do otherwise, for all your moods and changes," she answered, defiantly. "Say what you will, try as you may, keep away from me all that you can—you will never forget me. You will love me all your life long. You would jump to marry me."

"So I would!" said Wildeve. "Such strange thoughts as I've had from time to time, Eustacia; and they come to me this moment. You hate the heath as much as ever; that I know."

"I do," she murmured, deeply. "'Tis my cross, my misery, and will be my death."

"I abhor it too," said he. "How mournfully the wind blows round us now!"

Its tone was indeed solemn and pervasive. Compound utterances addressed themselves to their senses, and it was possible to view by ear the features of the neighborhood. Acoustic pictures were returned from the darkened scenery; they could hear where the tracts of heather began and ended; where the furze was growing stalky and tall; where it had been recently cut; in what direction the fir clump lay, and how near was the pit in which the hollies grew; for these differing features had their voices no less than their shapes and colors.

"God! how lonely it is!" resumed Wildeve. "What are picturesque ravines and mists to us who see nothing else? Why should we stay here? Will you go with me to America? I have kindred in Wisconsin."

"That wants consideration."

"It seems impossible to do well here, unless one were a wild bird or a landscape painter. Well?"

"Give me time," she said, taking his hand. "America is so far away. Are you going to walk with me a little way?"

As Eustacia uttered the latter words she retired from the base of the barrow, and Wildeve followed her, so that the reddleman could hear no more.

He lifted the turves and arose. Their black figures sank and disappeared from against the sky. They were as two horns which the sluggish heath had put forth from its crown, like a mollusk, and had now again drawn in.

The reddleman's walk across the vale and over into the next, where his cart lay, was not sprightly for a slim young fellow of twenty-four. His spirit was perturbed to aching. The breezes that blew around his mouth in that walk carried off in them the accents of a commination.

He entered the van, where there was a fire in a stove. Without lighting his candle he sat down at once on the three-legged stool and pondered on what he had seen and heard touching that still loved one of his. He uttered a sound which was neither sigh nor sob, but was even more indicative than either of a troubled mind.

"My Tamsie," he whispered, heavily. "What can be done? Yes, I will see that Eustacia Vye."

CHAPTER X.

A DESPERATE ATTEMPT AT PERSUASION.

THE next morning, at a time when the height of the sun appeared very insignificant from any part of the heath as compared with the altitude of Blackbarrow, and when all the little hills in the lower levels were like an archipelago in a fog-formed Ægean, the reddleman came from the brambled nook which he had adopted as his quarters, and ascended the slopes of Mistover Knap.

Though these shaggy hills were apparently so solitary, several keen round eyes were always ready on such a wintry morning as this to converge upon a passer-by. Feathered species sojourned here in hiding which would have created wonder if found elsewhere. A bustard haunted the spot, and not many years before this five-and-twenty might have been seen in Egdon at one time. Marsh-harriers looked up from the valley by Wildeve's. A cream-colored courser had used to visit this hill—a bird so rare that not more than a dozen have ever been seen in England; but a barbarian rested neither night nor day till he had shot the African truant, and after that the cream-colored courser thought fit to visit Egdon no more.

A traveller who should walk and observe any of these visitants as Venn observed them now could feel himself to be in direct communication with regions unknown to man. Here in front of him was a wild mallard—just arrived from the matrix of the north wind. The creature brought within him an amplitude of Northern knowledge. Glacial catastrophes, snow-storm episodes, glittering auroral effects, the Bear almost in the zenith, Franklin underfoot—the category of his commonplaces was wonderful. But the bird, like many other philosophers, seemed as he looked at the reddleman to think that a present moment of comfortable reality was worth a decade of memories.

Venn passed on through these toward the house of the isolated beauty who lived up among them and despised them. The day was Sunday; but as going to church, except to be married or buried, was phenomenal at Egdon, this made little difference. He had determined upon the bold stroke of asking for an interview with Miss Vye; to attack her position as Thomasin's rival either by art or by storm, showing therein, somewhat too conspicuously, the want of gallantry characteristic of a certain astute sort of men from clowns to kings. The great Frederick making war on the beautiful Archduchess, Napoleon refusing terms to the beautiful Queen of Prussia, were not more dead to difference of sex than the reddleman was, in his peculiar way, in planning the displacement of Eustacia.

To call at the captain's cottage was always more or less an undertaking for the inferior inhabitants. Though occasionally chatty, his moods were erratic, and nobody could be certain how he would behave at any particular moment. Eustacia was reserved, and lived very much to herself. Except the daughter of one of the cotters, who was their servant, and a lad who worked in the garden and stable, scarcely any one but themselves ever entered the house. They were the only genteel people of the district, and though far from rich, they did not feel that necessity for preserving a friendly face toward every man, bird, and beast which influenced their poorer neighbors.

When the reddleman entered the garden the old man was looking through his glass at the stain of blue in the distant landscape, the little anchors on his buttons twinkling in the sun. He recognized Venn as his companion on the highway, but made no remark on that circumstance, merely saying, "Ah, reddleman—you here? Have a glass of grog?"

Venn declined, on the plea of it being too early, and stated that his business was with Miss Vye. The captain surveyed him from cap to waistcoat and from waistcoat to leggings for a few moments, and finally asked him to go in-doors.

Miss Vye was not to be seen by any body just then; and the reddleman waited in the window-bench of the kitchen, his hands

hanging across his divergent knees, and his cap hanging from his hands.

"Methinks," said the servant-girl, "that I must ask you to move, reddleman. I am afraid your clothes will redden the seat, and I put my seamstering there. If you sit upon this stool, you can do no harm."

"It don't come off," said the visitor. "I suppose the young lady is not up yet?"

"Not quite yet. Folks never call upon ladies at this time of day."

"Then I'll step outside," said Venn. "If she is willing to see me, will she please send out word, and I'll come in."

The reddleman left the house and loitered on the hill adjoining. A considerable time elapsed, and no request for his presence was brought. He was beginning to think that his scheme had failed, when he beheld the form of Eustacia herself coming leisurely toward him. A sense of novelty in giving audience to that singular figure had been sufficient to draw her forth.

She seemed to feel, after a bare look at Diggory Venn, that the man had come on a strange errand; for her close approach did not cause him to writhe uneasily, or shift his feet, or show any of those little signs which escape an ingenuous rustic at the advent of the uncommon in womankind. On his inquiring if he might have a conversation with her, she replied, "Yes; walk beside me," and continued to move on.

Before they had gone far it occurred to the perspicacious reddleman that he would have acted more wisely by appearing less unimpressionable, and he resolved to correct the error as soon as he could find opportunity.

"I have made so bold, miss, as to step across and tell you some strange news which has come to my ears about that man."

"Ah! what man?"

He jerked his elbow to southeast—the direction of the "Quiet Woman."

Eustacia turned quickly to him. "Do you mean Mr. Wildeve?"

"Yes. There is trouble in a household on account of him, and I have come to let you know of it, because I believe you might have power to drive it away."

"I? What is the trouble?"

"It is quite a secret. It is that he may refuse to marry Thomasin Yeobright after all."

Eustacia, though set inwardly pulsing by his words, was equal to her part in such a drama as this. She replied, coldly, "I do not wish to listen to this, and you must not expect me to interfere."

"But, miss, you will hear one word?"

"I can not. I am not interested in the marriage, and even if I were, I could not compel Mr. Wildeve to do my bidding."

"As the only lady on the heath, I think you might," said Venn, with subtle indirectness. "This is how the case stands. Mr. Wildeve would marry Thomasin at once, and make all matters smooth, if so be there were not another woman in the case. This other woman is some person he has picked up with, and meets on the heath occasionally, I believe. He will never marry her, and yet through her he may never marry the woman who loves him dearly. Now if you, miss, who have so much sway over us men-folk, were to insist that he should treat your young neighbor Tamsin with honorable kindness, and give up the other woman, he would perhaps do it, and save her a good deal of misery."

"Ah, my life!" said Eustacia, with a laugh which unclosed her lips, so that the sun shone into her mouth as into a tulip, and lent it a similar scarlet fire. "You think too much of my influence over men-folk indeed, reddleman. If I had such power as you imagine, I would go straight and use it for the good of any body who has been kind to me—which Thomasin Yeobright has not particularly, to my knowledge."

"Can it be that you really don't know of it—how much she has always thought of you?"

"I have never heard a word of it. Although we live only two miles apart, I have never been inside her aunt's house in my life."

The superciliousness that lurked in her manner told Venn that thus far he had utterly failed. He inwardly sighed, and felt it necessary to unmask his second argument.

"Well, leaving that out of the question, 'tis in your power, I assure you, Miss Vye, to do a great deal of good to another woman."

She shook her head.

"Your comeliness is law with Mr. Wildeve. It is law with all men who see ye. They say, 'This well-favored lady coming—what's her name? How handsome!' Handsomer than Thomasin Yeobright," the reddleman persisted, saying to himself, God forgive a rascal for lying! And she was handsomer, but the reddleman was far from thinking so. There was a certain obscurity in Eustacia's beauty, and Venn's eye was not trained. In her winter dress, as now, she was like the tiger-beetle, which, when observed out of the sun, seems to be of the quietest neutral color, but under a full illumination blazes with dazzling splendor.

Eustacia could not help replying, though conscious that she endangered her dignity thereby. "Many women are lovelier than Thomasin," she said; "so not much attaches to that."

The reddleman suffered the wound, and went on: "He is a man who notices the looks of women, and you could twist him to your will like withywind, if you only had the mind."

"Surely what she can not do who has been so much with him, I can not do living up here away from him."

The reddleman wheeled and looked her in the face. "Miss Vye!" he said.

"Why do you say that—as if you doubted me?" She spoke faintly, and her breathing was quick. Could it be that he knew of her interest in this man, which she had kept so carefully concealed, even from her grandfather, from a sense that she was loving beneath her? "The idea of your speaking in that tone to me!" she added, with a forced smile of hauteur. "What could have been in your mind to lead you to speak like that?"

"Miss Vye, why should you make believe that you don't know this man?—I know why, certainly. He is beneath you, and you are ashamed."

"You are mistaken. What do you mean?"

"I was at the meeting by Blackbarrow last night, and heard every word. The woman that stands between Wildeve and Thomasin is yourself."

The reddleman had decided to play the card of truth. It was a disconcerting lift of the curtain, and the mortification of Candaules's wife glowed in her. The moment had arrived when her lip would tremble in spite of herself, and when the gasp could no longer be kept down.

"I am unwell," she said, hurriedly. "No—it is not that—I am not in a humor to hear you further. Leave me, please."

"I must speak, Miss Vye, in spite of paining you. What I would put before you is this. However it may have come about—whether she is to blame, or you—her case is without doubt worse than yours. Your giving up Mr. Wildeve will be a real advantage to you, for how could you marry him? Now she can not get off so easily: every body will blame her if she loses him. Then I ask you—not because her right is best, but because her situation is worst—to give him up to her."

"No—I won't, I won't!" she said, impetuously, quite oblivious of her previous manner toward the reddleman as an underling. "Nobody has ever been served so. It was going on well. I will not be beaten down—by an inferior woman like her. It is very well for you to come and plead for her, but is she not herself the cause of all her own trouble? Am I not to show favor to any person I may choose without asking permission of a parcel of cottagers? She has come between me and my inclination, and now that she finds herself rightly punished, she gets you to plead for her."

"Indeed," said Venn, earnestly, "she knows nothing whatever about it. It is only I who ask you to give him up. It will be better for her and you both. People will say bad things if they find out that a lady secretly meets a man who has ill-used another woman."

"I have not injured her: he was mine before he was hers. He came back—because—he liked me best!" she said, wildly. "But I lose all self-respect in talking to you. What am I giving way to?"

"I can keep secrets," said Venn, gently. "You need not fear. I am the only man who knows of your meetings with him. There is but one thing more to speak of, and then I will be gone. I heard you say to him that you hated living here—that Egdon Heath was a jail to you."

"I did say so. It is a jail to me. The man you mention does not save me from that feeling, though he lives here. I should have cared nothing for him had there been a better person near."

The reddleman looked hopeful: after these words from her his third attempt seemed promising. "As we have now opened our minds a bit, miss," he said, "I'll tell you what I have got to propose. Since I have taken to the reddle trade I travel a good deal, as you know."

She inclined her head, and swept round so that her eyes rested in the misty vale beneath them.

"And in my travels I go near Budmouth. Now Budmouth is a wonderful place, wonderful—a great salt sheening sea bending into the land like a bow—thousands of gentlepeople walking up and down—bands of music playing—officers by sea and officers by land walking among the rest—out of every ten folk you meet, nine of 'em in love."

"I know it," she said, disdainfully. "I know Budmouth better than you. I was born there. My father was a great musician there, and used to lead the very band you speak of. Ah, my soul, Budmouth! I wish I was there now."

The reddleman was surprised to see how a slow fire could blaze on occasion. "If you were, miss," he replied, "in a week's time you would think no more of Wildeve than of one of those he'th-croppers that we see yond. Now I could get you there."

"How?" said Eustacia, with intense curiosity in her heavy eyes.

"My uncle has been for five-and-twenty years the trusty man of a rich widow lady who has a beautiful house facing the sea. This lady has become old and lame, and she wants a young company-keeper to read and sing to her, but can't get one to her mind to save her life, though she've advertised in the papers, and tried half a dozen. She would jump to get you, and uncle would make it all easy."

"I should have to work, perhaps."

"No, not real work: you'd have a little to do. You would not be wanted till New-Year's Day."

"I knew it meant work," she said, drooping to languor again.

"I confess there would be a little to do in the way of amusing her; but though idle people might call it work, working people would call it play. Think of the company, and the life you'd lead, miss; the gayety you'd see, and the gentleman you'd marry. My uncle is to inquire for a trustworthy young lady from the country, as she don't like town girls."

"It is to wear myself out to please her! and I won't go. Oh, if I could live in Budmouth as a lady should, and go my own ways, and do my own doings, I'd give the wrinkled half of my life. Yes, reddleman, that would I."

"Help me to get Thomasin happy, miss, and the chance shall be yours," urged her companion.

"Chance—'tis no chance," she said, proudly. "What can a poor man like you offer me, indeed? I am going in-doors. I have nothing more to say. Don't your horses want feeding, or your reddle bags want mending, or don't you want to find buyers for your goods, that you stay idling here like this?"

Venn spoke not another word. With his hands behind him he turned away that she might not see the hopeless disappointment in his face. The mental clearness and power he had found in this lonely girl had indeed filled his manner with misgiving even from the first few minutes of close quarters with her. Her youth and situation had led him to expect a simplicity quite at the beck of his method. But a system of inducement which might have carried weaker country lasses along with it had merely repelled Eustacia. The word Budmouth meant fascination on Egdon. That rising port and watering-place, if truly mirrored in the minds of the heath-folk, must have combined, in a charming and indescribable manner, a Carthaginian bustle of building with Tarentine luxuriousness and Baian health and beauty. Eustacia felt little less extravagantly about the place; but she would not sink her independence to get there.

When Diggory Venn had gone quite away, Eustacia walked to the bank and looked down the vale toward the sun, which was also in the direction of Wildeve's. The mist had now so far collapsed that the tips of the trees and bushes around his house could just be discerned as if boring upward through a vast white cobweb which cloaked them from the day. There was no doubt that her mind was inclined thitherward; indefinitely, fancifully—twining and untwining about him as the single object within her horizon on which dreams might crystallize. The man who had begun by being merely her amusement, and would never have been more than her hobby but for his skill in deserting her at the right moment, was now her desire. Cessation in his love-making had made her love. Such feeling as Eustacia had idly given to Wildeve was dammed into a flood by Thomasin. She had used to tease Wildeve, but that was before another had favored him. Often a drop of irony into an indifferent situation renders the whole piquant.

"I will never give him up—never!" she said, impetuously.

The reddleman's hint that rumor might show her to disadvantage had no permanent terror for Eustacia. She was as unconcerned at that contingency as a goddess at a lack of linen. This did not originate in inherent shamelessness, but in her living too far from the world to feel the impact of public opinion. Zenobia in the desert could hardly have cared what was said about her at Rome. As far as intersocial ethics were concerned, Eustacia approached the savage state, though in emotion she was all the while an epicure. She had advanced to the penetralia of sensuousness, yet had hardly crossed the threshold of conventionality.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DISHONESTY OF AN HONEST WOMAN.

THE reddleman had left Eustacia's presence with desponding views on Thomasin's future happiness; but he was awakened to the fact that one other channel remained untried, by seeing, as he followed the way to his van, the form of Mrs. Yeobright slowly walking toward the "Quiet Woman." He went across to her, and could almost perceive in her anxious face that this journey of hers to Wildeve was undertaken with the same object as his own to Eustacia.

She did not conceal the fact. "Then," said the reddleman, "you may as well leave it alone, Mrs. Yeobright."

"I half think so myself," she said. "But nothing else remains to be done besides pressing the question upon him."

"I should like to say a word first," said Venn, firmly. "Mr. Wildeve is not the only man who has asked Thomasin to marry him; and why should not another have a chance? Mrs. Yeobright, I would be glad to marry your niece, and would have done it any time these last two years. There, now it is out, and I have never told anybody before, but herself."

Mrs. Yeobright was not demonstrative, but her eyes involuntarily glanced toward his singular though shapely figure.

"Looks be not every thing," said the reddleman, noticing the glance. "There's many a calling that don't bring in so much as mine, if it comes to money; and perhaps

I am not so much worse off than Wildeve. There is nobody so poor as these professional fellows who have failed; and if you shouldn't like my redness—well, I am not red by birth, you know; and I might turn my hand to something else in good time."

"I am much obliged to you for your interest in my niece; but I fear there would be objections. More than that, she is devoted to this man."

"True, or I shouldn't have done what I have this morning."

"Otherwise there would be no pain in the case, and you would not see me going to his house now. What was Thomasin's answer when you told her of your feelings?"

"She wrote that you would object to me; and other things."

"She was in a measure right. You must not take this unkindly: I merely state it as a truth. You have been good to her, and we do not forget it. But as she was unwilling on her own account to be your wife, that settles the point without my wishes being concerned."

"Yes. But there is a difference between then and now, ma'am. She is distressed now, and I have thought that if you were to talk to her about me, and think favorably of me yourself, there might be a chance of winning her round, and getting her quite independent of this Wildeve's backward and forward play, and his not knowing whether he'll have her or no."

Mrs. Yeobright shook her head. "Thomasin thinks, and I think with her, that she ought to be Wildeve's wife if she means to appear before the world without a slur upon her name. If they marry soon, every body will believe that an accident did really prevent the wedding. If not, it may cast a shade upon her character—at any rate, make her ridiculous. In short, if it is anyhow possible, they must marry now."

"I thought that till half an hour ago. But, after all, why should her going off with him to Southerton for a few hours do her any harm? Any body who knows how pure she is will feel any such thought to be quite unjust. I have been trying this morning to help on this marriage with Wildeve—yes, I, ma'am—in the belief that I ought to do it because she was so wrapped up in him. But I much question if I was right, after all. However, nothing came of it. And now I offer myself."

Mrs. Yeobright appeared disinclined to enter further into the question. "I fear I must go on," she said. "I do not see that any thing else can be done."

And she went on. But though this conversation did not divert Thomasin's aunt from her purposed interview with Wildeve, it made a considerable difference in her mode of conducting that interview. She knew enough of the male heart to see that with Wildeve, and indeed with the majority of men, the being able to state, at such a critical juncture, that another lover had eagerly bid for the hand that he was disposed to decline, would immensely alter the situation. How few are the engagements which would be ruptured could the man be surprised by the discovery that another is ready to jump at what he is inclined to throw away! Mrs. Yeobright accordingly resolved that her system of procedure should be changed. She had left home intent upon straightforwardness; she reached the inn determined to finesse. To influence Wildeve by piquing him, rather than by appealing to his generosity, was obviously the wise course with such a man. She thanked God for the weapon which the reddleman had put into her hands.

Wildeve was at home when she reached the inn. He showed her silently into the parlor, and closed the door. Mrs. Yeobright began:

"I have thought it my duty to call to-day. A new proposal has been made to me, which has rather astonished me. It will affect Thomasin greatly; and I have decided that it should at least be mentioned to you."

"Yes? What is it?" he said, civilly.

"It is, of course, in reference to her future. You may not be aware that another man has shown himself anxious to marry Thomasin. Now, though I have not encouraged him yet, I can not conscientiously refuse him a chance any longer. I don't wish to be short with you; but I must be fair to him and to her."

"Who is the man?" said Wildeve, with surprise.

"One who has been devotedly in love with her longer than she has with you. He proposed to her two years ago. At that time she refused him."

"Well?"

"He has seen her lately, and has asked me for permission to pay his addresses to her. She may not refuse him twice."

"What is his name?"

"That I decline to say at present. He is a man she likes, and one whose constancy she respects, at least. It seems to me that what she refused then she would be glad to get now. She is much annoyed at her awkward position."

"She never once told me of this old lover."

"The gentlest women are not such fools as to show *every* card."

"Well, if she wants him, I suppose she must have him."

"It is easy enough to say that; but you don't see the difficulty. He wants her much more than she wants him; and before I can encourage any thing of the sort, I must have a clear understanding from you that you will not interfere to injure an arrangement which I encourage in the belief that it is for

the best. Suppose when they are engaged, and every thing is smoothly arranged for their marriage, that you should step between them and renew your suit? You might not win her back, but you might cause much unhappiness."

"Of course I should do no such thing," said Wildeve, in some perplexity as to what his feelings were about this matter. "But they are not engaged yet. How do you know that Thomasin would accept him?"

"That's a question I have carefully put to myself; and upon the whole the probabilities are in favor of her accepting him in time. I flatter myself that I have some influence over her. She is pliable, and I can be strong in my recommendations of him."

"And in your disparagement of me at the same time."

"Well, you may depend upon my not praising you," she said, dryly. "And if this seems like manœuvring, you must remember that her position is peculiar, and that she has been hardly used. I shall also be helped in making the match by her own desire to escape from the humiliation of her present state; and a woman's pride in these cases will lead her a very great way. A little managing may be required to bring her round; but I am equal to that, provided that you agree to the one thing indispensable; that is, to make a distinct declaration that she is to think no more of you as a possible husband. That will pique her into accepting him."

"I can hardly say that just now, Mrs. Yeobright. It is so sudden."

"But don't you perceive the cruelty of shilly-shallying? As long as you seem inclined to stand by her, she will think she ought to stand by you; and so my whole plan is interfered with. It is very inconvenient that you refuse to help my family even to the small extent of saying distinctly you will have nothing to do with us."

Wildeve reflected uncomfortably. "I confess I was not prepared for this," he said. "Of course I'll give her up if you wish, or rather if it is necessary. But I thought I might be her husband."

"We have heard that before."

"Now, Mrs. Yeobright, don't let us disagree. Give me a fair time. I don't want to stand in the way of any better chance she may have; only I wish you had let me know earlier. I will write to you or call in a day or two. Will that suffice?"

"Yes," she replied, "provided you promise not to communicate with Thomasin without my knowledge."

"I promise that," he said. And the interview then terminated, Mrs. Yeobright returning homeward as she had come.

By far the greatest effect of her commendable strategy on that day was, as often happens, in a quarter quite outside her view when arranging it. In the first place, her visit sent Wildeve the same evening after dark to Eustacia's house at Mistover.

At this hour the lonely dwelling was closely blinded and shuttered from the chill and darkness without. Wildeve's clandestine plan with her was to take a little gravel in his hand, and hold it to the crevice at the top of the window-shutter, which was on the outside, so that it should fall with a gentle rustle, resembling that of a mouse, between shutter and glass. This precaution in attracting her attention was to avoid arousing the suspicions of her grandfather.

The soft words, "I hear—wait for me," in Eustacia's voice from within, told him that she was alone.

He waited in his customary manner, by walking round the inclosure and idling by the pool, for Wildeve was never asked into the house by his proud though condescending mistress. She showed no sign of coming out in a hurry. The time wore on, and he began to grow impatient. In the course of twenty minutes she appeared from round the corner, and advanced as if merely taking an airing.

"You would not have kept me so long had you known what I come about," he said, with bitterness. "Still, you are worth waiting for." His depression was evident.

"What has happened?" said Eustacia. "I did not know you were in trouble. I too am gloomy enough."

"I am not in trouble," said he. "It is merely that affairs have come to a head, and I must take a clear course."

"What course is that?" she asked, with attentive interest.

"And can you forget so soon what I proposed to you the other night? Why, take you from this place, make you mine, and carry you away with me abroad."

"I have not forgotten. But why have you come so unexpectedly to repeat the question, when you only promised to come next Saturday? I thought I was to have plenty of time to consider."

"Yes, but the situation is different now."

"Explain to me."

"I don't want to explain, for I may pain you."

"But I must know the reason of this hurry."

"It is simply my ardor, dear Eustacia. Every thing is smooth now."

"Then why are you so ruffled?"

"I am not aware of it. All is as it should be. Mrs. Yeobright—but she is nothing to us."

"Ah, I knew she had something to do with it! Come, I don't like reserve."

"No—she has nothing. She only says she wishes me to give up Thomasin because another man is anxious to marry her. The woman, now she no longer needs me, actu-

ally shows off." Wildeve's vexation had escaped him in spite of himself.

Eustacia was silent a long while. "You are in the awkward position of an official who is no longer wanted," she said, in a changed tone.

"It seems so. But I have not yet seen Thomasin."

"And that irritates you. Don't deny it, Damon. You are actually nettled by this slight from an unexpected quarter."

"Well?"

"And you come to get me because you can not get her. This is certainly a new position altogether. I am to be a stop-gap."

"Please remember that I proposed the same thing the other day."

Eustacia again remained in a sort of stupefied silence. What curious feeling was this coming over her? Was it really possible that her interest in Wildeve had been so entirely the result of antagonism that the glory of the dream departed from the man with the first sound that he was no longer coveted by her rival? She was, then, secure of him at last. Thomasin no longer required him. What a humiliating victory! He loved her best, she thought; and yet—dared she to murmur such treacherous criticism ever so softly — what was the man worth whom a woman inferior to herself did not value? The sentiment which lurks more or less in all animate nature—that of not desiring the undesired of others—was lively as a passion in the supersubtle, epicurean heart of Eustacia. Her social superiority over him, which hitherto had scarcely ever impressed her, became unpleasantly insistent, and for the first time she felt that she had stooped in loving him.

"Well, darling, you agree?" said Wildeve.

"If it could be Budmouth instead of America," she murmured, languidly.

"Budmouth is nonsense. It is not far enough away."

"Yes, I see it," she said; "I will think. It is too great a thing for me to decide off-hand. I wish I hated the heath less—or loved you more."

"You can be painfully frank. You loved me a month ago warmly enough to go any where with me."

"And you loved Thomasin."

"Yes; perhaps that was where the reason lay," he returned, with almost a sneer. "I don't hate her now."

"Exactly. The only thing is that you can no longer get her."

"Come, no taunts, Eustacia, or we shall quarrel. If you don't agree to go with me, and agree shortly, I shall go by myself."

"Or try Thomasin again. Damon, how strange it seems that you could have married her or me indifferently, and only have come to me because I am—cheapest! Yes, yes—it is true. There was a time when I should have exclaimed against a man of that sort, and been quite wild; but it is all past now."

"Will you go, dearest? Come secretly with me to Bristol, marry me, and turn our backs upon this dog-hole of England forever. Say yes."

"I want to get away from here at almost any cost," she said, with weariness, "but I don't like to go with you. Give me more time to decide."

"I have already," said Wildeve. "Well, I give you one more week."

"A little longer, so that I may tell you decisively. I have to consider so many things. Fancy Thomasin being anxious to get rid of you! I can not forget it."

"Never mind that. Say Monday week. I will be here precisely at this time."

"Let it be at Blackbarrow," said she. "This is too near home; my grandfather may be walking out."

"Thank you, dear. On Monday week at this time I will be at the barrow. Till then good-by."

"Good-by. No, no, you must not touch my lips. Shaking hands is enough till I have made up my mind."

Eustacia watched his shadowy form till it had disappeared. She placed her hand to her forehead, and breathed heavily; and then her rich romantic lips parted under that homely impulse—a yawn. She was immediately angry at having betrayed even to herself the possible evanescence of her passion for him. She could not admit at once that she might have overestimated Wildeve, for to perceive his mediocrity now was to admit her own great folly heretofore. And the discovery that she was the owner of a disposition so purely that of the dog in the manger had something in it which at first made her ashamed.

The fruits of Mrs. Yeobright's diplomacy were indeed remarkable, though not as yet of the kind she had anticipated. It had appreciably influenced Wildeve, but it was influencing Eustacia far more. Her lover was no longer to her an exciting man whom many women strove for, and herself could only win by striving with them. He was a drug in the market.

She went in-doors in that peculiar state of misery which is not exactly grief, and which specially attends the dawnings of reason in the latter days of an ill-judged, transient love. To be conscious that the end of one's dream is approaching and yet has not absolutely come is one of the most wearisome as well as the most curious situations along the whole course between the beginning of a passion and its end.

Her grandfather had returned, and was

busily engaged in pouring some gallons of newly arrived rum into the square bottles of his square cellaret. Whenever these home supplies were exhausted, he would go to the "Quiet Woman," and, standing with his back to the fire, grog in hand, tell remarkable stories of how he had lived seven years under the water-line of his ship, and other naval wonders, to the natives, who hoped too earnestly for a treat of ale from the teller to exhibit any doubts of their truth.

He had been there this evening. "I suppose you have heard the Egdon news, Eustacia?" he said, without looking up from the bottles. "The men have been talking about it at the Woman as if it were of national importance."

"I have heard none," she said.

"Young Clym Yeobright, as they call him, is coming home next week to spend Christmas with his mother. He is a fine fellow by this time, it seems. I suppose you remember him."

"I never saw him in my life."

"Ah, true; he left before you came here. I well remember him as a promising boy."

"Where has he been living all these years?"

"In that rookery of pomp and vanity, Paris, I believe."

AUNT KERAMMIK'S ART STUDIES.

EVERY BODY (that is to say, every body who is any body) knows my aunt, Mrs. Kerammik. Her wealth, her exquisite taste in dress, her stylish turn-outs, the elegance and number of her entertainments—all these things have combined to make her an authority in fashionable circles, a recognized leader of the *ton*. My aunt is a very youthful-looking as well as a handsome woman; though the old family Bible proclaims her age as forty-five, she would pass (by gaslight) for ten years younger, and she is very naturally gratified when this mistake is made. Indeed, she would not suffer me to call her aunt at all if it were not distinctly understood that I am her husband's nephew, and that the departed Kerammik was almost old enough to have been her father.

As Mrs. Kerammik has no children, and has always signified her intention of making me her heir, of course the relations between us are of the very friendliest sort. I have always been at my aunt's service, acting with equal amiability as escort or errand-boy, ready to dine or drive, to order her dinner, attend her to the opera, or carry her prayer-book to church, and I must confess she has always rewarded my devotion most generously. Such an array of canes and pipes, such an assortment of studs and sleeve-buttons, so many smoking-caps, slippers, and dressing-gowns, were never possessed by one lucky youth before. Certainly I should be an ingrate if I was not fond of my aunt.

It is perhaps a year ago since I dropped in to call upon Mrs. K. one evening, and found her poring over that fatal volume, *First Steps in Household Art*. I say *fatal* advisedly, for, innocent as the book seemed, it was destined to poison *my* peace of mind, and to cost my poor aunt much pain and misery in the days to come.

But, happily unconscious as yet of the trouble in store, my aunt looked up from her book on my entrance, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Frederic, I'm so glad you have come! I want you to read this charming book, and then to tell me what you think of it. What stupid mistakes I have been making all these years—why, I see now that I did not comprehend the first principles of Art, not even its alphabet. But I will begin at once. I will refurnish this house in accordance with my new ideas, and *then*, Frederic my dear, you shall see—what you shall see."

Somewhat puzzled, I began to question, but for all answer my aunt thrust the *First Steps in Household Art* into my hand, and bade me read and be convinced.

Dutifully I turned over a page or two, but I found their contents decidedly mystifying. Meanwhile my aunt was running on glibly, in what seemed to me an unknown tongue. I tried my best to turn the conversation into more familiar channels, but in vain. Renaissance, bric-à-brac, dados, portières, Queen Anne mirrors, coves, Eastlake, Morris wall-papers, decorative Art—the latter pronounced with a capital A—these succeeded each other with startling rapidity, until at last I rose to take leave, feeling almost anxious about my aunt's sanity.

It so happened that I was obliged to leave town early the next day on urgent business, so I did not see her again for nearly a week. But what a surprise awaited me! I stared in helpless amazement when the door was opened in answer to my ring, and should have apologized for getting into the wrong house, had not John's smiling visage re-assured me. He alone was unchanged. But what meant all this transformation? The elegant carpets and curtains had disappeared; so had the luxurious chairs and lounges; so had the superb mirrors, the valuable pictures—in short, all the furniture and ornaments of which my aunt had been so proud. In their places I beheld ugly old Dutch clocks, clumsy carved furniture ponderous and grim of aspect, sconces holding candles whose dim light only made one regret the gas, and tiny mirrors in queer frames. Old china plates were suspended all over the walls, Japanese cabinets stood here and there, and in place of the polished grate with its cannel-coal fire, an enormous fire-

place now yawned before me, its sides ornamented with tiles, the tall brass andirons and fender framing in a couple of blazing logs. The floor was dark and shining, and terribly slippery, as I found out in a moment, so I stepped gladly on a dingy rug as an island of refuge. At one side of the fire, on a tall carved oaken "settle," sat my aunt, looking blissfully content with her new surroundings.

"Isn't it charming, Frederic?" was her first question. Then: "I found it all in that delightful book—the one I was reading when you left me last week, you know, Fred. Did you ever see such a transformation?"

"Never," I replied, with considerable emphasis; "but are you quite sure, my dear aunt, that you find yourself as comfortable as formerly? *This* article of furniture, for instance"—touching the back of the wooden settle—"isn't it a little, just a little, hard and unaccommodating? Don't you miss your delightfully easy chairs, now?"

"Frederic," said my aunt, with a mingling of reproof and surprise in her tones—"Frederic, can you be so insensible to the value of true household Art as to regret the furniture I have discarded? Ah, my dear boy, your words only prove to me your lamentable want of culture—the dullness of your æsthetic perceptions, in fact—and I shall do my best to educate you to a higher plane in Art."

My aunt shivered perceptibly as she finished; and no wonder, for the room was really cold.

"You are chilly. Let me open the register; or shall I tell John to put some coal in the furnace?" I asked, rising from my seat at once. But Mrs. K. stopped me, with another shiver as she did so.

"Nonsense!" she replied, shortly; "I am quite warm enough; besides, I have had the furnace taken out. It is the greatest of modern abominations, and I could not permit it to remain in a dwelling devoted to artistic furnishing. Is not this charming wood fire a delightful substitute?" and so saying, she sneezed.

"How I miss your pictures!" I ventured to say next. I felt so disconcerted by the strangeness of all about me that I made this remark with real timidity. My aunt was more reproachful than before, as she said:

"Have you noticed the dado and the frieze, Frederic? That cove over the fireplace is a marvel of Art, and then my china plates are perfectly in keeping with the tone of the apartment, while my pictures were not."

"But you had some lovely pictures, aunt; those two, especially, by Greuze and Bouguereau were real gems. Couldn't you have given them a place?"

"No; for the highest Art demands that each room be treated as a whole, and that a certain 'tone,' once adopted, shall never be sacrificed to any lesser considerations; and it was in accordance with this maxim that I took down my pictures," said my aunt, with a lofty smile at my weakness.

I was discomfited, but I tried once more: "I think, though, that you might have kept your carpets. These waxed floors are so treacherous, and then the comfort of walking on your superb Axminsters—"

But now my aunt was thoroughly out of patience, and she interrupted me sharply: "You astonish me, Frederic; you have so little appreciation of or feeling for the best Art. Carpets, indeed! utterly inadmissible in a properly treated apartment. Now these rugs—"

But it was my turn to interrupt: "Do you call that dingy square a *rug*, aunt? Why, I thought it was a bit of carpet out of John's pantry, left here by mistake."

"Then let me tell you that 'that dingy square of carpet' is a relic of priceless value, Sir. It was once the prayer-rug of an Arab chief, and it cost me over one thousand dollars," answered my aunt, looking really displeased.

"One—thousand—dollars!" I echoed, in dismay. "Oh, what a—" But I stopped in time to reflect, and the last word remained unuttered. After all, my aunt was rich enough to throw away a few thousands when she chose, and what a fool should I be if I angered her by ill-timed or unwelcome criticisms on her acts!

So I hastened to retrieve my error, and, by dint of judicious admiration of the famous rug, and many appreciative comments on the plates, clocks, cabinets, etc., I installed myself once more in my aunt's good graces, so that the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly enough.

Nevertheless, I was conscious of a good deal of perplexity and annoyance when I thought over the whole interview next day, and the result of my thinking was a determination to watch over my aunt as closely as possible without becoming obtrusive or exciting her suspicions.

Well, in accordance with my resolution, I went up there the next day, in time for dinner, if she urged me to stay, as I knew she would. I found Mrs. Kerammik terribly hoarse, but refusing to believe that the barn-like atmosphere of her house had anything to do with her severe cold. Several workmen were busily engaged taking out the plate-glass windows, and replacing them with sashes set with tiny diamond-shaped panes of very poor glass. Wide leaden settings connected these miniature panes, which were, to my thinking, exceedingly ugly. I hinted as much when she asked me to admire them, and was sorry for it the next moment. For my aunt quoted so largely from the *First Steps*, etc., that I was over-

whelmed, and actually pretended to be convinced, to avert the gathering storm. I went home that night with a copy of the horrid book in my pocket, and an earnest injunction to study it carefully. "For your perception of true Household Art is very dull, my dear Frederic," said my aunt, pityingly, as we parted.

From that time each visit I paid my aunt made me more and more melancholy, while I found the house more and more uncomfortable. Mrs. K.'s art studies were always necessitating some change, which *she* called improvement, but which to those about her was always a little worse than the last fancy. It would be impossible as well as useless to describe her progressive steps—if that may be called progressive which was always retrogressive, for it was ever to remoter ages, to more obsolete and comfortless styles of living, that my poor aunt inclined.

One room in her house had always been placed at my disposal, but the first time I occupied it after this art fever had seized upon her I was fairly confounded. The furniture had disappeared completely. A great clumsy carved chest did duty for the very handsome dressing bureau; a tiny plate of polished steel replaced the cheval-glass; an attenuated stand holding a basin, and reminding one irresistibly of a dentist's apparatus, was a wretched substitute for the stationary wash-stand with its abundant supply of Croton; while some three-legged stools passed for chairs.

Although I had long been persuaded of the folly of unwise opposition, I could not help remonstrating with my aunt this time.

"At least you might have left me the Croton, aunt," I declared, after vain representations of my discomfort. But she only replied, sweetly:

"I couldn't, my dear nephew, I couldn't. *That* was so horribly out of keeping with the rest of the appointments! You can't mix the centuries in that inartistic way."

So things went on, from bad to worse, until at last the very rugs disappeared, and the floors were all strewn with what my aunt called *rushes*, but which I ignorantly and unbelievingly termed *hay*. Then I congratulated myself that we had reached a climax, and could fare no worse; but I was mistaken.

One day, on entering the parlor, I was conscious of a very disagreeable odor—just such a perfume, in fact, as one might expect to obtain by distilling half a dozen tenement-houses and as many emigrant ships, and bottling the result. I soon found that this fragrance was due to some fearfully dirty and tattered hangings, evidently a new acquisition, which draped the walls, and made the apartment look like a veritable rag shop.

When my aunt came down I ventured, in the most delicate manner, to call her attention to this unpleasant peculiarity of her new possessions, and to ask if a little fumigation might not be advisable. Such a look as she gave me! Then she said, severely:

"Frederic, those hangings are invaluable. They are so old that their age is involved in the mists of antiquity. It is, however, probable that they were at one time in the possession of William the Conqueror, for here in this corner you can see the remains of his monogram. Look, here is part of the W and one curve of the C;" and my aunt lifted one end of the worn and faded fabric with the tenderest care imaginable, and held it up for my inspection.

"Yes, yes, I see. Remarkably distinct," I answered, shrinking from nearer contact. "Of course they are a great prize, an uncommon treasure; but—as they are so *very* old—don't you think, my dear aunt, you might better have them washed, just to dissipate the dust of the centuries, you know?"

"No, indeed," she replied, with an admiring glance at her hangings. "Not for the world would I allow such an outrage. You don't seem to comprehend, Frederic, that this very odor of which you so unreasonably complain is the truest evidence of their age, and to lose it would be to lose half the proof of their genuineness."

I said no more. I inhaled that pervasive odor in silence, but I made up my mind to see the family physician at once, and give him a hint of my aunt's mental condition.

However, before long the obnoxious hangings came down in accordance with a new whim. On paying my usual visit I found Mrs. Kerammik seated on a pile of skins at one side of the room. Similar piles of skins occupied every corner, some of them heaped high as couches. In the centre stood a rude chest, evidently doing duty as a table. Here and there, on the now bare walls, hung stuffed birds, horns, and huge shells. It took me some time to see all this, for the only illumination proceeded from some torches scattered about the apartment, and producing as much smoke as light. Having made out to reach the pile of skins upon which my aunt was sitting, I sat down beside her, and ventured to ask the meaning of this last transformation.

"Because," she said, decidedly, "I have found out that in a return to primitive forms and usages alone the highest Art consists. Depend upon it, Frederic, our chairs and couches, our tables and buffets, are but the unnatural outgrowth of too much civilization. Life free, untrammelled, artistic, will have none of these absurd and cumbrous appliances — these commonplace, comfortable surroundings. We must go back, back of these arbitrary forms, and make ourselves independent of them, if we would reach the best, the only true, artistic culture."

My aunt's enthusiasm did not affect me. I only asked if I might dine with her the next day, which request had a purpose hidden beneath it, and receiving her permission, I left.

This purpose of mine was merely to persuade my aunt to go abroad for a time. I had great faith in change of air and scene, and I hoped that, if she consented to take the voyage, her cure might be effected without the aid of a physician. Of course I would accompany her, and I felt quite certain that the delusion under which she was laboring at present would be vanquished entirely.

Punctually at six the next day I made my appearance, but was surprised to find that my aunt was not at home.

"But she expected you, Mr. Frederic, and she said she'd be here as soon as you," said John, who alone of all my aunt's servants had retained his post. The faithful negro had not shared in the general discontent with which the autocrats of the kitchen had received Mrs. K.'s vagaries, and I was really grateful for his fidelity. But to-day he looked so woe-begone that I could not forbear a question or two.

"Has any thing happened, John? Has Mrs. Kerammik been—quite well to-day?" was all I dared to ask; but John, reading interest and sympathy in my face, poured out his grievances at once:

"Yes, Sir, I s'pose she's as well as usual; but, Mr. Frederic, it's the way things is done in this house that troubles me. Why, instead of a proper dinner now, with the soup and the fish and all them things, and sent on in first-rate style as we used to have it, what do you think we've got to-day? Just one great big wooden bowl, as sure as you're alive, Mr. Frederic, and nothing but some mutton and rice, all stewed together, in it. Is *that* a meal to set before a gentleman like you, Mr. Frederic?" and poor John groaned dismally.

I was as much dismayed as he could have wished, but I thought it best to cut his disclosures short for that time. So, with a consoling word or two, I left him, and going into the parlor, threw myself on one of the skin couches to await my aunt's return. The room was dark, the smoky torches were not yet lit, and I think I must have dropped into a doze. When I roused from this temporary forgetfulness I saw my aunt standing in the doorway, accompanied by a little sallow, thin man, with inquisitive black eyes and a large nose. They advanced into the room without observing me. Indeed, the darkness of the apartment rendered me quite invisible, while my eyes, accustomed to its obscurity, readily made them out.

Feeling suddenly suspicious of this stranger, however, I lay still and awaited developments. The door opened wider, and in came four men, staggering under some heavy burden enveloped in a matting, which they finally deposited in the middle of the room, the little man having pushed the chest away to make place for it. The men breathed hard and wiped their faces. My aunt bent over the thing with evident anxiety and delight.

"Oh, professor!" she said, turning to her companion, "what a relief to have it safely here! And now, can we get it hung at once? I really feel as if I couldn't wait till morning."

The little man bowed smilingly. "Saretainly, madame, ve vill hang it at vunce. Eet ees vairy easy, vairy easy indeed."

"Thank you, professor; but *do* be careful. Suppose you should break it! But it is not brittle, I think you said?"

"No, madame; not breetle, because you remember eet ees paytrified, quite paytrified, which makes eet so vairy hayvy," said the professor, with another low bow.

Meanwhile the men were cutting the strings of the precious parcel and unrolling the mattings in which it was enveloped. When this was done, I saw what looked to me like an enormous egg, in shape at least, and I was more puzzled than ever.

The next step was to bring a tall step-ladder; and now, for the first time, I discovered that several chains were hanging from a ring in the ceiling just where my aunt's magnificent crystal chandelier had formerly hung. This was made visible by the flare of the torches which the professor had busied himself in lighting, when, with the aid of the workmen, he rapidly fastened the thing to the chains, and then drew it up until it swung clear above all their heads, looking very awkward and absurd, of course.

The men went out, and my aunt, turning to the professor, said, enthusiastically: "How can I thank you enough for this kindness, my dear friend? Now you must really stay to dinner. I am expecting my nephew, Frederic Kerammik, and I want you to know each other. Perhaps, too, you may be able to imbue him with a love for Art, of which, I grieve to say, he is lamentably ignorant."

The professor moved a little nearer the door as she spoke, and cast an uneasy glance around him as he said, quickly, "Thank you vairy moch, madame, but eet ees eempossible for me to remain thees evening. I must go, but eef you would oblige me weeth the chayck for the twaynty-five thousand dolars—"

"Oh, of course; I have it here," said my aunt, opening her porte-monnaie and drawing forth a slip of paper. "Here is your check, professor, and I'm sure it is little enough for all you have done for me—"

But I could keep silence no longer. I could not see my aunt duped in this way,

and springing from my corner, I advanced to the astonished pair, demanding, shortly, "Aunt, who is this—extraordinary person? and what humbug has he palmed off upon you?"

"Frederic!" cried my aunt. Then, recovering herself: "Where did you come from, and why do you act so rudely? This is my good friend Professor Salaam, to whom I have long been wishing to introduce you. Professor, my nephew, Mr. Kerammik."

But I made no friendly overtures toward the professor, while he was visibly agitated. His yellow face grew yellower, his knees shook, and he seemed quite incapable of speech. He held the check tightly, however, and, with a view to its recovery, foolish as it was, I stepped quickly between him and the door. Then, turning to my aunt, I said, stiffly,

"Professor of what, I would like to know?"

"Professor of High Household Art," she replied, proudly. Then, in an aside: "A most learned man, my dear boy; a truly wonderful man. Why, it is solely through his researches and exertions that I have become the fortunate possessor of *this* marvel," pointing up at the round white object swinging over our heads.

"And what is this new wonder, aunt? for to my uninstructed eyes it looks like a monstrous egg, and nothing more," I remarked, still watchful of the professor.

Mrs. K. clapped her hands at my answer with almost childish delight.

"Guess again, Frederic—guess again!" she exclaimed. "You are very near the truth."

"You must excuse me. I never could guess the meaning of such absurdity," I replied, sulkily. My aunt looked at the professor appealingly, but the little man was not to be drawn out.

"Did you ever read the *Arabian Nights*, my dear?" she asked, in a mysterious way.

"Of course, when I was a boy; but what has that to do—"

"Wait a moment, Frederic—wait a moment, and I will explain. You doubtless remember the history of Aladdin and the roc's egg, which he was at so much pains to procure for an ornament? Well, *this* is a roc's egg, the only one in the world, and therefore the greatest treasure I could possess!" and my aunt looked at me triumphantly, as if expecting my utter discomfiture.

I really was astonished, but it was at her folly. "*A roc's egg!*" I gasped. "A monstrous lie! Surely, surely, you don't believe such an invention?"

"Yes, Frederic, I do believe it, and I am shocked at your tone and manner," answered my aunt, loftily. "The professor has told me all about the roc, the great desert bird which lays one egg in a century. This egg was fortunately buried from sight by a simoom, and must have lain hidden for a thousand years. You see it became petrified, which made it possible to bring it such a distance, and the professor has parted with it to me at the moderate price of twenty-five thousand dollars. It was his idea to suspend it thus in the middle of my parlor, and I am sure nothing could be more appropriate. In a house devoted to the inculcation of the Very Highest Art, where we have returned to the use of the Simple, the True, and therefore the Beautiful, this roc's egg is a symbol—"

But I never heard the rest. Swiftly, silently, the great egg slipped from its chain-fastenings, and fell—fell right upon my poor aunt, as it seemed to me, burying her in a cloud of white suffocating dust and countless fragments of plaster.

I darted forward, but too late. Before I could extricate her the professor had bolted; indeed, my alarm and horror made me forget him until some hours afterward. Speedily as possible a couple of doctors were summoned, and great was my relief when it was announced that, beyond a broken arm and some severe contusions, my aunt was safe. But it was judged advisable to keep her very quiet, as she was quite feverish, so I did not see her for nearly a week. That interval I employed in looking for the professor, but I need hardly say my search was in vain. He had cashed his check and departed, never to return, as I felt certain.

When at last I was admitted to my aunt's presence, no allusion was made on either side to the late events. But I saw with delight that the apartment had been rehabilitated; curtains, carpets, furniture, were in their accustomed places, and the gas once more shed its radiance over us.

Before I left she had asked me to make all the necessary arrangements for our Continental tour, adding that the physicians had promised she would be well enough to start in a month.

"And then, Frederic," she remarked, with a slightly embarrassed smile—"then we can leave orders to have this house thoroughly repainted, decorated, and furnished, for it really is very shabby."

That was all, and I, like a dutiful nephew, looked utterly oblivious of the past. Now all is in readiness—our trunks packed, our leave-takings over (we sail to-morrow), and I have devoted these last leisure hours to a history of my dear aunt's art studies.

OLD GERMAN LOVE SONG.

(THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)

SINCE creation I was thine;
Now forever thou art mine.
I have shut thee fast
In my heart at last.
I have dropped the key
In an unknown sea.
Forever must thou my prisoner be!

THE PERFECT CANOE.

TO Mr. John Macgregor, of the Inner Temple, belongs the proud distinction of having invented a new pleasure. Other men have invented steamboats, railways, telegraphs—mere devices to increase the hurry and rush which are the bane of modern life—but Mr. Macgregor has invented canoeing, the most perfect of all possible out-of-door sports. Canoeing contains all the delights of yachting, and in addition many other delights of which the yachtsman knows nothing. To use a delicately poetic figure, it bears to yachting the same relation that quinine bears to Peruvian bark. It is the active principle of yachting set free from costly suppers, tyrannical sailing-masters, and the endless war of keel and centre-board. The canoeist cruises not only on the Sound and the sand-girt bays of the Atlantic coast, but on the wild and rapid rivers of the remotest wilderness. His paddle is the key that unlocks the secrets of mountain streams, and admits him to Hesperidean gardens of which other men can only dream. To have lived and loved was considered by a German poet to be a very satisfactory thing, but the man who can say, "I have lived and paddled," has alone known perfect happiness.

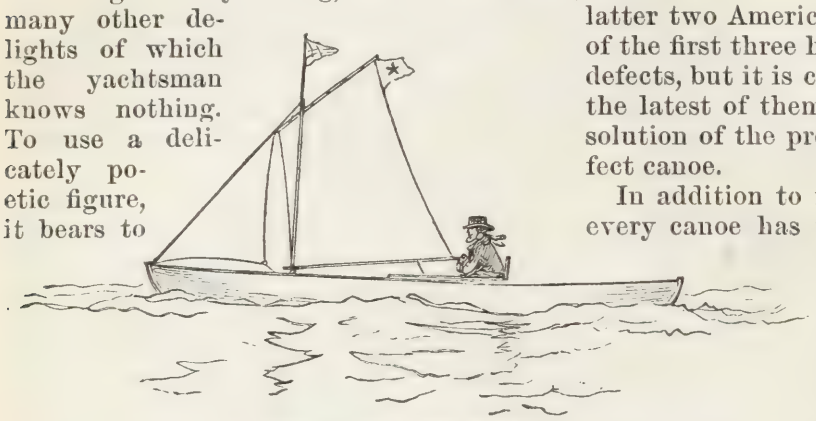


FIG. 1.—THE "ROB ROY."

Every body knows that Mr. Macgregor built the *Rob Roy*, the pioneer of all cruising canoes, and by the story of his cruises on the Rhine, the Danube, the fiords and lakes of Norway, and the Syrian waters of Pharpar and Abana, stimulated hundreds of his fellow-countrymen to follow his example. The cruising canoe is as unlike the barbarous birch or dug-out as a schooner yacht is unlike a raft. It is a craft in which a man can sail or paddle in rough or smooth, deep or shallow, water, in which he can travel by day and sleep at night, and which in case of necessity he can take under his arm, and drag around an impassable rapid, or over a portage from one stream to another. No other craft permits its owner these priceless privileges; and hence the canoe, having made that possible which before was impossible, is an invention of incalculable value to the lover of nature and open-air sports.

There are many types of canoes. Mr. Macgregor has remained faithful to his "Rob Roy," but other canoeists have varied from that model in search of absolute perfection. The best four models of cruising canoes are known respectively as the "Rob Roy," the "Nautilus," the "Herald," and the "Shadow." The former two are English and the latter two American in their origin. Each of the first three has its peculiar merits and defects, but it is claimed for the "Shadow," the latest of them all, that she is the final solution of the problem how to build a perfect canoe.

In addition to its peculiarities of model, every canoe has its own moral character. This may seem strange to the mere philosopher who has never made himself familiar with the habits of canoes, but it is strictly true. Between two canoes of the same model, and built by the same builder, there may exist a tremendous moral distance. This is the case with two canoes belonging to the New York Canoe Club which have often cruised together. The *Ethel* is ill-tempered and vicious. She constantly abrades her owner. At one time she will tear his clothing with her cleats, and at another will bite pieces out of him with the edge of her combing or the extremities of concealed screws. On the other hand, the *Violetta* is as harmless as a kind and cultured mastiff, and possesses a degree of skill in threading her way through a channel obstructed by sunken rocks which is simply marvellous. Nevertheless she has one grave fault—a persistent determination to break loose when anchored or tethered for the night. So confirmed is this habit that the owner of the *Violetta* never dreams of leaving her afloat without some one to watch her, and always drags her ashore at night, and fastens her with a lock and chain to a large tree. Now to the ordinary observer the *Ethel* and the *Violetta* are precisely alike, and yet there is a cloud of credible witnesses who will testify to the moral idiosyncrasies just imputed to them. What the moral character of a canoe may be, the builder can not foretell, and experience can alone declare. Of all canoes, however, it may be said that they require to be tamed before they abandon their native fondness for mischievously pitching their captains overboard.

The proneness of the untamed canoe to capsize is undeniable. Certain models are less addicted to this fault than are others,

but the canoe-owner is never safe until his craft has become accustomed to him. The canoe is much stiffer than the racing shell, but far more crank than the row-boat. Nevertheless, as soon as one becomes familiar with the canoe, all danger of capsizing vanishes, except, of course, in connection with sudden squalls or a heavy sea, combined with gross mismanagement on the part of her commander. Properly managed, the canoe is the safest craft afloat, and no canoeist who can swim well enough to support himself for half a minute in the water has any excuse for drowning while cruising in a good canoe.

There are two requisites which necessarily belong to every cruising canoe, of whatever type. The canoe must not weigh more than seventy pounds, and must be capacious enough to be slept in by the captain at night. A canoe weighing more than seventy pounds can not be readily taken over a portage by one man, and a canoe that can not be slept in is not a canoe, but an insufficient hollow mockery. But there are other requisites which belong to the perfect canoe. Swiftness under sail, ease of handling under paddle, strength, stiffness, capacity to carry stores, imperviousness to rain, inability to sink even when full of water, and last, but not least, beauty of model and finish, are qualities which every canoe-builder strives to secure, but which are found to their fullest extent in the "Shadow" only. We in this country have a decided advantage over Englishmen in the possession of white cedar wood, which is the best possible material for canoe-building. With nearly the strength of oak, white cedar is much lighter, and never warps. A fourteen-foot canoe, which if built with oak planks would weigh eighty pounds, can be built of white cedar and will weigh not more than sixty pounds. White cedar, however, should be used only for planking. The keel, keelson, timbers, and combing (or washboard) must be oak; the stem and stern posts hackmatack, the deck Spanish cedar, the carlines pine, the trimmings black-walnut, and the paddle spruce. Experience has proved that for use on all waters an extreme length of fourteen feet on deck is quite sufficient, and a canoeist who is not over five feet tall can use a canoe thirteen or thirteen feet six inches long.



FIG. 3.—"ROB ROY" MIDSHIP SECTION.

It must be admitted that the ownership of a canoe, like the ownership of a yacht, tends to develop hypocrisy and mendacity. The canoeist always maintains that the canoe of which for the time being he is the owner is as nearly perfect as any canoe can be. Of course no one expects a man to tell the truth as to the speed of his boat, but it is very sad to hear an otherwise upright and trustworthy man praising his "Nautilus" of to-day with the same vehemence with which he yesterday praised his now discarded "Rob Roy," and to know that he is nevertheless keenly conscious of the defects which he will freely impute to the "Nautilus" if he ever becomes the owner of a "Shadow." There is one estimable gentleman in this city who owns a "Herald" canoe—the only type of canoe that is not decked over, and that freely admits rain into its cabin. This perverted person has been known to sit shivering in three or four inches of water after a cold shower, and to unblushingly boast that his canoe was virtually dry, with the exception of two or three drops of collected spray. And yet he would scorn to tell a lie about a cherry-tree or any thing of that sort. A "Herald" canoe undoubtedly dulls one's regard for veracity more rapidly than any other type of canoe, and this fact should be remembered by conscientious men when choosing a canoe.

The best-known and the most popular of all canoes is the "Rob Roy." It is fourteen feet long, twenty-six inches extreme breadth from outside to outside, and eleven inches from deck to keelson, the deck having a camber of one inch. The well-hole, or opening

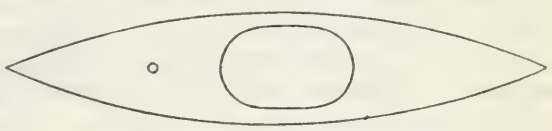


FIG. 2.—"ROB ROY" DECK PLAN.

in the deck in which the captain sits, is elliptical in shape, and thirty-two inches in length by twenty in breadth. The "Rob Roy" is precisely alike at bow and stern, and has no sheer. She has five planks on each side, and her midship section is very nearly a semicircle. She has no rudder, being steered with the paddle on the lee side, and has one mast, stepped about three feet six inches from the stem. Her keel is one inch in depth. As in all canoes, the captain sits on the floor boards, facing the bow, supported by a backboard, and swinging a double-bladed paddle. In order that he may use his paddle with the greatest efficacy, he must sit a little aft of midships, and the widest part of the canoe should therefore be six inches abaft of the true midship section. Water-tight compartment at each end, which render sinking impossible, are now considered an essential part of every canoe.

The merits of the "Rob Roy" are her shallow draught of water, in which she nearly approaches the "Herald" model, and the ease with which she is paddled, especially against a head-wind, she having no sheer to catch the wind.

Her defects are many. Her semicircular midship section gives her but little "bear-

ings," and renders her inferior to all other canoes in stiffness. Her lack of sheer makes her prone to run her bow under when scudding under sail, and sometimes insures her swamping even when managed with the paddle alone. Her little sail is of scarcely any use unless the wind is very nearly aft. In fact, the "Rob Roy" is not intended for bay or broad river navigation, and is built especially for narrow and shallow streams, where sailing is impracticable.

But the "Rob Roy's" worst fault as a cruising canoe is the limited character of her sleeping accommodations. The captain, after worming himself into the cabin, must sleep with his head and part of his chest under the deck. As an inevitable consequence, he dreams that he is buried alive in a cheap and ill-fitting coffin, and when he awakes he invariably contuses his nose against the deck carlines. During the cruising season the owner of a "Rob Roy" may always be identified by his nose. A peculiar abrasion, known among anatomists as "Macgregor's line," diversifies the ridge of the nose, while in point of redness and swelling that organ compares favorably with the noses of our most eminent drunkards.

Now a canoe in which one can not sleep comfortably is, so far, unfit for cruising. Of course one might carry a tent in a "Rob Roy," and sleep on shore; but the weight of the tent and the trouble of pitching it interfere greatly with the canoeist's comfort. Moreover, the canoeist who does not sleep in his canoe is guilty of heresy, and deserves the lasting scorn of all orthodox paddlers.

The "Nautilus" canoe was designed by Mr. Baden-Powell, a prominent English canoeist, and is in many respects an improvement upon the model of the "Rob Roy." A fourteen-foot "Nautilus" is twenty-eight inches wide and eleven inches in depth from deck to keelson amidships. The top of the stem-post and the top of the stern-post are respectively one foot eleven inches and one foot seven inches above the keel. This

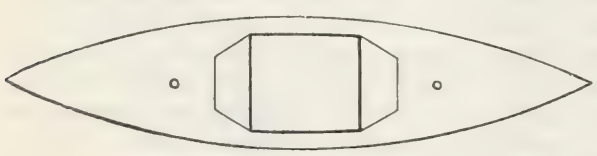


FIG. 5.—"NAUTILUS" DECK PLAN.

enormous sheer is probably a reminiscence of the Greenland kayak, of which the "Nautilus" is the lineal descendant.

The cockpit of the "Nautilus" is octagonal in shape, and is five feet long and twenty inches wide at its widest part. Fig. 5 shows the shape of the cockpit, each end of which is covered by a movable hatch. Just where the captain sits is a bulk-head (as in Fig. 11), to which the backboard is attached. The after-hatch reaches to this bulk-head, and gives access to the part of the canoe in which most of the baggage is carried. The bulk-head is a movable one, and is pulled out at night, thus giving abundant sleeping room. The "Nautilus" has a straight stern-post, inclined at an angle with the keel, and is steered with a rudder. She carries two masts, and spreads about



FIG. 6.—"NAUTILUS" MIDSHIP SECTION.

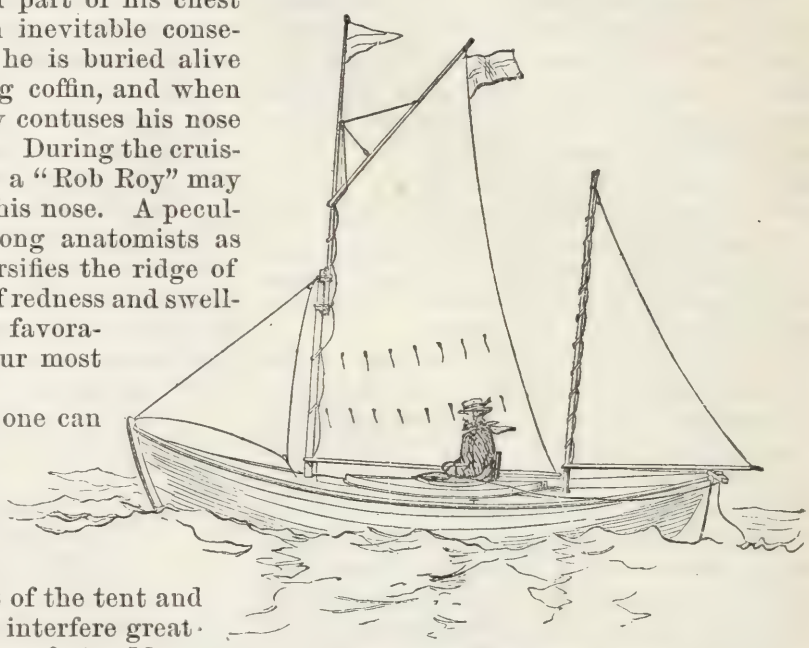


FIG. 4.—THE "NAUTILUS" CANOE.

sixty square feet of canvas, including the jib. Her midship section shows that she has more bearings than the "Rob Roy," and is hence stiffer.

The list of the merits of the "Nautilus" reflects credit upon her designer. She is an excellent sea-boat under sail, and when close-hauled is comfortable and dry. Her great sheer renders it impossible to drive her bow under, and so long as the paddler has strength to keep her head to the sea, she will live in any weather. Under sail alone she is of course much faster than the "Rob Roy," and there is no sailing canoe that is her superior for bay and broad river sailing.

Then the "Nautilus" affords her captain a comfortable state-room at night. By withdrawing the sliding bulk-head and removing the after-hatch he can find room to sleep without thrusting his head under the deck. In case of rain, he can lash the paddle from one mast to the other, and by throwing a water-proof blanket over this extemporized ridge-pole can secure complete shelter, and, in case he is cruising in company with a "Rob Roy," can cheer him-

self with the thought that the captain of the latter must choose between soaking and suffocation, those being the only alternatives open to him.

For sailing purposes there is no doubt that the "Nautilus" is an admirable canoe. Of course, like all other canoes, she will swamp if placed broadside to the sea, but no one wants to place her in that situation. She paddles easily, and her keel and straight stern-post prevent her from "wobbling" at each paddle stroke. If the canoeist could always be sure of plenty of water and fair winds, the "Nautilus" would be, perhaps, the best canoe he could select; but, as every experienced cruiser knows, a narrow stream with frequent rapids and a wooded shore to temper the rays of the sun affords the perfection of canoeing, and for such work the "Nautilus" is not so well adapted as are some other canoes. Her chief fault is her tremendous sheer, which renders it nearly impossible to paddle her against a strong head-wind. Her designer gave her this sheer so that, in case of capsizing under sail, she would right herself on being relieved of the weight of her masts. All that is necessary, however, is that a capsized canoe should be able to be righted by a slight effort on the part of her captain, and the excessive sheer of the "Nautilus" is practically useless so far as the end which the designer had in view is concerned.

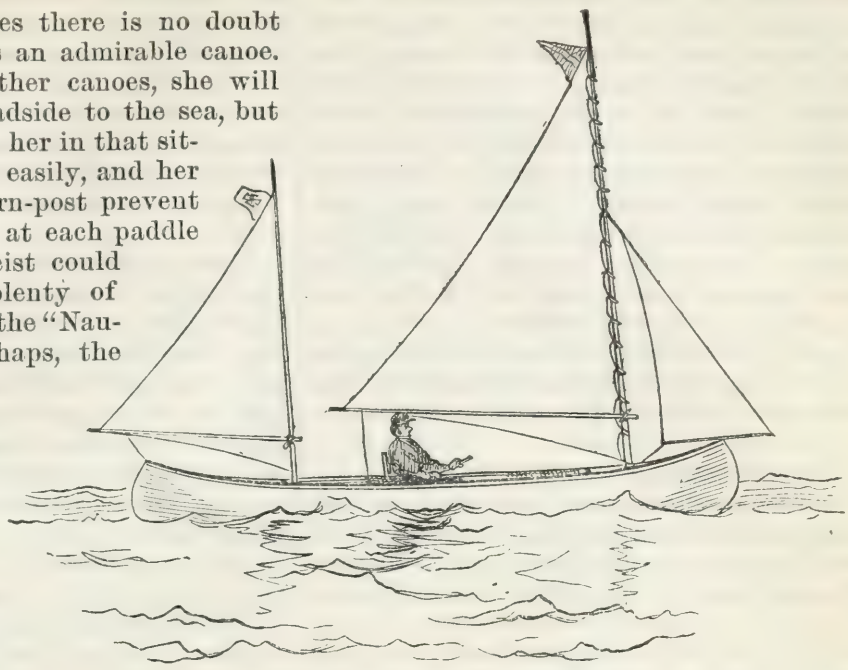


FIG. 7.—"HERALD" CANOE.



FIG. 9.—"HERALD" MIDSHIP SECTION.

While her great spread of canvas gives her speed under sail, the "Nautilus" is able to bear this canvas only when furnished with about forty pounds of ballast. There is no kind of cargo which is so unsatisfactory as ballast, and this is especially true of a canoe which must be emptied whenever a portage is made. The ballast, usually a sand-bag, must be lashed to the bottom of the canoe, or else, in case of a capsize, it rolls from side to side, and makes it impossible to right her. The captain of a "Nautilus" who recently capsized with his ballast unlashed asserts that every time he touched his canoe she performed a complete circuit at the rate of at least twenty-five revolutions per minute, and exhibited so much malignity in striving to lasso him with flying ropes that he abandoned her in terror, and swam for the shore. *Per contra*, another "Nautilus," with her ballast lashed, righted herself after having pitched her captain overboard in the Delaware River, and sailed away so rapidly that it was impossible for him to overtake her. As it is an inconvenient operation to lash the ballast, it is usually neglected when cruising in a region where portages are frequent, and the canoeist is thus sure to find himself in serious difficulties if he capsizes.

Though the straight stern-post keeps the canoe straight when under paddle, it is a disadvantage when it is desired to turn her quickly. The captain has to back water on one side and to paddle on the other with patience and determination before he can succeed in turning her. Then the "Nautilus" draws more water than any of the three other types of canoes with which we are just now concerned. The octagonal shape of her cockpit weakens the deck, and as the combing which encircles the cockpit must necessarily be made in several pieces, it is of no value in binding the deck together, whereas the elliptical combing, made of a single piece, such as is found in the "Shadow" and the "Rob Roy," adds vastly to their strength. To sum up, the "Nautilus" is a better sailing canoe than the "Rob Roy," and a poorer paddling canoe, and is suited for bays and harbors rather than narrow and shallow streams.

The "Herald" canoe owes its name to the maker, a boat-builder whose shop is at Rice Lake, Province of Ontario. While the "Nautilus" follows remotely the Greenland model, the "Herald" canoe is an improved "birch."

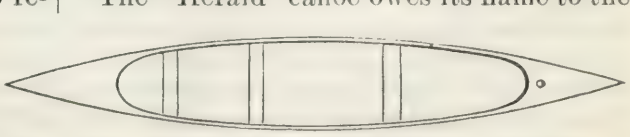


FIG. 8.—"HERALD" DECK PLAN.

She is built without keel or timbers, and her hull consists of two thicknesses of plank steamed and bent around a mould, and riveted together. She is smooth on the outside, instead of being clinker-built, as are all other canoes, and is immensely strong. Her model is almost identical with that of the birch. Each end is precisely alike; she is without a deck or water-tight compartments, and her sides are kept in position by three heavy thwarts. She is nearly flat-bottomed amidships, and her sides rise suddenly. She is stiffer than a "Nautilus" up to a certain point—to quote Mr. Brooke—but when a "Herald" canoe does decide to capsize, the rapidity with which the operation is performed is simply dazzling. She is steered with a paddle, carries two masts, and requires no ballast.

Conspicuous among the merits of the "Herald" is an astonishing speed under sail. Lying on the surface of the water, she skims over instead of through it; and when a "Herald" and a "Nautilus" cruise in company, the captain of the latter daily blackens his soul with ingeniously concocted but utterly baseless explanations of his conduct in constantly remaining a mile or two behind the fleet "Herald." The slight draught of the "Herald" is also an advantage in shallow water, and as she has no keel she can be quickly turned with the paddle. Then the "Herald" has a much greater carrying capacity than any of her competitors, and never wets her cargo by leakage. It can not be denied that these are admirable qualities in a canoe, and that in a measure they justify the praises of those who, being possessed of "Heralds," strive to convince themselves and others that they are happy. The faults of this type of canoe are, however, as prominent as her merits, and seriously impair her efficiency as a cruiser.

Having no deck, the "Herald" is extremely uncomfortable in rainy weather. A smart shower wets her cargo thoroughly, and in case of a capsize she spills every thing overboard. The same want of deck, combined with a somewhat too full bow, renders her a bad sea-boat in a head-sea, the spray constantly dashing over her. If she fills, from whatever cause, she quietly sinks, leaving her captain to save himself by swimming. The position of her thwarts forbids all idea of sleeping in her with any comfort, and a "Herald" captain always follows the primitive Indian plan of lying on the ground and putting his boat over him like an umbrella. After a rainy night, when he crawls forth wet and stiff, and receives the sympathy of his cruising comrade who has slept comfortably in his "Nautilus," the wretched "Herald" captain doubtless feels that what his canoe really needs is to be split into firewood; but with the stoical mendacity bred of canoeing, he will stoutly deny that he is wet, and affect to pity the man who sleeps in the close confinement of a decked canoe. In spite of the ease with which the "Herald" skims over the water, she does not paddle well, for the reason that each stroke of the paddle deflects her head from her proper course. This "wobbling" tendency is due to her lack of keel, and it is counteracted by a slight turn of the paddle, which, however, is an addition to the fatigue of paddling and a hinderance to the speed of the boat.

There is no canoe which is so useful—when owned by another man—as the "Herald." The astute man who owns a "Rob Roy," a "Nautilus," or a "Shadow" always endeavors to cruise in company with a "Herald," since the greater stowage capacity of the latter renders it easy to induce her captain to carry all the stores except the coffee and tobacco, both of which suffer damage when water-soaked. With a little flattery the devoted "Herald" man can be made to take charge of one article after another, until his companion entirely relieves his own canoe of all undesirable weight. It is not wise to openly ask the "Herald" captain to carry more than his share of cargo; but if the designing "Nautilus" captain remarks, in connection, let us say, with the frying-pan, "I shall have to leave this frying-pan; the truth is, the 'Nautilus' has no room whatever for cargo," his companion, eager to show the superiority of his own canoe, will always offer to carry the frying-pan, and will assert that he has room for at least a dozen more of the same size. The canoeist should never buy a "Herald" himself, but should urge his friends to buy "Heralds" with every argument which he can command. Thus will he cruise in a canoe unburdened save with coffee and tobacco, and will enjoy the pleasure of making his comrade happy by complimenting him upon the superior stowage capacity of his canoe.

Finally, the "Herald" is not a beautiful canoe. Her model is not graceful, her abominable thwarts are an offense in the eyes of a sincere and earnest canoeist, and the enormous quantity of rivets which covers her sides gives her somewhat the look of a woman with an excessively bad complexion. There are, of course, "Herald" owners who believe their canoes are beautiful, just as there are husbands who believe their wives are improved houris, while all the world knows that they are painfully ugly. The accompanying sketch of a "Herald" is drawn by her owner, and unquestionably represents her in the most favorable light. Nevertheless, he is doubtless honest in believing that she is beautiful. It should be remarked that there is one subject which no delicate person will mention in the hearing of a "Herald" owner. It is the subject of rivets. The excessive quantity of rivets which disfigures

the canoe is always ignored by her owner, and if they are mentioned by a coarse and ill-bred person, the result is usually inconsistent with the harmony of feeling and integrity of nose which should characterize a canoe cruise. Neither is it wise to allude to the fact that the bottoms of lakes and rivers on which "Herald" canoes are addicted to cruising are gradually becoming covered with a deposit of articles lost overboard from capsized canoes of that particular model. There are some rich placers in Lake Champlain which await the future diver, and which owe their richness to the "dumping" of cargoes of well-loaded "Heralds."

The comparative merits of these three types of canoes can be most readily shown by a series of figures, than which nothing is more satisfactory and soothing to the scientific mind. Assuming that ten means the highest attainable degree of perfection, we may compare the "Rob Roy," the "Nautilus," and the "Herald" as follows:

	Rob Roy.	Nautilus.	Herald.
Speed under sail	4	7	10
Speed under paddle	10	8	8
Stiffness	6	8	9
Lightness of draught	8	6	10
Security against rain	10	10	0
Security against sinking	10	10	0
Seaworthiness	8	9	6
Strength	9	9	10
Sleeping accommodations	4	9	0
Beauty	8	9	7
	77	85	60

It is thus seen that for general cruising purposes the "Nautilus" is better than the "Rob Roy" and vastly superior to the "Herald." It is, nevertheless, by no means perfect. The nearest approach to perfection which has yet been made is to be found in the "Shadow"—a variation of the "Nautilus" model, designed by a member of the New York Canoe Club, and built by James Everson, of Williamsburg (Brooklyn), which will appear on American waters for the first time during the coming season.

The "Shadow" is of the same length as the "Nautilus," and of the same breadth on deck amidships. The upper planks, however, "tumble home" to a very marked degree, and the canoe is nearly four inches broader at the bottom of the top plank than is the "Nautilus" at her broadest part. At the same time her bottom is much flatter, and her floor is carried forward and aft at least a foot in each direction further than is the floor of the "Nautilus" or the "Rob Roy." This model gives stiffness, buoyancy, light draught, and abundant room for sleeping. The "Shadow" is so stiff that she needs no ballast, and so buoyant that she rises to her seas much quicker than any of her competitors. She draws little, if any, more water than the "Herald," and is so broad below the water-line that the average professional fat woman could sleep in her.



FIG. 12. "SHADOW" MIDSHIP SECTION.

Next, the excessive sheer of the "Nautilus" is reduced one-half. With six inches sheer the "Shadow" will keep herself perfectly dry, and can be paddled against a head-wind with comparative ease.

Then her water-tight compartments, which are twice as large as would be necessary were their only purpose that of preventing the canoe from sinking, are provided with water-tight hatches, so that they can be used for the stowage of such articles as must be kept dry in all contingencies. This gives her almost as much stowage capacity as the "Herald," and also obviates the necessity of carrying perishable stores in an India rubber bag. Hitherto the India rubber bag has been a necessary part of every canoeist's outfit, and the bane of his existence. From six to twelve times each day it becomes necessary to unlace and relace the mouth of that bag; and there is no doubt that if Satan could have enticed Job into

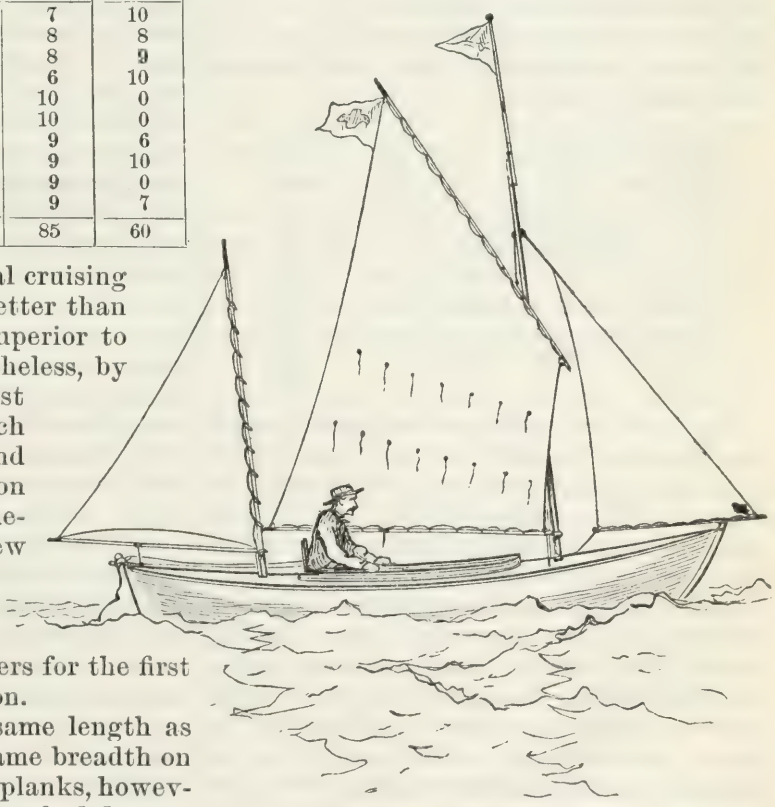


FIG. 10.—"SHADOW" CANOE.

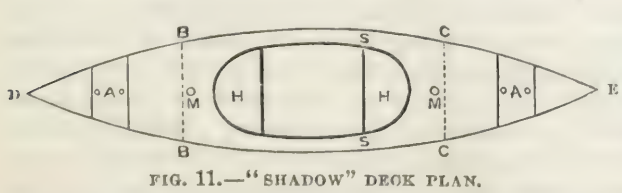


FIG. 11.—"SHADOW" DECK PLAN.

B B, C C. Water-tight bulk-heads.—A, A. Water-tight hatches.—S S. Sliding bulk-head.—H, H. Hatches.—M, M. Mast holes.—D. Bow.—E. Stern.

cruising with an India rubber bag, his victory over the patient patriarch would have been assured.

Like the "Rob Roy," the "Shadow" has an elliptical cockpit of the same length and breadth as that of the "Nautilus." It is, however, provided with extra hatches, which, when placed in position and locked, enable her owner to pack her with every thing necessary for a cruise, and to send her by rail or steamboat to any destination as safely as if she were an ordinary travelling trunk. When cruising, one of these extra hatches is stowed below, while the other takes the place of an apron in protecting the captain from the drip of the paddle and from occasional spray.

In point of speed, the "Shadow" is certainly more than a match for the "Herald" in a stiff breeze, and is probably little if any inferior to her in light winds. In weight, there is nothing to choose between any of the four types of canoes, as any one of them, if not over fourteen feet long, will weigh not more than sixty pounds.

If we now represent the merits of the "Shadow" arithmetically, we shall obtain the following result:

Speed under sail	9
Speed under paddle	10
Stiffness	10
Lightness of draught	9
Security against rain	10
Security against sinking	10
Seaworthiness	10
Strength	10
Sleeping accommodations	10
Beauty	10
Safety in transportation	10
	108

The last item refers to the property, peculiar to the "Shadow," of being converted into a temporary trunk or packing case by means of the extra hatches. As to the beauty of the "Shadow," there is really no room for any difference of opinion.

It is difficult to see in what way the "Shadow" can be improved. As a cruising canoe she is nearly perfect. If some material lighter than wood, and equal to it in all other respects, should be discovered, a lighter, and therefore a better, canoe might be built, but with the materials now at our command the "Shadow" can not be surpassed.

With the "Shadow" the furthest limits of the canoeable—to speak after the manner of the philosophers—can be explored. Her captain can cruise in the Sound and along the coast wherever a "Nautilus" could venture, and has the comfort of knowing that should it become necessary for him to strike his masts, and keep his canoe with her head to the wind by means of the paddle, he will not be completely exhausted at the end of the first hour. He can challenge a "Rob Roy" to explore with him the wilds of the Maine wilderness, knowing that at night he can sleep in spite of rain and mosquitoes, while his comrade passes the midnight hours in alternately choking under his deck or delivering himself a prey to mosquitoes while he emerges for a temporary supply of air. He can run the rapids of the St. Lawrence as easily as the captain of a "Herald;" and if both canoeists capsize, the "Shadow" will float herself and her cargo, and support in addition the weight of the captain of the lost "Herald" while he clings to her stern. The "Shadow" is the consummate flower of canoe-building, and must ultimately supersede all her rivals.

A PROPOSAL FOR A HEATER.

I FIND that, in spite of his fatal experience, Mansfield still clings to his faith in a heater, though I am sure he was never happier than in the old days when we used to gather around the old-fashioned grate. Mary was young enough then to throw herself down upon the rug, and I don't want you to think that because her curly head cradled itself innocently against my knee once in a while that I was old enough to be her grandfather: my love for her increased with the years that went by, but I can't remember when it wasn't almost strong enough for me to die for her. But her father inherited a little money, and Mary's mother persuaded him to furbish up their snug little two-story house in Twelfth Street; and what with velvet carpets upon the floors, lace finery at the windows, fine pictures upon the walls, and new furniture throughout, the dear old grate was at last put aside, and a brand-new patent heater was introduced into the front basement, which was warranted to heat all the parlor floor. When all was done, we found the rooms too expensive for every-day wear, and a sort of hankering after the bit of fire that shone through the little windows of the big black monster in the front basement, together with the familiar look of every thing there, led us to make the room our home; but there was no rug for a lounging-place for Mary, who had suddenly, somehow, grown out of lounging, and, indeed, before I could fully realize the extent of such a calamity, she was engaged to be married to a young fellow in our notion department by the name of MacMurray. We were all employed in the old jobbing-house down town, and MacMurray fell in love with her that day she came to the store. In fact, she was the cynosure for many a clerkly eye, and as I saw some score of them boldly taking an inventory of her charms, I went over to Mansfield, with the blood getting hot in my veins. He was only second man in the white goods, and as the head of the department was away, he was trolling one of his customers upon the hook

of a fall in domestics. It was a big Western trader, and Mansfield had forgotten he owned such a winsome bit of property as Mary. He waved me away impatiently.

"I wouldn't leave *him*," said Mansfield, with a significant gesture to the Western merchant, "for a quarter of a second. I'll tell you what, Bruce," he added, "if you're not busy, I wish you'd take Mary down to the notion department, and introduce her to MacMurray. I promised her a look at some gimcracks there. Tell him to let Mary have what she wants, and charge it to me."

Now MacMurray was the last man in the store I cared for Mary to know. I had no open objection to make, save that he was a handsome, fascinating fellow, who bore the reputation of being successful in winning the regard of women. I reluctantly led Mary down the metal-clad stairs, followed by the hungry gaze of my fellow-laborers, some of whom made pretenses to follow us, but were deterred by my unusual severity of mien and manner; and I was sorry to see that, Mary's modesty taking fire at all this open admiration, her very vexation was making her all the handsomer with every step that she took toward MacMurray. Her long lashes swept her cheeks, upon which an unwonted flush burned; and when she raised these lashes to look upon MacMurray, I was not surprised that his cold pale face warmed up with a sudden interest. The next thirty or forty precious minutes of Havershaw and Co. MacMurray used to most excellent advantage, even leading the ingenuous child to chat about her first luncheon in a restaurant that morning, and to tell him, in her sweet womanly way, of how glad she would have been to have smuggled a cranberry tart home to Jamie. "Home-made crust, you know," she said to MacMurray, "is so different; it's quite impossible to make it so nice and flaky." All this while there was a minor key of ecstasy over the beads and ribbons and various gewgaws, which MacMurray took infinitely more pains to exhibit than if this sale was to determine his salary for the ensuing year. His slender white hands flitted from one bauble to another, and he managed to make that half hour one of the happiest of Mary's life. I was like a bull in a china shop, and served as an excellent contrast to this fine lady-killer, for I could feel my blood beginning to boil in my veins, and my manner was no doubt as flustered as my face. I put Mary at last in an up-town stage; and as I went through the store again, MacMurray made some frivolous excuse to call me, but soon plunged into the subject nearest his heart.

"She's simply enchanting," he said—"a lithe, vigorous, graceful bit of humanity! Then what magnificent eyes! What a sweet, tremulous mouth! How natural and naïve she is! Her voice is so low and sweet, with that little musical ripple of a laugh! How prettily she told of the tart that she envied for Jamie—dear, generous girl! I had no idea that Mansfield had such a daughter."

Groaning in spirit, I turned upon my heel. No sooner had I reached my own department than I was pestered with a hundred remarks about Mansfield's beautiful daughter. For years she had lain in my heart like a pearl in its hiding-place, and suddenly she was dragged about by the many stupid mouths of Havershaw and Co. I resolved to speak to Mansfield about it that very night. But he was not at home at his usual hour, and when he did come he brought MacMurray with him. They had been detained, he said, at the store, and he had accepted MacMurray's invitation to dine, as he knew the meal would be over at home. MacMurray had a pretty little basket in his hand, which held a huge cranberry tart for Jamie, and a big box of bonbons that Mary nibbled upon for the rest of the evening. What a fool a man is not to think of these things! Sugar-plums of that sort; bunches of violets that he got for ten cents upon the corner; an insidious rigmarole of poetry, with a neat binding, that he picked up at a book-stand, and read with Mary close by his side the whole of the evening—they cost nothing, these little bribes to an already propitious fortune, and they go so far to further destiny. From that night forward MacMurray was one of us; and you may imagine how bitterly hard it was for me, who had for years listened to Mansfield's interminable stories, smoked his rank tobacco, breathed the hot air in his basement, lent a lenient ear to the melancholy whining of his invalid wife, tipped his boys with countless bits of silver, and even put my name to a couple of moderate liabilities in behalf of the household, all for the sake of that dear face, to have MacMurray come in and gloat upon it night after night, to see the faint color deepen in the cheek, and a tender light take birth in her eyes, and at last to have this marauder openly proclaim to me his undivided interest in that fair estate upon which I had been afraid to trespass even in thought.

But the future was comfortably vague. Mary was the corner-stone of the home masonry, and without her it would crumble to pieces. Her mother was a helpless invalid, three of the boys were of an unruly age, and little Jamie was like a baby of Mary's own.

MacMurray complained unceasingly to me, who would have been glad to shoulder the whole household for the sake of its sweet womanly prop.

"She actually talks," said MacMurray, who had, singularly enough, chosen me for a confidant, "as if this abominable state of affairs was to go on forever. I wish it would please God to either rid her mother

of her infirmities or take her where such troubles are over; as for the boys, they are a set of savages."

"Except Jamie?" I said, a little anxiously, for I knew Mary's heart was set upon the child.

"I except nobody but Mary herself," he returned. "I'm sick to death of them all. I don't suppose you'll believe it, Bruce, but I swear to you that this woman, who is my promised wife, I have never yet held in my arms, nor have her sweet lips been given to my own. She's shy and a little cold, and we never can be one minute alone."

"Mansfield is an Englishman, you know," I said, "and is prejudiced against our American customs." And as I spoke I felt a glad, warm, consoling pulsation through my whole body, and the thought that my little pearl as yet belonged to nobody, even in a caress, lent a sort of exultation to my voice.

But MacMurray went on to solicit my help in his extremity, and begged of me to further any opportunity that might present itself for this dual solitude which he naturally coveted.

Only one little week after, we sat, as usual, around the blazing heater. It was a freezing night in March; the wind roared down the big broad stove-pipe; the flames went wantoning up to meet it; the sides of the heater sputtered and cracked, and took a sullen red tinge in unison with this fiery riot; and in the mean while Mansfield went on with one of his stories, raking idly with a long plaything of a poker this demon of a heater, till the air fairly palpitated, and the temperature was only fit for a salamander.

"Can't we go up in the parlors?" said Mac. "If it's ever warm there, it must be to-night; and I heard you say, Bruce, that you wanted to look over the engravings."

The sly rascal knew this was a hobby of Mansfield's, and while we were busy with the engravings, he could coax Mary off into the front parlor. Even while my heart contracted with the thought, his proposition was hailed with enthusiasm, and we proceeded to carry it out, Mansfield at the head of the procession, with a lamp in his hand, for the hall above had not been lighted, the boys scrambling after their father, Mary and Mac following, and I bringing up the rear. The poor invalid lady was the only one left in the basement. No sooner had we reached the parlor door, and Mansfield had opened it, than a cold blast whipped out the light that he held, and suddenly we were in total darkness. I began to grope my way, as folks will in this emergency, and immediately my extended hands came in contact with other hands, so soft and warm, and full of an electric magnetism that it thrilled through my every vein; and all at once my two hands had drawn those other two hands, and the body that belonged to them, close to my side. A fine, silken fluff of hair touched my chin. I was past helping then; my head bent instinctively down, and as my lips touched hers, I inwardly vowed to take without a murmur whatever poor penalty could be meted out for this matchless felicity. The intoxicating half-second had scarcely fled when I found some powerful retribution close at hand. A muffled shriek from below was followed by more light than we wanted. A volume of smoke came rushing up the stairway.

"Good God! my poor wife!" cried Mansfield, tumbling down this stifling crater to her relief. I caught up Jamie with one arm, and encircled Mary with the other. The boys scurried out through the front-door with MacMurray, and we were soon in safety with some friends upon the block below, whither Mansfield shortly brought the insensible form of his poor lady.

She was not badly burned, but the shock was fatal, and she breathed her last before morning. Mansfield, who had never left her side, gave way over the poor rigid body, and it was found that he had sustained severe injuries in rescuing her. The doctor looked grave after the examination.

"Great Heaven!" cried Mansfield, "there's nothing serious, I hope? Mary and the children have nobody but me now, and there isn't a half-penny," he added, in a husky whisper, "between them and starvation. I spent my last dollar on that infernal heater that has burned us out of house and home, and I've hesitated to insure because every thing is so shaky in that way."

He looked around upon us appealingly. Mac's face wore a sardonic solemnity, mingled with a contemptuous reproach, and he remained silent; but I stammered out something to the effect that every body had lost confidence in insurance of late, and, lingering behind when Mac and I were about leaving for the night, I bent over Mansfield, and told him to give all his energies to getting well, that while I had a dollar it should be shared with him and Mary and the children.

"God bless you, Bruce!" said the suffering man—"God in heaven bless you!" Two big tears rolled down his fevered cheeks, and I caught just one sweet, fervid glance from Mary's tear-dimmed and hollow eyes.

"Here's a nice look-out," began Mac, as we walked along; "a hopeful future for me, isn't it?"

"Why, you've got your wish about her poor mother," I said, rather savagely, "and Mansfield is likely to soon follow his wife. You must be patient, you know."

"I suppose," he said, inquiringly, "the relatives, in that case, would come forward and take the boys?"

"What relatives?" I replied. "I never heard of any."

"Why, good heavens! Bruce," said the wretched lover, "a man can't be expected to marry all those boys with Mary?"

"It seems hard," I rejoined. "You might put them in an orphan asylum."

MacMurray began actually to muse over this idea, and declared he would be willing to give something toward their support by a charitable institution of this sort.

Whether he made known this liberality of intention to Mary, or that she was prompted by some other feeling, there came a note to MacMurray shortly after, releasing him from his engagement, and a declaration on Mary's part that her future was indissolubly linked with her father and the boys, and that she could not reasonably expect nor had she any inclination to marry under these circumstances.

It was a noble letter, and stirred MacMurray's passion to the dregs. I trembled when I saw him run his hands through his hair distractedly, and heard him declare that he'd do any thing rather than give her up.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Bruce," he said; "I'll offer to take Jamie—confound the brat! I always hated him; he has a way of getting under every body's feet that I'll cure when I have the charge of him; but I'll take the little cub for the sake of getting Mary. A man will do most any thing for a woman that he loves, Bruce. But that's the extent of my offer—that's all I'm willing to do."

I told him it was nobly generous on his part, but it seemed that Mary disagreed with me. She not only refused his offer, but declined to have any further negotiation in the matter.

"And now," said Mansfield, when I went up to see him that night, "her whole future is blasted because of this Quixotic idea of devotion to me and the children." Mansfield was bolstered up in bed, Jamie was asleep in a crib near by that I had sent up for the little fellow's convenience two or three days before, and Mary was busily sewing. They had only saved the garments they wore, and her dear face already had that care-worn look that lacerates the heart loyal enough to share every pang. "It cuts me to the soul," continued Mansfield, "to see Mary deliberately put away, for the sake of me and the children, the happiness, perhaps, of a lifetime."

"The misery, you mean, papa," said Mary. "I'm only too thankful to have escaped marrying such a selfish, mean, miserable wretch."

Her eyes shone so, and her whole face was so glorified with intensity of feeling, that I could scarce keep from crying out at her beauty.

"Tut, tut, Mary," said Mansfield, "you can't reasonably blame a man for not wanting to saddle himself with a hulk like me, and a horde of half-grown boys. You can't blame MacMurray. I'm a miserable wreck, and the boys are none of them out of the way. You couldn't expect, Bruce, a rational man, however he might love a woman, to marry her under these circumstances."

"Not a rational man, perhaps," I said, and my blood was all in a glow, the words slipped to my tongue without any volition of my own—"not a rational man, perhaps; but suppose a madman should offer to do such a thing—and he must be a madman to hope for the felicity—suppose I was fool enough to think that Mary would marry me under *any* circumstances; suppose that I had worshipped her for years, and that she was dearer than ever to me now in her devotion to you and the boys; and suppose that whether she marries me or not, she is but the one woman in the whole world for me."

"God bless my soul!" cried Mansfield, leaning forward and clasping his hands together; "can this be possible? Mary, Mary, don't speak just now, child. Take time to consider this noble proposal of our friend, to whom I am under unlimited obligations—a man in a thousand, Mary; the tip of his finger-nail worth the whole miserable body of such a reptile as MacMurray. Take time, Mary—take a week."

"Take a year," I implored; and as I went over to her, and got down on my knees beside her low chair, I trembled like a man upon the scaffold. The needle shook in her fingers; the muslin fluttered out of her hands upon the floor. "Mary, Mary," I begged, like the coward that I was, "don't take from me the sweet uncertainty; let me wait an eternity. In the mean time, I'll take Jamie," I added, for he was awake and whimpering. Poor Mansfield fell back upon his pillow, and lifting the child to my heart, I sat down by the bedside. Suddenly two soft arms stole around my neck outside of Jamie's. Mary's warm cheek was pressed to mine.

"Take us all," she whispered—"every one of us, please." And I did, God helping me.

Mansfield began miraculously to mend from that moment, and took the head of his department in less than a year. One of the boys is in the counting-room already, and another one will be among the goods as soon as he can leave school. Mary and I will never have a child dearer to us than little Jamie. Every thing prospers with us, and the only thing that troubles us just now is how to properly heat the house we are building up in Westchester County. What I wanted to say was, that if any body knows of a heater that will do the business thoroughly without exploding, I'd like to communicate with him.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN AMERICAN ART.

WERE you to talk with almost any member of the American Art Association, now holding its first annual exhibition in the Kurtz Gallery in New York city (I have talked with several of them), he would tell you that the principal reason why the Association was formed is that the National Academy of Design seemed unwilling to aid the progress of art in this country. He would say that the Academy is concerned too much with the comfort and the prejudices of Academicians; that it does not serve art energetically or disinterestedly; that it appears to be jealous of young artists who are or have been studying in Europe; that it does not represent the truest and freshest impulses in art; that, in a word, it is a mutual admiration and sustentation society, sluggish, easily satisfied, and wholly out of sympathy and patience with the rising children of light. Were you to ask him what the American Art Association proposes to accomplish, what aims it desires to realize, he might show you a copy of the simple resolutions passed at the time of organization, October 29, 1877:

"*Resolved*, That an Association be formed by those present, with the object of advancing the interests of art in America, the same to be entitled 'The American Art Association.'

"*Resolved*, That the Association hold annual and special exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, and other works of art, and that the first exhibition be held in the city of New York during the coming winter."

This is all that the society has yet written out with reference to its purposes. But it must be confessed that the phrase "advancing the interests of art in America" tells a comprehensive story.

The members of the Association are now fifteen in number, the following being their names, in the order of their election: Walter Shirlaw, president; Augustus St. Gaudens, vice-president; Wyatt Eaton, secretary; Helena De Kay Gilder; Olin S. Warner; R. Swain Gifford; Frederick Dielman; Louis C. Tiffany, treasurer; Francis Lathrop; Homer Martin; Samuel Colman; Julian A. Weir; John La Farge; Thomas Moran; and William Sartain. Three of them are members of the National Academy also, and two of them Associates of the same institution, where they still retain their places. One-third of the space in the Kurtz Gallery has been allotted to American artists now studying in Paris, one-half to American artists at home—no preference in the hanging of pictures being given to the artists in the Association—and the remaining space to American artists in Munich, Rome, Florence, and other European cities, and also to promising young foreign artists. The members of the Association have, I believe without exception, been trained in the most celebrated art schools of the Old World.

It is by no means surprising that dissatisfaction should have been manifested toward the National Academy of Design. The complaints and accusations that I have mentioned are the same as those made against similar institutions in other lands. Take, for instance, the London Royal Academy. Every reader of the English journals and reviews knows how persistent, extended, and deep is English discontent with that corporate body. Well, there is perhaps not an uncomplimentary remark concerning the Royal Academy in those publications that has not been uttered substantially in some New York studios concerning the National Academy of Design. Look at this paragraph from the London *Athenæum*: "The recent elections can hardly be said to strengthen the position of the Academy, or to promise well for its future. Four new votes placed in the descending scale, added to those which already tended that way, give cause for apprehensions, and provoke serious misgivings in the minds of the Academy's friends. More and more of those who hoped the body would justify their faith by wiser courses turn their faces away, and, as each blunder occurs, find it harder and harder to believe that the society is or cares to be considered a representative one. The gap between culture and cleverness is widening every year, and no greater error could be committed by the R.A.'s than to keep wholly on the side of the latter." The *Academy* is bolder: "The failures of the Royal Academy have not been restricted in their effect to the limited sphere of its own labors. Its enfeebled enterprise has served by way of example to discourage individual effort elsewhere, and therefore any movement which shows a conviction on the part of art students that more can be done deserves the readiest welcome." The *Saturday Review* asserts that at the exhibition last year "a large proportion of the pictures were merely an improved reproduction of the men and women of the fashion-books," and that "the want of soul, of mind, of any thing in the shape of an idea, was depressingly apparent." Academicians and Associates, it is true, are getting good prices for their pictures, but "it can not be asserted that art is prospering when such a very low standard of invention and beauty is exhibited on the walls." The *Examiner*, advocating the "much-needed and much-talked-of Academical reform," affirms that the present system of managing exhibitions in the Royal Academy is a "mockery;" that every body is beginning to see that "some change should be made;" that some of the first artists in England will not exhibit under the auspices of that institution; and that "all lovers of art know that the greater part of our

art lies outside of the threshold of" the Royal Academy building. The public encouragement of art, it maintains, can not long be suffered to remain in "the failing hands" of that organization. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says that the Academy is simply "George the Third's or the court's semi-private body of artists;" that "the arts of every country have degenerated under the stereotype pressure of academies;" and that the Royal Academy, "an irresponsible society," with inadequate accommodation, "has, by its tyranny and low standard of selection, almost shut the door against the highest class of design." It will be observed that, with a single exception, the quotations just made are not from letters written to the journals in which they appeared, but from editorial articles. English dissatisfaction with the Royal Academy is wide-spread and intense. The Grosvenor Gallery exhibition and other exhibitions are outgrowths of that dissatisfaction.

The Paris Salon, to be sure, is much more liberally managed. All former exhibitors have votes in the selection of a council and a hanging committee. Nevertheless, some clever artists, notably the so-called "Impressionist School," open annually an independent exhibition. It is not at all strange, then, that there should be in New York city a company of artists who want more elbow-room than the National Academy gives them, who are not inclined to be at the mercy of the Academy until the time shall come—if it is to come—for them to be elected Academicians, and who, even if elected to-morrow, would be outvoted and practically powerless to help themselves or their friends. More than this, the members of the American Art Association and a good many other artists received last summer from the National Academy the snub direct. That institution, in view of what to it seemed to have been a partiality on the part of its last hanging committee for a few of our younger painters who had been or were studying in Europe, passed a law to the effect that hereafter in every annual exhibition eight feet of line should be reserved for the works of each Academician—eight feet at least, and as many more as a hanging committee should see fit to allow. The law, indeed, was very wisely repealed soon afterward, but its animus could not be forgotten by those to whom it was odious. To them it was the incarnation of the spirit of persecution. The reign of justice, they thought, was over. The Academy intended to take care of itself in the annual exhibition, letting outsiders eat of the crumbs that fell from the Academicians' table. The pride of the outsiders was touched. Their strength they knew, because the public had admired their pictures, and the press had praised them. Why not have a show of our own? they asked. Six or eight of them met together and organized the American Art Association. In conjunction with the American artists in Paris, they appointed a committee of judges in that city, who should accept or reject every painting or piece of sculpture there offered to the exhibition in this city. Artists, therefore, who lived abroad ran no risks in sending their works to New York, these works being accepted by the Association before they left Paris. Such artists, too, were further encouraged to contribute examples of their skill, because the exhibition was conducted by men of like artistic tastes and purposes with themselves. Their pictures would be received with sympathy, and placed where they could make themselves felt. At the same time the Association announced that it considered itself, and that it wished the public to consider it, in no sense a rival to the Academy. It recognized the fact that both institutions, each in its own way, worshipped the same supreme goddess. It had seceded, not in the spirit of bitterness or of commercial competition, but in the spirit of freedom and of independence.

In order to give breadth to the exhibition, it resolved to invite contributions from some of the Academicians, as well as from other artists at home and abroad. And with a view still further to increase the range of the display, it decided to exhibit studies and sketches as well as finished pictures. Studies, being made directly from their subjects, and (in the case of landscapes) in the open air, have their own peculiar charm of freshness and brightness. They differ from completed works as conversation differs from written discourse. Simple, vigorous, original, sparkling, they are often singularly interesting and forcible, revealing, too, in many instances, the genius of an artist whose insufficient technical skill does not permit him, in an elaborately conceived and wrought composition, to show himself to advantage. The same is true in a great measure of sketches also; so that a public exhibition which consists of good pictures, studies, and sketches is a field of varied beauty and of abounding pleasure. Besides, the schools of Munich and of Paris have long found favor in New York; and the productions of young men who, like many of the exhibitors, have been trained in those schools, possess at least this interest, namely, that they can be intelligently and curiously and, if we please, uncomplimentarily contrasted with the familiar works of the masters under whose instruction they came to light.

The members of the Association insist, however, that, in spite of their foreign training, they are truly American in spirit and in work. They went from home simply to educate themselves, to develop their

minds under more stimulating conditions than otherwise would have been possible. Their object was not to ingraft foreign art upon American art. They wished only to nurture their faculties, to cultivate their tastes, to widen their vision, to increase their knowledge of technique. Paris, for instance, offers peculiar advantages. Its schools of art employ competent teachers, and use approved methods. Its greatest painters in their private ateliers gather pupils and help them systematically, diligently, generously. Its atmosphere has the aroma and the oxygen of art. So it comes about that not every body there would find himself comfortable in calling himself an artist, in hiring a studio, and in displaying a shingle. A certain thoroughness of education is there a prerequisite to any sort of social recognition as an artist. Tom, Dick, and Harry are not known as artists. Moreover, a French painting is something better than a reproduction of what a man has seen with his natural eyes. Contrast, for instance, a landscape by Corot, the Frenchman, with a landscape by Brett, the Englishman. The latter is, for the most part, what you and I might see were we where the artist was when he made his study. It is a careful, labored, even loving representation of a natural scene. It shows us the running water, the overhanging boughs, the reflections, the sunlight, the clouds. It is, in the main, a truthful transcription, which has, or at least might have, its counterpart in nature, and which, when hung in one's room, saves one the trouble of going out-doors to contemplate such things. Every detail has been most conscientiously attended to, most persistently elaborated. The scene has been the subject to be treated; the artist has faithfully reproduced the scene. On the other hand, with Corot the scene is only a means to an end, that end being the expression of some feeling or emotion. He gives the reins to his fancy; he produces a poem. The outward facts—a distant farm-house, a bare heath, a country road, a pool by its side, some ordinary trees—are lifted into his soul and transfigured, and then set down on the canvas, clad in "the light that never was on sea or land." The artist has not given us an imitation of external nature; many of her details he has slighted and neglected; some of them, perhaps, he has partly falsified. But he has interpreted nature; he has communed with her spirit; he has shown us how she feels, and told us what she says. He is a magician. He is a poet.

What, thus far, has been the radical defect of American art? for certainly we do possess a national art as truly as does France or England. Although the nature of our art is varied, yet, as Professor Weir, of Yale College, recently said, it is quite possible to discriminate between that which is distinctively American, which bears the unmistakable stamp of originality, and that which is either the work of artists of foreign birth residing in this country, or of Americans residing abroad, and adopting the manners of foreign schools. Mr. Story has taken the trouble to come all the way from Rome to tell us that our principal fault is "literalness;" but if by that word he means that the most of our pictures are merely literal transcriptions from nature, he is misinformed. To make any thing approaching to a literal transcription from nature requires an amount of technical skill which few of our artists possess. The severest and most protracted training is necessary to the production of such work, and the trouble with too many of our painters is that they are deficient in academic learning. They can not draw accurately; they can not color skillfully. They are amateurs, tyros, schoolboys, so far as education in the resources of the pencil and the brush is concerned. If, on the other hand, by literalness Mr. Story means unimaginativeness, his criticism will apply with equal force to many artists in every European centre. Only geniuses are truly imaginative, and not all even of them. The great defect of American art—to speak in the spirit of self-examination and soberness—is ignorance. American artists, with a few conspicuous exceptions, have not mastered the science of their profession. They did not learn early enough how to draw; they have not practiced drawing persistently enough or long enough. They are not deeply read in the philosophy of color. They have not clear ideas of what art is and of what art demands. They are not scholars at all. The spirit is willing, indeed, but the flesh is weak.

If we ask ourselves why all this is thus, we shall find the answer in the absence of schools for instruction, of models for study, and of a standard of culture. Dissatisfaction with the school in the National Academy of Design in New York has already expressed itself in the formation of the Art Students' League. The Academy, of course, is in a chronic state of impecuniosity, and last year was itself forced into a new departure, of charging its pupils tuition fees. This year, happily or otherwise, it has returned to the free system; but poverty ties its hands. Properly trained models are sought in vain by our figure painters, who listen to rhapsodical descriptions of the excellence and abundance of models in Paris, and shut their eyes in despair. Casts and copies of the finest art works ancient and modern are few and far between. The government can not do for us what the French government has done for France—what, for instance, the late ex-President Thiers did during his term of office—ordering for the

Louvre reproductions of the masterpieces of European sculpture and painting; and private citizens have not yet come forward generously, and, if we please, patriotically, to fill the void, but have preferred, in a very large number of instances, to encourage the artists of every other polite nation save their own, as our art-dealers can bear witness. And as for a standard of art culture, it simply does not exist. "In England," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "there needs a miracle of genius like Shakspeare's to produce balance of mind, and a miracle of intellectual delicacy like Dr. Newman's to produce urbanity of style." Why? Because in that country there is no institution corresponding to the French Academy, no "sovereign organ of the highest literary opinion," no "recognized authority in matters of intellectual tone and taste." What is wanted in American art is some recognized authority in matters of artistic tone and taste. It makes little difference whether such an authority be crystallized into a national institution or be diffused in the national atmosphere. Had we only the authority in some shape—or in no shape! Now the American Art Association desires, as I have said, to do something for American art, or, speaking more definitely, its members want to make themselves as skillful as the best European artists. They wish to equal, if not to rival, the productions of foreign schools. They seek opportunities of comparing their works with the latest and the finest Continental works. If they had their way, the odious tariff imposed upon the latter would be abolished, and pictures would circulate freely between the New World and the Old. They hope, in time, to increase in this city the opportunities for art culture, even though nothing more be done than to establish a gallery of photographs from the old masters.

But shall nothing be said in recognition of the services of our venerable National Academy? nothing in recognition of those well-known American artists whom I have called our "few conspicuous exceptions?" No one, I venture to assert, can read the stirring utterances of a master like Mr. George Inness, as these were recorded in a paper entitled "A Painter on Painting," in the February number of this Magazine, without respecting—I had almost said reverencing—his genius, his learning, his thoroughly artistic methods and aims. Mr. Inness, to be sure, warmly sympathizes, I am told, with the course of the American Art Association. Still, he is not a member of that body. But why mention him alone? There are J. Q. A. Ward, and Sandford Gifford, and Church, and M'Entee, and Page, and Whittredge, and Eastman Johnson, and Winslow Homer, and Guy, and W. T. Richards, and others, whose names do not appear on the roll of the Association, but much at least of whose work will live long after we have all of us "faded like a morning cloud into the azure of the past." These men are not found in the "new departure" of which we have been speaking, but they have all of them, perhaps more than once, taken new departures of their own; and whatever things are true and honest and lovely in the present new departure are, we may be assured, neither strange nor unwelcome to them.

The American Art Association will doubtless soon be an established institution and a close corporation, like its rival, with the same liability to miss its mark and to abuse its trust. It will undertake all the functions of an academy of art, establishing schools, and conferring honors, as well as holding annual exhibitions; and in the heyday of its strength the follies and the vices which it now sees in similar organizations may be repeated in its own experience. This new departure in American art is made in the interest of culture, and of freedom to serve art according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience, with none to molest or to make afraid. Culture and freedom—they are the watch-words of these knights of the Muse. But even culture may degenerate into pedantry, and freedom into contempt for law, and both into snobbishness. The foreign art, too, which may slip into American studios may be false art, its imitators imitating its extravagances, its idiosyncrasies, its faults, as mere imitators are wont to do. French landscape painting, for instance, often not only unduly neglects details for the sake of sentiment, but positively distorts them. Professedly in the service of the very Queen of Truth, it is nevertheless itself untrue. French figure-painting, on the other hand, often sacrifices sentiment to details. The poetic instinct either does not exist or is almost stifled. Brilliant technical execution, masterly reproduction of men's and women's soulless bodies and expressionless faces, are what we are invited to contemplate. In the presence of such work no emotion arises save, perhaps, that of wonder at the artist's skill. One might as well look at an elaborately carved Japanese toy. Sometimes one might better look at such a trifle; for instead of inane figures we are shown improperly put or too meagrely clad ones that appeal solely to sensual emotions. I am not touching the question whether a work of art, properly so called, can have an avowedly moral aim; whether it is the province of art to teach and to preach. For myself, I hold that the sole end of art is the expression of beauty; and so believing, I am forced to admit that even a thoroughly indecent and carnal portrayal may be in the highest sense artistic. At the same time such a portrayal is immoral, and because it is immoral, it may and should be condemned. A true artist may be a sensual man,

and a truly artistic painting may be a sensual work. Art is one thing and morality another thing, and our conceptions of them must be kept distinct. When we dislike a good artist because he is a bad man, we understand what we are about. We also understand what we are about when we dislike a good picture because its influence is bad.

It is interesting, though not very pleasant, to observe that in the last Academy exhibition in New York there were three pictures from American artists studying in Europe, which exemplified the failings of which I have been speaking. One of them was a landscape, in which details not only were neglected overmuch, but were untruthfully depicted; another was a brilliantly executed figure piece which won admiration for its prodigious skill of brush, but which was totally bereft of sentiment; while the third—it hung over the principal door in the south room—was, as a lady visitor expressed it, "not nice."

But, to go one step further, the greatest peril in the path of the new departure is the loss of originality. Imitation is the death of art; "the artist spirit is a spirit of rejoicing in the work of our hands," not in that of other men's hands. Creation is the very breath of art—not, indeed, creation out of nothing, but creation out of chaos, when the artist spirit broods upon it, and light, order, and beauty come forth. The imitator is a plagiarist, and the plagiarist is a sneak. Sneaks usually do not experience that "expansive joy of soul" which is the reward and the characteristic of the creator, as well as the presage of immortality. The members of the American Art Association are especially in danger of becoming mere copyists—much as they abhor the word; in some instances they have already been accused of being channels for the mannerisms of their European teachers. In the last Academy exhibition in New York, where some of their works were hung, the word "Munich," so often on the lips of intelligent visitors, was, and was intended to be, an unpleasant insinuation; and during the last six months the remark has frequently been made that some of the artists who have lately returned from Germany and France do not paint as well as when under the helpful tuition of their masters. "Let us see what they can do when they are alone before we praise them," is an exhortation that almost every body makes or hears. But wherein does originality consist?

The term is one often used but seldom defined—so seldom, indeed, that one of the foremost critics of the day, in an essay on Keats, does not think it useful to discuss whether that poet was original or not, "until it has been settled what originality is." "People talk of originality," says Goethe; "what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the surrounding world begins to operate upon us, and so on to the end; and, after all, what can we truly call our own but energy, power, and will? Could I point out all I owe to my great forerunners and contemporaries, truly there would remain but little over." Allston asserts bluntly that "all efforts at originality are either quaint or monstrous." Pascal, who usually knew what he was talking about, dryly remarks: "Certain authors, speaking of their works, say, 'My book, my commentary, my history, etc.' They betray their vulgarity who have just got a house over their heads, and have always 'My house' at their tongue's end. It would be better to say, 'Our book, our commentary, our history, etc.,' seeing that, ordinarily, there is more in it that belongs to others than to themselves." But let us not be blinded with the smoke of words. Let us say that there is such a thing as originality; that it is entirely compatible with the widest familiarity with the thoughts of others; and that it consists, in a word, in the power of combining, transfusing, digesting, assimilating the material that comes into our possession from any source whatsoever—"bringing together," as De Quincey in another connection expresses it, "from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life." May each member of the American Art Association be just such an angel!

OUR INDIAN BROTHERS.

FROM the very settlement of the country the Indian problem has been one that has received the attention of the thoughtful, and for its solution various methods have been suggested, all of which, upon trial, have proved more or less unsatisfactory. A brief reference to these methods will serve at once to assist in the better appreciation of the problem as it stands for us of to-day, and also incidentally to suggest the steps which we ourselves have made toward a higher culture.

To the Spanish settlers upon this continent and the islands the native races appeared to be fit only to be made slaves of, and the indignant protest made by Las Casas against the cruelty which bid fair to exterminate them was supplemented by the suggestion that the population of Africa afforded a better material for slavery. Gaspar Cortereal, who, under the authority of the King of Portugal, was the first to explore the coast, captured many of the natives and carried them back as slaves. His voyage was made in 1501. In 1513 a decree of the Spanish Privy Council, issued by Ferdinand, justified the slavery of the Indians

on the ground that only by this means could they be reclaimed from idolatry and educated to Christianity. During the sixteenth century, by several of the explorers who visited the continent of North America, natives were carried back to Europe. In the majority of cases they were captured by force and made slaves of, but in a few cases were induced to voluntarily make the voyage, and were treated with consideration.

In 1584 Raleigh's first expedition for exploration landed at the island of Roanoke, and on their return carried with them to England two of the natives, Manteo and Wanchese, who excited great attention. The first of these returned with the expedition of 1587, as interpreter, and, "by the commandment of Sir Walter Raleigh," was christened, and invested with the title of Lord of Roanoke and Dasamonguepenk. This ceremony, however, was only a ceremony, and had as little influence in promoting justice in their treatment of the Indians as did the subsequent "crownation" of Powhatan in 1608 by the first permanent settlement made in Virginia, a crown for the purpose forming a part of the stores sent over by the London Company.

The settlers at Plymouth, Massachusetts, within a few months of their landing, made a treaty of peace with Massasoit, the local sachem, which he kept until his death, being consistently their friend. With the settlement of Massachusetts and the other New England colonies, the Indian problem soon became one of the most important, since its settlement appeared to be necessary to their own existence. Though the reason assigned by James I. for granting the charters under which the first settlements were made was the advancement of the Divine glory "by bringing the Indians and savages resident in those parts to human civility and a settled and quiet government," yet in a very few years relentless war was the general condition of all the colonies with their Indian neighbors. But even at this early day there can be found in the records of the time an occasional evidence that the germs of a belief in a better policy existed.

In the "Body of Liberties," which were accepted in Massachusetts as the fundamental laws, "in resemblance of a Magna Charta," in 1641, occurs the provision, under the heading of "Liberties for Foreigners and Strangers," that "there shall never be any bond slavery, villanage, nor captivity among us, unless it be lawful captives taken in just wars, and such strangers as willingly sell themselves or are sold unto us, and these shall have all the liberties and Christian usages which the law of God established in Israel requires. This exempts none from servitude who shall be judged thereto by authority."

Before the adoption, however, of this legal sanction, the Indians made captive in war had been held and sold as slaves. In fact, this practice became common in all the colonies, and the legislation of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina, in 1712, will indicate the various methods adopted for treating this phase of the Indian problem at that time. In Massachusetts a law was passed totally prohibiting, under pain of forfeiture, the importation of Indian slaves. The following reason for this proceeding was given in the act itself: "that diverse conspiracies, outrages, barbarities, murders, burglaries, thiefts, and other notorious crimes and enormities" have been, "especially of late," committed by "Indians and other slaves" within "several of her Majesty's plantations in America." In Pennsylvania a duty of twenty pounds was laid upon each negro or Indian brought into the province, either by land or water. It was refunded if they were re-exported within twenty days. In South Carolina it was made lawful for slaves, negro or Indian, to be baptized or received into Christianity, but "he or they shall not therefore be manumitted or set free." It had been a question debated very earnestly in many of the colonies whether it was right to enslave any person who had been converted to Christianity.

During the colonial period each of the separate settlements followed its own method of dealing with the Indians within its own borders. From the beginning the extension of the settlements from the sea-coast was steadily driving the native population westward, and their lands were acquired by conquest or purchase. As the Indians, however, when in war, paid small attention to State boundaries, but, exasperated against the whole white race, attacked them indiscriminately wherever found, their common danger forced the colonies to associate together for their defense, and the experience thus gained of the advantages of union was of great service when the time came for the struggle for independence.

Under the Articles of Confederation an Indian Bureau was organized, August 7, 1786. It was made subordinate to the War Department, and had two superintendents, one for the district north of the Ohio, and the other for the district south of that river. Their duty was to keep the Indians quiet by treating them with justice, and preventing the encroachments by which their hostility was generally provoked. The States of Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia especially conceived it their right to deal directly with the Indians, though the Articles of Confederation had given exclusive control over Indian affairs to Congress. With the adoption of the Constitution the tide of emigration to the unimproved lands began to assume its enormous proportions. Only a small pro-

portion of these lands had been acquired by treaties with the Indians. The vast territory of the West, which at that time lay almost entirely east of the Mississippi, was still in the possession of the Indians, and very soon the advancing colonization pressed hard upon their possession of it. As early as 1789 the Cherokees sent a delegation to appeal to their "elder brother, General Washington, and the great council of the United States," to protect them in their rights under the treaty made with them. Congress promised them justice, but as North Carolina had not at the time accepted the Constitution, and claimed the territory they occupied as under her jurisdiction, nothing further could be done nationally. The same year, however, North Carolina accepted the Constitution, and ceded to the United States the territory in question, which forms the present State of Tennessee. Congress accepted it in 1790, and the same year passed an act "to regulate trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes." By its provisions no one was allowed to trade with the Indians except with a license from the President. Sales of land by the Indians were prohibited unless they were made at a public treaty, and offenses against the persons or property of the Indians were to be treated as though the same were performed against white men.

A succession of treaties made with the Indians, at which various cessions were made by them of portions of their lands, marked our relations with them during the subsequent period of our history. The lands were granted generally in consideration for payments of money in cash or in yearly payments for a certain number of years. Many of these agreements have lapsed through time, but, according to the report of the Commissioner for Indian Affairs for 1877, the liabilities, under treaty stipulations, of the United States to the Indian tribes amount to an aggregate of $6,302,668 44. A few of the specified items which compose this sum will indicate the relations which the government holds to the Indians in the simplest and most effective way.

By articles of the treaty made with them in 1867 the Apaches, Kiowas, and Comanches receive clothing yearly to the amount of $26,000; for the pay of a carpenter, a farmer, a blacksmith, a miller, and an engineer, $5200; for the pay of a physician and a teacher, $2500; for seeds and agricultural implements, $2500; and for the pay of a second blacksmith and supplies of iron and steel, $2000. The Chippewas of Red Lake and the Pembina tribes of Chippewas receive yearly a payment *per capita* in money, $10,000 to the first and $5000 to the second; besides this, $12,000 for furnishing them gilling twine, cotton-maitre, linsey, blankets, etc., and $3900 to pay one blacksmith, a physician, a miller, and a farmer; $1500 for iron, steel, and other articles, and $1000 for carpentering, etc. The Crows by the treaty of 1868 receive yearly $22,723 "for supplying male persons over fourteen years of age with a suit of good substantial woolen clothing; females over twelve years of age a flannel skirt or goods to make the same, a pair of woolen hose, calico, and domestic; and boys and girls under the ages named such flannel and cotton goods as their necessities may require;" also another installment "for the purchase of such articles from time to time as the necessities of the Indians may indicate to be proper;" also a yearly sum of $5900 for the "pay of physician, carpenter, miller, engineer, farmer, and blacksmith;" another of $3000 for "pay of teacher, and for books and stationery;" another of $3250 for pay of "blacksmith, iron and steel, and for seeds and agricultural implements;" and also a further one of $20,000 "for the purchase of such beneficial objects as the condition and necessities of the Indians may require." For the Flatheads and other confederated tribes the United States has agreed by treaty to pay a yearly installment of $2100 for agricultural and industrial school, providing necessary furniture, books, stationery, etc., and for the employment of suitable teachers; another of $3000 for beneficial objects, under the direction of the President; also for two farmers, two millers, blacksmith, gunsmith, tinsmith, carpenter and joiner, and wagon and plough maker, $7400, and keeping in repair blacksmith's, carpenter's, wagon and plough maker's shops, $500; also for keeping in repair flouring and saw mill, and supplying the necessary fixtures, $500; also for pay of physician, $1400; keeping in repair hospital, and for medicine, $300; also for repairing buildings for various employés, etc., $300; also for each of the head chiefs of the Flathead, Kootenay, and Upper Pend d'Oreille tribes, at $500 each. For the Klamaths and Modocs, a yearly payment of $3000, to be expended under the direction of the President; also $1000 for repairing sawmill, and buildings for blacksmith, carpenter, wagon and plough maker, manual-labor school, and hospital; also $1500 for tools and materials for saw and flour mills, carpenter's, blacksmith's, wagon and plough maker's shops, books and stationery for manual-labor school; also $6000 for pay of superintendent of farming, farmer, blacksmith, sawyer, carpenter, and wagon and plough maker; also $3600 for pay of physician, miller, and two teachers.

To the Nez Percés the United States is by treaty obligated to pay yearly $4000 for beneficial objects, at the discretion of the President; also $17,200 for two schools, etc., pay of superintendent of teaching and two teachers, superintendent of farming and two

farmers, two millers, two blacksmiths, two gunsmiths, tinner, carpenter, wagon and plough maker, keeping in repair saw and grist mills, for necessary tools, pay of physician, repairing hospital and furnishing medicine, etc., repairing buildings for employés and the shops for blacksmith, tinsmith, gunsmith, carpenter, wagon and plough maker, providing tools therefor, and pay of head chief; also $3000 for boarding and clothing children who attend school, providing schools, etc., with necessary furniture, purchase of wagons, teams, tools, etc.; also $1000 for the salary of two subordinate chiefs; also $3500 for repairs of houses, mills, shops, etc.; also $7600 for the salary of two matrons for schools, two assistant teachers, farmer, carpenter, and two millers.

These items are a fair sample of the general character of the supplies furnished for the Indians. The difference there is between them and the beads, blankets, and tomahawks which formed the chief items of Indian supplies in the earlier times, is the first thing that strikes the observer. Between furnishing the materials for an industrial school in which to teach the young to become self-supporting and furnishing a crown for the "crownation" of the chief, there lies a difference of method which is as indicative of our own progress as of that of the recipients of our bounty.

But, in fact, the Indian is not the recipient of our bounty, for really we owe him more than he receives. Setting aside any sentimental considerations of the justice with which he has been treated, the fact remains that we have entered upon his heritage, and the bargain we have driven with him too nearly resembles that by which Jacob, for a mess of pottage, entered upon his brother Esau's birthright, to be a matter of serious self-congratulation. And, besides, the Indian is by no means a pauper. According to the report for 1877 of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the United States holds in trust for various Indian tribes nearly $8,000,000. The chief portion of this money came from the sale of their lands.

But even more encouraging than this for the Indians' future is the statement of the results of their labor given in the above-mentioned report. They have cultivated during last year 292,550 acres of their reservations, and broken up for cultivation 19,747 more. Upon this they have raised, of wheat, 688,270 bushels; of corn, 4,656,952 bushels; of oats and barley, 349,247 bushels; of vegetables, 556,975 bushels. Of hay they cut 148,473 tons; raised 3467 tons of melons, and 3721 tons of pumpkins. Of stock they own 209,021 horses, 7265 mules, 217,883 cattle, 121,358 swine, and 587,444 sheep. Besides this they sawed 2,885,856 feet of lumber, cut 92,191 cords of wood, sold furs to the amount of $370,913, made 279,000 shingles, 330,600 pounds of sugar, and 50,000 bricks.

This report gives the number of Indians in the United States, exclusive of those in Alaska, and also those tribes under Sitting Bull who have declared their intention of remaining in the British Possessions, as 250,809. The number of Indians of mixed blood is given as 27,749. The number of Indians who have so entirely abandoned their savage method of life as to wear citizens' dress is given as 112,903. The number of houses occupied by Indians is given as 22,199; of these, during the year, 944 were built by the Indians themselves, and 159 were built for them. They have 107 mills, 208 shops, and 330 schools, of which 60 are boarding-schools and 270 day schools. In these schools there are 200 male teachers and 237 female teachers, making a total of 437. The number of scholars attending school a month or more during the past year among the five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory amounted to 5496, of which 2905 were males and 2591 females. Of the other tribes 6019 pupils attended school a month or more, of which 3295 were males and 2724 females. The amount spent for education among them during the past year was $337,379, derived from the following sources: amount obtained from the government, $209,337; from the funds owned by the tribes, $81,989; funds contributed by the State of New York, $8916; and coming from other sources, $37,137. The number of Indians who can read in English is given as 23,871, in Indian as 17,269, and the number who can read in both languages as 8806.

In the efforts made for the civilization of the Indians our churches have taken a prominent part, expending large sums of money, and supplementing the mere mechanical operations of civil administration with that moral influence which is at the root of all permanent civilization. The field is divided between the various denominations, including the Quakers and Roman Catholics. In the selection of teachers the government is materially aided by the counsels of these bodies. They build churches, establish hospitals, support white missionaries and Indian young men studying for the ministry, and distribute books, clothing, and furniture among the Indians. A sufficient indication of the efforts made in this direction is the fact that during a period of two years and three months the Protestant Episcopal Church expended $39,767 for the good of the Chippewa Indians at White Earth, Minnesota. Among the items of expenditure we note—in addition to matters of a more important character, already indicated—the payment of $45 for spectacles for aged Indians, and $50 for "candy for Indians at Christmas."

The statements made in the report for

1877 of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. E. A. Hayt, show that the policy of educating and civilizing the Indian has really begun, and justify a hope that the Indian problem may yet be solved in a way that will not discredit the best intelligence and morality of the nation. As early as 1818, in making the treaty with the Indians of Ohio, by which they ceded all their remaining lands in that State, certain portions were reserved for various families, bands, and individuals, with the idea that they might adopt the habits of civilized life. From this time forward the conception that it would be possible, by treating the Indian with justice and sympathy, to secure a lasting peace with him, has been constantly increasing in the public mind, and the conviction has grown stronger that in the majority of cases, to say the least, the fault, when there was any trouble with him, was ours more than his.

In consequence chiefly of this growing sentiment, the Indian Bureau in 1849 was made a part of the newly created Interior Department, giving to the Secretary of the Interior the supervisory and appellate power over Indian affairs exercised up to this time by the Secretary of War. The change was a most necessary and desirable one. It was a public declaration that henceforth, if possible, our relations with the Indians were to be upon the basis of peace, not of war. That our own political organization had been previously incomplete was shown conclusively by the creation of the Department of the Interior. It was an evidence that the growth of the nation in civil life required a new organ for performing its new functions.

In 1866 the Indians began hostilities, but, at a council held with them in 1867, expressed a desire for peace. The same year Congress appointed a commission to make peace with them, which reported to the President January 7, 1868. This commission was composed of Mr. G. Taylor, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs; J. B. Henderson; W. T. Sherman, lieutenant-general; William S. Harney, brevet major-general; John B. Sanborn; Alfred H. Terry, brevet major-general; S. F. Tappan; and C. C. Auger, brevet major-general. As will be seen, the army was well represented in it, and therefore its conclusions upon the comparative efficiency of the military and civil methods of treatment of the Indians are of exceptional value. In the course of their report they find occasion to speak of the change which had been proposed of again transferring the department of Indian affairs to the War Department, and say:

"If we intend to have war with them [the Indians], the bureau should go to the Secretary of War. If we intend to have peace, it should be in the civil department. In our judgment such wars are wholly unnecessary, and, hoping that the government and the country will agree with us, we can not now advise the change. It is possible, however, that, despite our efforts to maintain peace, war may be forced on us by some tribe or tribes of Indians. In the event of such occurrence it may be well to provide, in the revision of the intercourse laws or elsewhere, at what time the civil jurisdiction shall cease and the military jurisdiction begin. If thought advisable, also, Congress may authorize the President to turn over to the military the exclusive control of such tribes as may be continually hostile or unmanageable. Under the plan which we have suggested, the chief duties of the bureau will be to educate and instruct in the peaceful arts—in other words, to civilize the Indians. The military arm of the government is not the most admirably adapted to discharge duties of this character. We have the highest possible appreciation of the officers of the army, and fully recognize their proverbial integrity and honor, but we are satisfied that not one in a thousand would like to teach Indian children to read and write, or Indian men to sow and reap. These are emphatically civil, and not military, occupations."

Elsewhere in the same report the commission, discussing the character of the Indians, said:

"If it be said that the savages are unreasonable, we answer that, if civilized, they might be reasonable. At least they would not be dependent upon the buffalo and the elk; they would no longer want a country exclusively for game, and the presence of the white man would become desirable. If it is said that because they are savages they should be exterminated, we answer, that, aside from the humanity of the suggestion, it will prove exceedingly difficult, and if money considerations are permitted to weigh, it costs less to civilize than to kill.

"In making treaties it was enjoined on us to remove, if possible, the causes of complaint on the part of the Indians. This would be no easy task. We have done the best we could under the circumstances, but it is now rather late in the day to think of obliterating from the minds of the present generation the remembrance of wrong. Among civilized men war usually springs from a sense of injustice. When we learn that the same rule holds good with Indians, the chief difficulty is removed. But it is said our wars with them have been almost constant. Have we been uniformly unjust? We answer unhesitatingly, Yes. We are aware that the masses of our people have felt kindly toward them, and the legislation of Congress has always been conceived in the best intentions, but it has been erroneous in fact or perverted in execution. Nobody pays any attention to Indian matters. This is a deplorable fact. Members of Congress understand the negro question, and talk learnedly of finance and other problems of political economy; but when the progress of settlement reaches the Indian's home, the only question considered is, how best to get his lands. When they are obtained, the Indian is lost sight of.... It would be harsh to insinuate that covetous eyes have possibly been set on their remaining possessions, and extermination harbored as a means of accomplishing it. As we know that our legislators and nine-tenths of our people are actuated by no such spirit, would it not be well to so regulate our future conduct in this matter as to exclude the possibility of so unfavorable an inference?"

This report, which was presented on the 7th of January, 1868, was signed by General Sherman, who personally assisted at a number of the conferences the commission held with the Indians, and doubtless expressed his sentiments with those of the other commissioners; and yet, in 1873, when the peace commissioners were massacred by the Modoc Indians at the lava beds in Oregon, General Sherman, on the 12th of April, the

day after the massacre, telegraphed to General Gillan the following order: "You will be fully justified in their utter extermination. All Indians must be made to know that when the government commands, they must obey; and until that state of mind is reached, through persuasion or fear, we can not hope for peace."

The juxtaposition of these two suggestions from the same person concerning a method of treating the Indians with a view to their civilization shows that it is not only with the Indians we have to deal, if the process is to be successful, but with ourselves also, if the civilization we wish to either gain or impart is based upon self-control, and regulated by justice instead of passion. There is no question that the massacre of the peace commissioners was a base piece of treachery; but how frequently have the Indians who confided themselves to our power been treated with treachery and cruelty? The very report from which the above quotations were made speaks of the massacre at Fort Lyon, among other outrages, in the following terms: "The particulars of this massacre are too well known to be repeated here with all its heart-rending scenes. It is enough to say that it scarcely has its parallel in the records of Indian barbarity. Fleeing women, holding up their hands and praying for mercy, were brutally shot down; infants were killed and scalped in derision; men were tortured and mutilated in a manner that would put to shame the savage ingenuity of interior Africa."

There is a bill now pending in Congress which provides for the transfer of the office of Indian Affairs from the Department of the Interior to the War Department. The bill contemplates no increase of the army, and dismisses all civil officers connected with Indian affairs excepting the clerks of the bureau. It does not come within the province of this paper to decide for or against the wisdom of the proposed transfer. It is a matter for the mature consideration of our legislators, involving questions of profound statesmanship. In general, the arguments adduced in favor of the transfer are:

1. That the civil administration has been subject to gross abuses, especially through fraudulent contracts, while army contracts have been free from any suspicion of fraud.

2. That there would be a saving of expense to the government, since the offices performed by the army in the administration of Indian affairs would be merely incidental to the performance of regular duty.

3. That the more effective discipline of the army would enable it to offer full protection to the white settlers against the Indians, and to the Indians against the whites. This argument assumes that civilians have been mainly responsible for the troubles which the army has been called in to settle.

4. That it does not properly devolve upon the government to educate and civilize the Indians, this being a missionary work which ought to be sustained by the churches and other voluntary associations. The essence of this argument is that the government has only to do with the regulation of our intercourse with the Indians with a view to the establishment of justice and the preservation of order, and that these ends can be more effectively and more economically secured by military administration. Therefore, in the bill to which we have referred, the only provision for education is a section protecting all religious denominations against molestation "in their religious and philanthropic efforts to advance the Indians in moral, religious, and literary culture."

5. That the army, having been invested with full responsibility, will not provoke hostility or assume a menacing attitude, but will in effect become eventually a strong constabulary force, securing peace and order; and as subjection is the first duty of subjects, the Indian, compelled by contact with a force which he must respect to learn the lesson of self-restraint, will under military administration be more readily prepared to assume the privileges and duties of citizenship.

The strongest arguments against the proposed change are probably those which have been advanced in the recent protest made to Congress by the five civilized nations of the Indian Territory. The document was prepared by D. H. Ross, the Cherokee chief. We select what seem to us the most forcible reasons for the protest:

1. That for more than half a century the War Department had entire charge of Indian affairs, and its administration was a failure, whether viewed in the light of economy or in the light of morality, Christianity, and progress. The administration was changed at a time when the Indians were spread over a larger territory and were more warlike and formidable than they now are.

2. The presence of military posts and armed bodies of men in any community begets trouble, especially in an Indian community. Nearly all Indian wars have been provoked by the military. The moral influence of the soldiers upon the Indians has been of the worst character.

3. The "peace policy," in so far as it has had a fair trial, has been successful. Mr. Ross adduces statistics similar to those embodied in this article, showing what progress has been made in the civilization of the Indian.

4. The reform of abuses can not be better accomplished in the War than in the Interior Department. "There is no good reason why the honored head of the War-office and

his clerical force should have more time, disposition, and skill to devote to the management of the Indians, than the honored head of the office of the Interior and his clerical force. Efficient army management must be more complex than civil, and fully as arduous. It is certainly as expensive, judging from your yearly appropriations. To admit that there is more wisdom, integrity, and efficiency in your little army of 25,000 souls, rank and file, than in your 40,000,000 of civilians, is a sad and, we think, unjust reflection upon the people of this great government. To claim that the military are better paymasters and accountants in the handling of Indian funds, and therefore ought to control all Indian interests, is not sustained by facts nor by the records of the War-office antedating the transfer in 1849, when it was permissible to keep no accounts whatever of certain Indian moneys received and disbursed, or to keep such accounts so loosely that neither the head of the office nor any of his subordinates could make an intelligible statement of the same when called upon to do so. (See report of committee of Congress to examine into the management of Indian affairs in the War-office in 1842.)"

In connection with this last argument it is a significant fact that the present administration of Indian affairs is so determined in its exclusion of fraudulent contracts that among the present advocates of the transfer of Indian affairs to the War Department may be found several interested parties who were formerly its bitter opponents, but who now feel confident that their mercenary interests would be more likely to be served in dealing with the army than with the Indian Bureau. The fact casts no injurious reflection upon the War Department, while it is complimentary to the Department of the Interior. These men indulge the hope that the War-office, notwithstanding its past excellent record, may in the future be safely invaded by the cormorants who have so often preyed upon the Indian Office.

Certainly the change of administration, in the shape in which it is now presented to Congress, is radical, involving the abandonment of all direct efforts by the government for the civilization of the Indians. Much has been said about the sentimentalism of those opposed to such a change, but the sentiment is one of Christian feeling and philanthropy, and whatever we may think of it as an element in the practical operation of government, it is yet undeniable that another and far different sentiment operates upon some minds in favor of the change; the feeling takes shape in the proverb that "there is no good Indian but a dead Indian"—a feeling which contemplates the extermination of the race with apathy, if not with congratulation.

It is also to be remembered that treaties already made with the Indians make express provisions for the maintenance among them of teachers and other civilizing agencies.

It would seem that the Indians, instead of gradually diminishing in numbers, are rather increasing, since their relation with the whites, though it has introduced such destructive agencies as liquor and various diseases, has also aided them to acquire some of the improved conditions of existence.

This matter forms the subject of a pamphlet recently issued by the Bureau of Education, in which, for the first time, a succinct statement is made of the various estimates which from time to time have been put forward of the numbers of the Indians, and the grounds for accepting them intelligently discussed. The pamphlet is itself an outline of the more extended historical information gathered concerning the Indians by the Commissioner of Education, who represented the Interior Department in the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and is entitled "Preliminary Observations relating to Indian Civilization and Education." Concerning the importance of the inquiry the pamphlet says:

"The solution of the problem of Indian civilization depends greatly on the conclusions reached respecting Indian population. If, as is generally believed, the Indians are a vanishing race, doomed to disappear, at a not remote period, because of their contact with civilization, or for any other reason, then the efforts in behalf of their civilization will assume in most minds a sentimental aspect, and will hardly be considered in their true relation as regards their practical importance. But, on the contrary, if it is shown to be true that the Indians, instead of being doomed by circumstances to extinction within a limited period, are, as a rule, not decreasing in numbers, and are in all probability destined to form a permanent factor, an enduring element, of our population, the necessity of their civilization will be at once recognized, and all efforts in that direction will be treated as their importance demands."

The following recapitulation of eighteen different estimates made between 1789 and 1876 is of interest:

1.—1789.	Estimate of General Knox, Secretary of War	76,000
2.—1790.	Estimate of Gilbert Imlay, published in 1797	60,000
3.—1820.	Report of Jedediah Morse to Secretary of War, made in 1822	471,036
4.—1825.	Report of Secretary of War	129,366
5.—1829.	Report of Secretary of War	312,930
6.—1834.	Report of Secretary of War	312,610
7.—1836.	Report of Superintendent of Indian Affairs	253,464
8.—1837.	Report of Superintendent of Indian Affairs	302,493
9.—1850.	Report of H. R. Schoolcraft	388,229
10.—1853.	Report of United States Census of 1850	400,764
11.—1855.	Report of Indian Office	314,622
12.—1857.	Report of H. R. Schoolcraft	379,264
13.—1860.	Report of Indian Office	254,300
14.—1865.	Report of Indian Office	294,574
15.—1870.	Report of United States Census	313,712
16.—1870.	Report of Indian Office	313,371
17.—1875.	Report of Indian Office	305,068
18.—1876.	Report of Indian Office	291,882

The report from the Indian Office for 1861, which was substantially for 1860, was the first containing the tabular "statement indicating the schools, population, and wealth of the different Indian tribes which are in direct connection with the government of the United States." A similar report has been issued each year since from the Indian Office, and, especially since 1870, has increased in completeness and value. Concerning the estimates of the number of Indians prior to 1789, the pamphlet remarks:

"The estimates of the Spanish adventurers, whose explorations were more extensive than those of any other nation in the sixteenth century, were accepted and seldom questioned for a long period; some of them are still accepted. The Spanish estimates were largely based on their previous experience in the more densely populated countries of Mexico and Peru; besides, they warred with the natives, and it has never been a Spanish trait to underrate the numerical strength of an enemy.

"The first French explorers were largely composed of ecclesiastics, whose imaginations were kindled by a contemplation of the heathen multitudes they were to win to the cross. The extravagance of many of their estimates has been shown, and yet they are to a considerable extent accepted to-day.

"The early English colonists formed permanent settlements. Their little towns were naturally seated on water-courses which were the great highways of Indian travel, and at points on the coast to which the Indians had long resorted. They thus came in contact with a very large proportion, relatively, of the Indian population. They were also engaged in hostilities with the Indians, and were naturally misled as to the number of their foes by the ubiquity of the savages, whose mode of warfare enabled them to strike a hamlet here to-day and another fifty miles away to-morrow.

"There were other reasons more general why estimates were exaggerated. Trade brought to the points of exchange large numbers of Indians from great distances. The Indians naturally, for purposes of their own, magnified their own numbers and importance.

"The vast extent of the country, compared with the more limited areas to which the English, French, and Spaniards were accustomed, and which were densely populated, led them to greatly magnify the actual population of the New World."

The conclusions arrived at in this pamphlet may be briefly summarized in the following statements. The Cherokees, since 1809, have substantially increased in numbers, those in the Indian Territory numbering 18,672, and those in Georgia and the Carolinas, 2400. The Seminoles have also increased, numbering in the Indian Territory 2553, and about 500 in Florida. The Indians in California have somewhat decreased during the last seven years, now numbering 15,665. Of the Iroquois Confederacy there are in New York 4000, and in other parts of the United States about 3000. The tribes belonging to this league have gradually declined in numbers, but are now said to be slowly increasing. "These Indians," says the pamphlet, "have in their history experienced almost every test that can be applied to the vitality of a people just emerging from barbarism to civilization." In regard to the Sioux, the Rev. S. R. Riggs, a missionary among the Indians, says: "Forty years ago the Dakota or Sioux nation was counted variously from 25,000 to 30,000 souls; now it is known to number 10,000 more." He adds: "The first steps toward civilization naturally, almost necessarily, increase disease and death.....When this crucial period is once passed, the gospel of cleanliness becomes in a large sense the gospel of physical salvation."

That the Indians are surely destined to remain with us would seem to be the opinion of those best able to judge. If they are not destined to disappear through natural causes, every consideration should lead us to treat them well, even from a strictly pecuniary point of view. War with them is too expensive, and the money that it has cost us is the least of the evils such wars have entailed. The report of the Indian Office for 1868, in discussing the change then proposed of transferring the bureau from the Interior to the War Department, said:

"It would seem that the cost price of Indians slain in the Florida war, in the Sioux war, and in the late Cheyenne war has been on a fair average about a million of dollars each; and if our Indian troubles are to be ended by exterminating the race, it is evident, at the present rate of one Indian killed per month, that the achievement will be completed at the end of exactly 25,000 years; and if each dead Indian is to cost the same hereafter as heretofore, the precise sum total we will have to expend is $300,000,000,000 to complete the extermination. But besides the cost to the Treasury, it is found by actual comparison, approximating closely the truth, that the slaying of every Indian costs us the lives of twenty-five whites, so that the extermination process must bring about the slaughter of 7,500,000 of our people. Extermination by arms is simply an absurdity, unless we could get the Indians under the protection of the flag in large masses, surround, and butcher them, as at Sand Creek."

The country has too recently been shocked with the results of war with the Indians to be unaware of what it means; but the information of the results already reached by the attempts to civilize the Indians is not as generally diffused as it should be.

We have already presented in a general way the industrial and educational results of the policy of civilizing the Indians. Some details in the report for 1877 are suggestive and interesting. One-third of the teachers in the Indian State schools of New York are Indians, and their schools have the fullest attendance. The Iroquois Agricultural Society holds an annual fair and cattle show, and a temperance convention of the Six Nations was held last year, organized by the leading Indians. The Cherokees have seventy-five common day schools, two commodious and well furnished seminaries—one for each sex—a manual-labor school, and an orphan asylum. This nation has shown remarkable recuperative power. In 1855 the Cherokees exported to California and the Eastern markets 90,000 head of beeves, worth at home $1,620,000. At the close of the late civil war there were, Mr. Ross reports, not exceeding 200 cows and calves left in the Cherokee country. There are to-day be-

tween 80,000 and 100,000 head. "When the war closed there was not a hog nor the foot-print of one to be found in the country. To-day, at the lowest computation, there are 75,000 head." They have no paupers. They make use of the most improved agricultural implements, and have under cultivation 70,000 acres of land. Their funds, vested in United States securities, amount to about $3,000,000. They have also a fair and agricultural association, and they call their annual fair an "exposition."

It seems necessary that the education of Indian children should be made compulsory, in so far as schools can be provided for them. The boarding-school is preferable to the day school, because it more completely removes the children from degrading associations. The Indian Bureau has adopted the policy of combining with the ordinary branches of an English education, to be taught in all Indian schools, instruction to the boys in cultivating the farm and the garden, and also in the use of mechanical tools, to enable them to fulfill all the requirements for labor in their reservation, and to contribute to their own support. In accordance with the same policy, the girls are to be taught all household industries. Through circulars addressed to them the Indian agents are directed to carry this policy into effect, by setting apart suitable land for the purpose, etc. It is intended to pursue this matter of industrial education still farther, so that Indian labor alone will be employed on the reservations. While the agency farm may be used as a school, it is believed that the best and most permanent results will be realized by the abandonment of this institution and the employment of Indians upon small patches or farms of their own. It is suggested that the issuance of tea, coffee, and sugar should be made only in return for labor performed by the Indians for themselves or for the agency, provided no treaty stipulation is violated by this restriction. By measures like these the Indians will in a short time become independent of government support.

That the Bureau of Indian Affairs is fully aware of the magnitude of the task, and of the practical details necessary for its success, is shown in the report of 1877.

The immediate steps which the Commissioner advises as essential preliminaries are, a code of laws for the Indian reservations, and arrangements by which justice can be dispensed. These would seem to be most pressing, since neither of them exists to-day. The organization, also, of an Indian police, composed of Indians under white officers, is proposed, to preserve order and enforce the laws. This has been partially tried, and found a success. In Canada the system has been found to work well. The Commissioner proposes also that farms of a convenient size should be given the Indians, the titles to them, inalienable for twenty years, being vested in individuals, while at the same time all possible means should be taken for fostering their knowledge of agriculture and a taste for it.

The bureau is also aware of the need of a wise economy in the distribution of the supplies furnished, guarding at once against its being wastefully done, and especially against making paupers of the recipients, by insisting upon their giving a return of their labor for what they receive. The bureau is also giving an attention to the quality of the supplies which this business has not heretofore received; it advises, also, the classification of the agents, and is suppressing as fast as possible the abuses of nepotism and jobbery which have crept into the service.

The following circular to the agents shows that the bureau is on the right track to reform the abuses of trade which have heretofore been the most fertile source of trouble with the Indians: "Agents will notify 'agency traders' that in future, when making purchases from or sales to Indians, money only must be used. The use of tokens, tickets, or store orders will not be permitted. They will also call upon the traders to furnish price lists of the principal articles which they may have for sale; directing that they be made in such style as the agents may indicate as best adapted to be understood by Indians as well as whites; and that they be posted conspicuously in such places as may be selected by the agents, in order that they may be readily consulted at any time. A copy of such price list to be forwarded to this office. Agents are further instructed to notify this office of any cases in which Indians are charged higher prices than whites for similar goods."

By such practical common-sense measures for the institution of justice in our relations with the Indians, the Bureau of Indian Affairs is doing a most important work in furthering not only the civilization of the Indians, but our own.

LIKE THE GOLD GROUND.

Like the gold ground of Fra Angelico,
Not bright, but clear and pure, whereon go flying
The music-making angels to and fro,
More fair for all the glory underlying;
Whereon all shapes of heaven and earth but seem
To float and float, not real, save as they cover
But for a time the ever-during gleam,
As clouds between us and the sunlight hover;
So shines thy love within the silent room
Of my still heart; so shines my love for thee,
Making a golden light within the gloom
Of all the time and space between that be.
While all things else thereon like shadows pass and glide,
Drawing therefrom alone their beauty or their pride.

DEBBY ANN.

"WHAT is the reason you're forever tired?" said Debby Ann this morning, to Laura, as that damsel came down languidly late to breakfast.

You know Debby Ann, the mainspring of our establishment? Dating with the century, alert and brisk as ever she was at twenty years; suns may set and stars may wane; daughters come and go; boys marry, or come back from afar, bringing their sheaves with them; the dead are carried out; the babies are brought to the old house to be tossed and shown off in her proud arms—through all the sparkle and the shifting scene, the sorrow and the deep exceeding joy, she stays, the very anchorage of our home.

By no ties of blood is she akin to us, but by the— How shall I translate it into modern speech which knows not such relations? "Our grandmother brought her up." It is the simple service of the olden time, knit by sixty years of mutual love and helpfulness into a nearer and dearer tie. Now the acknowledged head and arbiter of the household, she combines the devotion of a mother with the sagacious criticism of an aunt. Fighting our battles with butcher and baker, charging fearlessly on platoons of Irish or colored help for their short-comings in our service, she does not spare us in our short-comings either, if we fail to reach the lofty standard of old.

That standard, briefly expressed, is this: that men are superior beings, coming home very tired at night, and to be petted and worshipped from that hour till they start out again next morning to their warfare with the world; that a woman who is good for any thing is good for a great deal. There is nothing in the mechanics of the household, from driving a nail, papering a room, even into the deep mysteries of gas-meters, hot-water pipes, drains, and furnace draughts, that she, Debby Ann, does not understand as well as any man. Consequently there is no excuse for other women, who pretend to keep house, sitting helpless as babies when any thing goes wrong, and sending out for some impudent workman to come in and "muss up every thing."

What modified views of woman's mission have come to the women of our household in witnessing the daily life of Debby Ann, with its supreme faculty, together with her profound reverence for man, in the abstract, as a power, will be known perhaps at that great day when women shall cast in their votes.

Her effect on the masculines of the family is simply this: if ever the great house-cleaning shall come in national politics when cellars and vaults shall be thrown open to the sun, creeping things brought to light, and foul things swept away; when the woman's broom shall bring down many an ancient cobweb, and clear many a dim and grimy pane, then we know whom *we* shall vote for for President of these United States, spite of her seventy years!

So I listen—as which of us would not?—to the question, slightly spiced with sarcasm in its tone, "What's the reason, Laura, that you are forever tired?"

"It is the heavy skirts, I think, Debby Ann," says the young lady's mamma, coming to the rescue, and herself scarcely suppressing a yawn.

"Your grandmother always wore jackets to her skirts, and made 'em for me," was the instant response.

Upon inquiry I find that they all did, those women of old, hang their skirts to their shoulders instead of their hips, which cross-examination divulgeth is the mode in modern attire.

Do you remember the good mother's bag in the fortunes of the *Family Robinson?* a sound old book, quite crowded out of sight by the cheap sensation and slang of the boy bullies now starring it in school libraries. The resources of that homely bag, stored by a mother's foresight and sympathy, were astonishing. Put your hand into it for whatever you wanted, and lo! it was there. My faith in Debby Ann is simply that of the Swiss pastor in the bag. So I draw at a venture as I take my third cup of coffee from her outstretched hand.

She made that coffee; every drop of its amber is sparkling and clear. "Let an Irish girl make coffee! Boil it to death? Catch her at it!" And she resolutely brings it to the table in its shining *cafetière* of block-tin, "'cause it spoils it, your grandmother always said, to pour it out."

After a few futile struggles of *lèse-majesté* in favor of a natty silver urn, one of her shining wedding presents, my spouse, acquiescing long ago, is not only convinced, but converted to the wisdom of the old-world way.

"Debby Ann," I ask, abruptly, "*you* weren't a tired young girl, were you?"

"Bless you! Never had the time; never knew it if I was! You see, I was a tomboy when I was young. I went to school with the boys, and out of school I played with them just as rough. I had my work to do afore I went, but when I came home from school I would tear off, instead of sitting down to sampler-work as your grandmother bade me. She and I's had many a bout over that sampler. I used to hide it in all sorts of places, and she found it regular—weren't many corners in her household she didn't look into every day. At last I popped it into the big dictionary, and it lay there safe for years. She had such a raft of boys, you know, the house was never

quiet; and I couldn't for the life of me sit down to sew when there was snow-balling or wasp-fights going on outside. But I did my work afore!"

And Debby Ann drew herself up erect and glowered at Laura, whose daily duty it is to trail gracefully with a coquettish feather brush over the books and pictures in the drawing-room, and who now, at 9 A.M., had just made her pretty morning toilet, with the labors of the day still before her.

"But you did learn to sew, through it all," said my wife, with a swift conscience for the piles of neat mending forwarded to each room of the house by Thursday noon.

"Oh yes; your grandmother gave me a trade—they always did—and I chose tailoring. When it was work, you know, to make your living by, that's another thing. But I never could abide sewing for play!"

Another slap. This time at the white lilies on the royal purple ground, over which Miss Laura spends many brisk hours, softly humming to herself the "Bride-maids' Chorus," from *Lohengrin*. It is for the young rector's study fire when all is done; and that clerical Adonis certainly has a fair and blushing cheek, like a girl's—like Laura's just now.

My wife stirs her coffee somewhat uneasily too, for is there not a Persian rug, the very carpet of Prince Peribanon for aught I know, growing into wondrous device and glow of color under her gentle hands? I wouldn't care, I know, if it should spirit the rector away from my preserves. Laura is nineteen, to be sure, and her mother at her age was— Never mind, miss, what she was! Far fairer than ever you will be, and *almost* as beautiful as she is to-day.

"Of course you chose tailoring," said my wife, with the faintest pout in her tone, "trousers being the costume of the ruling race."

"Of course;" and Debby Ann shuts her eyes, and dips her head in a laugh that is visible rather than audible. "Buttons and straight seams are plain sailing. I should lose my head among the ruffles of a gown. Have another cup? No? Then excuse me."

And out of the room, with a quicker step than Laura's, with no hurry or bustle, but direct as an arrow to its aim, goes Debby Ann.

My wife and I laugh into each other's eyes.

"That was a masterly stroke, Taddeo; confess it. Neither you nor I could have settled it for ourselves, so by an ingenious leading question you have extracted a whole philosophy from Debby Ann."

"Well, my dear, now that Laura has flown, electric to the postman's ring, I don't mind confessing that I am as a babe before the modern girl, with her quick bright mind, her capabilities for martyr usefulness in decorating a church, or working herself thin for a centennial tea-party, and her unlimited capacity for dawdle, except under the high pressure of strong excitement. But I have, as you say, struck out some flashes of light on it from the gritty sense of the bygone time. All this spasmodic energy, this tireless self-devotion under excitement, is simply the woman in Laura, all that is left of the muliebrity of old. We have smothered out its vitality, except for these few wild sparks now and then. That we have not killed it utterly let us thank God and the wonderful endurance He has given our daughter. Look at her now. Could she take a walk with me this minute if I should call her to go? You know she could not. She must step out of her dainty slippers, and spend how many minutes I don't know in buttoning those boots, on which she must balance herself like a *figurante* before she can step at all. She must take off that fresh morning-gown—*Watteau*, do you call it?—with its rose-colored ribbons and its graceful tail; she must indue herself with a skirt that weighs pounds, in spite of its scantiness, fluted like a column—*kilted*, thank you!—and over that another swathing of drapery, of no mortal use that one can see save to hide the decoration of the under one. Then, when she has knotted a silk kerchief round her throat, and put on a jaunty jacket, and given her hat the proper inclination, and pinned on two veils, she will be ready to start.

"And she will be very dazzling, and I shall be proud of her as she goes sparkling down the street, leaning on my arm. There is not much agility required simply to *flâner* upon Walnut Street, so she can walk with sufficient grace with me perhaps as far as to my office. But should I ask her to go with me to the rose gardens over the river, or to take a constitutional in the Park, she will be exhausted at the mention of it. How could she climb down and gather 'Quaker-ladies,' or climb up for columbine among the rocks? She knows the Wissahickon only from the carriage-drive, as she knows the boulevards in the Park. Of the pleached green by-ways, the tangles of shade, the coy foot-paths under the forest trees, she knows nothing. She has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and rather than tear her pearly gloves and leave a shred of her dress on every trailing brier, rather than cling helpless to me and be dragged up every shelving bank, a spectacle from the drive, she says me nay."

"But you know that at Catskill and at Jefferson," pleads mamma, "where climbing is a business—"

"Yes, my dear, I do know. I've lost my heart often enough to those pretty nymphs in their coquettish and simple mountain dress. At Catskill and at Jefferson she

wears a costume at once easy and close-fitting, light and graceful, and in which she can move and have her being in comfort for six summer weeks. Then she comes back to the mummy toilets in the early autumn, and is the dearest, the most helpless chrysalis throughout the year till summer comes again. But if climbing is not the business of every day, *exercise* surely is, and you by ordering her costumes, I by paying for them, have conspired to put this as certainly out of her reach as though we had incased her in a neat upright sarcophagus, set, for purposes of locomotion, on wheels.

"Look at Tom, now." (Tom and Bessie are the juniors of our establishment, contemporaries by a year.) "The boy refuses to wear an overcoat or carry an umbrella the winter long. And why? Because the young animal refuses to be hampered in any way; he must have the freedom of his arms. I see him on his road home from school, with the sachel of worn books at his back, making every step of the way a gambol, a defiance, taking in deep draughts of fresh air, shouting and hallooing; and then I overtake Bessie, on her way home, carrying seven, eight *new books* pressed close to her breast with one tired arm, holding up her skirts with the other, as she crosses the muddy street—for you have taught your girls to be dainty, my dear, if you do dress them in defiance of comfort and health. Whenever I see this sharp contrast I feel that there is indeed no hope for the girls. 'Give our daughters a trial! a chance for the girls!' the word is passed from every thoroughfare where men have hitherto stood guard. A chance! Can they, will they ever have it till we have a new clothes philosophy?

"Tell me honestly, my dear, when Tom was in petticoats in the nursery, and Bessie a toddler of a year older, in the rare moment in their lives when they had *co-education*, was there any difference between them as regards health and strength?"

"N-no, certainly not," said my wife—"except that Bessie was the healthier of the two, and the first to get well always of the baby ills they had together."

"Precisely; so I thought. And at six years old you put Tom into knickerbockers and sent him to school, while Bessie, I think, had lessons at home until she was nine?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear, it is as much my fault as yours; but doesn't it strike you that the co-education that ends at six and then seeks to begin again at sixteen is not altogether a fair one? From the day that Tom went to school, what was his life? Five hours of solid work, varied by the incessant undercurrent of restless activity, even under the alert eye of Dr. Brownies himself. A recess of hearty play, if it be but for ten minutes, is utilized to its utmost capacity. Out of school, what does the rascal do? He is off to base-ball or cricket, you know, before his dinner is fairly swallowed. How or when his lessons are learned puzzles me; but they are learned—by early lamp-light, it may be, so that he may have the evening clear to go to a debating-club at 'a boy's house.' To judge from the character of the debates when they are held at *my* house, there is quite as much wrestling of bodies as of brains. By the sounds overhead, in Tom's own room, it is a conclave of prehistoric eels, with heavy boots on, winding up with a pillow-fight as an appropriate motion to adjourn. All of Saturday, you know, is devoted to hare and hounds in the Park, or to that nascent boat-club on the Schuylkill that is to lead the river one of these days. Positively every moment of Tom's life when he isn't asleep, or at school, or at table, is that of the young 'Nemean' he styles himself.

"Can you go back with me, dear, through the days of Bessie's training? It is my fault as well as yours, remember, if it has gone wrong. Before she went to school she had her daily lessons with you, and that they were with you made the sweetest of all starts on that crabbed road. Then she had her music, two hours of daily devoir at the piano. For play, what had she? the dolls in the nursery. For exercise? a walk with her *bonne* at noon—a stately walk, varied by observations on the part of that officer to be sure and keep her tiny petticoats fresh and her dainty gloves spotless, like a lady! By-the-way, she carried her doll with her on these triumphal processions, and due attention must be given to holding it straight and keeping *its* flounces in order. We could not let the poor little arms go unburdened even in this hour of sunshine and fresh air!

"Then you and I wanted a year of Europe, and the home lessons were done. We turned Bessie over to Madame Blank's school, and made ourselves easy, knowing that the creature comforts of home were safe with Debby Ann. We come home again, and things go on in their now accustomed groove. Bessie, like Tom, hasn't a minute to spare. Her school-hours are no more than his; but she has a wider range, certainly, in the curriculum, with her nine text-books and her score of exercises. Probably she will never learn concentration as he does; but for that Madame Blank is to blame, who sows crop after crop upon the virgin soil without waiting for the first sign of harvest. Poor child, when she is jerked violently from a French idiom to a chemical combination, from the Pyramids of Egypt to the ninety-ninth proposition, from the 'gurgite vasto' to the genealogy of the Patriarchs, how can she be very clear at the

end of the day as to all or any? Tom, with the simple bill of fare Dr. Brownies provides, has greatly the advantage.

"But she might even stand this ingenious mosaic-work, and keep her head cool, if she could throw off restraint as Tom does, and be a girl, as he is a boy, for the rest of the twenty-four hours. No, she must walk demurely home; 'last tag' and 'marble tag' are for savages, of course. She must, a mimic copy of Laura, be as elegant a little lady in costume and bearing as the nine school-books will allow.

"The music teacher comes, and she must 'practese' till the last ray of daylight; for of evenings, with mamma's and Laura's guests in the drawing-room, this dispensation is disallowed. She may steal out in the twilight for a call on a school friend, but be sure she is demure and serious, weighed down already by her fifteen years. Of evenings she 'studies,' going from one book to the other like a very pale and resolute butterfly, scarcely allowed time to sip the honey from each, and getting sadly confused as to the relative merits of white clover and blossom of bean, if the pretty 'get-up' of the modern school-book will justify the metaphor. We have set our faces against juvenile parties as they are conducted at present; so she does go to bed at ten, as she closes the last book."

"But she has Saturday?"

"Oh yes, Saturday! Well, she sits by the heater and reads some trash or other, or she goes out shopping and to 'pay' calls. If it be near Christmas-time, she works away like a beaver on a rug strap for me, much too fine for use, and cramps her arms against her breast, and breathes short and shallow over the hurried stitches. (I wonder, by-the-way, why women were provided with lungs! Since all their gentle and feminine pursuits, with hands, breathing, and eyesight concentred on the tiny shaft of ivory or steel, tend to eliminate these organs, surely they are almost as unnecessary in the objects of their creation as is the brain, *en évidence!*)

"Not a very abounding and rejoicing existence certainly, this penitential youth we have prescribed for our daughter. We shall have a platoon of medical muskets levelled at her by-and-by. They will dispose of her at the first charge, and the charge is this: 'Poor thing! she has tried to study as a boy does; and behold the consequences—total wreck!'

"Too much co-education? My dear, believe me, we haven't half enough. We don't begin to understand co-education; we don't dream for a minute of giving our girls the chance for life and strength that we secure to our boys. Look at Debby Ann. She *was* educated with boys. She went to the primitive Quaker school at Straitville Corners, where those shrewd old merchants, my uncles, got their store of the English Reader and Comley's spelling-book. In school and out she had the same chances as they for simple nutrition of her active brain, and room for her healthy young body to disport itself and grow in the wide fields under summer and winter suns. They sent their ships over the world, walked godly among their fellows, and were gathered to their rest years ago. She, keen-witted as they, has been as active, as useful. *As useful?* Who shall compute her thousands of hours spent in weary sick-rooms, winning frail babies back to life, or soothing the racked and weary soul to its last quiet sleep? No trace of wear and tear upon her. For a sample of co-education, I know none better.

"And for the higher education, denied to my uncles and Debby Ann, how many years is it since the whole curriculum of the Boston Latin School had to be changed, because the *boys* were breaking down? Cramming intemperate study is good for neither girl nor boy; but happily the system of elective studies wisely coming into favor in our high universities will correct this evil.

"If I were to send Bessie to Cornell or Michigan University just now, she might or might not be able to stand the pace, artificial, abnormal creature that we have made her. But if I were to capture Tom to-day, and put him under glass till he is fifteen—for a year, let us say—load him down with heavy and inconvenient dress, '*tender him*,' as Debby Ann would say, with fancy-work over the heater, frown upon every effort at noise or romp, deny him the fresh air save in an overburdened and decorous walk, multiply his studies, and add 'biano-blaying' and practice for his sins—in short, rear him for one year as we have reared Laura and Bessie all their lives—Tom wouldn't go to Michigan University, but to his grave!

"No one has sufficiently computed, it seems to me, the grand elasticity of womanhood. The good God has given her a brain as well as her sacred office of maternity. Not by spasmodic intellectual effort, with intervals of indolence and vague imaginings, are the great mothers of the race reared and formed. The perfectly healthful woman, whom the doctors never see, will laugh if you tell her she was created an intermittent invalid. She knows the sustaining force, the healthful reserve of power, which keeps the balance of her pulses under all the complex conditions of her life. Nature, foreseeing the various demands upon her, has gifted her with powers of endurance, of rebound under care, of patient pulling and steering through shoals of harassing and complicated duties, before which the stoutest 'stroke' of the university crew would break his oar in exasperation, and lay himself down in despair."

Editor's Easy Chair.

BRET HARTE called his first lecture "The Argonauts of '48." It was a happy title for a story of the eager adventurers who in that year set forth to find the golden fleece in California, which was too truly a fleece for many of them, but not a fleece of gold. The name suggested the gorgeous anticipations of an El Dorado, and was full of the romantic glamour which to so many eyes hung over the land of gold. The squalid and ghastly reality of that Argonautic life, however, the brutal conflict of fierce passion, and the degradation of humanity that belonged to the wild frontier, are also recorded by the historian of the Argonauts in that series of masterly sketches in which his genius is most fully shown. The recent death of the Pope, who was elected in '46, and the beginnings of whose reign were contemporary with the expeditions of the Californian Argonauts, recalls another band of travellers, who, at about the same time, went eastward instead of westward, bent not upon work, but play—the young Americans going abroad at that time for the grand tour, and who may be called in turn the Lotus-eaters of '48.

They came to Rome, some of them, as early as '46. It was in June of that year that Mastai-Ferretti had been chosen Pope, and his character and career were such that his election seemed to forecast a millennium. The exultation of hope in the country was indescribable. The old Pope, Gregory the Sixteenth, was not beloved, and had left a hard and gloomy impression upon the popular mind. But the selection of Mastai-Ferretti, who was the first cardinal that Gregory had made, aroused Italy to enthusiasm. It is almost ludicrous to recur to that exaltation of feeling. Old Austria was virtually supreme in Rome; for it was not yet '48, the year of revolutions, and the new potentate was the head of the most despotic organization in the world, whose traditions and instincts were necessarily hostile to popular political liberty. In the temporal principality to which Pius succeeded, the will of the monarch was the law of the land, and the abuses and evils of ecclesiastical politics are indescribable. Yet the expectation of Italy was nothing less than that of political freedom. Constitutions, liberty, popular laws, were the visions of the hour, and the Lotus-eater, as he watched the people around him, might have assumed justly that they expected the Pope to fulfill the dreams of Mazzini.

The reverence and the affection of the enthusiasm for him were most touching. Loitering one day along the Corso, which is the chief street in Rome, one of the Lotus-eaters of that time heard a loud clatter, and saw the carriage of the Pope approaching. It moved very rapidly, drawn by four richly caparisoned horses, with gay postilions and flunkies—a huge gilded glass coach in which the Pope sat visible to every spectator. As he came, every man and woman bared their heads and fell upon their knees, crossing themselves, while the Pope, turning gravely from side to side of the street, constantly moved his upraised hand with the papal benediction. He was clad in white, with a white skull-cap upon his head. His figure was large, his face round and full, with an expression of sweet benignity, and his air of serene dignity was very impressive. Again, in St. Peter's, the same loiterer, standing before the monument of the Stuarts, where Sir Walter Scott often lingered, saw the great leathern curtain at the door raised, and the Pope, with a small retinue, entering to pay his devotions at the altar. The swords and spurs of the guard rattled upon the pavement, and every person in the church hastened forward and knelt as the pontiff passed. There were the same tranquillity and gentleness and a certain modest grace of bearing, a consciousness of the vast responsibility of his position, without any sense of weakness or avoidance of the trust. A kneeling woman threw a nosegay before him, an attendant raised it, and the Pope looked gravely at the woman, in whose family doubtless that look is a fond tradition. Reaching the high altar, he knelt for a little while, and then rising, withdrew with his clattering and brilliant suite, leaving the vast church more strangely silent by the contrast. To that Lotus-eater the scene was enchantment. No one but an American could know the feeling of such an hour in such a place, standing by the dust of Stuarts and seeing a Pope pass by. Once more he saw the Pope in the same church upon Christmas-day, robed as the Pontifex Maximus, crowned with the tiara, and borne in his portative throne with the flabella at the sides, and surrounded by a mass of ecclesiastical splendor which can be seen only there.

Almost daily in the streets the Pope was encountered, and his residence in the Quirinal Palace was regarded as significant of the separation of the new time from the old. For in the dreams of enthusiasts the millennium was at hand. The children of the Carbonari could hardly believe that this was indeed a Pope who spoke of popular assemblies and of constitutions and of liberal ministers. The long agony of Italy, the clutch of the *Maladetti Tedeschi*, the cursed Germans, was at an end. The tragedies of such poems as Browning's "Italian in England" were passed. Indeed, when the actual situation was considered, there was something painful in the tension of popular feeling and the limitless expectation. It was not long before the assassination of Rossi, the Prime Minister, the apprehension of the Church authorities that the Pope was playing with fire, the influence of Austria, and the political cataclysm of '48, working upon the essentially priestly heart of Pius, produced the complete reaction under which happily the temporal power was swept away. It is strange to think that the old man whose reign was a protest against Italian unity and liberty and against human progress, and which is chiefly famous for restoring some of the old prestige and renewing the old absolute claims of the papacy, for proclaiming the immaculate conception and papal infallibility, should have once been known as a reformer. What he might have done except for the Mazzinian, the Sardinian, and the Austrian influences and currents is but a speculation. But what a wise man said to the Lotus-eater, as they stood in a vast throng that was singing the Pope's hymn under the windows of the Quirinal, is doubtless true: "The Pope can not be a reformer."

Yet as the sweet expressions of youth are often seen after death in the faces of the old, as if they

were the realities of the character which had been overlaid and long obscured by the accidents of life, the Lotus-eaters of '48, hearing of the Pope's death, recall the sweetness, the gentleness, the graciousness, the hope, and the generous endeavor which they knew, and ask whether these, and not the priestly reactionary of later years, were not the true Mastai-Ferretti.

When Mr. Parkman chose France in America as the subject of a series of historical studies, he selected a story full of romance and adventure, of uncelebrated heroism and indomitable endeavor, and therefore a theme especially adapted to his genius. The series of works that he has published is among the most valuable in our literature; for his research, his taste, and his style, graphic, picturesque, and clear, exhaust the subject and satisfy the demands of literary treatment. The English race finally and fortunately obtained control of our part of the continent. But the contest was vigorous and prolonged, and the skill with which it was waged upon the side of France is not familiar to Americans. Indeed, the reality of the conflict is not understood. We are so versed in our own English traditions that the fact that France hoped to obtain the mastery is totally obscured. Mr. Parkman's histories are the important chapters in the wild and romantic story, and the last published of them, *Count Frontenac and New France under Louis the Fourteenth*, is not the least interesting and striking.

The story of France in the New World is, of course, the story of vivid contrasts. The scene shifts from the splendors of Versailles, the highest luxury of civilization, to the savage gloom and cruelty of the Canadian forest. The fate of the American officer and soldier of to-day is often considered hard, because of the frontier life and the Indian warfare to which he is exposed. But in the fierce glare of the press, however revolting the conflict may be, his heroism and service are seen and acknowledged. The fame which is the cordial and stimulant is sure to attend him. If he falls, it is in sight of his country; and if he returns, it is to the crown of good reputation. But the tale of *The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century*, which is the second of Mr. Parkman's series, reveals a heroism so exalted that it held to die for the glory of the cross in agony and unknown was better than to be known and honored of men. The missionaries came from all the amenities and charms of life in France to a country with which communication was difficult and infrequent, where no prizes were to be won that would shine at court, and where there were no newspapers to assure a victim that he did not die unknown nor unavenged. They came to a wilderness where the winter was long and remorseless, but where men were more cruel. Their task was, under every privation and personal suffering, to teach men of a foreign race and utterly barbarous the theological dogmas and mysteries of a religious faith. Doing their duty, they were put to death with every ingenuity of prolonged and unspeakable torture; and they remembered Christ crucified upon the cross, saw him only, and died tranquilly, not caring that none would know their fate nor cherish their memory.

Mr. Parkman has told this story with great power. This time it is a legend of political and military interest. Frontenac is the hero of the book, as he is one of the most striking figures in the old Canadian history. He was the greatest of the French Governors, and a fine illustration of the French military gentleman of the seventeenth century. The veneer of the Versailles civilization was pretty thin, and when the soldier of that time encountered the savage he could be as brutal and unsparing. Greatness, in the true sense, Mr. Parkman denies to Frontenac, and justly. But he concedes that he had remarkable qualities, and he undoubtedly acquired a great and most necessary ascendency over the Iroquois, who were his chief enemies. His invasions of New England and New York were savage, but feeble and fruitless, and the attack of Massachusetts upon Canada was no better. Frontenac had the sturdy sagacity or common-sense, the aggressiveness and haughty will, that often mark a natural leader of men, and the force and vigor of his nature, which seemed in accord with the stern Canadian landscape and the rigors of the climate, carried him through events roughly and harshly, but with success.

The Easy-Chair is not a reviewer, and must not be betrayed into an article. But its readers in New York will not forget the tragedy of Schenectady, which was one of the enterprises of this French military gentleman of the old *régime*, and New England will not forget the capture of Port Royal and the Canadian expedition of Sir William Phips, nor the ghastly nights of Deerfield and Haverhill.

Longfellow has commemorated in a beautiful sonnet the delightful evenings of Mrs. Kemble's readings; and certainly it was a singular pleasure to see and to hear her. Her historic name associated her with her uncle John and her aunt Mrs. Siddons, and she had always the port of one conscious of a famous lineage. She used to say, with a half-humorous, half-proud emphasis, that she belonged to her Majesty's players, and in her presence it was easy to believe that her Majesty's players were an important body in the state. Her power of identification with the various characters in the plays, and the skill with which she maintained the individuality throughout, were always remarkable, and the symmetry and completeness of the whole performance left nothing to be criticised. The only observation that suggested itself might be that the stage traditions were evident in her rendering. But that, in turn, only suggested the further question whether the traditions were not worthy of respect. Dramatic and histrionic forms of art, like all others, are but representations of nature under certain conditions and limitations. They are not an imitation, a facsimile, and every man will be at odds with any work of art in any kind who does not bear this in mind.

The spectator complains of unnaturalness upon the stage; the substance of his feeling is that people do not talk and act so in ordinary life. That is true; but if the theatre should show us men and women doing upon the stage what they do in ordinary life, the theatre would be no more attractive than the street or the parlor. It is not the spectacle of ordinary life that we expect to see in the theatre. It is a view of human life and nature under ideal conditions, and it is as irrelevant to require that the player shall seem to

us like the man with whom we have been transacting business as that he should speak plain prose instead of blank verse. If Mrs. Kemble had read the words of Rosalind or of Portia, of Shylock or Mercutio, as if they were neighbors of hers, and people whom we were in the habit of meeting, the effect would have been ludicrous. When she came in—the Fanny Kemble of Talfourd and of the wild enthusiasm of the grandfathers of to-day, ripened into the comely and queenly woman—and seated herself at the little table on which the great volume lay open, she was the magician who was to open to us the realm of faery, the world of imagination, not to take us back into the familiar scenes of the world of New York or Chicago. The spell was resistless. The deep, rich, melodious voice flowed out like an enchanted singing river, along which we glided seeing visions and dreaming dreams. To sit and listen to her was like sitting and watching Titian laying on the canvas the gorgeous tints which before our eyes took on the forms of men and angels. A rarer, a more refined delight, which of us has known? Did it ever occur to us that Mrs. Kemble was doing any thing improper, any thing unwomanly? In the wonderful picture of Portia that "her voice's music" drew, was there any thing a little repulsive, a little unfeminine?

This question was suggested to the Easy Chair by the remark of one of the most devoted and delighted of all the listeners at those readings, that he was very sorry to see that the University of London had decided to admit women to all its degrees upon precisely equal terms with men. The secret reason of the regret, of course, is the feeling that there would be something unwomanly in the act of competing for a degree which would open the pursuit of professions—especially the medical profession—which are usually and often exclusively cultivated by men. Yet, when pressed, the Easy Chair's interlocutor admitted that there was nothing more essentially unfeminine in the practice of medicine by a woman than in the recitation of Shakespeare for the entertainment of a miscellaneous crowd. It is a question of habit, not of instinct, nor of principle, nor of reason. When the old Greek and Oriental idea of absolute seclusion and subordination is abandoned, a woman's reading from Shakespeare for the pleasure of the public is an action not different in kind from her practicing medicine or serving on a school committee. This generation, however, is more used to the one than to the other. It is a habit, nothing more. Charles Lamb regrets in one of his later essays that "we have no *rationale* of sauces, or theory of mixed flavors; as to show why cabbage is reprehensible with roast beef, laudable with bacon; why the haunch of mutton seeks the alliance of currant jelly, the shoulder civilly declineth it; why loin of veal (a pretty problem), being itself unctuous, seeketh the adventitious lubricity of melted butter; and why the same part in pork, not more oleaginous, abhorreth from it;. . . .why oysters in death rise up against the contamination of brown sugar, while they are posthumously amorous of vinegar; why the sour mango and the sweet jam by turns court and are accepted by the compliable mutton hash—she not yet decidedly declaring for either. We are as yet but in the empirical stage of cookery."

It is not in cookery alone that this mystery is still unsolved. Why, for instance, should it seem a womanly use of Heaven's gift that Jenny Lind should sing for the pleasure of a thousand men, and something strange and unfeminine that Portia should plead with eloquence in a court to save a hapless woman from prison or the cord? Why is it fitting that Mrs. Kemble should professionally read Shakespeare, and "queer" that she should professionally attend women in peril and sickness? Do we not naturally and logically glide into the part of the citation from Lamb that we just now omitted?—"why salmon (a strong sapor *per se*) fortifieth its condition with the mighty lobster sauce, whose embraces are fatal to the delicater relish of the turbot." Must we not say that we are as yet but in the rudimentary knowledge of what is and is not feminine? When the example of the London University is not singular, but when all opportunities are opened equally to all talent and vocation, when it is not forbidden a woman to do any honorable work for which she is by nature and by study and training properly equipped, unless the laws of nature fail, will any greater catastrophe befall, will there be any more signal reversion of the order of things, than if cabbage should come at last to be eaten with roast beef, and currant jelly cement an alliance with the mutton's shoulder?

It is a curious sensation to read, in the history taken down from the library shelf, of old Eastern wars, of the Turk and the Muscovite, Peter the Great and Charles the Twelfth, Mohammed the Second and John Sobieski, and turn to the newspaper of the morning and see the hot and startling tidings from the same scene. Is history a kind of tread-mill, a perpetual turning and rolling without advance? By no means. If the courteous reader will turn to that convenient little number of the "Half-hour Series" which contains Mr. Motley's essay upon Peter the Great, he will see that it is not precisely the same tale. He will find, however—and it is a fact full of interest—that he is seeing to-day in Turkey the prosecution of a state policy which was already conceived by Russia, but only dimly perceived by the rest of Europe, in the times of which the "history books" treat. It is, indeed, a policy which Americans should instinctively understand, not because we are naturally filibusters, but because no great nation will be imprisoned within its own territory.

The Easy Chair looks at a map of the United States. Through its great central valley flows a vast river into the Gulf of Mexico. It is the natural outlet, the waterway, of that ample and fertile region. Meanwhile the United States have an immense Atlantic coast and spacious and convenient harbors. Nearly eighty years ago, when that great valley was remote from the settled coast, beyond wildernesses, and sparsely settled, the outlet was secured, and the central continent was opened to the southern Gulf. Had the purchase of Louisiana not been made by Mr. Jefferson, how long would the United States have suffered the territory around the mouth of the Mississippi, and the mouth itself, to remain closed to them by a foreign power? They had the whole Atlantic coast convenient to communication with all the world. But what is clearer than that they would sooner or later have fought, if they could not have bought, a free way to the Gulf of Mexico? That is substantially the position of Russia. She is a vast empire surrounded

and hemmed in. She has a northern sea outlet, but winter closes it for half the year. She has a sea along her southern line, but she has no free escape from it. It is closed against the passage of her war ships to and from the Mediterranean.

If Spain or France, singly or combined, by themselves or by another, had held New Orleans and restricted the free passage of the United States, there would certainly have been trouble. The inflexible policy of this country would have been to secure an unrestricted right of way. Whether to seek it by negotiation or by arms would have been a question of expediency. But it would have been steadily sought, and sought until it was won. The policy of Russia is similar. She means to have free egress to the Mediterranean Sea, and sooner or later she will have it. She needs it for her development very much more than the United States needed the command of the mouths of the Mississippi. Besides, if the objection to the expansion of Russia be that she is a semi-barbarous power, the interest of the world requires that she should cease to be semi-barbarous. Yet it is not denied that she takes kindly to civilization, and since she is a power that can not be eliminated from the circle of nations, but will surely grow, it is plainly wiser that she be brought into equal friendly relations with the world, and not excluded from that civilizing influence of neighborhood and community which all other great European powers enjoy.

In the war that has finally destroyed the Turkish Empire there is no doubt that the cause of civilization has been in the Russian camp. It is a blot upon English statesmanship that England should not have made common cause with Russia, so as to prevent the war and to promote the peaceful extinction of an intolerable rule. But it is under a virtually Tory administration that England shows to least advantage. The Tory mob that crowded in the streets of London, with heads reverentially bared, to kiss the hand of Sacheverell, which in his name pulled down and burned Dissenting meeting-houses, and threatened the houses of the liberal bishops, is the same Tory mob that just now broke the windows of the office of the *Daily News* and assailed the house of Mr. Gladstone. It is the England of John Milton, not of Archbishop Laud, of Bright and Gladstone, not of Disraeli and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which makes the English name revered and beloved.

The repose of our own country, in contrast with the excitement of Europe, is illustrated by the interest of the public mind during the winter in the question of Hell. The pulpit, the platform, and the press have discussed the subject with zeal and eloquence, and the most striking aspect of the discussion is the manner in which it has brought into relief the singular piety and orthodoxy of the daily press. This is not surprising to those to whom the deeply religious character of the newspaper fraternity is known, but it must have been full of consolation to the world of readers who know little of the interiors and the details of newspaper offices. The personality of the press, so to speak, in a great city like New York, is, of course, familiar to many persons, and they, no doubt, are not in the least surprised that this personality indignantly refuses to disbelieve in hell.

If Mr. Ingersoll, for instance, whose vehement assaults upon the commonly received doctrines of the religious world have occasioned so much horror and anger, had enjoyed some acquaintance with the newspaper offices before the delivery of his discourses, he would either have been prepared for their strictures, or he would have been amazed that the dullness of his perceptions had prevented him from justly estimating the piety of the press. It is pleasant to observe in the papers the benign results of this religious orthodoxy. Religion inculcates charity, patience, forgiveness, a generous interpretation of human motives and character, and these surely are the characteristics of the press, especially of the party press. The newspapers which reprobate Mr. Ingersoll's opinions are, of course, those that most sternly expose and denounce the deeds of their party friends. If a man is to be held up to public scorn for his opinions and theories, how much more for his evil actions! It follows, therefore, that the newspapers which are horror-struck with Mr Ingersoll's eulogy of Thomas Paine are those that never eulogize men of the habits and the life that they ascribe to Paine.

Repugnant as Mr. Ingersoll's lectures undoubtedly are to the reverent mind, they have at least had this good effect of revealing the latent religion of the newspapers. The brotherly love which abounds in their offices had been somewhat concealed by a meek and unostentatious spirit. "Seeketh not its own" is, in fact, the true legend for those offices. And if some troublesome Paul Pry should scan religious congregations on Sunday to discover the editorial worshipper, he would be justly reminded of Addison's High-Church and Tory landlord, who had not time to go to church, but who had assisted at the pulling down of several Dissenting meeting-houses. It is not necessary that the newspaper man should go to church; it is enough if he maintains a due respect for religion, and chastises those who stay at home or try to persuade others to do so. We hope nobody doubts the piety of Sir Roger de Coverley, who, when he awoke from his nap in his pew, always looked round severely to discover some sleeping sinner whom he could sharply reprove in the face of the whole congregation.

It is, in truth, the religious sincerity of the newspaper which gives it its power. No one ever supposes that he is reading in the clear columns of his newspaper statements that the editor does not believe. It never occurs to the reader that the most selfish personal interest dictates this article and that argument. He never says to himself as he reads that this is only the gammon of A, or the spite of B, or the jealousy of C. He does not smile at the solemn moral airs which bitter personal disappointment gives itself in the press, and never detects in the strident preacher a contemptible striker or blackmailer. He never sees a newspaper change sides, warmly extolling to-day those whom yesterday it derided, and suddenly sneering at those whom but now it could not sufficiently flatter. He never sees Micawber in the newspaper strenuously asserting financial honor, or Shylock praising humanity, or Mawworm eulogizing sincerity. Still less does he see Thomas Paine defending orthodoxy, or Falstaff and Bardolph celebrating temperance and the personal virtues. The reason is that very religious sensibility of the press which has been lately unveiled.

Except for this fact the awe that doth hedge the press might suffer. If it were supposed that newspapers were ever used as vehicles of private malice, to promote selfish schemes, to slander men known to be innocent, to infuriate party spirit, to gratify grudges and avenge disappointments, to "cook" news, to levy blackmail, to pander to mobs, to affect honor and decency and piety, to attack men who said what the newspapers thought but did not dare to say—if all these things were supposed to be possible or common in the press, the name of "newspaper man" would not, perhaps, as now, invite universal confidence and respect. But this belief is fortunately prevented by the sound views upon religion which the press expresses. Does the ingenuous reader recall Barry Lyndon's mother? "Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbors regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her." Reading the religious articles of the newspapers, Barry Lyndon would be perplexed in which office to seek his mother.

The gravity of the discussion of the morality of dancing is exceedingly amusing. The dancing of young people is as natural and instinctive as their laughing and singing, and the old Easy Chairs about the wall might as wisely quarrel with the song of the bobolink in the fields as with the dance upon the floor. But the grave censors who condemn it must be heard. There is reason in the way in which they often put their objections. Excitement, late hours, exposure of health, all these are bad. But, on the other hand, exercise, cheerfulness, friendly conversation, all these are good. The zealous censors confound uses and abuses. The Easy Chair has seen a worthy temperance apostle ingulfing cups of coffee in the pauses of an exhortation to abstinence, until it marvelled at the capacity of the apostolic stomach. Could there be no intemperance in coffee-drinking? But was coffee not to be drunk? The Easy Chair has seen such frantic gobbling at a railway eating-room that it could only gaze in wonder at the sottish and, so to speak, drunken eating. But is food not to be eaten? The Easy Chair has seen little children, extravagantly dressed and decorated, dancing in great hotel parlors on hot summer nights at an hour when they should all have been sound asleep in their beds, while their parents should have been soundly chastised for not putting them there. But is the dancing of young persons therefore wrong?

This is probably to the censorial mind nothing but the base compromise and sophistry of "moderate drinking." But nevertheless most of the evils of this kind are perversions of good things. There are a great many young and ignorant parents who become impatient with the incessant activity and restlessness of their children. They condemn them to sit still in a chair and make no noise. Dear madame, it is nature's intention that the child shall be restless, to develop his limbs. You apply to him rules that are fit and easy for us who are old, and whom nature equally admonishes to sit still in chairs. Our little Procrustean beds are merely furniture that tortures. The desire of youth for enjoyment is as worthy as its desire for knowledge, for truth, for excellence. And it is the spirit, not the method, of enjoyments which are not obviously wrong, that is chiefly to be regarded. A good man asks whether he could go from dancing to console a dying bed. But could he go from skating, or reading *Pickwick*, or from heartily laughing, to console a dying friend? Would it not, even in his own view, depend wholly upon the mood in which he was doing it?

Let him select an act which he would approve. Let him be reading a serious book, or thinking in his study, or going upon a visit of charity when he is summoned, and he would say that he could go with perfect composure and the utmost propriety. But how if he were peevish as he read the serious book, or if he were thinking angrily in his study, or if he were mentally reproaching the duty that drew him from his comfortable room to pay a visit of charity, could he then more properly hasten to console the dying than if he had been cheerfully dancing, his mind full of pleasant thoughts and the delight of the music and the measured movement? It is not the thing that he is doing, but the spirit in which he is doing it, that should be considered.

How different a view of the pleasant recreation of dancing may be taken by an intellectual man, from that of one who thinks the waltz a device of Satan, is shown by a passage of De Quincey, the beginning of which the Easy Chair will quote, and which will find an echo in many a memory: "And in itself, of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say deliberately) so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and continuous action. And whenever the music happens not to be of a light, trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skillful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many persons feel as I feel in such circumstances, viz., derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever."

Editor's Literary Record.

It is impossible to praise too highly Professor Francis Bowen's *Modern Philosophy, from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). There seems to be no task more difficult, if we may judge from the numerous failures, than to write a history of philosophy. There are, in the first place, but very few men who are able to comprehend a philosophy in which they do not believe. Then to condense into a few chapters the work that the greatest thinkers of the world have put into volumes, and still leave it both fair and intelligible, requires the rarest ability of comprehension, of condensation, and of expression. With these difficulties Professor Bowen has successfully coped. We venture to say that only a small number of acute thinkers

could get from a study on the "Critique of Pure Reason" itself as clear a conception of the system of Kant as Professor Bowen gives them here, and even then they would not get it in connection and comparison with other cognate systems. We are very sure that Schopenhauer could not explain his peculiar philosophy to the American student as well as Professor Bowen has here done. With Professor Bowen's philosophy we are not concerned; and though his criticisms seem to us to be in general sound, we do not undertake to judge them, either favorably or otherwise. Certainly he shows the connections and contrasts between different schools of modern philosophical thought, and so gives the student a bird's-eye view of the whole field such as he could not get unless possessed of a rare power both of generalization and of analysis. Professor Bowen's style is delightfully clear, and those who enjoy metaphysical studies will find a positive delight in reading him.

Mrs. HAWEIS, in *The Art of Beauty* (Harper and Brothers), covers a great deal of ground—possibly too much. If her book was less comprehensive, it might be more thorough, but it would be less readable, and perhaps less useful; for the various phases of beauty are so allied that it is scarcely possible to separate them. Thus a beautiful picture or a piece of furniture may be spoiled by ugly or malapropos surroundings, as Mrs. Haweis illustrates by the story of her cabinet; and a beautifully dressed woman may lose more than half the benefit of her taste in dress, or that of her dress-maker, by the ill taste of her husband or her upholsterer in furnishing her rooms. So Mrs. Haweis considers not only dress and ornaments, but also furniture, and even character. This last part of her work is the least satisfactory; it is good as far as it goes, but it is quite inadequate. Incidentally she gives considerable information as to the history of fashions, and some as to physiology. It is certainly true that as an artist must be versed in the science of anatomy if he would paint the human figure even tolerably, so the dress-maker and the dress-wearer ought also to be acquainted with the human form and the laws which govern its functions in order to dress with true taste. As is natural, Mrs. Haweis puts a strong emphasis on the duty of taste, declaring that most women do not put thought enough on their appearance, and that if they would *think* more, they would be saved from falling into many blunders into which they are led by a blind subservience to standards furnished by fashion, that is to say, by trade. She defends corsets, but condemns all tight lacing; justifies the use of false hair and teeth and cosmetics; urges that the dress should conform to the natural lines of the body; condemns low dresses both on grounds of morality and beauty; thinks that we have fallen away from the purity and innocence of the ancient Greeks; and would dispense with shoes altogether, and substitute sandals, some patterns for which she gives. Take it all in all, it seems to us to be an exceptionally good book to put in the hands of a young girl, not so much to tell her how to dress as to incite her to study the art of beauty, and so learn how to dress for herself.

Whether we accept the metaphysical theory of poetry implied in the title of Principal SHAIRP'S charming treatise on *Poetic Interpretation of Nature* (Hurd and Houghton), or that of his suggestive critic in the *Contemporary;* whether we regard the poet as an interpreter or a creator; whether we suppose that he renders into language the meaning of a dumb oracle, or invents the meaning and imputes it to her, brings the invisible writing to the light by bathing it in the warmth of his own feeling, or transcribes, upon its blank pages, from his own soul—this book is equally suggestive and valuable. Indeed, the critic's explanation is half recognized by the author when he says, "Poetry has to do with the object *plus* the soul of man." The interpreter adds from within himself in interpreting what is without himself. The voice is both that of the oracle and that of the priest. He who believes that God is the only Creator, and that man only discovers, will accept Principal Shairp's theory of the poet's relation to nature, rather than that of Alfred Austin; but, however that may be, he will find in this admirable little treatise a ground of hope for a larger and grander poetry as the outcome of scientific research, a guide to a clearer comprehension of the poetic methods of reading nature or writing on her, and a help to a better understanding of the real value of some of the greatest poets of nature, from Job and Homer to Wordsworth.

Egypt as it Is, by J. C. M'COAN (Henry Holt and Co.), may be regarded as a companion volume to Wallace's *Russia* and Baker's *Turkey*, by the same publishers. The author possessed the advantages of long residence in the Levant, and special research both in the country and in the literature which has been produced respecting it. It is in no sense the work of a tourist. Largely he assumes the reader's knowledge of the external aspects of Egypt, and devotes himself to an account of its social, political, and industrial organization. It is accompanied by an admirable map of Egypt and Equatorial Africa. While less entertaining reading than *The Khedive's Egypt*, and less suggestive philosophically, it is more encyclopedic in character. It is especially valuable for its statistics.—*Switzerland and the Swiss* (E. P. Dutton and Co.) has scant justice done to it by its sub-title, "Sketches of the Country and its famous Men." It is really a condensed history of Switzerland, beginning with the "Lake Cities" and their aboriginal inhabitants, and ending with a pen-and-ink picture of "Switzerland as it is." The author is evidently an admirer of the Swiss character, and his estimate of the people, though not unfair, can hardly be termed discriminating.—*A Hand-Book to the Public Picture-Galleries of Europe*, by KATE THOMPSON (Macmillan and Co.), is a valuable guide to the student of European art; it is based upon a personal examination of the chief picture-galleries of Europe, comprises very brief historical sketches of each of the principal European schools of art, with biographical records of their great masters and references to their chief works, and contains chronological tables showing the date of the birth and death of the principal painters of the different nationalities, and condensed or abbreviated catalogues of all the European public galleries of any note.—ZIMMERMANN'S *Popular History of Germany* (Drant and Co.) is issued by subscription only; the first eight parts now before us bring the history down to the time of Attila, in the fifth century. When finished, it is to be a complete history of Germany from the very earliest times to our own days. The author has made

various phases of German history the special subject of his life study, and writes not only with vigor of style, but also with a simplicity not usual in German authors. His descriptions of battle scenes are notable for compactness; he seizes the chief points of interest, presents them in a few short incisive sentences, and leaves the filling up of details to the imagination of the reader. The book is elaborately illustrated, though the illustrations are rather effective for the vigor of the drawing than for elegance of execution.

It is creditable to American enterprise that such a work as *American Decisions* (A. L. Bancroft and Co.) should be undertaken in such a time of commercial depression as this. The purpose of the editor, Mr. JOHN PROFFAT, is to bring into one work such a selection of cases as will comprise all of general value and authority decided in the several States. The work will involve seventy-five volumes; at least it is the expectation of the author and publishers to bring it within that compass, but we shall be surprised if it does not overrun their expectations. The work begins with cases decided in the court of the province of Massachusetts in 1765, and the first volume brings us down to 1779. There is a good index to each volume, which serves the purpose of a digest. Mr. Proffat is favorably known to the profession by previous work; and there can be no doubt that if the present series is carried out in such a way as to fulfill the promise of the first volume, it will be of great value to the bar of the country, now overloaded with a multifarious literature, all of which can not be mastered, but none of which can well be ignored.

Poets' Homes (D. Lothrop and Co.) is an attractive volume of "pen and pencil sketches of American poets and their homes." The authors of the sketches are mostly anonymous; all the best-known and most popular of our American poets are included in the gallery. The sketches are brief and gossipy, not very profound, not at all critical, but light, airy, genial, and sympathetic. The reader is taken into the home and introduced to the poet, and shown his work-room and told his habits of literary composition. There is considerable difference in the character of the sketches in detail, but they all give the reader the personality of men and women whom every lover of American literature will be glad to know.—Volumes of miscellany are not very often profitable even when they are pleasurable reading. But the volume of exhumed remains of Thomas Moore we have found very enjoyable reading. We can give no better description of the book than by simply copying the title-page. "*Prose and Verse, Humorous, Satirical, and Sentimental, by Thomas Moore, with Suppressed Passages from the Memoirs of Lord Byron, chiefly from the Author's Manuscript*, with Notes, edited by RICHARD NERNE SHEPHERD, and a Preface by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD" (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). A considerable number of these fragments have never been in print before, others have been practically buried out of sight in the reviews. The essays from the *Edinburgh Review* are perhaps the most valuable part of the book, and they give an idea of the fertility and scope of Moore's mind, which will be in the nature of a revelation to most even of his admirers.

Faith and Philosophy, a republication of discourses and essays by HENRY B. SMITH, D.D., edited by GEORGE L. PRENTISS, D.D. (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), constitutes an excellent memorial of one whose work was of a kind that leaves little that is tangible at death. His monuments, like Paul's epistles, were in his pupils, and the breadth of his scholarship and his peculiarly large intellectual sympathies prevented him from leaving upon them any such idiosyncratic impression as has been left by such men as Dr. Lyman Beecher and President Finney. Moreover, these papers really deal with the current questions of our own age. Dr. Smith used his scholarship to illuminate modern problems; he delved in the past, but he dwelt in the present; and in the absence of any such work on theology as he would have been abundantly able to produce had his physical health been equal to his intellectual powers, this work will be welcomed by the student of modern thought as a valuable though a fragmentary contribution to modern theologico-philosophical literature.—The object of the *Final Philosophy*, by Professor CHARLES W. SHIELDS (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is indicated by its title and by the last chapter. "The summary want of the age is that last philosophy into which has been sifted all other philosophies, which shall be at once catholic and eclectic, which shall be the joint growth of reason and faith, and which shall shed forth through every walk of research the blended light of discovery and revelation." Professor Shields does not, indeed, claim to have either discovered this "last philosophy," or to set it forth; rather, if we understand him aright, to indicate the necessity for it, and the methods by which it is to be obtained. The more valuable part of his work is that which gives a history of philosophy, and in which is pointed out the defects of both the great schools, the positive and the absolute. We are not prepared to adopt his opinion that "the final philosophy" is practicable, nor to think it even desirable. Thus far in the history of metaphysics philosophy has been chiefly valuable as an educator; the real results have been in character, and not in dogma; the desire expressed by Lessing's famous aphorism has been gratified, and to the world has been given, not truth, but search for truth. Professor Shields's book will not give rest to the mind, and therefore will not confer the doubtful benefit which he so highly esteems; but it will not be without its value as a quickener of thought, and as a thoughtful and critical account of what has been done by the students of philosophy in the past. As a history of the battle it is valuable, but it does not furnish the basis for a successful treaty of peace.—The *Life of Christ for the Young*, by RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. (Gebbie and Barrie), issued in numbers by subscription, has disappointed us. We know no living writer on religious subjects who possesses greater ability to awaken spiritual interest in the young than Dr. Newton; but either his powers have been denied their full play by the limitations under which he has undertaken this work, or else he is so essentially a preacher that he is unable to employ his peculiar powers except in direct didactic forms. Apparently he has been furnished with a number of illustrations, borrowed from a great variety of sources, which it was necessary for him to work into the text—some from the Old Testament, some from the New, and some having no relation whatever to Bible history. The first chapter is a discourse

on the creation and fall of the first man, and it will take a very bright child indeed to discover the connection between this chapter and the picture of what we take to be the source of the Rhine, on page 10, or the extraordinary full-page illustration of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena, on page 23. The chapter on "Joseph and Jesus compared" is a not uninstructive sermon, but the immediate object appears to be the introduction of some pictures of the Great Pyramids, and some old cuts illustrating scenes in the life of Joseph. It may be that these first parts are only introductory, in which case, however, the portico is too large for the temple, and too little directly connected with it; but judging from so much of the book as is now finished, it is not to be at all a life of Christ, but a series of Scriptural sermons on topics closely connected with that life, accompanied by a series of illustrations, most of them having very little connection with it.—The Rev. Gleason Greene does not assume to furnish a solution to the interesting and ever new problem of the Church, the second coming of Christ, in his little treatise, *Glimpses of the Coming* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), but he has certainly thrown some new light on a problem much discussed, but perhaps never to be settled till history settles it. He introduces new elements into the discussion; supposes the reality and presence of spiritual verities, the indications of which he finds in the New Testament; and thus, by avoiding altogether the disputes of the combatants of the past, gives a fresh if not altogether a new view of the theme under discussion. We can not, in the nature of the case, define his aim and work in a paragraph, for its mystical character defies definition. We judge either that Mr. Greene has been a student of the works of Swedenborg, or has a mind that naturally tends in the same lines of thought, yet it would not be fair to say that his treatise is in any sense Swedenborgian. No one can read it without a quickening of his spiritual hopes, whatever may be his opinion of its philosophy and methods of interpretation. —The non-theological reader certainly, the theological reader probably, will be puzzled to know why the third volume of Mr. Cook's lectures is called *Orthodoxy* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), and the preceding volume is called *Transcendentalism.* The themes are much the same in the two volumes. In one or two instances Mr. Cook takes up a thread which he had dropped in the preceding volume, and finishes the spinning. The criticisms on certain Unitarian preachers which are to be found here have little more than a transient and local interest, and might have been omitted from the book without injuring its value or Mr. Cook's reputation. What is permanent is the lecturer's view of the Trinity and of the Atonement. These are presented with great vigor, with exceptional clearness of definition, and with the author's peculiar fertility of illustration. He has never been more happy than in his use of the incident in Mr. Alcott's school to make clear his own philosophy of the latter doctrine. The critics can not complain that he is not clear. Whether spiritual truths are capable of being defined with such mathematical precision, and whether, if they are, his definitions are the correct ones, are important questions into which this Literary Recorder does not here undertake to enter. They belong to the realm of theological, not to that of literary, criticism.

Beautiful Homes, by H. T. Williams and Mrs. C. S. Jones (H. T. Williams), is a general compendium of, on the whole, useful information as to fitting up a home. It is concerned wholly with furnishing, not with building, contains not a few useful hints, is less a discussion of principles than directions as to details, and is practical, and, especially to those that need to study economy, and have time and a little skill, will be valuable. The illustrations are not very satisfactory in an art point of view, but will help the practical housewife to carry out the counsels given.—Companion and in some sense supplemental to this volume are three pamphlet volumes from the same publisher on *Fret-Sawing*—a book of practical directions as to saws, woods, methods of work, etc.; *Ladies' Guide to Needle-Work*—a book of directions mainly for ornamental work, embroidery, etc.; and *Household Hints and Recipes*—a collection of all sorts of hints for the management of the household when the furnishing and ornamenting are done, directions that extend to every department from the kitchen to the attic. —*China Painting*, by M. Louise M'Laughlin (Robert Clarke and Co.), aims to be a "practical manual for the use of amateurs in the decoration of hard porcelain." It seems to us to serve this purpose as well as it can be served by a little volume of seventy pages, perhaps to be better than a larger treatise would be. It gives definite though concise directions as to materials, the use of colors, the manner of work, so that any one with ordinary skill and with no other teacher could make a beginning at this fascinating amateur art work.

Harpers are introducing the most popular historical author in a most popular way to hundreds who know him only as a name. The historical essays of Lord Macaulay have been the exclusive property of scholars or scholarly men; in reproducing them in the "Half-hour Series" the publishers are giving them to the readers of cheap literature. *Warren Hastings*, *Addison*, *Lord Clive*, *Frederick the Great*, *The Earl of Chatham*, *William Pitt*, *Samuel Johnson*, *Hampden and Burleigh*, *Milton and Byron*, *Sir William Temple*, *Macchiavelli*, and *Horace Walpole* are all thus republished in paper volumes, sold for a quarter, easily slipped in the pocket, and of a length to be read in an hour. If any one will take first the *Epochs of English History*, which comprises eight numbers of this series, and will follow the reading of that series by these monographs of Lord Macaulay, he will get in three months' evening readings a good comprehensive view of English history.—The popularity of Mr. John R. Green's *Short History of the English People* has called from him an amplification of that work in a *History of the English People* (Harper & Brothers). Vol. I. traces the course of history to the fifteenth century. The author follows the course indicated in his previous and shorter work; in many paragraphs the larger work is simply a reprint of the former one; but much new matter is added, and much which was either taken for granted or very concisely stated in the former book is fully set forth in more ample detail here. It promises to be the standard treatise for one who wishes to trace the course of English history from the beginning to the end; and it is a capital preparation for the more careful study of single epochs in such works as those of Froude and

Macaulay, one of whom has written only a single chapter, the other only a few chapters of English history. Vol. I. contains eight admirable maps.—*The American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial, and Political, for the Year* 1878, by A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress (American News Co.), is a marvel of condensation and a monument to industry. The study of a single page will lead the student to wonder how it was possible to accumulate such a store of information, on so many and so diverse subjects, within any reasonable time. It contains numerous compilations, evidently carefully made from public documents of the United States and other nations, bringing into one view the statistics of public debts, revenue and expenditure, imports and exports, tariff and internal revenue, army and navy, pensions and patents, population, shipping, immigration, agriculture, education, etc. It embraces also tables of temperature, vital statistics, prices, dividends, savings-banks, periodicals, elections, etc. For editors, statesmen, students of political problems and of current questions, it is a very nearly indispensable *vade mecum*.

We should be sorry to have our young ladies form their estimate of married experience from "Two Tales of Married Life" (Harper and Brothers), *Hard to Bear*, by GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, and *A True Man*, by M. C. STIRLING. The first is not untrue to life, but not even Miss Craik's skillful pen can make the story of such a life as that of Mr. Langton other than painfully prosaic; nor is the dark background of his moral stupidity quite compensated for by the heroism and the womanly skill with which Norah wins him from the toils in which he was entrapped. The second story is by far the stronger one of the two. It is throughout one of pathos, less in incident than in the suggested sorrows of one ill-mated and one lonely heart. Excessively disagreeable as the brutal Ainsworth is, his character is strongly conceived and drawn; and Harcourt is indeed "a true man," whose fidelity to the last, unrewarded though it be, is an inspiration to true living. For a story of its length, it is one of the strongest of the season.—We enter a vigorous protest against the treatment to which Miss BRADDON has subjected Kenrick Culverhouse, and the reward she has bestowed upon his cousin Cyril, in *An Open Verdict* (Harper and Brothers). The friendship that deserts a friend in trouble deserves the reprobation of all chivalric natures. When love becomes deserter, and because of mere unproved suspicion of wrong-doing, the reprobation of every chivalric instinct becomes loud and deep. In killing off Kenrick, who was faithful in spite of dark suspicion, and in giving the love of Beatrix and finally her hand to Cyril, who deserted her in trouble and returned to her when the clouds of suspicion had been dissipated by other means than his, Miss Braddon violates every principle of poetic justice; and the reader can hardly lack a sentiment of gentle indignation against the heroine for refusing the chivalric love of so strong a heart, and clinging to the unheroic love of so weak a nature. It is true that in this her story is very like the actual justice of common life, but that does not reconcile us to it. In a dramatic and artistic point of view this novel takes rank with her *Dead Sea Fruit* and her *Pilgrims and Strangers*. We always read Miss Braddon with interest, not often with protest.—*Marmorne* (Roberts Brothers), of the "No Name Series," is in plot French, in character and scenery partly French and partly English. It is American only in copyright. The author assures us in his preface that it is fiction founded on fact; it is, at all events, very melodramatic fiction. The plot is novel, we should say wholly improbable; but then fact is sometimes stranger than fiction. The interest of the story lies almost wholly in the plot, and that is very well worked out. A not improbable rumor attributes it to Philip Gilbert Hamerton.—*Young Musgrave*, by Mrs. OLIPHANT (Harper and Brothers), has rather more adventure and incident than we usually find in her stories. It turns upon a murder, a false suspicion, a long process of unravelling of the mystery, a final revelation of the murderer, and the acquittal of the unjustly suspected John Musgrave.—*The Old Looking-Glass*, by MARIA LOUISA CHARLESWORTH (Robert Carter and Brothers), is a very good book to give to domestics, if they will only read it. Intelligent domestics will find it interesting; lovers of sensationalism will pronounce it tame.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—Professor Foerster, of Berlin, announces the discovery by Palisa, on December 29, of a planet of the eleventh magnitude, in 7 hours 8 minutes right ascension, and 39° 37′ north declination. Possibly it is the one already named *Eva;* if not, it will receive the number 180.

A series of observations of *both* satellites of Mars has been made by Mr. Pritchett, at Glasgow, Missouri, with a 12-inch Clark refractor. The excellent qualities of the Clark glasses have nowhere been more strikingly shown than by their record in these observations.

Nature, No. 426, contains two excellent cuts of the new meridian circle of Paris, with a brief description.

The *Vierteljahrsschrift* of the German Astronomical Society contains an elaborate review of the Danish geodetic survey, and various minor reviews, and a short necrology of the late Professor Heis.

M. Tisserand, of Toulouse, who has lately occupied himself with the system of Saturn, has an important note in *Comptes Rendus* on the nature of the ring. Laplace proved in 1787 that even if observation did not show that the ring of Saturn was composed of two or more concentric rings, the theory of gravitation would require this. Tisserand, as the result of the re-examination of the problem, comes to the conclusion that a continuous ring of the dimensions of the real ring can not exist in equilibrium. Hence it is divided. In fact, the ring of Saturn has been seen (by Bond, De la Rue, Dawes, etc.) divided into numerous fine concentric rings, just as this condition requires.

The United States Naval Observatory is to fit out parties for the observation of the transit of Mercury on May 5 and 6, 1878. It is proposed to divide the observing stations into two classes—photographic and visual. The first class will be provided with the photographic apparatus used by the American transit of Venus parties. It is hoped that several of the American observatories will co-operate in this work, leaving a portion of the small appropriation available for sending one or two parties to the western part of the United States, where clear weather is certain. A circular has been prepared by Professor Newcomb, and circulated widely by the Naval Observatory, containing suggestions to intending observers of this transit. If fair weather prevails over the United States, very complete observations may be expected.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in response to a request from one of its directors, Hon. Samuel M. Felton, of Philadelphia, has liberally offered to give to scientific men from Europe, who come in their private capacity and at their own expense to observe the total solar eclipse of July 29, 1878, a reduced rate of fare from the East to Denver and return. It is hoped that this eclipse may be thoroughly observed by observers from both sides of the Atlantic. Fortunately a great number of accurate geographical positions have been determined near the central line both by the Coast Survey and by Lieutenant Wheeler's Survey of the Territories.

Holetschek has shown that Comets 1762 and 1877, *c*, are not identical, as was at first supposed.

In the *American Journal of Science* Miss Mitchell, of Vassar College, has a series of observations on Jupiter and his moons.

The recent report of Professor Pickering, director of Harvard College Observatory, states that it has been decided to devote the large refractor chiefly to photometry. In this way a field is taken up which has too long been unoccupied. Besides a great number of photometric observations on double stars, asteroids, and satellites of the outer planets, the satellites of Mars have been studied. Assuming the *albedo* or intrinsic reflecting power of these bodies to be the same as that of Mars, it is concluded that the diameters are for *Deimas* (outer satellite) about 6 miles, and for *Phobus* (inner) about 6.5 miles. The meridian circle continues its regular series of observations, and an extensive system of time signals is planned and partly in operation.

The *Rendiconti* of the (Italian) Royal Academy of Sciences for May, 1877, contains a memoir by Monsieur A. Nobile on the trapezium of Orion (Σ 748). The instrument employed was a refractor of 0.14 m. (5.51 inches) aperture. The method of observation employed was that imagined by Nobile, and previously described by him. We possess previous determinations of the relative positions of these stars by W. Struve and by Liaponoff. A comparison with the previous measures of *distance* and Nobile's indicates no motion. From the comparison of angles he concludes a probable revolution of stars B, C, and D about A so as to increase the angle. From this it is inferred that the four stars of the trapezium are physically connected with each other.

M. Boutigny has called the attention of the French Academy to the fact that Varro (1831 B.C.) spoke of changes in the diameter, color, figure, and path of Venus. The passage referred to is quoted in a work of St. Augustine.

M. Luiz Cruls has made at Rio Janeiro a series of observations on the planet Mars, with drawings, with the equatorial of 0.25 m. aperture.

M. Souillart, known by his researches on the theory of Jupiter's satellites, has a paper in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* on the shape of the shadow of a planet, and comes to essentially the same conclusions as previously given by Professor Hall in the same journal.

Professor Newcomb, superintendent of the American Ephemeris, has recently issued a circular to astronomers inviting their opinions upon the advisability of making certain changes in the form of the annual ephemeris, which changes are named in the circular. They are usually not radical in nature, and have for their object the attainment of greater uniformity throughout the work, as, for example, the proposal to give all the ephemerides of the planets and of the sun in Greenwich time, keeping only in the second part the ephemeris for time of Washington transit, and omitting the ephemeris for Washington noon. Some additions are proposed, principally of data relating to the satellite systems and of more standard stars, with revised places for these. No radical change is suggested except the omission of the star constants A, B, C, D. A committee of the National Academy will report upon the plan.

The most important work in the department of *Meteorology* that we have received during January is the first part of Wild's *Temperatur-Verhältnisse* for the Russian Empire, which great work will eventually include all questions relating to the distribution of temperature throughout Asiatic and European Russia. The present volume is confined to the preparatory work of collecting and criticising the material at hand, and especially to the investigation of the diurnal temperature periods, as shown by series of hourly or other frequent observations. Wild declines to present the laws of diurnal variations in the form of the Lambert formulæ, and confines himself to the graphic method of plotting and interpolation by means of free-hand-drawn curves. The reasons for this important step are fully and forcibly given, and consist in the utter insufficiency of the Lambert formulæ to represent the observations unless from eight to sixteen terms are employed, which leads to great and unnecessary labor, and even then introduces erroneous times of maximum and minimum.

Wild concludes this most important portion of his work with a series of twelve generalizations in reference to diurnal temperature changes. Among the conclusions he deduces from these, we note that he deems it entirely premature to elaborate any formula for the connection between the diurnal period and the apparent physical causes, the solar radiation, atmospheric diathermancy, soil, winds, clouds, etc. Elaborate tables for the reduction of observations made at various hours to the true daily and annual means conclude this first portion of Wild's important work. The expense of compiling these tables has been borne by the minister in charge of the crown lands.

The enthusiastic aeronaut De Fonvielle writes to Captain Howgate to say that the study of clouds and currents by means of small balloons will be now systematically pursued at the Paris

Observatory. This is, he states, in consequence of the fact that Captain Howgate, at Mr. Abbe's suggestion, furnished the meteorologist of his preliminary expedition with a quantity of these balloons for use in the arctic regions. The resistance that the air experiences from friction and obstacles on the earth's surface is in many ways shown to be a very important factor in meteorology, and as it is very difficult to make even an approximate allowance for this friction, it will conduce greatly to the reconciliation of theory with observation if some of the national meteorological systems will introduce the daily use of these balloons to determine the direction and velocity of the air currents within a thousand feet of the earth's surface.

The development of State systems of meteorology seems to make steady progress, as we have received the first monthly report of the Missouri Weather Service, organized by Professor F. E. Nipher, under the auspices of the Washington University at St. Louis. The present number of voluntary observers is sixty-five, and it is hoped that at least one in each county will be secured. At the central station Professor Nipher possesses the Dellmann electrometer used by Dr. Wisliczenus during the past fifteen years, and will soon take up a series of observations on atmospheric electricity, in continuation of those so faithfully made by that observer. It is to be hoped that Professor Nipher's labors will meet with a recognition as generous as his service is hearty and cordial.

In Nebraska a similar State service is, we understand, now organizing under the leadership of Professors Bailey and Aughey.

An elaborate paper on the protection of buildings from lightning, by Dr. Mann, is republished, with additional notes, in the sixth volume of the Professional papers on Indian engineering.

Tables of mean annual temperatures for numerous points in Colombia and Ecuador are published by Reiss and Stübel in the tables of altitudes determined by them in those countries.

In the *Canadian Naturalist* Principal Dawson gives a short account of the earthquake of November 4, 1877.

A contribution to exact hypsometry, and still more so to the effect of winds on the gradient of rivers (and inversely to our knowledge of the friction of wind over water), is given in a paper by W. H. Searles on the levels of portions of the Erie Canal. He finds the probable error in 136 miles of most careful levelling to be ± 0.103 feet.

The climate of Eastern Switzerland is elucidated in a memoir by Wanner in the annual report of the Association of St. Galle. The suddenness of the changes in temperature attending the occurrence of a Föhn wind is shown by a rise of 14.8° C., or 32° F., in half an hour.

The second part of Meldrum's *Vade Mecum for Indian Meteorologists* has been recently published at Calcutta. We have in this work a treatise on meteorology amply illustrated by examples taken from the experience of Indian observers, and which must take a high rank as an able presentation of the present condition of this science. In almost every case Blanford passes directly over the erroneous views that figure so largely in all other treatises and text-books, and gives us the most advanced thoughts of the students of today. Occasionally, when nothing more plausible is at present generally known, he gives some suggestions of his own. This work, considered as a treatise on meteorology, would, we believe, be the best text-book for colleges and high schools of any in the English language.

In the quarcentenary volume of meteorological observations published at Upsala, Rubenson gives some notes as to investigations into instruments and methods. He finds that for temperatures above freezing the psychrometer gives, with Regnault's tables, the same quantity of moisture as is found by chemical methods of observation. His fixed anemometer was investigated by means of a similar portable standard, and found to require corrections amounting to ten per cent. of the whole wind velocity. By placing anemometers upon different portions of a railroad train he investigated the variations in the flow of air past the train, but could only be thereby led to a very general confirmation of the results given by other methods as to the accuracy of the anemometer.

Thalen has a memoir on exploitation for iron ore by means of the magnetic needle. He gives full and strictly accurate methods, and his formulæ may possibly be applicable to the search for the seat of the disturbances that accompany auroras.

Lauterburg contributes to the Basle Association an excellent paper on the influence of forests upon the springs and rivers of Switzerland.

Culmann, in some appreciative remarks, indorses the desire for a system of telegraphic predictions of approaching river floods, etc., in Switzerland.

A very remarkable series of papers, by C. Schmidt, of Dorpat, on hydrology, is being published by the St. Petersburg Academy. In the latest number are given many notes on the waters of American lakes, and a general summary of all known observations on density, etc., of oceanic waters. In the same number Abich contributes a paper on the glaciers and snow lines of the Caucasus. The latter vary from 8000 to 10,000 feet, according to locality. Observations on the movement of the glaciers seemed to give negative results.

A summary of twenty-eight years of meteorological observation at Erfurt is given by Dr. Koch in the Erfurt *Jahrbuch der K. Acad. der Wiss.*

We have in former summaries omitted to call attention to an elaborate historical and critical memoir by Grova in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique* for August, 1877, on solar radiation and absorption in the earth's atmosphere. A short but suggestive article on the same subject by Gobi will be found in a recent number of the Paris *Comptes Rendus.*

The great ocean wave due to the Iquique earthquake of May 9 has been considered in a memoir by Geinitz in the December number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen.*

The Labrador and Gulf Stream currents and their effects on American fisheries are treated of in two memoirs by H. Y. Hind, published by the Fishery Commission at Halifax.

In *Physics*, the month has been characterized by a series of remarkable discoveries in the liquefaction of gases. In November, Cailletet announced to the French Academy the liquefaction of acetylene, ethyl hydride, marsh gas, and nitrogen dioxide, the last under a pressure of 104 atmospheres at $-11°$ C. On the 22d of December

a dispatch to the Academy announced the liquefaction of oxygen by Raoul Pictet, of Geneva, under a pressure of 320 atmospheres at $-140°$. At the meeting on the 24th a sealed communication from Cailletet, deposited with the secretary on the 3d of December, was opened and found to contain a statement that upon the previous day he had compressed oxygen and carbonous oxide to 300 atmospheres at $-29°$, and had then allowed them to expand suddenly; a thick mist appeared, which was evidently a liquid in droplets. Hence both these physicists appear as original and independent discoverers, their methods being entirely different, though attaining the same result. Pictet, however, obtained an amount of liquid oxygen which occupied one-third of the length of a glass tube one meter long and a centimeter in interior diameter. On the 31st of December, at the École Normale, in Paris, and in presence of Berthelot, Boussingault, St. Claire Deville, Mascart, and others, Cailletet liquefied nitrogen, hydrogen, and then atmospheric air. The nitrogen was compressed to 200 atmospheres at $+13°$, and when the pressure was suddenly relieved, the gas condensed into distinct droplets. Hydrogen yielded a mist when expanded suddenly from 280 atmospheres. On trying the experiment with carefully purified air, a stream of liquid air issued from the jet, resembling the spray from an atomizer. Thus disappears the last of the permanent gases, and molecular cohesion assumes its sway over all the forms of matter.

Ditte has proposed to show the heat produced by chemical action, by adding 125 grams of water to 100 of boric acid. The heat produced is so great that an ingot of Darcet's fusible metal put into the mixture is completely fused in a few seconds.

Sarasin has determined with great care the indices of refraction of the ordinary and extraordinary rays in quartz in the ultra violet region of the spectrum. He used a goniometer with a collimator and observing telescope, the latter furnished with a fluorescent eye-piece. He believes his results accurate to the fourth decimal place, the metals used being cadmium, sodium, zinc, and aluminum.

Von Bezold and Engelhardt have examined the retina of the living animal, and conclude that it also fluoresces under the influence of the same rays which Helmholtz has stated exercise a fluorescent action upon the retina of the dead animal.

Mallet has made the interesting observation that a wire placed east and west and traversed by an electric current suffers an apparent alteration in weight, due to the effect of the earth's magnetism upon it. The experiment, which was unsuccessfully attempted by Faraday, was made by attaching to the arm of a delicate balance a series of ten horizontal wires fastened to a strip of dry poplar three meters long, twenty-five millimeters wide, and five millimeters thick, the ends of the wires being branched and bent downward so as to dip into the mercury cups at each end. When the current of ten Grove cells was passed through the wires placed east and west, from east to west, the side of the balance to which they were attached sensibly preponderated; while, when the current passed from west to east, the other side went down. These results may be observed with a single wire only a meter long.

Maxwell has sent to *Nature* a note which he has received from Pirani, of Melbourne, describing an experiment in which an electric current appears to be produced by the direct action of gravity. A glass tube eighteen inches long is filled with a saturated solution of cupric sulphate, its ends closed by copper caps to which wires are attached, and the whole is connected with a delicate Thomson galvanometer. When the tube was held vertically a deflection of 200 divisions was observed, which was reversed on reversing the tube.

Foster has exhibited to the London Physical Society a very simple form of the trap-door form of Thomson's absolute electrometer. According to *Nature*, one arm of a balance has suspended to it by silk fibres a zinc disk hanging horizontally in the plane of a sheet of the same metal, which acts as a guard plate. Below the disk about one inch is a second horizontal sheet of zinc. The guard plate and disk are electrically connected by a bridge of very fine wire. To use the apparatus it is first accurately counterpoised, an excess weight—say, of one grain—is added, the guard plate and the lower attracting plate are connected with the electrodes of the electromotor, a Holtz machine for example, a spark measurer being introduced into the same circuit. If the machine be put in action, and the knobs of the spark measurer gradually separated, a point will be reached where the attraction of the suspended disk just balances the excess weight. Reading off the length of spark, the data are obtained for calculating the difference of potential required.

Ruhmkorf, so well known for his remarkable improvements in the induction coil, died at Paris on the 20th of December, having been in poor health for several months previously. He was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1803, went to Paris in 1819, became porter in Chevalier's laboratory, began the construction of physical apparatus shortly afterward, and brought out a convenient form of thermo-battery in 1844. In 1851, after long experimentation, he brought out his famous "Ruhmkorf coil," which gave sparks eighteen inches long, and pierced glass two inches thick. He was rewarded in 1858 by the government prize of 50,000 francs for his discovery. In appearance he was of medium stature, rather thickset, with a smoothly shaven face and long bushy white hair. He was quiet and unassuming in demeanor, and courteous and agreeable in personal intercourse. He enjoyed the friendship of the leading men of science not only of Paris, but of the world.

In *Chemistry*, Varenne and Hebré have proposed a new and simple method of preparing perfectly pure hydrogen gas, which is an improvement on Schobig's method with potassium permanganate. The gas is prepared, as usual, by the action of sulphuric acid on zinc, and is then passed through a solution made with 100 grams potassium dichromate, one liter of water, and fifty grams concentrated sulphuric acid. A mixture of hydrogen arsenide, sulphide, antimonide, carbide, and silicide with hydrogen was perfectly purified when passed through twenty centimeters of this mixture. Illuminating gas passed through this solution loses its carbon as perfectly as with permanganate. Subsequent washing with potash is necessary to remove the CO_2 formed.

Berthelot has recommended the employment of bromine in gas analysis for the absorption of the unsaturated hydrocarbons, and has contrived an ingenious method for conducting the manipulations under water, so that the operator is not annoyed by the fumes of the bromine. The results obtained are accurate.

Jaffe has examined the results of the ingestion of benzoic acid in birds, with a view to determine the form in which it is excreted. In the mammalia, benzoic acid when taken into the organism, as is well known, is excreted as hippuric acid. But Jaffe finds that no hippuric acid is formed by birds, the benzoic acid forming a new conjugated acid which he calls ornithuric acid.

Anthropology.—In the *American Naturalist* for January Mr. William H. Dall gives a sketch of the Esquimaux of Norton's Sound, Alaska. Two very charming romances are presented, illustrating the scope which savage life affords for the exhibition of individual peculiarities.

Professor Hayden's preliminary report of field work for 1877, p. 32–35, contains a *résumé* of the discovery and reproduction by models of the San Juan cliff houses by Messrs. Holmes and Jackson. Mr. Jackson has issued, through Hayden's Miscellaneous Publications, 1877, a pamphlet of 124 pages, entitled, "Descriptive Catalogue of Photographs of North American Indians."

A short time ago we noticed the valuable work of Dr. George Fischer upon mineralogy as the handmaid of archæology. In *Archiv für Ethnologie*, 1877, III., will be found a paper by Dr. Fischer, with numerous illustrations, applying the principles of his work to Mexican antiquities.

M. Abbé Bourgeois, directeur de l'École de Pont Levoy, has published at Louvain a pamphlet summary of his researches concerning the existence of man in the tertiary epoch.

The Rev. G. Pratt is the author of a grammar and dictionary of the Samoan language, edited by S. J. Whitmee.

The Transactions of the London Philosophical Society, 1877–79, Part I., contains the sixth annual address of the president. The admirable system of delegating each family of languages to a specialist is carried out in this volume.

In *Archiv für Anthropologie*, 1877, III., are contributions by Drs. Ecker and Heftler upon craniocerebral topography. The object of these investigations is to show that the seemingly hopeless irregularity of the convolutions of the brain may be reduced to system, and the relations of the mind to its material organ thereby better understood.

The Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, V., Part I., contains several interesting articles on anthropology.

Mr. James Hector has published at Wellington an index of all the papers presented to the New Zealand Institute from its foundation.

In the *Geographical Magazine* for January and February Mr. Robert Cust publishes a paper on the languages of India, illustrated by a map printed in colors.

Nearly 3000 kourganes, or tumuli, have been opened in the province of Great Novgorod, Russia, in which 10,000 relics were found.

Zoology.—The subject of fetichism in animals is treated by Mr. G. J. Romanes in *Nature*, who believes that a sense of the mysterious exists in dogs, and that it is this sense which is the cause of the dread which many animals show of thunder. He relates a number of interesting anecdotes bearing on this subject.

In Foster's *Physiology*, just published, is a valuable *résumé* of the vital qualities of the *Amœba*. The author's treatment of this subject is based on the idea that all the higher animals are morphologically aggregations of amœbæ, which are differentiated in structure and functions in different parts of the body.

It may be remembered that Fritz Müller claimed that the *Polyzoa* had a common or colonial system of nerves. His attention was called to the subject by the behavior of the polypides in certain cases, which appeared to point to the existence of a system of nerves apart from the individual cells, by which the members of the colony are to some extent controlled and brought into relation. This was doubted by Reichert and Nitsche, and more recently by Joliet, who agree that Müller's theory was erroneous. Rev. Thomas Hincks brings forward some observations on *Caberea boryi*, which he regards as conclusive that in one instance at least among the *Polyzoa* a nervous system exists distinct from that of the individual polypides, by which certain zooids in the colony are brought into relation and common action.

A beautifully illustrated work on the dorsal eyes of a shell-less land snail (*Onchidium*) has been published by Professor Semper. He claims that these eyes, which are in the form of little black dots scattered over the back of the creature, are constructed on the vertebrate type. They are different in structure from the tentacular eyes of the Onchidium and other land snails, as the nerves arising from them are not thrown off from the cerebral ganglion, but from the visceral nerve centre. Semper describes the arrangement, size, and number of these peculiar dorsal eyes, their structure and developmental history, and then enters into a comparison of these eyes with those of the higher animals, and finally discusses the theoretical bearing of the facts he brings forward.

That the blood of the earth-worm was free from corpuscles has been the generally received opinion; but it appears from recent investigations of Professor Ray Lankester, that corpuscles exist in abundance in the larger, and even in the finest branches of the vascular system. They are flattened, fusiform bodies, mostly about $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch in length, and are colorless. Lankester thinks that they are the nuclei of the endothelial cells set free from the walls of the vessels, while the granule in their centre represents the nucleolus.

The development of the cray-fish has been freshly studied by Reichenbach, who supplements the works of Rathke, Lereboullet, and Bobretsky. He has found that many of the endodermal cells of the ordinary columnar form are lobed at the end toward the yolk, and give off more or less fine threads of protoplasm, which pass between, and in some cases surround, the yolk spheres. These cells evidently absorb the nutritive matter of the yolk, "not by a passive process of diffusion, but by an active process of ingestion, the food particles being immediately 'plunged into the living protoplasm of the cell,' and there digested." This active swallowing of particles of the yolk by embryonic cells was first observed by Lankester in the egg of the cuttle-fish.

Observations on the rate of growth of the barnacle have been made by Dr. Packard, who states, in the *American Naturalist*, that he has found that the common barnacle of our coast (*Balanus balanoides*) had attained its mature size between April 5 and November 17, or in one season. A number of similar observations are recorded by Darwin in his work on barnacles.

The angler (*Lophius piscatorius*) has long been known to possess hinged teeth, capable of being bent inward toward the mouth, but by virtue of the elasticity of the hinge at once resuming the upright position when pressure is removed from them. *Anableps* and *Pœcilia* have also movable teeth. C. A. Tomes, in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, states also that he has found that the hake, a voracious predatory fish, and in a less degree other *Gadidæ*, are possessed of hinged teeth, and now he finds that the teeth of the common European pike are similarly hinged. The teeth of the pike are all capable of being bent down by very slight pressure, but in a single direction only; to force applied in any other direction they are rigidly immovable. "This direction, with certain variations to be described, is inward and backward toward the gullet, so as to facilitate the ingress and the swallowing of food; on the removal of the pressure, they rebound to their upright position.... It is the habit of the pike to prey upon other fish, often of relatively large size, and these can only be swallowed when they are conveyed to the gullet in a longitudinal direction, either head or tail foremost. The fish is taken into the mouth of the pike either uninjured or but slightly maimed, by having been seized by the large marginal teeth; the mouth is then tightly closed, and the prey held up against the palate by the elevation of the tongue and floor of the mouth. In this position the movement of the prey is rendered all but impossible, save in one direction; so long as it lies longitudinally along the median line, between the two palatine bands, its passage backward to the throat is unobstructed, the hinged teeth giving way before it; but movement in any other direction is checked by its becoming caught upon the sharp points of teeth rigidly fixed against it. Thus the very struggles of the prey are probably utilized in bringing it into and arranging it along the median line of the mouth, so that it can be easily swallowed; during this process, which, unless the prey be small, lasts some minutes, showers of detached scales issue from beneath the gill-covers of the pike, thus giving evidence of the employment of the teeth within its mouth."

While in Colorado last summer, Dr. Packard, as stated in the *American Naturalist*, learned from an eye-witness (Mr. Wyatt) that he had seen wild-geese nesting in large cottonwood-trees on Snake River—a branch of the Yampah, or Bear River, west of the Rocky Mountain range. This is the only instance published, we believe, of this habit as observed in Colorado. Dr. Coues, in his *Birds of the Northwest*, states that it "nests in various parts of the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone regions *in trees*." On the other hand, Mr. Turner announces in the same magazine that near Vineland, New Jersey, he found a nest of the robin on the ground, and he also saw a stump about a foot and a half high in which he was told a pair of robins had nested.

A new bird from the London clay has been described by Professor Owen, the remains of which indicate a flying bird, most nearly approaching the pelican and albatross, but exceeding the latter in size.

The fossil deer of European miocene and pliocene formations have been examined by W. Boyd Dawkins, who regards the alliance of the pliocene deer to those now living in the Indian region as a further proof of the warm climate of Europe in miocene times, confirmatory of the conclusions arrived at by Saporta from the study of the vegetation.

A synopsis of the family *Rhinocerotidæ* has been communicated to the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg by Professor Brandt. He divides the family into three subfamilies, of which two are represented by fossil forms.

In *Botany*, we have to report three papers on fresh-water algæ by Nordstedt. The first relates to species of *Desmids* and *Oedogonium* collected in Italy and Tyrol, the second treats of some Swedish *Oedogonia*, and the third of some fresh-water algæ from Brazil.

Professor Decaisne, of the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, has an essay on the characters and affinities of the *Olineæ*, in which he reviews with considerable severity the views expressed by Baillou.

The last number of Cohn's *Beiträge zur Biologie* contains an article by Just on the action of high temperatures on the germinating power of seeds. Schroeter has some important observations on *Ustilagineæ*. He takes the ground that the mode of germination should be considered in fixing the limits of the species of this order. He describes rather minutely some of the species of *Urocystis*, and gives in an appendix a synopsis of the genus *Entyloma*. In the same journal two new species of *Entomaphthora* are described and figured by Sorokin. Dr. Koch, whose observations on the development of *Bacillus anthracis* have already been noticed, has a second paper on the method of examining, preserving, and photographing bacteria. The article is accompanied by three plates, each of which contains eight photographs of bacterial forms. Koch allows thin films of the fluid containing bacteria to dry upon a cover glass, in order that the bacteria may become fixed. They are then treated with coloring reagents, and allowed to soften, so as to restore their form. They are then permanently mounted and photographed. The coloring matter which Koch found to give the best results was aniline brown. The mounting fluids used were Canada-balsam and a concentrated solution of acetate of potash. The process employed in photographing is given in considerable detail. The results were satisfactory, and in some cases the photographs even show the cilia, which are very difficult to detect in most cases.

The *Torrey Bulletin* contains an article by Mr. G. E. Davenport on the species of *Botrychium* found in the United States, in which he states that the vernation helps essentially in distinguishing the species.

In the *Comptes Rendus*, Munier-Chalmas, in an interesting communication, shows that some fossils which have hitherto been supposed to be *Foraminifera* are in reality algæ belonging to the order *Dasyclodiæ*, represented by but few living species found in tropical seas. He gives a short synopsis of the genera of the order, both fossil and existing, and promises a more detailed account of the species hereafter.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of February.—The statue of William King, the first Governor of Maine, was presented to Congress January 22, and speeches were made in both Houses.

The Senate, January 25, adopted, by a vote of 43 to 22, the Matthews resolution in favor of paying the United States bonds in silver. The House adopted the same resolution, on the 28th, by a vote of 189 to 79.

The Senate ratified the Samoan treaty January 30. The treaty allows the naval vessels of the United States to use the harbor of Pagopago as a naval and coaling station, and exempts from duty the cargoes of United States vessels.

On February 12 the Senate and House united in the formal reception of Mr. Carpenter's painting, "Lincoln Signing the Emancipation Proclamation." Speeches were made by General Garfield and Alexander H. Stephens.

The Senate, February 16, after an all-night session, passed the Bland Silver Bill, by a vote of 48 to 21. It provides for a silver dollar of 412½ grains, and is amended so as to exclude the free coinage clause, and to limit the amount of silver to be coined to not less than $2,000,000 per month, nor more than $4,000,000. There is also inserted in the bill a provision for an international monetary conference. The House concurred in the Senate amendments on the 21st.

The President, February 18, approved the joint resolution declaring that a reduction of the tax on distilled spirits is inexpedient.

The Senate, February 20, passed the bill to regulate the pay of postmasters, with an amendment reviving the franking privilege. The amendment allows the President, Vice-President, and members of Congress to frank all written and printed communications not exceeding two ounces in weight.

The nomination of Henry W. Hilliard, of Georgia, as minister to Brazil, was confirmed by the Senate February 7.

The President, February 16, nominated Bayard Taylor to be minister to Germany.

The President, in a recent message to Congress, gives the cost of the Sioux war as $2,312,531. The losses of our troops were 16 officers and 267 men killed, and 2 officers and 123 men wounded.

The Indiana Democratic State Convention, at Indianapolis, February 20, nominated J. G. Shanklin for Secretary of State. The platform adopted by the Convention asks for legal-tender notes in place of bank-notes; revives the doctrine of the payment of the bonds in greenbacks; opposes refunding the debt abroad; demands unlimited silver legal tender, with all the profits to the bullion owner; and demands the unconditional and immediate repeal of the Resumption Act.

The conditions of peace demanded of Turkey by Russia, as finally reported, enlarge the boundaries of Bulgaria so as to include the country between the Danube and the Balkans, and a portion of Roumelia between the Black Sea and Servia, comprising Sophia and Philippopolis, a greater part of Thrace and Macedonia, and the whole valley of the Maritza except Adrianople; provide for the occupation of this principality for two years by Russian troops; secure important cessions of territory to Montenegro and Servia; prohibit the passage through the Dardanelles of men-of-war, except in isolated cases, but providing for the absolute freedom of passage for merchantmen even in time of war; and demand an indemnity of over one billion of dollars, to cover which Turkey is to cede Batum, Kars, Bayazid, Ardahan, and adjacent territory—also the payment of £40,000,000 in bonds guaranteed by Turkish revenues.

Almost immediately after the Russian occupation of Adrianople, and before the peace conditions had been announced, the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice in the British House of Commons that he should, on the 28th of January, ask for supplementary supplies for the naval and military service. On February 8 the House voted the supplementary credit (£6,000,000), 328 to 124. On the same day five British war vessels were ordered to Constantinople.

Prince Bismarck, in the German Parliament, February 19, expressed the hope that peace would be maintained.

At a joint cabinet council of the ministers of Austria and Hungary, February 24, Count Andrassy was empowered to ask the delegations for a credit not exceeding 60,000,000 florins (about $30,000,000).

Baden-Baden has been agreed upon as the place of meeting of the Congress of the powers for the consideration of such of the peace stipulations as affect their separate interests.

The Russian losses in killed and wounded, up to January 30, amounted to 89,304.

Cardinal Joachim Pecci was, February 20, elected Pope, to succeed Pius IX., deceased. The new Pope is styled Leo XIII.

The London *Times* states that 70,000,000 of people are starving in Northern China.

DISASTERS.

January 31.—The steamer *Metropolis*, bound from Philadelphia to Pará, Brazil, with workmen and material for the Madeira and Mamoré Railroad, was driven ashore on Currituck Beach, North Carolina, in a violent gale, and totally wrecked. Nearly 100 lives lost.

February 4.—In Tien-tsin, China, an asylum for women and children was burned. Nearly 3000 lives lost.

OBITUARY.

February 9.—In New York city, Theodore Roosevelt, an eminent citizen, in his forty-seventh year.

February 11.—In Hartford, the Hon. Gideon Welles, ex-Secretary of the Navy, in his seventy-sixth year.

January 26.—In England, Dr. John Doran, a well-known author, aged seventy years.

January 27.—In England, Sir Edward Shepherd Creasy, author of *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, in his sixty-sixth year.

February 1.—In England, George Cruikshank, the celebrated draughtsman and caricaturist, in his eighty-sixth year.

February 7.—In Rome, Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, Pope Pius IX., in his eighty-sixth year.

Editor's Drawer.

THIS from a Chicago correspondent:

The "Colored Debating Society" of Mount Vernon, Ohio, must have had some very interesting meetings this winter. Your correspondent happening to pass through Mount V. about Christmas-time, was invited by a friend to accompany him to one of the "debates." Your correspondent went. The object of the argument on that particular evening was the settlement at once and forever of the question, "Which am de mightiest, de pen or de sword?"

Mr. Laukins said about as follows: "Mr. Chaarman, what's de use ob a sword unless you's gwyne to waar? Who's hyar dat's gwyne to waar? I isn't, Mr. Morehouse isn't, Mrs. Morehouse isn't, Mr. Newsome isn't; I'll bet no feller wot speaks on de sword side is any ideer ob gwyne to waar. Den what's de use ob de sword? I don't tink dere's much show for argument in de matter."



TWO BUTT'N' KIDS.

Mr. Lewman said: "What's de use ob de pen 'less you knows how to write? How's dat? Dat's what *I* wants to know. Look at de chillun ob Isr'l—wasn't but one man in de hole crowd gwyne up from Egyp' to de Promis' Lan' cood write, an' he didn't write much. [A voice in the audience, "Wrote de ten comman'ments, anyhow, you bet." Cheers from the pen side.] *Wrote* 'em? *wrote* 'em? Not much; guess not; not on stone, honey. Might p'r'aps *cut* 'em wid a chisel. Broke 'em all, anyhow, 'fore he got down de hill. Den when he cut a new set, de chillun ob Isr'l broke 'em all again. Say he did write 'em, what good was it? So his pen no 'count nohow. No, Saar. De *sword's* what fotched 'em into de Promis' Lan', Saar. Why, Saar, it's ridiculous. Tink, Saar, ob David a-cuttin' off Golian's head wid a *pen*, Saar! De ideer's altogedder too 'posterous, Saar. De *sword*, Saar, de *sword* mus' win de argument, Saar."

Dr. Crane said: "I tink Mr. Lewman a leetle too fas'. He's a-speakin' ob de times in de dim pas', when de mind ob man was crude, an' de han' ob man was in de ruff state, an' not tone down to de refinement ob cibilized times. Dey wasn't educated up to de use ob de pen. Deir han's was only fit for de ruff use ob de sword. Now, as de modern poet says, our swords rust in deir cubbards, an' peas, sweet peas, covers de lan'. An' what has wrot all dis change? *De pen.* Do I take a sword now to git me a peck ob sweet-taters, a pair ob chickens, a pair ob shoes? No, Saar. I jess take my pen an' write a order for 'em. Do I want money? I don't git it by de edge ob de sword; I writes a check. I want a suit ob clothes, for instance—a stroke ob de pen, de mighty pen, de clothes is on de way. I's done."

Mr. Newsome said: "Wid all due 'spect to de learned gemman dat's jus' spoke, we mus' all agree dat for smoovin' tings off an' a-levellin' tings down dere's notting equals de sword."

Mr. Hunnicut said: "I agrees entirely wid Mr. Newsome; an' in answer to what Dr. Crane says, I would jess ask what's de use ob drawin' a check unless you's got de money in de bank, or a-drawin' de order on de store unless de store truss you? S'pose de store do truss, ain't it easier to sen' a boy as to write a order? If you got no boy handy, telegraf. No use for a pen—not a bit. Who ebber heard of Mr. Hill's pen? Nobody, Saar. But his *sword*, Saar—de sword ob ole Bunker Hill, Saar—is known to ebbery chile in de lan'. If it hadden bin for de sword ob ole Bunker Hill, Saar, whaar'd we niggers be-to-night, Saar? whaar, Saar? Not hyar, Saar. In Georgia, Saar, or wuss, Saar. No cullud man, Saar, should ebber go back, Saar, on de sword, Saar."

Mr. Hunnicut's remarks seemed to carry a good deal of weight with the audience. After speeches by a number of others, the subject was handed

over to "the committee," who carried it out and "sot on it." In due time they returned with the following decision:

"De committee decide dat de swoard has de most pints an' de best backin', and dat de pen is de most beneficial, an' dat de whole ting is about a stan'-off."

The following, from a Wisconsin correspondent, shows at how early an age people born at the "Hub" take on their self-consciousness:

Not many days since, in a Western city, a young lady of ten summers was engaged watering the plants on the lawn. A lady stopped at the garden gate, and the following dialogue occurred:

"Sissy, is Mrs. W—— at home?"

"Did you address *me*, madam?" (severely).

"Yes; I asked is Mrs. W—— at home."

"No, madam. Mrs. W—— is my aunt, and Mrs. W—— is not at home."

"Will you tell her Mrs. M—— called?"

"Certainly, madam" (graciously).

"You won't forget the name?"

"Certainly *not*, madam. I am not much acquainted here, but I shall remember the name: *I am a Boston girl.*" And she serenely continued to water the flowers.

The war in Turkey probably has reminded a friend in the National Sailors' Home at Quincy, Massachusetts, of the following gory incident that happened within the circumference of his knowledge during our own rebellion:

When I was in the army a Captain Hamilton obtained leave of absence. As was often the case, when the twenty days' leave expired, instead of the man appearing in camp, there came a physician's certificate, which read:

I certify, on honor, that I have carefully examined Captain Robert Hamilton, Thirty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, and find that his grandmother is so sick that he will be unable to return to duty within thirty days. (Signed) R. F. D——, M.D.

A gentleman who has just returned from the Pacific coast sends to the Drawer an account of a little incident that occurred during his stay at San Francisco, which is timely in connection with the silver agitation and the Chinese question:

A Chinaman, having occasion to send fifteen of his heathen brethren to Sacramento, provided himself with sixty dollars in silver half dollars, which he took to the ticket agent, asking for fifteen tickets, the price being four dollars each. The agent refused him the tickets, saying he could only take five dollars in silver—the rest must be paid in gold. John retired in disgust; but in a few minutes each Chinaman presented four dollars, one after another, asking for one ticket to Sacramento, which he obtained, and it only needed the remark of the last one, as he received his ticket—"Melican man think he —— smart"—to complete the disgust of the ticket-seller.

Leopold Morse now represents one of the Boston districts in Congress. He is personally very popular, is kind-hearted and genial, and enjoys a joke hugely, even though it is at his own expense. When he was nominated for Congress it was presumed that he would have no prospects of an election whatever, and that the Republican candidate, Mr. R. S. Frost, would have a walk over. The laugh was on the other side, however, when it was known that Mr. Morse was returned by a majority of at least two thousand. The story runs that a few days after the election he was waited on at his place of business (he keeps a clothing store) by one of his political "strikers" in one of the North End wards. The aforesaid striker was invited to state his business, which, after some hesitation, he did.

"Well, yez see, Misther Morse, I brought fifty ov the boys up to vote for yez down in Ward Seven, an' as I'm told you're ready to pay for work done for yez in the election, I made bowld to come up an' ax yez for a shute o' clothes."

"Well, this may be all right as you say. And so you want a suit of clothes?"

"I do, Sorr, av that same is plazin to you."

"Well, I don't want any man to work for me for nothing. Here, Jacob, *give him a west.*"

For the three following anecdotes the Drawer is indebted to a gentleman who is not only one of the most eminent of our historians, but whose fine sense of humor and cleverness as a *raconteur* have been often enjoyed in the Drawer:

The Rev. Dr. M'C—— overflowed with good humor, and many a funny anecdote I heard from him, several years ago, while spending a few days in his company at Avon Springs. He was then pastor of a church at Newburgh, on the Hudson. One day he was a spectator of the baptism of a number of persons by immersion in the river. Two or three sailors were there also. As the procession moved toward the water, one of the sailors laughed aloud. The officiating minister reproved him gently. As they passed on he laughed louder than before. The minister stepped back and demanded why he disturbed the solemn ceremony. The sailor had observed among the candidates a sailor's boarding-house keeper, of New York, whom he knew as one of the worst of his class. "Why, Sir," said the seaman, "I don't want to disturb the meeting; but I thought that if you expected to make any thing of that old feller"—pointing to his former landlord—"you'll have to put him in soak overnight."

A young stranger called on Dr. M'C—— one evening, while he was a pastor in New York city, to engage his services in the performance of a nuptial ceremony.

"I wish to make a bargain with you, doctor," said the young man. "I think the girl I am to marry will make a first-rate wife. If you will wait a year for your fee, and she turns out as I think she will, I'll then give you fifty dollars."

They agreed, the young couple were married, and the incident passed from the doctor's mind. At the end of the year, at the same time in the evening, the young man called again. The doctor did not recognize him at first.

"Do you not remember the bargain we made when you married me a year ago?"

"Oh yes," replied the doctor.

"Well," said the young man, "she is twice as good as I thought she was. There's one hundred dollars for you."

Exactly the opposite of this is the following:

A clergyman in one of the Hudson River towns united a German couple in marriage. When the knot was tied, the bridegroom said, "Dominie, I've got no monish, but I'll send you von leetle pig."

It was done, and the circumstance was forgotten by the clergyman. Two years afterward he met the German in another town, for the first time since the marriage ceremony was performed.

"Dominie," said the German, "you remembers you married me, and I gave you von leetle pig?"

"Yes."

"Vell, if you'll unmarry me, I vill give you *two* leetle pigs."

A LADY sends us the following verse, written some years since in her album by John G. Saxe, and hitherto unpublished:

My autograph? 'Tis pleasant to reflect,
Although the thought may cost a single sigh,
That what a *Banker* might with scorn reject,
Should have a value in a *Lady's* eye.

THERE is a directness of language in the newer portions of the republic, even when used under the most tender circumstances, that is quite American. For example: A couple in Virginia City who had been engaged for a long time were one evening reading the paper together.

"Look, love," he said; "only twenty dollars for a suit of clothes."

"Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naïvely at her lover.

"Oh no," he answered; "it's a business suit."

"Well, I mean business," she replied.

THE following first attempt at letter-writing by a young Syrian comes to us from one of our missionaries in that country, in a letter dated Abeih, December 3, 1877:

ED. DRAWER,—One of the pupils of our mission academy gave me to-day his first attempt at "latter-writing in englesh." It is so funny that it will take several persons to enjoy it properly, and where can they be better found than among the readers of the Drawer? Yours truly, —— ——.

"DEAR BROTHER,—after the affections excessive to you, and request your blessing on continually since a long time ago I do net take latters from you for the security on your health, and I thank god may health she is as usual and I am now resident by the school in village Abeih for study langage english and langage arabek I hope you excuse of may mastakens wach she is funding in this may latter this that he is first once I am writing in this langage this letter and plan me the practice only although ware found in it some mistakens I hope you to allo me I shall always be very glad if you were always writting to me in englesh and arabek and this will way teresting very much for we and of we present the regards into your wife. —— ——."

THERE was at the —— County bar, many years ago, an eminent lawyer who was fond of the "rosy," and when he had taken a little too much, was given to wrangling with the bench on any point which came up. One day he was plainly in the wrong, but persistent. At last he yielded, with the remark: "I see your honor is right, and I am wrong, as your honor is apt to be."

THE late Colonel William Mitchell, of Boston, was a native of "the land o' cakes," a boon companion, and in all respects "a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny." Anecdotes of him are innumerable, a couple of which I jot down for the especial behoof of the Drawer.

Some years ago the colonel, with a few of his cronies, went down to Marblehead on a pleasure trip. They took the mid-day train, and on arriving at their destination immediately sought out the tavern for the purpose of procuring dinner. The colonel was made the spokesman of the party, and accosted the Boniface with the very pertinent question, "Can we hae dinner here, ye ken?"

"Well," was the reply, "we've got through dinner here, and I don't know as there's any thing in the house that would suit ye. What would ye like?"

"Pudding and rum for six; and verra leetle pudding, *for we dinna like it!*"

THE colonel did "yeoman's service" during the war as an officer of the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, and was wounded in one of the engagements in which that regiment participated. When he was convalescent he made application for a transfer to the Veteran Reserve Corps, and was ordered to Washington for examination by the board presided over, if I do not greatly err, by Major-General Silas Casey. In due time the colonel presented himself, and was put "to his purgation."

"What is your name?"

"William Mitchell."

"Where were you born?"

"In Paisley, *seven miles from Scotland.*"

As the members of the board were presumably ignorant of matters pertaining to geographical location, the answer was accepted in good faith, and duly registered.

AWAY down in Maine a good stone-mason's wife found that a widower, whose visits were looking a little suspicious, had actually *popped* to her maiden sister of fifty-five, and feeling some scruples as to allowing him so to risk his happiness, thus relates her attempt at "faithful duty" in warning him:

"'Now,' says I, 'Mr. Waterhouse,' says I, 'you know old maids is set—they're real set.'

"'Why, *air* they?' says he, solemn as the grave, and looking at me.

"'Yes,' says I, 'they air. They always want their own way.'

"'Why, *dew* they?' says he.

"'Yes,' says I, 'they dew. And Hannah she'll want her own way.'

'"Why, *will* she?' says he.

"'Yes," says I, 'she will.'

"'Well,' says he, slower than ever, and looking at me, 'she *can hev* her way!' And she does *hev* it, and they *dew* live *complete.*"

AN unwavering confidence in the wisdom of Providence should characterize every religious body when they invoke its aid in the choice of a new pastor. This appears to have been done not long since at Leamington, England, where a special prayer-meeting was held in the public hall, in accordance with the following public notice: "A special prayer-meeting will be held on Saturday next, at half past eleven o'clock, to entreat the Lord to give us a man of His own choosing for the pastor of St. Paul's. Such we believe the Rev. H. Linton, of Birkenhead, to be."

THIS comes from the old country:

Did you ever hear the story of the Presbyterian clergyman at sea? It was told to me by a monsignor, so it must be proper. Among a large number of passengers on board a steamer which was caught in a terrible storm was a Presbyterian minister. Most of the passengers were very much

frightened, but the minister grew so livid with despair that one of the crew was prompted to remark to his mate, "I say, Bill, d'ye see what a 'funk' the pa'son's in? Why, dash my lee scuppers, he's more afeard o' goin' to 'eav'n than we are o' goin' to 'ell!"

When old Chaucer, in "The Shipmanne's Tale," says,

> I pray you, cosin, wisely that ye ride:
> Governeth you also of your *diete*
> Attemprely,

the suggestion was doubtless made from an apprehension that the "cosin" might overfeed himself. Perhaps something of the same sort came to the mind of a Northern man while at Jacksonville, Florida, who asked one of the natives of that place if he ever ate alligator. "Wa-al," replied he of Florida, "I kin truly say I hev; but that war a time when alligator war plenty, and table scrapin's war skurse."

LEGAL TENDER.

"I almost doubt," said Nelly, blushing, "whether
It's *quite* the thing to squeeze my hand so tightly,
And close as we have viewed the moon together,
I really fear you're not behaving rightly."

"Then till the case is formally decided,
If squeezing's, after all, a sin so mighty,
Some fitting hands," I said, "should be provided,
To hold the property, *pendente lite*."

So, Nelly's conscientious doubts to smother,
And from remorse, *ad interim*, relieve her,
She gave me legal powers, to save all bother,
And left the effects in *my* hands—as Receiver!

A correspondent at Triangle, Broome County, New York, sends us a postal, saying:

Our dentist has just received an order for a block of teeth as follows:

"My mouth is three inches acrost, five-eight inches threw the jaw. Sum humoky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss-shew, toe forrard. If you want me to be more pertikler, I shel hav to cum thar.

"Yours truly, —— ——."

Are there any poor young clergymen about? The following, which comes to us from England, and now for the first time ambles into print in America, puts an interesting interrogatory to hopeful young priests and spinsters:

> Will you marry a parson, Miss Walker?
> Will you marry a reverend man?
> Can you live on a hundred a year,
> And be glad to get that if you can?

President Orton, of the telegraph company, while returning from California a few days ago, noticed at Green River City two signs, which he was good enough to copy for the Drawer:

YUCKSAM 94
CHINEDRU
GSTOREGREE
NRIVERCETY.

YUNG LEE
CHINE LAUDRY
Just Like New.

The following incident, sent by an Indiana correspondent, occurred as stated, and being too good a joke to be lost, is sent to the Drawer for safe-keeping:

On New-Year's Day, 1878, in the ——th Judicial Circuit of Indiana, five persons who had been convicted of violations of the criminal code of Indiana were brought into court to be sentenced. Among the number was a tall, lank Hoosier, who had been convicted of stealing hogs. When he was asked by the Court if he had any reason to give why sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon him, he said,

"Yes, your honor, I have a wife and several small children that depend upon me for support."

To which the Court replied: "This is a Christian country, and your family will be taken care of."

"You mean," said the criminal, "that they will be taken to the poor-house?"

The Court replied, "Yes."

The criminal, after drawing himself up to his full height, and with a look of defiance, said, in a full, round tone of voice:

"Your honor, I have got rich relatives who will take care of my family, and see that they don't go to the poor-house; and if they had known the fix I was in, they would have been here with money enough to *buy up the whole court*."

It is needless to add that he got his sentence.

An insurance adjuster was sent up to Northampton, Massachusetts, to adjust a loss on a house that had been burned. The pungent expression with which he terminated his labors will be appreciated by our friends the underwriters:

Adjuster. "How did this thing happen?"

Owner. "Don't know; it's a mystery."

Adjuster. "Well, I know."

Owner. "Let's have it. That's just what I'd like to find out."

Adjuster. "It's friction."

Owner. "Friction? What's that?"

Adjuster. "Why, friction is the result of rubbing a thousand-dollar policy on a six-hundred-dollar house."

One of the best of the old poets writes thus:

> Mirth is the medicine of life.
> It cures its ills, it calms its strife;
> It softly smooths the brow of care,
> *And writes a thousand graces there.*

La Saison, the gazette programme of balls, concerts, spectacles, and *fêtes* at Boulogne-sur-Mer, is said to be published *sous la direction du comité de publicité*. This is the way they edit the English advertisements:

REQUIRED by an English goodness are engagement to leach her own language in an English or French family to young children, music and a thought knowledge of French. Would take entire charge. Address ——.

ENGLISH PROTESTANT CHURCH fatted up to let, 15 Rue Saint-Martin, 15. Apply for references to ——.

This from an old contributor:

Whittier's poem of "The Water-Fall," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, requiring so much search for the water-fall, reminds me of an anecdote related by Judge ——, of Maine. He was once on a circuit at Portland, and having a few days to spare before the term of the court closed, occupied the time in looking up objects of interest in the vicinity. He had heard of a romantic cascade in the neighborhood, and was inquiring its locality

of the hotel clerk, when a green-looking countryman, standing by, volunteered the information in this wise:

"Say, I can tell the judge all about that 'ere cascade, for I live close by it."

The judge turned to him, and expressing his thanks, desired to be informed how he might reach the place.

"Easiest thing in the world, judge," replied the man; "it ain't a great way out on the Saco turnpike. You go out—wa'all, I guess about four

"But how shall I *know* it is Illsley?"

"Sure, judge, you can't make a mistake about *Illsley;* you'll know him by his yaller nankin trousers."

"Nankin trousers! Does he always wear nankin trousers?"

"In course he does, judge. Why, you see the way on't was this: There was a man down here to Portland that owed Illsley considerable, and couldn't pay. So Illsley he levied on him, and attached six cases o' yaller nankin he had in his



"Oh my! jus' as if any body didn't know it wuz yer mother's Shorl!"

mile, till you come to a cross-road, and then you turn off to the left; you keep along, say half a mile, till you come to a pastur' lane, where there's a pair o' bars. If you let 'em down, mind you put 'em up, 'cause the owner is mighty pertickler about his cattle. You keep along, say forty rods, till you come to another pair o' bars—mind and put them up too—then you foller up that road till it comes to a hill; you kind o' circle round that till you come to another sort o' crooked path that crosses a road; take the right hand, turn and go down the holler; foller up the hill till you come to a by-path that leads you round the mounting; that brings you into the main road that leads you right up to old Illsley's barn."

"How shall I know Illsley's barn if I ever arrive there?" asked the judge.

"How'll you know Illsley's barn? Why, it's right opposite his house."

"But how will I know Illsley's house?"

"His house? Of course you'll see Illsley round there."

store, and them he took for the debt, and carr'd 'em home. Well, Miss Illsley she was so darned mad that she told the old man he'd got to wear out the stuff in trousers—that was about seven year ago—and Illsley he's been a-wearing nankin trousers ever sence: one pair in summer, two pair in fall and spring, and about half a dozen pair in winter. Judge, you'll laugh till you split if you only see old Illsley in them trousers! Miss Illsley she ain't much of a tailoress, and she makes 'em narrer at the bottom, and puckered up where they go round him, so that he looks jest like a demijohn bottom up. Seems to me as ef I should bust every time I see him!"

"Well, well," exclaimed the judge, with some impatience, "if I ever find Illsley, what then? How about the cascade?"

"*Cascade*, judge?" replied his informant. "You are the particlurarest man I ever see. *I should think old Illsley was cur'osity enough for one day, anyway, and arter you've seen him you'll forget all about the cascade!*"

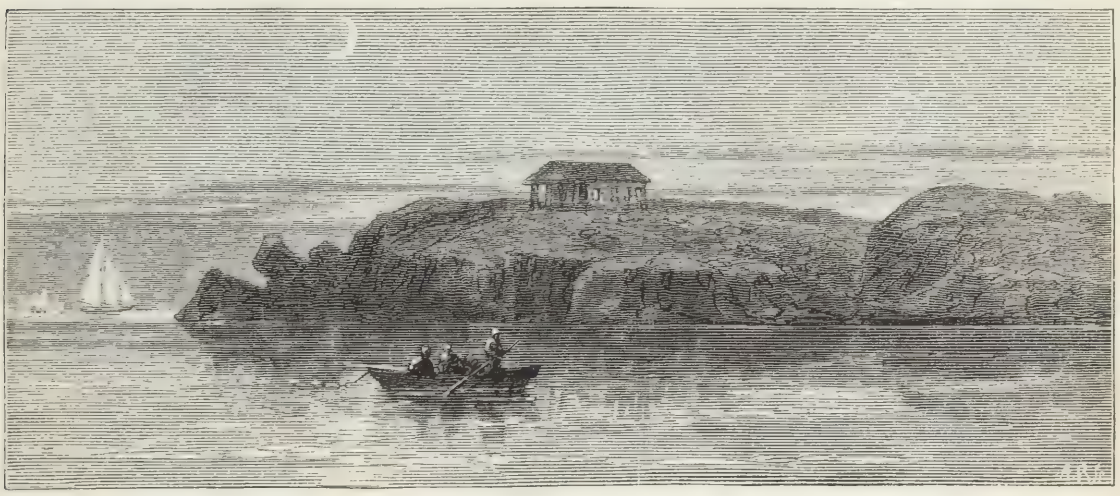
HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCXXXVI.—MAY, 1878.—Vol. LVI.

COAST RAMBLES IN ESSEX.

"O curfew of the setting sun! O bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O bells of Lynn!"

MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH, "sometime footman in many genteel families," plaintively asks us to fancy his disappointment at finding Boulogne-sur-Mer not situated on the sea, but on the shore. It is, perhaps, expedient to anticipate such misconception by mentioning that Lynn, our present destination, is situated on the shore of Massachusetts Bay, ten miles north of Boston and five south of Salem. As very few American cities are better known at home or abroad, it is believed that the simple statement of the geographical fact will suffice for the intelligent reader.



CHAPEL AT NAHANT.

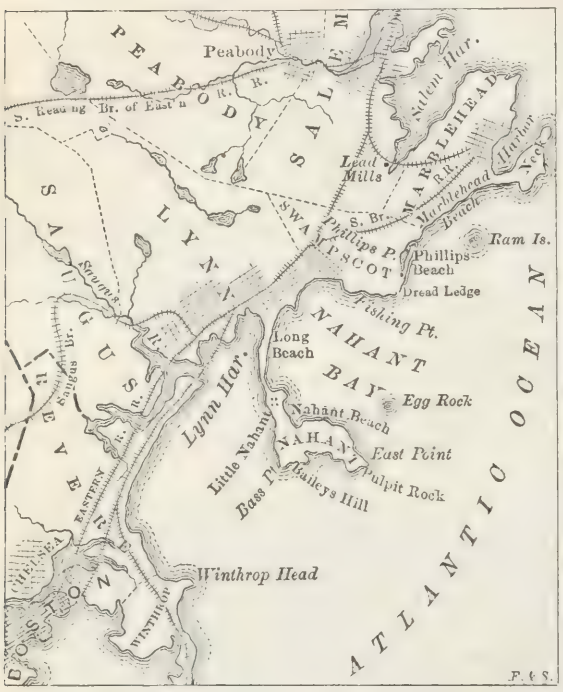
This thriving New England city long ago far outstripped its drowsy English namesake, Lynn Regis, and has quite as decisively distanced many of its colonial contemporaries, in the race for commercial distinction. If the figures of the Bureau of Statistics tell the truth, its population is larger than that of Salem, Fall River, New Bedford, or Springfield, twice as large as that of Newburyport, four times that of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard combined, and nearly as great as the fourteen towns of Cape Cod. Prosperity and fame have been won as the prize of her distinctive industry. Lowell has her looms, Manchester her spindles, Gloucester her fisheries, but Lynn has mankind to shoe and womankind to boot; and her solid men, perhaps, even now experience the regret of Alexander.

Lynn also practically illustrates how much land may be covered with a bullock's hide; and since it has become the fashion to refer the peopling of America to the greatest maritime nation of ancient times, we consider it extremely suggestive—albeit we do not succeed in establishing the connection wholly to our liking—that the familiar phrase "cutting up Didos" has always been current among us here in New England. Is it another evidence not only of pre-Columbian discovery, but of permanent occupation? Strabo, indeed, tells us that the Phœnicians entered the Atlantic Sea and built cities beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Appianus and Pausanias wrote that the Carthaginians, who were originally of Phœnicia, covered every sea with their fleets. Certain it is that the saying to which we refer did not fall from the skies, although, considering its universal application, the skeptical may incline to associate it with the Æneid of Charles Cotton rather than that of Virgil.

Leaving the treacherous and debatable

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ground of prior discovery for that of authentic history, we may briefly, and with greater satisfaction, relate what we know of the origin and progress of Lynn. Thomas Dudley, Deputy Governor of "the Massachusetts," writing in 1630 to the "Lady Bryget, Countesse of Lincoln," says of the colonists who like himself emigrated in that year from England, "We began to consult of the place of our sitting down, for



MAP OF COAST FROM SALEM TO BOSTON.

Salem, where we landed, pleased us not." Various causes having led to their dispersion along the coast from Cape Ann to Nantasket, one of the scattered bands settled "upon the river of Saugus," as he writes; another founded Boston. Thus, in the expressive phrase of their time, a fraction of the emigrants sat down with such immovable fixedness that they seem to have grown to the spot, and to have very early adopted and ever since pursued an occupation befitting a sitting posture. One of the earliest settlers, Francis Ingalls, established the first tannery in the colony, and may therefore be considered the founder of that industry. The Indian name Saugus, which still belongs to the river and to a fragment of the ancient territory, was superseded in 1637 by that of Lynn. Swampscot is a rib taken from her side; so is Nahant, and so is Lynnfield; yet, like the fabled monster, she seems to grow the faster from successive mutilations.

At the end of forty years Lynn had increased to more than a hundred dwellings. When General Washington rode through it on his triumphal tour, in 1789, there was only a single street, thinly skirted with houses; but in those houses 175,000 pairs of women's shoes were annually made. President Dwight speaks of it as a pretty town with tidy houses, each having the small shoe-maker's shop standing beside it. It seems to have jogged steadily along through the intermediate period, and not to have much accelerated its pace until 1850, which year divides the era of greatest progress from the old, when it was "still in the gristle," and from which dates its incorporation as a city.

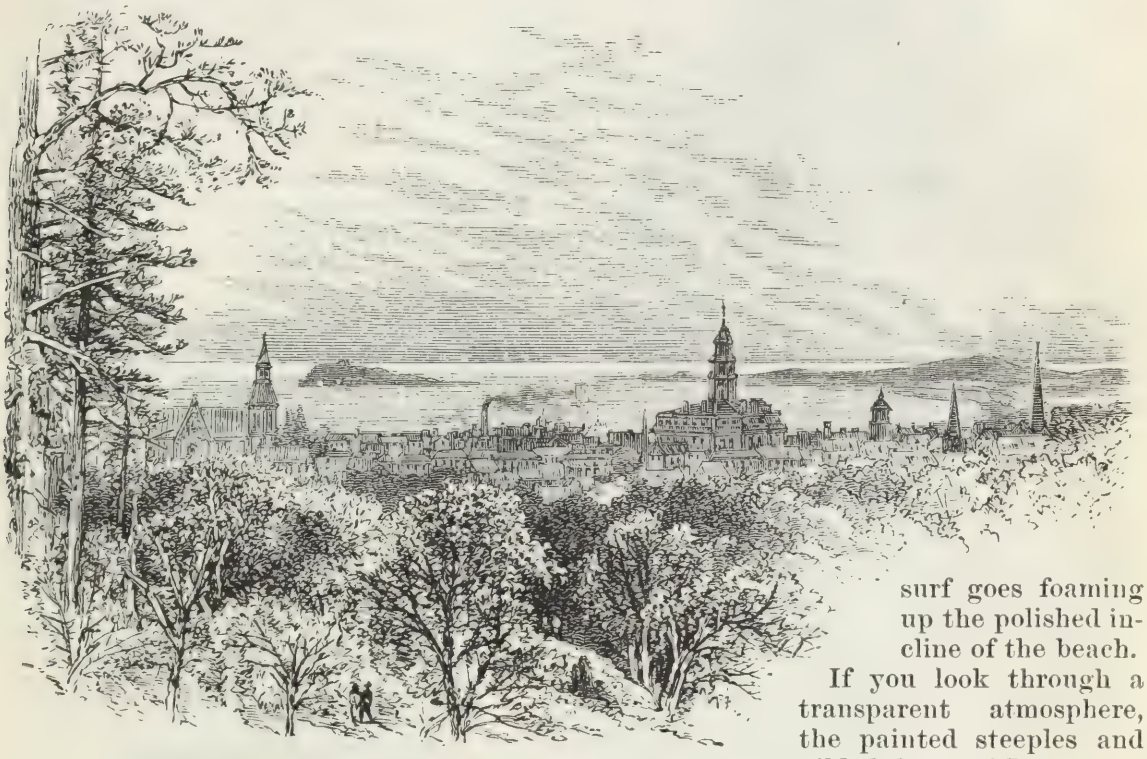
The city is by far the most conspicuous example of sudden growth that New England can offer. It seems, indeed, to have sprung full grown and vigorous from the forehead of the plodding old town. But in this case rapid maturity is also attended with all the requirements of permanent prosperity, and is not the abnormal condition that we are accustomed to refer to new communities where cities rise, flourish, and decay in a single decade. In other words, Lynn has not attained the stature of a city at the expense of its vitality, but is rather like the man who, having amassed a fortune by prudence and attention to business, opens a larger shop, and calls his whole capital into active employment. Labor is the solid base of the whole social edifice. Like the school-boy's snow-ball, labor has grown into capital by the slow yet sure process of accumulation. The wealthy manufacturers have in every instance risen from the ranks of labor, and there is no other aristocracy. I saw the eye of one of the best representatives of this class kindle with pride as he talked of the time when he made shoes with his own hands. What constitutes the great and prominent characteristic of the place is that, instead of being the legitimate child of capital, like Lowell, Lynn is the offspring of her own industry, or, in the popular phrase, self-made.

Progress is the natural enemy of sentiment. It is not our wish to stay progress; but we have a lingering regard for objects which in the present stirring times bring back the memory of the past. For so old a place Lynn is almost exceptional in the absence of such as appeal to old memories, or are linked with old associations. There is not much history to recount, nor are there many famous names to shed the lustre of their lives upon her earlier page; yet, under king or Congress, she has always borne her part honorably and bravely, whether the drum beat in her streets for battle with King Philip, King George, or King Cotton. But if Lynn is something deficient in what is suggestive of her old life, she has been perpetually endowed by nature with the most charming and picturesque surroundings to be imagined or described. Let us, therefore, seek a vantage-ground from which we may obtain a bird's-eye view of the city.

The stranger's attention would at once be arrested by a remarkable cliff of dull red

porphyry rising high above the house-tops. It has apparently detached itself from the broken hill range which skirts the coast, and has elbowed its way into the plain, thrusting the houses aside out of its path, until it almost divides the city in twain. High Rock, as it is called, is to Lynn what the Citadel is to Quebec; you look down and see at a glance all the out-door life of the place; you look up and see the blue arch of the sky springing from the rim of the ocean.

High Rock has not, however, proved a stumbling-block in the way of the town. White cottages and cottages in soft neutral tints cluster around its base, cling to its sides, or are perched in charming confusion near its crest. Among them nestles that of the musical Hutchinson family, and on a green slope which overlooks city and sea is the handsome villa of Mr. Buffum. Here it is easy to distinguish the physiognomy of the place. Above, in the highest portions of the city, dwell fortunate wealth or tranquil competence; on the skirts is the humble abode of toil; in the midst trade pursues its feverish career for six days of the week;



LYNN.

> "And when the hours of rest
> Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
> Hushing its billowy breast,
> The quiet of that moment, too, is thine:
> It breathes of Him who keeps
> The vast and helpless city while it sleeps."

The uneven, shaggy hills that are heaped tumultuously along the coast of Essex have here receded far enough from the shore to leave space whereon to build a city. Looking west, you see nothing beyond those hills, unless that pyramid-shaped film against the sky be old Wachusett. Looking south, you observe that the firm ground of Lynn terminates in extensive salt meadows, which the sea, in its mad efforts to destroy, has really rendered impregnable against its own assaults by forming the magnificent intrenchment known as Revere (Chelsea) Beach. Issuing forth from the wooded western hills, and winding its sinuous shining folds through the marshes, comes the stream called Saugus River. One or two small fishing vessels rest lightly on its unruffled tide, while only a few rods away the tumbling surf goes foaming up the polished incline of the beach.

If you look through a transparent atmosphere, the painted steeples and gilded dome of Boston are cut in sharp relief against the distant sky; but on St. Crispin's Day the soft autumn haze disclosed only a faint and mysterious glimmering of unseen objects swathed in a dusky curtain of smoke. The Milton Hills were as phantom-like as if lightly breathed upon the heavens; the outline of the south coast opposite grew fainter and fainter, until it baffled every attempt of the eye to grasp it. Before me was the open sea. A little out from the shore, united with it by the wave-washed ridge of sand known as Lynn Beach, lie the twin peninsulas of Nahant. It is but a leap of the eye back again to the north shore, to Cape Ann, Marblehead, and Swampscot. Sprinkle, now, the sea with sails, the land with cottages and groves, the marshes with mounds of yellow hay; fix a light-house on this island or that headland; put a collar of foam about yonder isolated rock, a fringe of white surf on the hem of the sea: you will then have the kind of a picture difficult to overpraise, yet not easy adequately to describe—a picture that will haunt you,

and that you can afterward see (pardon the seeming contradiction) by shutting your eyes.

The summit of High Rock is marked with deep gashes, the geological *striæ*, as if it might have served some pre-Adamite for a



MOLL PITCHER.

chopping-block. Large bowlders, of a different formation and weighing many tons, also perplex us with the question of their presence. They are, perhaps, not so remarkable as the enormous bowlder in the neighboring town of Danvers, known as Ship Rock, but present the same startling and apparently inexplicable problem for the curious to solve. Modern science tells us they are the evidence of some great but unrecorded terrestrial calamity, and leaves us helplessly lost in the thought of what would follow should the hand that stayed once again commence its irresistible march of destruction. High Rock has, therefore, its scientific hypothesis, its popular tale, and its mystic legend.

The vicinity of this cliff was long memorable as the residence of Moll Pitcher, the fortune-teller of Lynn. Twenty-five years ago there were very few firesides in New England that her fame had not reached, perhaps disturbed; and her successful predictions, alike astounding to the vulgar or perplexing to the enlightened, were the theme of many a midnight watch or forecastle confab. She was not the withered, decrepit, and toothless crone of Spenser, or Otway's

> "wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
> Picking dry sticks and mumbling to herself,"

but a woman who lived in the full gaze and gossip of the world, which only accepted her claim to foreknowledge upon the unequivocal testimony of a thousand witnesses. Do you contend that her reputation was due solely to the shrewdness, penetration, and ready wit with which she was undoubtedly and in a remarkable degree gifted? How, then, will you explain revelations of the future made ten and twenty years before the events predicted took place?

When she was in the meridian of her fame and life the ordinary applicant saw a woman of medium stature, having an unusually large head, a pale thin face shaded by masses of dark brown hair, who was as thoroughly self-possessed as he was ill at ease, and whose comprehensive glance measured his mental capacity before he could utter a syllable. People of better discernment, who recollect her, say that her face had none of the wildness of the traditional witch, but was clouded with a habitual sadness, as of a mind overburdened with being the depository of so many confidences, perhaps crimes. She had a full, capacious forehead, eyes that read the secret thoughts of a suitor, a nose "inclined to be long," and thin lips—a physiognomy wholly unlike the popular ideal, but rather that of a modern Egeria: in short, the witch of the nineteenth century.

During the fifty years that she pursued her trade of fortune-telling, in what was then a lonely and little frequented quarter of the town, not only was she consulted by the poor and ignorant, but by the rich and



MOLL PITCHER'S COTTAGE.

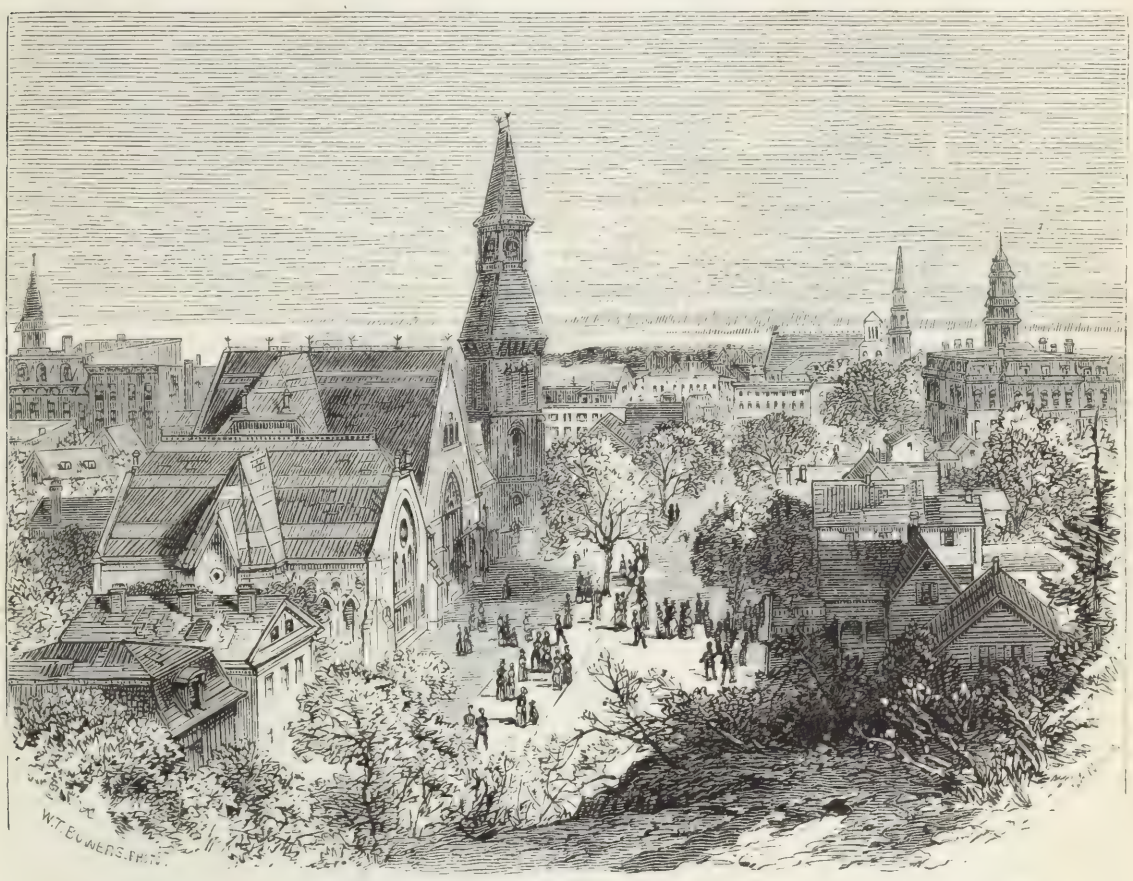
intelligent class. Love affairs, legacies, the discovery of crime, lotteries, commercial ventures, and the more common contingencies of fortune formed, we may well imagine, the staple of her predictions; but her most valued clients came from the opulent sea-ports within sight of High Rock. The common sailor and the master, the cabin-boy and the owner, equally resorted to her humble abode to know the luck of a voyage. It is asserted that many a vessel has

been deserted when on the eve of sailing, in consequence of Moll's unlucky vaticination. She was also much besought by treasure-seekers—a rather numerous class in her day, whose united digging along the coast of New England would, if usefully directed, have reclaimed for cultivation no inconsiderable area of virgin soil. For such applicants the witch had a short and sharp reply. "Fools," she would say, "if I knew where money was buried, do you think I would part with the secret?"

family in all ages. One of our native poets regretfully exclaims:

"Even she, our own weird heroine,
Sole Pythoness of ancient Lynn,
Sleeps calmly where the living laid her;
And the wide realm of sorcery,
Left by its latest mistress free,
Hath found no gray and skilled invader."

Certes, if we do not now live in the age of the weird woman of Endor, of La Pucelle, or even of the semi-fabulous creations of *The Tempest*, we have not far to seek a great-



A BIT OF LYNN, FROM HIGH ROCK, LOOKING SOUTH.

Moll Pitcher died in 1813, at the age of seventy. She was originally of Marblehead, and is said to have inherited the gift of prophecy from her grandfather, John Dimond, who must, however, have lived in a time when it was neither wise nor safe to exercise powers then universally attributed to the Evil One. Her father sailed out of Marblehead as master of a small vessel. Mary Dimond married Robert Pitcher, a shoe-maker, in 1750. Mr. Lewis, the historian of Lynn, asserts that she was connected with some of the best families in Essex, that, except her fortune-telling pretension, there was nothing disreputable in her life, and that her descendants were living and respected when he wrote. Her life seems rather to mark the line which divides old and new superstition than any decay of that inextinguishable craving to pry into futurity which has distinguished the human

er than these, who would think as little of invoking the shade of a prophet as of untenanting a whole church-yard. When we may touch the cold hand of our departed friends, and when the illustrious dead condescend to "burst their cerements" at our bidding, who would wish to return to the feeble and repulsive incantations which the poet laments?

But we have tarried too far above the world to perceive all the details of actual life. Let us, then, descend, and mingle with the throng in the streets. To me the most impressive thing in any city is the infinite variety of the human countenance. It is a novel experience, too, to traverse crowded streets in which you can not discover a single familiar face, nor is the sense of freedom it gives wholly exempt from the feeling of being as much lost as a drop of brine in the ocean. Being a stranger, you may, how-

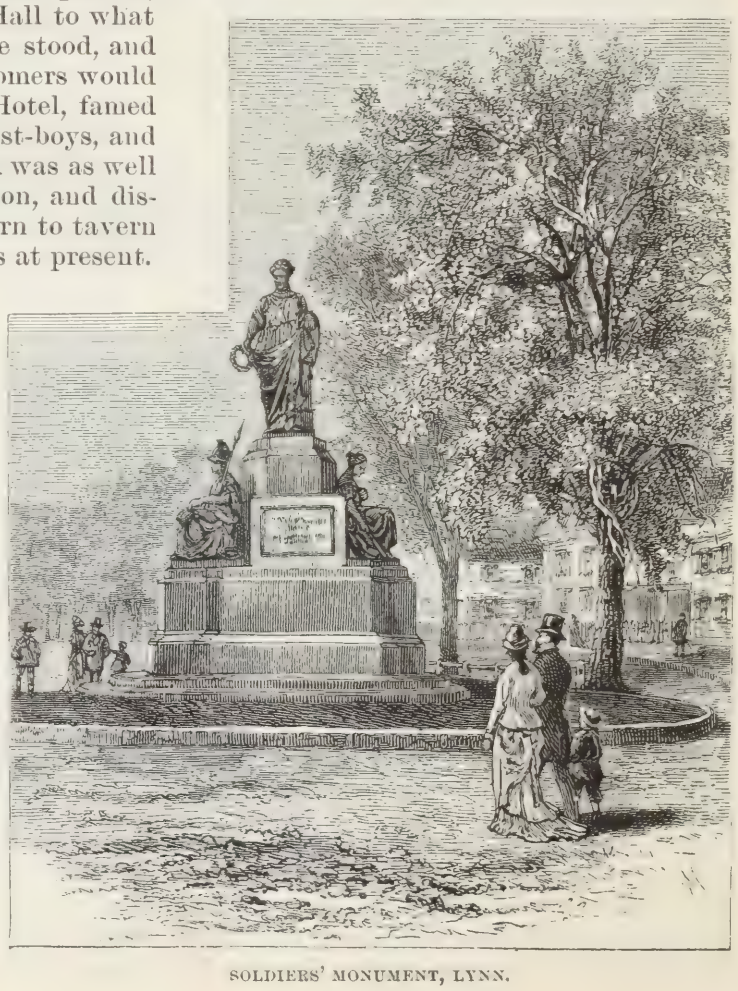
ever, give the old truant impulse full play by looking in at the shop windows, gazing up at the tall steeples, or peering into odd corners, without fearing either the disciplinary censure of Mrs. Grundy or the jocular remarks of idle boys who have "a letter in the post-office."

Accepting Mr. Ruskin's view that the poetry and music of a city are in its architecture, the streets of Lynn are not deficient in the elements of both. It seems to be learning the lesson that "beauty in architectural decoration is far less costly than ugliness," and has therefore given us instances of its application in buildings that would attract attention any where. The City Hall and several of the churches are conspicuously "musical," and walking in Market Street is scarcely different from walking in the shadow of your own "Trinity" or "Old South."

Having passed by the handsome Baptist church, and devoted a brief time to an inspection of the City Hall, which, besides the public offices, contains a library of 20,000 volumes, we enter one of those spacious thoroughfares peculiar to old New England towns, and to them only. It rejoices us to find such ample breathing space right in the heart of a crowding city, and we can but commend the wise forethought which placed it there. Lynn Common is the modest name of half a mile or so of inclosed grass ground, extending from near the City Hall to what was once the town's end, where stood, and still stands, though its old customers would never recognize it, the Lynn Hotel, famed in the day of stage-coaches, post-boys, and baggage-wagons, when the road was as well known as that over the Simplon, and distances were reckoned from tavern to tavern instead of from town to town as at present.

About midway of the Common stands the legitimate successor of the first humble church in the plantation of Saugus, having a mural tablet inscribed with the leading, and I might also add moving, incidents of its history, since we read that the church has not always occupied its original site. Like that of most of the early New England churches, its organization is the literal fulfillment of the sacred promise. It goes back to 1632, when the Rev. Stephen Bachiler gathered around him a little flock of six persons; but there was no regular minister until 1636, when the Rev. Samuel Whiting was settled. This gentleman, having emigrated from Lynn, England, was complimented in the change of name from Saugus to Lynn. Mr. Whiting's colleague was the Rev. Thomas Cobbet, afterward of Ipswich. It is gravely recorded of them by Cotton Mather that when the town cut down the salary of each to £30 a year, it suffered a loss of £300 by disease among the cattle, the inference being that the calamity was the expression of Divine displeasure with such parsimonious dealing. Notwithstanding Mather's hackneyed panegyric, it is clear that there were two opinions of the sermons of the day, from the fact that one profane fellow was brought before the bar of the Great and General Court for saying that he would as lief hear a dog bark as Mr. Cobbet preach. We shudder at the bare suggestion of such an offense being followed by such condign correction in our own time.

Another of the old pastors was Jeremiah Shepard, son of the Rev. Thomas, of Cambridge, and one of three brothers who were all settled in the New England ministry. Mr. Shepard's successor, Rev. Nathaniel Henchman, having refused to admit Whitefield into his pulpit, the great revivalist preached from the platform of the whipping-post. A very obstinately contested duel of pamphlets ensued, in which each disputant fired as often as he pleased, and in which much ink was spilled. The people, however, every where flocked to hear the man whose elo-

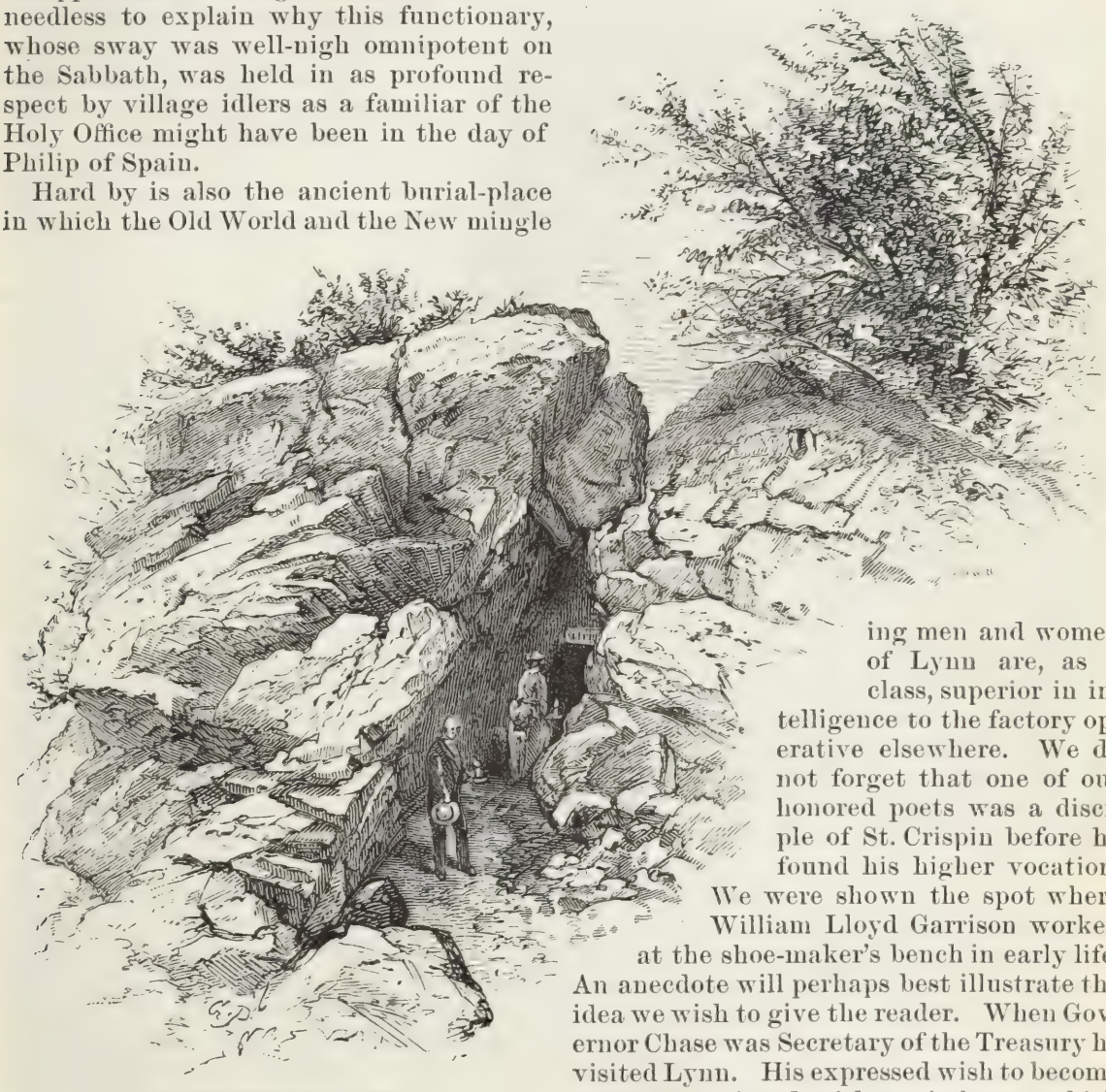


SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, LYNN.

quence and earnestness disturbed even the philosophic calm of Franklin, and eventually secured for him a triumph over the most bigoted of his adversaries.

The first house was built partly underground, as a protection against the bitter cold of a New England winter, which no religious fervor might mitigate to the physical comfort of those who sat the sermon through, chilled to the marrow. Yet there was no such thing in that day as staying away from meeting, except for the aged and infirm. The parish beadle had warrant to apprehend "all vagrom men;" and it is needless to explain why this functionary, whose sway was well-nigh omnipotent on the Sabbath, was held in as profound respect by village idlers as a familiar of the Holy Office might have been in the day of Philip of Spain.

Hard by is also the ancient burial-place in which the Old World and the New mingle



TO DUNGEON ROCK CAVE.

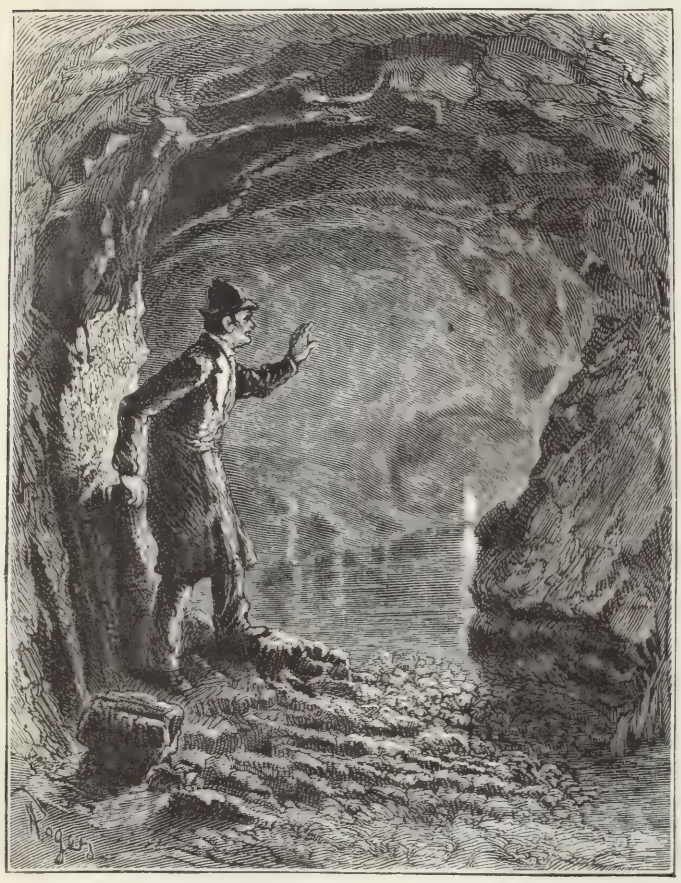
their hallowed dust, quickening even among graves the lingering affection we have for the old mother-land; and while these shattered yet eloquent memorials continue to stand in our midst we can not forget if we would, and would not if we could, that ours is the same stream that flowed so gloriously at Agincourt and on the ensanguined heights of Mount St. John.

Besides the old burial-ground, there are others used exclusively by the Friends, who were once much more numerous in Lynn than at present. It is a curious fact, one for which no parallel is recollected, that the sect having become extinct in Boston, and its meeting-house being closed forever, the remains of the Friends were disinterred from their old resting-place in that city and removed, in 1827, to Lynn. And we are told that even here the distinguishing peculiarity of garb, speech, or worship is fast disappearing in the gradual absorption of the Quaker element into other religious denominations.

A visit to some of the large shoe manufactories confirms the belief that the working men and women of Lynn are, as a class, superior in intelligence to the factory operative elsewhere. We do not forget that one of our honored poets was a disciple of St. Crispin before he found his higher vocation. We were shown the spot where William Lloyd Garrison worked at the shoe-maker's bench in early life. An anecdote will perhaps best illustrate the idea we wish to give the reader. When Governor Chase was Secretary of the Treasury he visited Lynn. His expressed wish to become better acquainted with an industry which contributed so largely to the resources of the national Treasury was immediately gratified. On entering the work-room of one of the large manufactories, where a regiment of male and female operatives were busy with their tasks, he was accosted by a workman, who proceeded to deliver, on behalf of his fellows, an address of welcome, which, for felicity of expression, elegance of diction, and general fitness for the exigency of the moment, surprised the distinguished guest. Turning to those who stood near him, the Secretary exclaimed, "That man a workman! He ought to be in Congress."

It is not our purpose to deal with the material interests of Lynn in this paper, or to inquire into the peculiar relations which subsist between employers and employed. If "money makes the mare go," labor holds the reins, and it is the province of a "high commissioner of arbitration" to make the road passable. Much interesting information may be found in the excellent history of Lynn, originally the work of Alonzo Lewis, but greatly enlarged by James R. Newhall.

The visitor who has still some time at his disposal may acquire one of the most singular experiences of a lifetime by an excursion, to be made walking or driving, as inclination may prompt, to Dungeon Rock. Two miles out of the city, in the heart of the secluded and romantic region overlooking it, is a hill, high and steep, one side of which is a naked precipice; the other, which the road ascends, is still covered with a magnificent grove of oak-trees, clad, when I saw them, in the rags of their autumnal purple. A wilder and more picturesque spot does not exist among the White Hills; and here we are not a dozen miles removed from the homes of half a million people.



BOTTOM OF DUNGEON ROCK CAVE.

The locality is the subject of a remarkable legend, which has its origin among the mists of the old colonial day. It is not so much our present purpose to discuss its claim to a place in history as to relate it for the information of the reader. Some believe it to be pure invention; others find in it certain evidences of probability; for ourself, we avow, without reserve, that the susceptibility of our nature for the charm of romance disposes us not to examine the legend too critically.

According to tradition, the cliff known as Dungeon Rock was once the site of an extensive cavern, which had long been the retreat of certain corsairs who infested our coasts. It at length became the habitation of a solitary stranger whom no one knew, who had given no account of himself, and who held no further intercourse with the neighboring village than his necessities from time to time might demand. As if to stamp the story with even greater appearance of truth, a name said to belong to the recluse has escaped to us.

The year 1658 was signalized in New England by a great earthquake, which is mentioned in some of the old chronicles. During the convulsion the rocks forming the cavern's mouth were crushed together in such a manner as to effectually seal it up and entomb Thomas Veale (for so the hermit of the cave was called) forever. Thenceforth rumor seems to have taken up—perhaps embellished—the tale. Veale was openly asserted to have been an outlawed buccaneer, and the cave the depository of immense booty. The rumor seems to have found credit in the neighborhood, if we may judge from the evidences of a heavy explosion in what was supposed to be the vestibule of the cavern, where a yawning rent in the side of the ledge is blocked up with tons of massy débris.

The story of Dungeon Rock now leaves the realm of legendary lore for that of active supernatural agency, and it may be doubted if the whole world can produce another such example of the absorbing pursuit of an idea which has become the fixed and dominant impulse of a life. Under the direction of spirit mediums the work of piercing Dungeon Rock was begun about twenty-five years ago, and has continued, with little intermission, to the present time. For a quarter of a century father and son have wrought in the vain hope of unlocking its secret. Tons upon tons of the broken rock have been removed by their hands alone, for the windings of the gallery make any mechanical contrivance useless for the purpose. So hard is the natural formation that they sometimes advanced only a foot in a month, and the labor was further increased by the accumulation of water which is constantly oozing from fissures of the rock. Death at length released the elder

enthusiast from his infatuation; but the son pursues the work as the most sacred of trusts, if not the most promising of speculations.

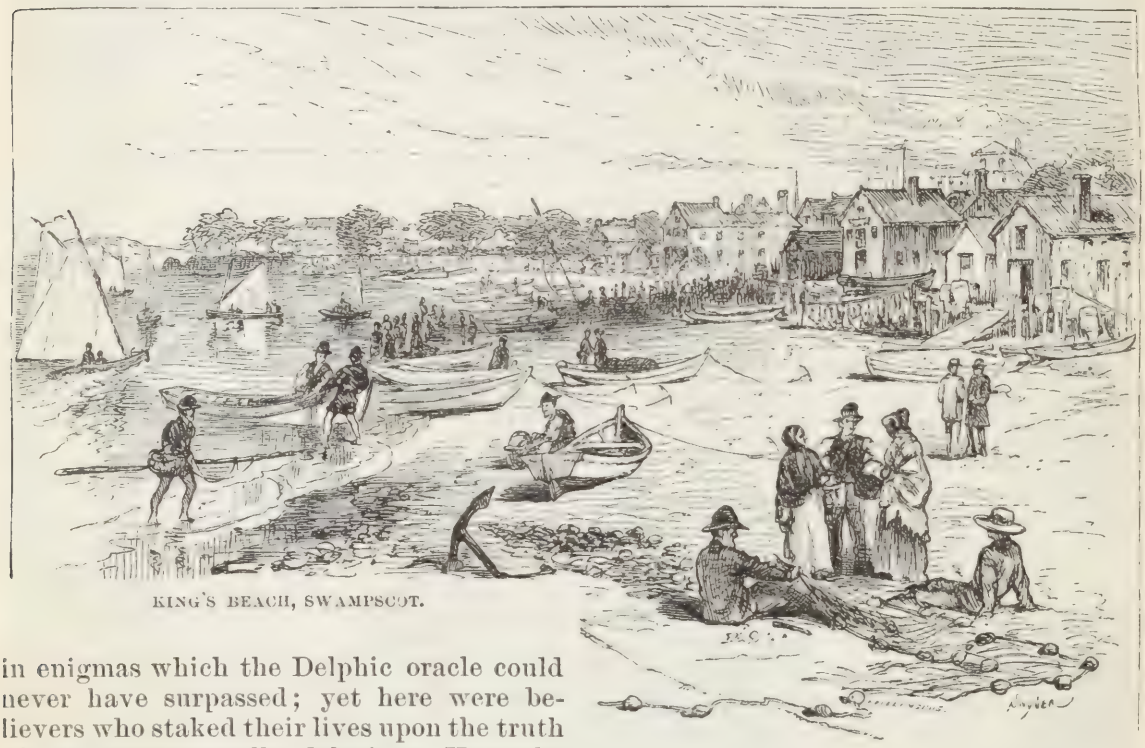
A woman whom I found in the cabin on the summit conducted me to the entrance of the shaft, which was closed by a grated door, above which I read, "Ye who enter here, leave twenty-five cents behind." She turned the key in the lock, swung back the grating, and we began to descend, first by a series of steps cut in the rock, then by such foot-hold as the slippery floor afforded. When we arrived at the extreme limit of the excavation we had come not far from one hundred and fifty feet in a perpendicular descent of only forty; yet I remarked that the gallery at times almost doubled upon itself in order to accomplish what might have been reached in half the distance, and, of course, with half the labor, in a direct line—which would seem to imply that the work might proceed more expeditiously under the direction of a competent mining engineer. Nothing in the appearance of the rock indicated that it had been



PULPIT ROCK, NAHANT.

disturbed since the creation. It was as hard as adamant, as firm as marble, as impenetrable as Fate.

My guide, who proved to be a sister of the indefatigable treasure-seeker, pointed out the supposed locality of the ancient entrance. She also showed me the fragment of a corroded scabbard, which was found, she said, in a cranny within the excavation. Such questions as I asked were freely answered, but she talked in a way that was almost startling in its matter-of-fact assumption of the supernatural as the controlling element in her life experience. The invisible spirits of Dungeon Rock I found dealt in enigmas which the Delphic oracle could never have surpassed; yet here were believers who staked their lives upon the truth of utterances equally delusive. Here the problem is suggestively presented whether latter-day superstition, acting upon the impressible nature, is to be preferred, either in its manifestations or results, to olden delusion as exemplified in the witch of High Rock.



KING'S BEACH, SWAMPSCOT.

From the summit of Dungeon Rock I looked down upon the steeples of Saugus, which contains many inducements for such wayward loiterings as mine. Here, when it formed part of Lynn, were established in 1645 the first iron-works in New England, of which Hubbard, the historian, says that "instead of drawing out bars of iron for the country's use, there was hammered out nothing but contentions and lawsuits." Here is also the Pirate's Glen, with its evidences of former habitation, and of which Dungeon Rock is the sequel.

It is not often that the vicinity of a populous place like Lynn offers superior advantages to pleasure-seekers; but I know of no sea-port on our coast more highly favored in this respect, or where the comfort of home life is so fortunately combined with the advantages of a sea-side resort. Swampscot, which has become the favorite summer residence of many wealthy Bostonians, is really a suburb of Lynn. The line is purely imaginary to all except tax-payers, nor is it fully evident why man has attempted to put asunder what a higher law has perpetually joined together.

The spacious, handsome, and shady avenue connecting with Swampscot is only inferior to the famous drive of Newport in the magnificence and extent of its ocean views. For nearly a mile the elevated and rocky shore is studded with villas having fine grounds and excellent facilities for boating or sea-bathing at their doors. Ocean Street has had its famous residents, too. The house in which Prescott the historian lived is still pointed out; the accomplished Mrs. Lander, *née* Davenport, and the eminent jurist Benjamin R. Curtis have also lived here.

Getting clear of the houses, we come upon successive strips of curving beach inclosed by jutting points of rock land. The high and glittering shore sweeps gracefully around toward the east, far out into the ocean, until it is frittered away in a cluster of foam-crested ledges that lie in treacherous ambuscade at its extreme point. That curving shore is Phillips Point, and the reef is Dread Ledge. Just within the point the morning sun is entangled in a clump of pointed and slender masts, making every yellow spar seem a sunbeam supported by ladders of gold. There is a handsome villa or cottage for every elevated site along the two miles of shore. Nahant and its long beach make the southern coast of this love-

ly little bay now spread before us. About three miles from where we stand, rising abruptly from the sea, is a castellated gray rock crowned with a light-house. Egg Rock is not more than eighty feet from sea to summit, but its isolated position, its bold outlines cut clean and sharp on the blue background, make it seem higher. This islet, the former eyrie of wild sea-birds, is by far the most picturesque object of this picturesque shore. It is almost always seen encircled with a belt of white surf, while in violent storms the raging seas assail it with such tremendous impetuosity as to give the idea of a fortress beleaguered by the combined powers of sea and air.

The idiosyncratic feature of Swampscot is its fishermen. We have already indicated the anchorage of a score of trim, weatherly-looking vessels which cruise on George's or Jeffrey's the year round. Always hazardous, the winter fishing is not seldom attended with cruel suffering and privation. On King's Beach the lobster-men assert the right of eminent domain against all comers except the sea, which in high tides reminds them that they are mere tenants at will by floating their little cabins to the other side of the road, its usual boundary. Beyond King's is Whale Beach, which is reserved for the landing and traffic of fish, whether fresh or salted, smoked or dried. There is phosphorus in the air, and you eye the athletic fellows curiously to see if fins are not concealed underneath their rough jackets. Men are busy painting boats, patching boats, or mending boats; others are coming in with their fares, or bargaining with country peddlers who carry the fish from door to door. The fish-houses you see are decorated with names of the craft to which they pertain, such as the "Gypsy Girl," "Laughing Water," or "Florence Nightingale," and one had even appropriated the ambitious name of "Cosmos," meaning, we presume, the piscatory universe. Mr. Hawthorne's "Village Uncle" was when in the flesh familiar with the scenes we are describing. There is no danger which these hardy fishermen will not brave to save life; but transcendentalism has apparently died out on the beach since the day of the romancer's patriarch.

The extremity of Phillips Point is a wicked-looking shore, and Dread Ledge the synonym for danger to the mariner. The surrounding waters are thickly sown with half-submerged rocks, which in the delirium of a gale seem rooted in hell itself. Here in January, 1857, the ill-fated *Tedesco* was swallowed up, with every soul on board, and such was the mastery of the tempest over things terrestrial that the disaster was not known in the neighboring village until the following day. In that memorable gale the sea inundated the marshes, swept unchecked over its ordinary barriers, and heaped a rampart of frozen surf upon the beaches, in which the broken masts of wrecks were left sticking. Streets and roads were blocked up by immense snow-drifts, and travel was suspended for several days. The anchors of the *Tedesco* were found lying upon the top of a rock, but not a vestige of the hull remained. Another vessel was afterward wrecked here, but being driven nearer the land, her crew walked to the shore over the bowsprit.

The occasional and distant glimpses of Nahant vouchsafed to us from the main shore are certain to excite the desire for a nearer survey, a more intimate acquaintance. "If," says N. P. Willis, "you can imagine a buried Titan lying along the length of a continent, with one arm stretched out into the midst of the sea, the spot to which I would transport you, reader mine, would be, as it were, in the palm of the giant's hand." Though fortuitous events have put it out of the pale of recognized watering-places, Nahant is still the pearl of Essex. Sprung like a goddess from the sea, she inhales its salt breath, nestles in its embrace,



BAITING TRAWL, KING'S BEACH.

and is pervaded by all its mysterious influence. The ardent summer sunshine crowns her with light, but never scorches with its heats; for here is the play-ground of truant breezes that forsake the superheated main. If you have escaped from the city on a day in midsummer, inwardly murmuring a languid protest against existence, no sooner has the cool sea breathed upon you its healing influence than you receive the baptism of a new life. Vital energy is miraculously restored, and you are a self-asserting, pleasure-loving mortal once more.

Let us take a quiet stroll on Long Beach. This is a narrow isthmus uniting Nahant with the main-land. On one side is the bay we have already traced to its dip into the sea at Phillips Point; on the other side a broader reach of water stretches far away to the headlands of Boston Harbor, to Point Shirley, and Point Allerton. Close under the shore is all that Lynn can boast of a haven; for the bay is here so shallow that the imagination conceives the possibility of crossing its bared basin at low tide, and of gathering its hidden treasures. Revere Beach makes the coast-line here for three miles. Reliable persons say that Lynn has nine miles of sea-beach at her front-door. There is a good road over the Long Beach, but as the tide is nearly down, a broad esplanade of sand beckons us aside from the embankment over which it is built. Here is a course such as no Roman charioteer ever drove upon. The heavy farm carts that are gathering sea-weed leave scarcely a print of their broad-tired wheels. Stamp upon it with the foot, and see how hard and firm it is, or smile at the lightning it emits under the impact—your childhood's wonder. We pass over half an acre of sand, moulded in the impress of little wavelets that look like cunning chiselling, or like masses of sandy hair in crimp. There crouches a sportsman waiting for twilight to come, when the black ducks and coots fly over; those stooping figures among the rocks are not treasure-seekers, but clam-diggers.

Having crossed the Long Beach, we betake ourselves again to the road, which gives us safe-conduct around the shore of Little Nahant to a second beach, half a mile long. We leave this behind to climb the rocky ridge of the greater promontory, and find ourselves in the long street of Nahant, whose modest steeples we have seen from the main-land. The village is tempting to artist or antiquary, but especially so to the man of refined literary tastes, who knows no greater enjoyment than to visit the spots consecrated by genius. In Jonathan Johnson's house Longfellow partly wrote "Hiawatha;" and Nahant was also the birthplace of the "Bells of Lynn," the "Ladder of St. Augustine," and perhaps other of his lyrics. Somewhat farther on we descend into an enticing nook, shaded by two aged and gigantic willows. Here, in the modest cottage of Mrs. Hannah Hood, surrounded by old Dutch folios, Motley began his *Dutch Republic;* and by ascending the rise of ground above the Hollow we may see the roof of the cottage where Prescott, who died, like Petrarch, in his chair, worked at *Ferdinand and Isabella*, the *Conquest of Mexico*, and *Philip II.* On the point beyond us, assisted by his gifted wife, Agassiz produced *Brazil.* Willis, Curtis, Mrs. Sigourney, and others, who have confessed its magic influence, celebrate Nahant in prose or verse. The residence of such eminent representatives of American literature could hardly fail to impress itself upon the social character of a place, but it has also made this little peninsula one of the best-remembered spots of American ground to scholars of the Old World who have visited it. And the privilege of traversing her rocky shores, with Longfellow or Agassiz for a guide, was something to be remembered.

The Hollow seems the proper stand-point for a brief glance at the antecedents of Nahant down to the time when it became the retreat of culture, refinement, and wealth. Nahant (the twins) is a musical Indian name that trips lightly from the tongue. It was sold by Poquanum, a Sagamore, in 1630, to the Lynn settlers, who used it in common as a pasture. It was seen and named the Fullerton Isles, in 1614, by Captain Smith. It had been granted in 1622 to Captain Robert Gorges, but his title seems to have lapsed and not to have been successfully revived. The price originally paid for Nahant was a suit of clothes; it has now a tax roll of six and a half millions. In the earlier accounts given of them the peninsulas appear to have been well wooded, but from some unknown cause the natural forest long ago disappeared, and Nahant remained almost treeless, until Thomas H. Perkins, a wealthy Boston merchant, planted several thousand shade trees. His efforts to make Nahant a desirable summer residence were effectively seconded by Frederick Tudor, the ice king, and by Cornelius Coolidge. Its name and fame began to resound abroad. A hotel was built in 1819, and a steamboat began to ply in the summer months between Boston and the peninsulas. In 1853 Nahant threw off her allegiance to Lynn, and became a separate town. Her earlier frequenters were, with few exceptions, wealthy Boston or Salem families, and they continue to possess her choicest territories.

Since the great hotel was destroyed by fire in 1861, there is only the modest hostelry of Mr. Whitney for the reception of casual guests. This was one of five houses the peninsula contained seventy odd years ago,

and was the former homestead of the Breed family, who, with the Hood and Johnson families, were sole lords of the isles. Though there has been an "invasion," there never has been a "conquest." The Nahantese who are "native here, and to the manner born," cling to what is left of their ancient patrimony with unyielding grasp. Wander where they may, they always come back here to die. One of them, who had refused tempting offers for his land, said to me, "Here I was born, here is my home, and here I mean to abide." They can not talk of the enticements of the place in the sentimental way, but their love for it seems to have interlaced their lives with its roots, as the old trees at Whitney's have the soil. Dear old "Goldy" has best expressed the inextinguishable yearning for the spot of ground we call home, in these lines:

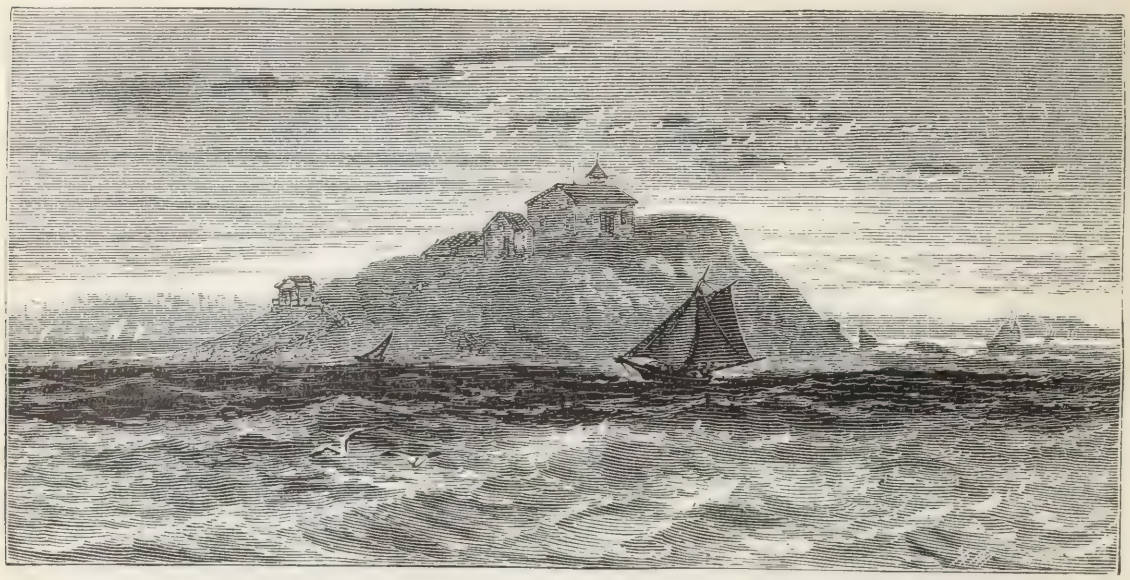
"In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last."

Having dined well at Whitney's, we are ready for further discovery. We see that the admirably kept roads conduct where the most engaging sea views are to be had. You lean over a railing and look down eighty feet to the bottom of a cove, where the sea ripples without breaking, and the clean, smooth pebbles chase back the refluent wave with noisy chatter. The tawny rocks wear coats of grass-green velvet; the perfume of sweet-fern and of eglantine is in the air. The cliffs of the eastern headland are very fine. It takes one's breath away to witness the rush and roar of the eternal surges among their iron ribs; yet the effect seems little more than would be produced by a hungry lion licking the bars of his cage. In a few instances, such as Castle Rock and the Devil's Pulpit notably present, the rocks arise in regular castellated masses, but in general they are as much the expression of chaos of form as we might expect to see in the broken arches and colonnades of the earth's foundations. Being pitched about in fantastic yet awful confusion, they present curious accidental formations, or are split from summit to foundation-stone in chasms deep and gloomy,



WHITNEY'S TAVERN, NAHANT.

where the waters hiss as they might have done when the molten mass was taken prisoner *en route* and petrified. The sea has hollowed out of the solid rock the natural curiosities locally known as the Natural Bridge, Swallow's Cave, Irene's Grotto, and Spouting Horn; and in storms the shore is as full of noises as Prospero's island.



EGG ROCK.

The view from the portico of the chapel, on the highest point of the headland, is certainly one of the rarest on the whole coast, embracing many miles of the main-land, from Lynn to the extremity of Cape Ann; of the south shore, from Scituate to Boston Light. The expanse of blue water lying between is scattered with ships coming and going, as though it were a broad and plain highway: to me they looked like white blossoms born in its bosom, expanding in its sunshine. I watched the sable plume of a steam-ship entering her port after a long ocean voyage. I saw the puff of white smoke leap from her side, though I could not hear the report of her signal gun so far. Perhaps the wondering gaze of the red man was thus riveted upon the first English ship, when the New World "stretched its dusk hand to the Old." To stand here was like a retrospect of intervening centuries.

Among the confessed attractions of Nahant are the Maolis (Siloam) Gardens, established by Mr. Tudor for the convenience of the thousands who, every summer, wish to pass a day here, but who would otherwise be deterred by the fear of trespassing upon private grounds, where some inhospitable sign-board forbids eating your luncheon if you are hungry, or of overstepping certain imaginary boundaries if adventurous. Parties of pleasure come from many miles inland, spread their tables under the trees, or a clean cloth upon the grass, and abandon themselves to a day of enjoyment, enhanced by the rare beauty of the scenery. The grounds are pretty, though not very extensive. They are conducted with perfect decorum by those having charge, who bring to the aid of their guests all the accessories usual in such a place, even to two lazy, tame bears, whose awkward gambols delight scores of happy children.

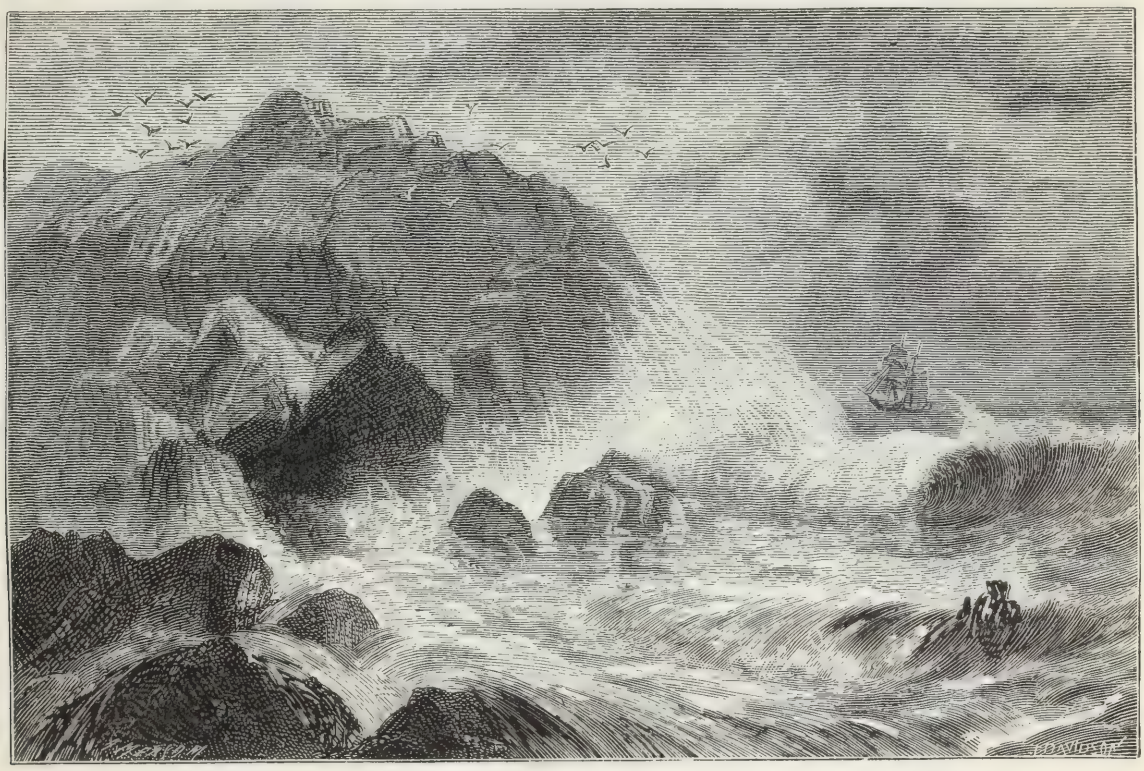
The southern shores of Nahant being in general less precipitous than the north, are less interesting, though they are preferred by such as find the cold northeasterly winds, fresh from the ocean, too bracing. Even in August a pair of blankets are sometimes insufficient bed-covering; and Prescott found his airy situation on Fitful Head to disagree with a delicate organization. But to the city man who has endured the vertical rays of the sun by day and the furnace-like heat of a breathless night under the dogstar, the idea of luxurious and refreshing sleep to be had only ten miles away is simply exasperating. The south shore is traversed by several pretty beaches inclosed by protruding headlands. It also furnishes a landing-place for the steamboats, and passable harborage for a few fishermen, whose cottages skirt the larger of the beaches. Pleasant walks and drives abound, and, of course, all such resources of health or pastime as the water-side affords.

There is one topic with which the annals of Nahant are indissolubly united that we feel a natural diffidence in approaching, yet can not in conscience ignore, and that is the sea-serpent. Words are inadequate to describe the wide-spread consternation which the apparition of such a monster created among the hardy population of our New England sea-board, for he was soon perceived to possess none of the attributes of a sportive and harmless fish, but to belong strictly to the reptile tribe. And what a reptile! The most exaggerated reports of his length prevailed in the fishing towns of Cape Ann.

One skipper swore that he was as long as the mainmast of a seventy-four; another would eat him if the steeple of Gloucester meeting-house could hold a candle to him for length; still another declared upon his "affidavy" that having sighted the shaggy head of the snake early in the morning, with a stiff six-knot breeze, and every thing full, he had been half a glass in overhauling his tail, as he lay motionless along the water.

For a time nothing else was talked of but the wonderful sea-snake which was repeatedly seen in Gloucester Bay in August, 1817, and occasionally also in the waters of Nahant Bay, by hundreds of curious spectators, who ran to the beaches or pushed off in boats at the first news of his approach. There was he bore a charmed life, and having easily eluded his pursuers, derisively shook the spray of Nahant Bay from his tail ere he disappeared in the depths of the ocean. Since this time the gigantic ophidian has never revisited Nahant, though tidings have lately come of him from other climes. His stuffed skin was never destined to adorn the walls of a museum, and it is doubtful if he will ever know other pickle than his native brine.

Hastening homeward, I came to the Long Beach just as the bells of Lynn rang out their vesper peal. Listening to the melody of those evening bells, the poet, in his cottage at Nahant, prolongs for us their musical vibration through an atmosphere of per-



SWALLOWS' CAVE, NAHANT.

not a fish-wife along thirty miles of coast who did not shake in her shoes when he was reported in the offing. But as time wore on, and the serpent's pacific, even pusillanimous, disposition became evident, courage revived, and though the fish was a strange one, the fishermen determined, with characteristic boldness, on his capture.

Stimulated, also, by the large reward offered for the serpent, alive or dead, vessels were fitted out, manned by expert whalesmen, which cruised in the bay. The revenue vessel then on the station was ordered to keep a vigilant look-out, and her guns double-shotted for action. Nets were also spread in his snakeship's accustomed haunts, and one adventurous fellow, who had approached so near as to see the white of his glittering eye, emptied the contents of a ducking gun into the monster's head. But

fect calm, in which we can almost distinguish angelic voices chanting the "Benedicite." We hearken to their dying cadence as it steals over the hushed and listening sea, and, turning to the west, behold a gleam of light, dazzling as the flaming sword of the archangel, shine out resplendent on the dying day. It mantles the swarthy face of ocean as with impetuous life-blood; it leaps from tower to tower, and from crag to crag, lighting the thousand casements of the city with such effulgence that our eyes shun its splendors. When we look again, the light has faded out of the heavens. The white lip of the sea trembles, and its breathing comes thick and slow. We can not stay the chill that creeps over us in the death-like presence of twilight by the sea; we experience a thrill of pleasure in once more threading the cheerful streets of the city.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

ITALY, always beautiful, has also never ceased to be great. Whether Etruscan, Roman, papal, or German, her intellect has constantly exercised an influence unequalled by that of any other land. As Etruscan, she became the art-mistress of the West; as Roman, she civilized Europe; under Charlemagne and the German popes, she revived the slumbering embers of learning; and in the moment of her greatest weakness, at the close of the Middle Ages, her republican poets and thinkers led the way in that triumphant mental revival that has made Europe instructress of the world. The free genius of Dante aimed its bolts from heaven at the temporal and spiritual tyranny of the papacy; the milder muse of Petrarch reproached the barbaric vices of feudalism; the poets of Italy chanted to the nations their songs of freedom and of faith; and England, France, and Germany slowly followed in the path of progress. Savage barons and cruel kings learned politeness, if not humanity, in the busy streets of Venice or of Florence; English poets and French versifiers sat humbly at the feet of their Florentine models; and at length, when Italian genius had sunk into decay under the tyranny of popes and princes, its liberal ideas were revived in the fens of Holland and the shops of London; and Milton, the Dante of Puritanism, renewed and surpassed the inspired song of his master and the austere republicanism of Petrarch.



DANTE RECITING HIS POEM TO BEATRICE.

Dante Alighieri was born at Florence in the year 1265. His family was noble and wealthy, and the poet was no doubt educated in all the literature of the time. But this was very small. Dante was familiar with the amorous lyrics of the Provençal poets, the Sicilian love songs, and the romances of the earlier *trouvères*. He was a good Latin scholar, wrote it with tolerable ease, and had evidently studied Virgil with an ardor that shows itself in all his own productions. He was also well read in the monkish literature of his time. Thought in the Middle Ages was chiefly turned to religious topics: faith was then strong and undoubting, and the priests and monks, who formed the literary class, delighted in crude speculations upon heaven and hell, the pains of purgatory, and the splendors of celestial bliss. Among these men Dante was educated, and from them he drew the germs of those stately visions that for six centuries have stirred the intellect of mankind.

To understand Dante we must become somewhat familiar with the history of his period. We must know something of the



DANTE AT RAVENNA.

condition of his native city and something of the politics of his age. Florence is the city of Dante, and Dante is the poet of Florence. The Florentines look back with a kind of superstitious awe to the first and noblest in the long line of their illustrious men. His works are studied in their schools and commented upon by their ablest professors, and his memory is celebrated in frequent festivals, when the whole population of Florence join in doing honor to the injured shade of its unhappy poet. The last of these celebrations occurred in 1865. Six hundred years had then elapsed since Dante's birth. The city of Florence dedicated the day to his memory; business ceased; the name of Dante was on every tongue; princes and peasants, rich and poor, the man of intellect and the man of pleasure, the aged who had fed upon his verses and children who could scarcely lisp them, mingled in the procession that moved reverently toward Dante's statue, and crowned it with a wreath of laurel. It was the nineteenth century doing homage to the thirteenth.

Let us, then, review the history of Florence in the period of Dante. Before Rome was founded, the Etruscan city of Fæsulæ stood upon a hill not far from the modern town. Fæsulæ was evidently a place of importance. According to Mr. Dennis, it must have been a centre of luxury and artistic taste. It was surrounded by walls of well-cut stone, had its sewers and its well-paved streets, and abounded in pictures, bronzes, and works of art. The Etruscans were the most elegant, tasteful, and licentious of all the ancient inhabitants of Italy. They were musicians, poets, dancers, and accomplished actors, and they seem to have transmitted all these rare gifts to their descendants, the modern Tuscans. During the Roman period the people of Fæsulæ were removed from their ancient seat, and founded the modern city of Florence on the banks of the Arno. After the fall of the Roman power Florence fell into the hands of the Northern invaders, a German or Gothic element was mingled with its population, and thus the Florentines of the Middle Ages were a mixed race, composed of the descendants of the Etruscans, Latins, Goths, and the Lombards.

Little is known of the history of Florence during the Middle Ages until it appears, about the eleventh century, as one of those busy and tumultuous cities that first gave an example of republican institutions to modern Europe. The people of Florence, enriched by commerce, protected by their

walls and their citizen soldiery, successfully resisted the power of the German emperors, and at the same time opposed with equal firmness the spiritual despotism of the popes. They still retained the fierce love for freedom inherited from their Gothic ancestors,



DANTE ALIGHIERI.

joined with a taste for elegance and art, the legacy of the Etruscans. Feudalism never spread its meshes over Florence. The Florentines would never consent to become the vassals of priest or king. They were divided, it is true, into a nobility and a commonalty, but their chief magistrates were elective, and were sometimes chosen from the commons and sometimes from the nobles. Labor was honored at Florence; the most important families grew rich by commerce; the clothiers, armorers, and other artisans had a share in the government; the fierce democracy would often rise against the nobles, banish its opponents, confiscate their estates, and hold a perfect control of the city, and thus Florence during the Middle Ages was marked by a series of incessant revolutions without parting with its independence. While London, Rome, and Paris were the vassals of despotic princes, the free city of Tuscany asserted its superiority over counts and barons, and grew rich by a keen attention to the laws of trade.

In the contest between the emperors and the popes, Florence was sometimes Guelph and sometimes Ghibelline. Its citizens were divided by the two factions, but they seem to have entered into the controversy from a love for political agitation rather than from any regard for either emperor or pope. Politics was their favorite study and occupation; they were constantly devising new schemes of government, they labored incessantly for political reform, and Macchiavelli has painted with philosophic minuteness the instructive revolutions of his native city. But whether Guelph or Ghibelline, democrat or aristocrat, the Florentine never lost his intense love for his early home. To him Florence was the fairest of cities, the Arno the loveliest of rivers, the Tuscan the sweetest notes that fell from the lips of men. The Florentine was resolved that his native city should become famous throughout the earth, and he labored for whatever could advance her glory with a patient assiduity that ended in complete success. Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Galileo, Alfieri, have thrown over Florence a deathless renown.

Such was the city of Dante, and the poet was in every particular a true Florentine. He was a fierce politician, an eager aspirant for office and public honors, an ardent Ghibelline, a hopeless exile; but in all his political conduct Dante was moved by an intense ardor of patriotism. It was Florence alone that he loved; for his ungrateful country he could feel nothing but the tenderest affection.

We may now notice a few important particulars in the poet's life. The first was his passion for Beatrice de' Portinari. Beatrice died in early life, but Dante seems to have kept her form and face constantly before him to the close of his own. He believed that she had ascended into heaven to become his guardian angel, and her glorified countenance looked down upon him wherever he trod. His great poem seems chiefly designed to embalm the memory of Beatrice. It is to her that he would owe every thought. She protects him by her intercession when he enters the Inferno, and she meets him in Heaven to conduct him to the presence of the Deity; and thus the chivalric conception of a spotless mistress every where pervades the first great poem of the Middle Ages. The spirit of the troubadour and the knight-errant fills all the genius of Dante.

Besides his unhappy attachment, the poet's life was marked by an almost ceaseless series of misfortunes. He took part in the civil government of Florence, fought bravely in her defense, and was for a short time chief magistrate of the city. But the opposite party having regained the power, Dante was fined heavily, banished, and at length was even sentenced to be burned alive. The remainder of his life was passed in poverty, exile, and sometimes in actual

want. He strove in vain to obtain admission to Florence by force of arms, and then had recourse to a petition to its people; but his fellow-citizens refused to suffer his recall. Florence offered him while living only imprisonment or the stake, and at length the poet died, in 1321, an exile at the court of Ravenna.

No sooner was he dead than a conviction of the rare eminence of his genius seemed to flash upon the minds of men. All Italy went in mourning for Dante. A costly monument was raised to his memory at Ravenna. The people of Florence begged the poet's body of the Ravennese, to be interred in the sepulchre of his ancestors, but their request was denied. Dante's poem sprang at once into general renown. The most learned men of Italy were employed to explain its obscure allusions, unfold its hidden beauties, and make plain to the popular mind the real greatness of Italy's noblest poet. Never was a poem more widely diffused. In the fourteenth century Dante was the master intellect of Europe, and, like Homer, gave rise to a throng of poets, dramatists, historians, lecturers, and commentators, who reflected without ever equalling his genius.

We are now prepared to examine that great work upon which his fame is founded. We have seen that in character Dante was ardent, imaginative, fierce, melancholy, loving, tender. We shall discover that the poet did not differ from the man. The *Divine Comedy* is imaginative, ardent, fierce, impulsive, bold; it is the wild lament of a melancholy genius, the poetical expression of the sentiment of the Middle Ages.

What is chiefly remarkable in Dante's poem is its solitariness. It was the first production of any uncommon value of the barbarians who had destroyed Roman civilization, the first effort of the modern intellect to approach the high standard of the past. Dante stood quite alone. He was the first of the moderns to contest the superiority of the ancients; he is the leader of modern thought.

The poem was not published until after the poet's death, but it was no doubt well known to his contemporaries by his recitations as well as by general fame. Wherever Dante wandered in his exile, he no doubt repeated to his noble entertainers portions of his extensive work, and his manuscript was eagerly read by those friends of letters who in the thirteenth century began to abound at the Italian courts.

The language of Tuscany was then, as it is now, the purest and most perfect of the dialects of Italy. This language Dante employed, and at once established its pre-eminence. His diction is in general pure, and often singularly melodious. Many of the lines of the *Commedia* are among the sweetest that ever fell from poet's pen. In his versification Dante borrowed that metrical system which had been invented by the Arabs and the troubadours. He made no effort to revive the long and short syllables of the Latins and the Greeks; his measure is founded upon accent, his *terza rima* is regular and unchanging, and his example fixed the taste of the poetry of Italy and Europe.

Dante called his poem the *Commedia*, to which his admirers afterward added the epithet *Divina*, and it is now always known as the *Divine Comedy*. It is not an epic poem either in form or matter. It is not divided into twenty-four books; it has no hero except the poet himself; does not describe battles, sieges, or feats of arms, and can scarcely be said to resemble the Æneid or the Iliad. It is, in fact, a prolonged picture of the spiritual world, and an effort on the part of an imagination almost inspired to reveal to man the secrets of the unseen future.

The *Divine Comedy* is divided into three parts, the first describing the poet's visit to the infernal world, the second his passage up the mountain of purgatory, and the third his ascent through the celestial spheres until he reaches the presence of the Deity. The "Inferno" embraces thirty-four cantos, and each of the other parts thirty-three, so that there are in all one hundred cantos.

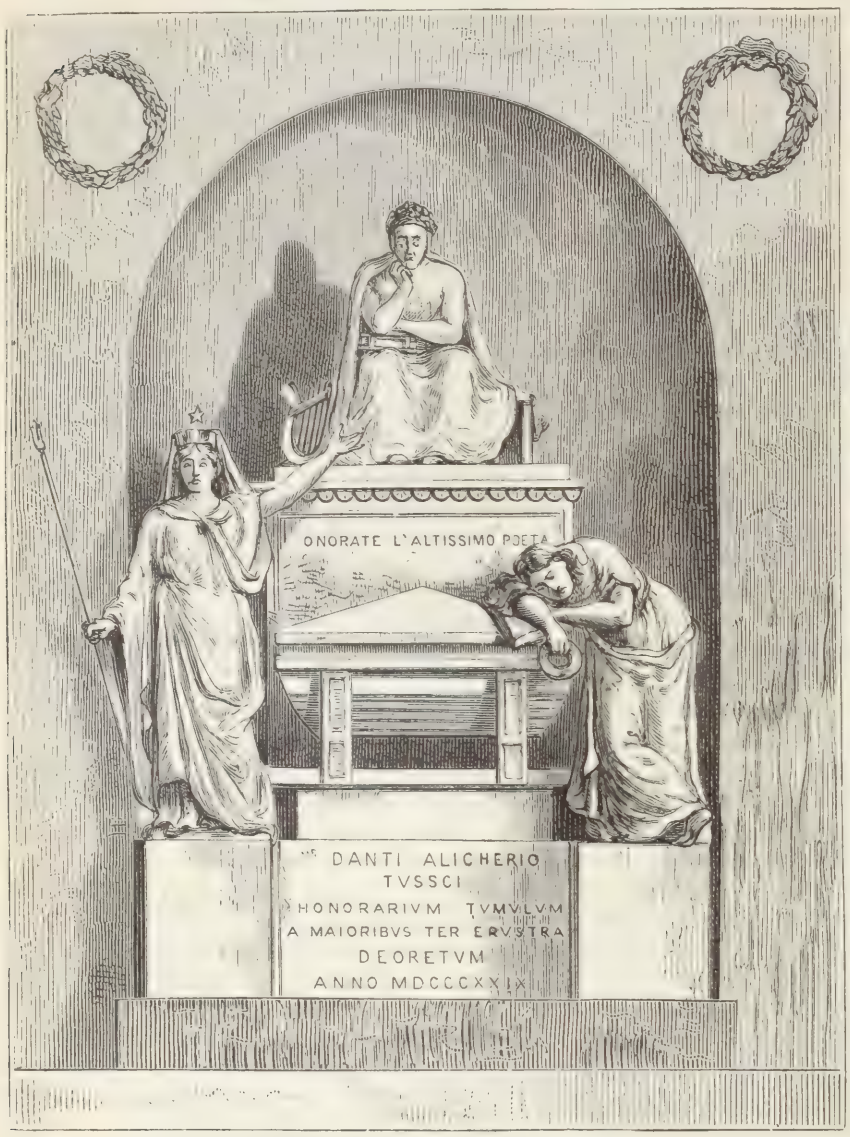
In the opening of the "Inferno" the poet imagines himself at the gates of Hell, about to explore its untold terrors. Through the intercession of Beatrice, his glorified mistress, he has been allowed this unusual privilege. The poet Virgil has been selected as his attendant and protector. And thus, in Easter-week of the year 1300, the modern Orpheus approaches the mouth of the yawning pit, which is entered by a single door. Above the entrance is written the ominous words,

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate."

"Leave every hope behind, who enter here."

The Inferno is painted by the poet as a vast cone or pit which penetrates to the centre of the earth. It is divided into seven circles or spheres, the lowest being the abodes of the most guilty, and the scene of the most fearful punishments. In the deepest circle, at the centre of the earth, is seen Satan, half buried in a sea of ice, and flapping his six terrible wings in his vain efforts to escape from eternal woe. But there is no hope for the lost. Despair sits upon every countenance; sighs, lamentations, moans, resound through the horrible abode. A crash of thunder strikes Dante insensible as he enters; but the memory of Beatrice and the encouragement of Virgil enable him to persist in his design. In vain the wild demons rush upon him to tear him to pieces, in vain the flames rise around him or the sulphurous smoke ascends, so long as Beatrice is his protector. In the different circles he

meets many of his former friends or foes, who recognize his Tuscan accent, and ask for news from the upper world, or explain to him for what crimes they have been condemned to endless woe. The various punishments of the lost imagined by the poet are wonderful examples of his originality. The guilty are inclosed in blazing tombs,



DANTE'S MONUMENT AT FLORENCE.

bitten by poisonous serpents, scorched by fiery rain; are compelled to gnaw and devour each other; are plunged in pools of blood, half suffocated, and are then suddenly withdrawn; are pierced by the darts of centaurs, or chained to eternal icebergs. Doré has lately given to the world his illustration of the "Inferno," but even that inventive artist has failed to reproduce the wonderful variety of Dante, and his pictures seem almost tame and commonplace compared to the profuse novelty of the original.

Two episodes in the "Inferno" have fixed the admiration of mankind. One is the touching picture of the unhappy Francesca di Rimini, in the fifth canto. Here the melodious Tuscan of Dante flows in almost perfect harmony. At the sound of his voice the lost spirits float toward him like doves hastening to their nest:

> "Quali colombe dal disio chiamate
> Coll' ali alzate e ferme, al dolce nido
> Vengon per aere."

Francesca di Rimini had sacrificed her soul for love, and now in endless torture laments to Dante her hopeless fate, and tells him the story of her fall.

The second remarkable episode is that of Count Ugolino. The poet discovers one of the lost in the region of ice, gnawing, as if from hunger or rage, the body of his enemy and destroyer, Ubaldini. Dante asks him the cause of his terrible enmity, when Ugolino relates the story of his death. Ubaldini and the Pisans had shut up the count, together with his three sons, in a tower, walled up the entrance, and there left them to starve. Ugolino describes to Dante the slow course of starvation, and the terrible pangs that had torn his breast as he saw his sons sink down and die before him, calling upon him for help:

> "Speechless
> I looked upon the faces of my sons;
> I wept not, for all stone I felt within.
> They wept; and one, my little Anselm, cried,
> 'Thou lookedst so! Father, what grieves thee?' Yet
> I shed no tear."

The children now die of hunger:

> "When we came
> To the fourth day, my Gaddo at my feet
> Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
> For me, my father?' There he died; and e'en
> Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
> Fall one by one, between the fifth day and sixth;
> Then fasting gained the mastery of grief."

The "Purgatory," which follows the "Inferno," is less vigorous, but still wonderfully poetical. Dante escapes through a passage that leads from the lowest sphere into purgatory. As the Inferno was represented as a conical pit penetrating into the centre of the earth, Purgatory is painted as a tall mountain whose top ascends toward Heaven. Its interior is divided into many spheres, and as the period of purgation passes on,

the spirits of the elect rise upward, and are led by angels to the celestial world above. When it is announced by the angels that a soul has escaped to Heaven, all Purgatory rings with exclamations of joy. The characteristic trait of Hell was despair, that of Purgatory is hope. The torments of Purgatory resemble those of the Inferno, but they are borne with patience, because they lead to eternal bliss. Angelic resignation sits on every countenance, and a throng of the elect, slowly purging their sins away in ages of contrition, meets the poet's eye as he ascends from sphere to sphere.

At last the prospect of Heaven opens upon him. Led by Beatrice, he views the thrones of the immortals and the seats of perpetual bliss. Paradise, too, has its ascending spheres, rising from the moon to the limits of the stars and the centre of the universe. Dante rises upward amidst the songs of rejoicing spirits and scenes of endless joy. There he sees the martyred saints who have suffered on earth, now clad in their robes of triumph; there are meek women and lowly men, who on earth were forgotten, now raised above kings and princes; there are holy anchorites and faithful monks, who on earth fed on herbs and roots and were clothed in coarse attire, now radiant with the gems of the New Jerusalem and fed with the viands of Paradise; there are St. Mark, St. Peter, St. John, and all the holy band of the apostles, who by serving the Master so faithfully on earth have become the princes and rulers of Heaven. And there at length, in the highest sphere, Dante is permitted to gaze upon the Almighty Creator, the source of love and purity, the mind by which all things are moved, the radiant centre of light, the ineffable Divine, the ruler of the heart, the victor of the skies, whose fallen foe the poet had not long ago beheld flapping his vulture wings in the icy fetters of the Inferno.

Such are the three divisions of Dante's poem; they represent, in fact, three phases of intellectual life. Despair, hope, and a perfect fruition are the germs of his unrivalled pictures. The book sold at once with uncommon rapidity, and new editions came out almost every year. When printing came into use, the *Commedia* was one of the first works to issue from the press. It was read and imitated in every land; many poets, thinkers, and intellectual men were created by its influence: Tasso and Ariosto are its natural offspring; Spenser borrowed its allegories and figures; Milton took from it the design of his "Paradise Lost;" the great minds of every succeeding age were employed in unravelling its obscurities; and in our own day the Abbé de Lamennais, the most eloquent and honest of French preachers, passed the close of his life in writing a commentary upon Dante;



FRANCESCO PETRARCH.

and our own Longfellow has just completed his admirable version of the *Commedia*, the crowning glory of an illustrious career.

The next great poet of Italy was Petrarch. He was the son of an exiled Florentine, and was born in 1304 at Arezzo. Petrarch, therefore, was seventeen years old when Dante died, and joined, no doubt, in the general lamentation over the poet's fate. Petrarch was Dante's genuine offspring. But for Dante's example he might have lingered in obscurity and indolence, while Dante's melancholy destiny seems to have had an important influence upon his own. Italy, ashamed of her harsh treatment of Dante, heaped honors and emoluments upon Petrarch. Princes sought his friendship; his reputation was greater than that of many kings; he was almost the arbitrator of Europe; his person was sacred, his opinions governed his age, his poems were looked upon as the glory of his time; and at last, led in a triumphal procession through the streets of Rome, Petrarch was crowned with the laurel crown, and proclaimed the poet laureate of the West. No bard was ever more fortunate, none ever wielded greater power.

Petrarch, therefore, is, more than any other poet, a historical personage: he was engaged in many of the most important political movements of his age; and in the fourteenth century, amidst the fragments of the Roman Empire and the discordant

elements of feudalism, Petrarch still dreamed of restoring the Roman Republic. The poet was a republican from reason as well as from impulse. His youth had been passed in studying the characters and manners of the purest days of Greece and Rome. He



CORONATION OF PETRARCH.

was familiar with Scipio and Cicero, with Pericles and Phocion. He had studied with avidity the politics of the Forum; he knew the simplicity, purity, and self-denying patriotism of the illustrious citizens of the ancient commonwealths. With these men alone he could sympathize, for them alone

he could feel any respect. The princes, dukes, and barons with whom he constantly associated, whose weaknesses he detected, whose rude manners and barbarous deeds he was forced every day to contemplate, filled him with dissatisfaction and disgust. The cruel Orsini, the vindictive Colonna, the countless petty tyrants of Italy, the semi-barbarous kings of France, Germany, or Spain, seemed to Petrarch a horde of savage chieftains when contrasted with those stately politicians who had ruled by their intellectual gifts the polished citi-

zens of Athens and Rome. The contrast, indeed, appalled him. He believed that the human race had declined, and that the only method of restoring it to its classic grandeur was to revive that form of government under which it had produced a Cato and a Fabricius.

Refined, intellectual, and a republican, Petrarch's classic taste was repelled by the plain tyranny of feudalism and the rude forms of monarchy or despotism existing in the Middle Ages. The castle and the moated tower, the pomp of tournaments, the proudest deeds of chivalry, the mail-clad knight, the gay esquire, the paladins of Charlemagne or the heroes of the Crusades, had for him no charm. They were all the traits of a barbarous age, and the proofs of intellectual decay.

At this moment, as if to gratify the highest wishes of the poet, the Roman Republic was suddenly revived. Once more the sacred eagles of freedom waved over the Capitol and the Forum; once more republican virtue ruled in the Eternal City. Rienzi, Petrarch's friend, had regenerated Rome. The tribune of the people, Rienzi owed his sudden eminence to his own virtues and accomplishments alone. He was elected in a secret *comitia* to lead the Roman people; he drove from the city those savage barons whose incessant contests had desolated the fairest quarters of Rome; he crushed both the Orsini and the Colonna; he made equal laws for all the Romans, proclaimed the republic, repressed public disorders, sought to awaken the national virtue, terrified by his arms the petty princes of Italy, and at length received from beyond the Alps the applause and congratulations of Petrarch.

The poet evidently believed that the brightest of his classic dreams was now to be fulfilled. The new republic was destined to soften and humanize mankind. Classic virtue was to be revived; the spurious virtues of chivalry were to pass away; men as wise as Cato, as simple-minded as Fabricius, were once more to walk on earth, and the Eternal City, so long a den of robbers, was once again to reign in antique majesty over man.

Unhappily, however, the Roman Republic of the fourteenth century passed away like a poet's dream. Rienzi soon showed himself incapable of self-command, the people of Rome proved imbecile and cowardly, the tribune was murdered by his fellow-Romans, and the savage barons once more rebuilt their castles on the seven hills, and preyed like vultures upon the dead carcass of Rome.

Petrarch as a poet is chiefly remembered for his sonnets in praise of Laura. Like Dante, he professed a hopeless attachment; but, unlike Beatrice, his mistress lived, married another, and became the mother of eleven children. It was the fashion of the



LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

time to admire some ideal mistress—a fashion which Cervantes banished forever by his amusing picture of the Dulcinea del Toboso—and Petrarch probably complained of pangs which he never felt. His sonnets are harmonious, elegant, tasteful, and commonplace. He was never a great poet. He wrote several Latin poems, which have long been forgotten. He was an ardent friend of the revival of letters, and aided greatly in awakening that taste for Greek and Roman literature which marked the fourteenth century. He was, too, a good man, and has deserved the respect of posterity.

Another eminent name in Italian literature is that of Ludovico Ariosto. He was born September 8, 1474, at Reggio, of which place his father was the governor, and died June 6, 1533. Ariosto was a man of the world and of society; was witty, sensible, and had good taste, and no trace of poetic melancholy seems to have marked his busy life. His great poem, "Orlando Furioso," occupied him eleven years. It consists of forty-six cantos, and contains more than thirty-eight thousand lines. Ariosto sang the adventures and the misfortunes of those paladins of Charlemagne who fought in the pass of Roncesvalles, and defended Europe against the Moors. Orlando, the hero, becomes mad through love for Angelica, and hence the title of the poem. The "Orlando" is very entertaining, abounds in romantic adventures, and shows that its author had been a diligent student of the *fabliaux* of the *trouvères* and the lyrics of the Provençal poets. Ariosto, however, is allowed to have

possessed a fertility of fancy almost unequalled, and a rare originality.

During the period from the close of the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, Italy, pressed forward by the unequalled genius of her children, had taken the first rank among civilized nations. Dante had first awakened his native land from the slumbers of barbarism, and already she had become the leader of European progress. England in the year 1500 was still uncultivated and rude, and the poetry of Chaucer had scarcely stirred the sluggish intellect of the Saxons. The English still lived in coarse discomfort and barbaric profusion. They roasted whole oxen at their feasts; the floors of their banqueting halls were strewn with rushes and covered with filth and vermin; the smoke of the great fires escaped through openings in the roof; the manners of princes and nobles were rude and disorderly; conversation was enlivened by indecent jests; the morals of the age were corrupt; poisonings and assassinations were frequent; plague and pestilence, the result of general uncleanliness, constantly raged among the people; and our ancestors were in many respects but little superior to their Gothic sires who lived in huts under the shade of the German forests.

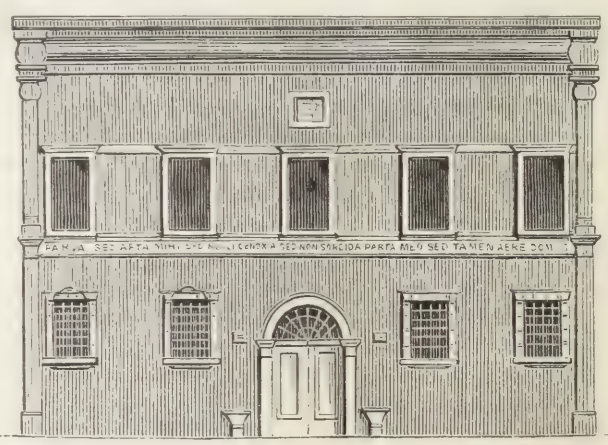


ARIOSTO'S INKSTAND.

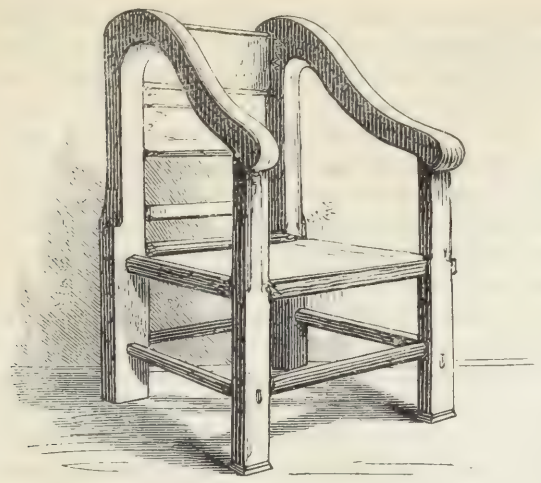
France was scarcely in advance of England. The fearful wars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had checked the progress of its people. Its barons were still rude and uncultivated, its literature and its language unpolished; and although some traces of intellectual progress began to appear, yet the destruction of the troubadour literature of the South and the decline of the *trouvères* had nearly reduced the Franks to their ancient barbarism.

The inferiority of Germany to Italy in all the arts of civilized life was still more striking. Germany in the fourteenth century was a scene of license and disorder; the manners of the German nobles were coarse, dissolute, and cruel; the German was noted for his drunkenness, gluttony, and an ignorance of all moral restraint; the Rhine was still lined with the castles of robber chiefs, and the merchant and the artisan were still exposed to their oppressions; the great educational system of Prussia—the noblest fruit of Protestantism—did not yet exist; and a few monasteries and colleges still kept alive the lingering embers of learning which had been planted by Charlemagne and fostered by the necessities of the Church. Germany, therefore, like France and England, possessed at this time no national literature, and its people lingered in comparative barbarism until, in the succeeding century, the nation was awakened by the progress of reform from the conservatism of the Middle Ages.

But in Italy all was activity. Poetry, painting, architecture, and all the arts had revived in unexampled excellence, and the centre of this revival was Florence, the city of Dante. In the course of a century from the death of her poet, Florence had become the most renowned of European cities. Her merchants and bankers controlled the commerce of the Mediterranean, drew into her midst the streams of Oriental wealth, filled her streets with palaces, and gathered around her the finest intellects of the time. The merchants of Florence now assumed for the moment the charge of the destinies of mankind; they guided and accelerated almost at will the mental progress of the age. When Constantinople fell, in 1453, the Florentine bankers invited to their city the learned exiles of the Greek Empire, supported the homeless scholars by liberal salaries, encouraged the study of Greek literature, and brought to Western Europe the literary



HOUSE OF ARIOSTO.

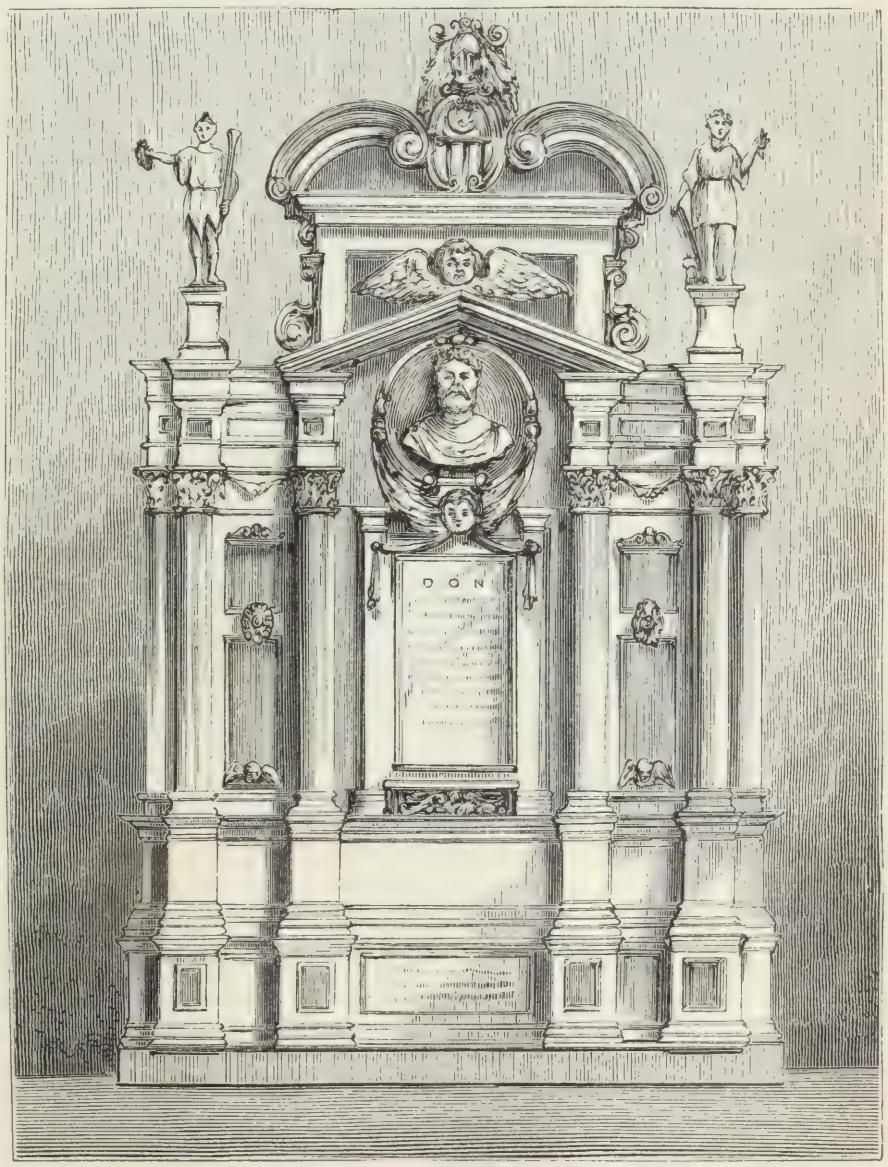


ARIOSTO'S CHAIR.

wealth that had been hoarded in the Eastern capital. A great eagerness now arose to obtain the manuscripts of the ancient writers. The monasteries of Europe were carefully searched to discover the lost books of Livy or the "Republic" of Cicero, eminent scholars were sent into the East to examine every locality where some Greek or Roman treasure might be found, and ships laden with manuscripts now frequently crossed the Adriatic, and were sometimes lost with all their precious contents in the stormy seas. Petrarch more than once, even at an earlier period, had occasion to lament some such irreparable misfortune.

These literary cargoes were usually owned by the Medici of Florence, and were designed to increase the wealth of the Laurentian library. Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici looked as eagerly for the arrival of their ships laden with manuscripts as of those laden with silks and gold. The immense collections of the Florentine library were chiefly gathered through the unfailing ardor and lavish expenditure of those princely bankers.

From the beginning to the close of the fifteenth century, the golden period of its history, yet touched with an autumnal decay, the Medici ruled over Florence in their unpretending way, controlling its factions, shielding it from foreign invasion, and laboring with untiring zeal to make their native city the centre of literature and the arts. During this period, indeed, no second Dante or Petrarch appeared, and poetry grew tame and classic. But in all other branches of the arts the Tuscans surpassed the people of every other land. The famous sculptor, painter, and thinker Michael Angelo was brought into notice by the acute taste of Lorenzo; the graceful Raphael was indebted to Florence and Michael Angelo for the cultivation of his early talent; and thus the greatest sculptor and the greatest painter of modern times were contemporaries in the age of Lorenzo. Florence, too, was filled with artists of inferior note, with scholars, poets, lecturers, professors; its lau-



TOMB OF ARIOSTO.

guage was the purest of the Italian dialects, the only vehicle of literature, and the taste of Florence was the acknowledged standard by which that of Europe was controlled.

During this period, too, Florence was adorned with many of those graceful build-



TORQUATO TASSO.

ings which still give it an architectural pre-eminence, with the rare collections of its libraries, with its wonderful galleries of paintings, its statues by Michael Angelo, its priceless Raphaels, its coins and medals, its antiques, and its countless works of art. From the Medicean era it has remained one of the world's museums, to which scholars and artists necessarily resort, and from which no one ever turned dissatisfied away.

The Italians meanwhile were now seeking to revive the architecture of their country, and to make some amends for the unsparing barbarity with which their rude ancestors had destroyed the finest creations of Rome. In the thirteenth century scarcely a trace of Roman magnificence remained. The Colosseum was an enormous ruin; the Capitoline Temple had disappeared; Pompey's Theatre, the most splendid the world has seen, was levelled to the earth; Agrippa's Pantheon, shorn of its chief beauties, was consecrated as a Christian church; and when the Italians began in the fourteenth century to revive the architectural art, their country was possessed of fewer specimens of splendid architecture than it had exhibited to the contemporaries of Tarquin. Its cities were composed of rude and tasteless private buildings, and a few basilicas converted into churches.

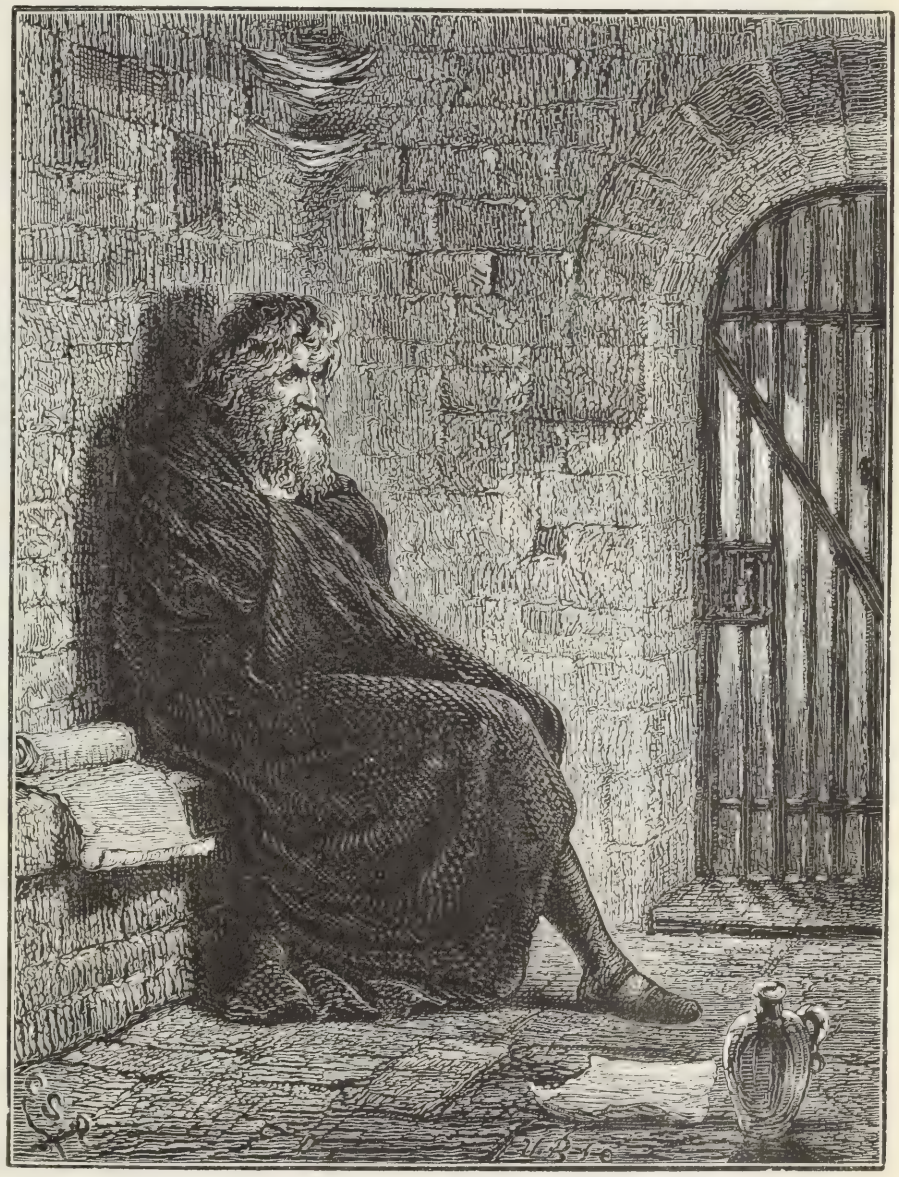
The style of building which they now adopted was founded upon Greek and Roman models. Gothic architecture made little progress in Italy. The pointed arch and painted windows are seldom to be seen in the peninsula. The Italians refused to accept as models the English minsters or the German cathedrals—the brown stone pillars, the fretted aisles, the gloomy splendors, of the monkish architects of the North—and the Italian churches abound in marble columns, brilliant pictures, statues of rare whiteness, mosaics, and all the gay devices of a cheerful fancy.

From this review of the physical condition of Italy we may return to consider the last of her eminent poets. Torquato Tasso was born in 1544, and died in 1595. He was the most unhappy of authors. His mind was always seriously impaired; his health, which was naturally delicate, he still further injured by an incessant use of medicine. Although his works sold with great readiness, yet Tasso was always poor, and dependent upon unworthy patrons, and not one of the popes or princes with whom he constantly associated ever thought of procuring him a tolerable support. His mistress, Leonora, a princess of the house of Este, was so far raised above him that he could only worship her afar off in immortal rhymes. The finest poet of Italy and of Europe, Tasso was confined as a lunatic by Alfonso, the brother of Leonora, in the hospital of St. Ann. Here he was lodged among paupers. He was at first confined, under a strict guard, in a damp cell below the earth, and was fed on the coarsest food. His hair and beard grew long and matted, and he had no means of keeping himself clean. At length he was removed to a better apartment, but was still treated with unaccountable severity. His reason sank, his health and vigor decayed; he saw visions, and was oppressed by fearful fancies; and when, after seven years' imprisonment, his persecutor, Alfonso, suffered him to go free, it was plain that the poet's life was nearly ended.

Its close, however, was cheered by various marks of general esteem. He was invited to Rome, and as he approached the sacred city, was met and escorted to its gates by a splendid and princely cavalcade. The Pope gave him his blessing, and promised him the laurel crown; he recovered a portion of his patrimony; the highest society of Rome courted his attention, and a day was at length named when Tasso was to be crowned with the laureate wreath amidst a pageant more splendid than Italy had ever beheld. But before that day arrived, the poet died.

Sorrow, disease, persecution, poverty, imprisonment, were the only rewards his country could give him. Florence condemned Dante to the stake; ungrateful Italy made Tasso's life a perpetual woe.

Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is an epic poem in twenty books or cantos, and relates in melodious verse the closing scenes of the first Crusade. We enter the camp of the Crusaders and review the character and bearing of those adventurous knights who have borne the standard of the cross to the parched plains of Syria. Jerusalem lies before them, the Almighty has summoned them to battle, and the flower of European chivalry press onward to the Holy City. As they behold it for the first time, a shout of joy breaks from their ranks; but their next feeling is one of grief and contrition that those sacred scenes should have so long remained in the possession of the hated infidel.



TASSO IN PRISON.

The siege now begins. Satan meanwhile assembles his countless legions, and sends them forth to harass and destroy the Christians. The Saracenic garrison is aided by sorcery, witchcraft, and a host of demons. The beautiful enchantress Armida insnares the bravest of the Christian knights, and imprisons them in her magic groves. The sorcerer Ismeno rides on his fiery chariot through the air to the relief of the beleaguered city. Argante, the champion of the Saracens, strikes down the most famous heroes of the West, and even Tancred falls before him. Disease, sorrow, disappointment, and dismay press heavily upon the Christians. We are constantly in doubt whether they will not finally be overwhelmed by the hosts of Egypt or the demoniac allies of their foes: the interest never flags, and when at last the poem ends with the capture of the Holy City, we are struck by the wonderful variety of the incidents and the fertility of the poet's fancy.

All these events Tasso has told in the most melodious verse and the purest Tuscan. Sweeter sounds were never heard than are the harmonies of many of his verses. His fancy, too, never wearies of illustration. He abounds in lovely figures and the most refined creations of the intellect. Nature offers to him a thousand resources to which other men are blind. His acute taste sees beauty every where, and he fills the imagination with golden palaces and gardens of enchanted flowers, with fountains more pure than Castaly, and groves of which every tree opens to display an imprisoned sprite.

When, however, we compare Tasso with Dante, we are struck by his inferiority. Dante rises before us the inspired interpreter of the free spirit of the Middle Ages. He stands alone, without a contemporary and without a predecessor. He speaks with authority; his master-mind controls us, and

we receive him as an intellectual creator. But Tasso's gentler muse pleases rather than commands. He never could plunge us amidst the pains of an Inferno, or lift us to the contemplation of the blissful scenes of Paradise. His fairy tales, his knightly heroes, his sorcerers and magicians, sink into feebleness when compared with the angels and devils of Dante.

Such were the poets of Italy, the true authors of modern progress. When the Saracens had ceased to teach and the troubadours had become silent, Italy performed her important part in the history of Europe. She revived ancient learning and created modern literature, encouraged science, and became the mistress of art. Let us rejoice that to-day she stands before us free, united, and progressive, and that there is still hope that the republic dreamed of by Petrarch and Rienzi may yet arise amidst the ruins of Rome.



TASSO AT THE COURT OF FERRARA.

THE SILENT TRYST.

Now that you are in Florence, go
To San Lorenzo. The church, you know,
Holds Michael's miracle carved in stone—
  The brooding figure that, under the shade
Of its monk-like cowl, severe and lone,
  Watches you till you grow afraid
It may step from its niche, and ask you why
You dare intrude with a curious eye
Thus on its dusk domain of thought.
Study the mystery there inwrought,
  For the realm of Art, I think, will fail
To show you a greater. Gaze your fill,
Search for the secret, if you will,
  Until you have gotten behind the veil
Of the palpable marble. None the less
The cunning escapes; and you'll confess
That what is the wizardry of the spell,
Angelo's self alone could tell.

But other than this is the reason why
I point you to San Lorenzo. Nigh
To its moss-grown court is a cloister wall.
  Enter, and climb its stony stair,
And the guide will show, for a single *paul*,
  The great Laurentian treasures. There
(Mid luminous missals musk-enrolled,
And antique Psalters that gleam with gold,
And manuscripts crusted with such gems
As smother in Indian diadems),
  In a vellum tome, shut face to face,
Is a pair of portraits, I pray you seek:
Laura, the lustre on her cheek
  Like a Provence rose in its fadeless grace,
And Petrarch, fresh as he walked the street
That morn in Avignon, there to meet
His fate in the thrall of that random glance
  That held him a captive evermore.

What matter the lady looked askance
  In the far forgotten days of yore,
While here, through the ages, brow to brow,
And lip to lip, as you see them now,
These lovers in dreaming trance have lain?
If not in the flesh one clear blue vein
Had throbbed to his touch, if he did not dare
Finger a strand of her flossy hair,

How Time has avenged him! Here to lie,
While over the world's unquiet life
Swept endless trouble and change and strife—
To lie in such calm, his cheek close pressed
To temples whose flush can never die,
Her loosened tresses across his breast,
That shall not bleach as the years go by!

I wonder, when marvellous Tuscan nights
Are a-thrill with a thousand toned delights—
When the sensitive silence feels the bliss,
As the sky stoops over the earth with a kiss—
I wonder if such a witchery shed
Deepens on Laura's cheek the red?
I wonder if then a whisper stirs
Those century-muffled lips of hers?
Or if, as you turn to the pictured face,
Whether a start would show its trace,
As it will if one unaware intrude
On the tryst of a lover's solitude?

Well, this we know: she has need no more
To ask the question she asked of yore—
"*Art thou tired of loving, Petrarch?*" Nay,
For here they are wedded in faith so true
That for centuries yet, as for centuries through,
Not even its shadow shall pass away.

THE STORY OF JEAN MALCOMB.

"YOU do not believe in fairies, Sir?" said the old lady from Glasgow, sharply, to the bald-headed gentleman on the opposite side of the fire-place.

"I do not, madam," replied the old gentleman, decidedly.

"And why not, Sir?" demanded she.

"Because, madam, I have never either myself seen a fairy, nor met with any person who had seen one."

"If you had lived in Scotland, Sir," said the old lady, defiantly, "you would have met with many a person who had seen the fairies."

"Have *you* ever known such a person, madam?"

"I have, Sir," replied she, solemnly.

"Humph!" said the old gentleman.

"May I inquire, Sir, what you mean by that observation?" said the old lady, warmly.

"I made no observation, ma'am," replied he, coolly.

"Sir," said the old lady, flushing up, "you are an Englishman, and we all know what English manners are, and—"

But here the young American lady with dark brown eyes and gold-brown hair gently interposed.

"Dear Mrs. Johnston," she said, "do tell us something about the fairies. I like to hear about them now almost as much as when I was a child."

"Yes," said the clergyman, mildly. "It is a poetic super—hem!—belief; and many a valuable moral may be gleaned from a fairy tale."

The old lady from Glasgow glanced triumphantly at the old gentleman from London.

"You say rightly, Sir," she observed, approvingly, to the clergyman; "and for you, my dear," turning to the young lady, "I will tell you about the very person I just now spoke of as having seen a fairy, and from whose own lips I heard the story."

Then she stirred the fire on her side of the fire-place, took a pinch of snuff, and commenced. And this was the story she told:

On a deserted old road in the wild country between Roslyn and the little village of Bostiwick there lived a poor widow named Mary Malcomb, with her seven children. The eldest of these, Jean, sixteen years old, was extraordinarily handsome, and in a style that is rarely found in a peasant's cottage—delicately moulded aristocratic features, and a stately carriage, such as might have become a lady of the land. There was a tradition that Jean's father, though but a peasant, was descended from the M'Auliffes, once lords of the Castle M'Auliffe, whose ruined walls could be seen about two miles distant from the widow Malcomb's cottage; and the mother was accustomed proudly to allude to her daughter's dainty style of beauty as a proof of the presence of gentle blood in her veins. Be that as it might, Jean was not at all vain of her attractions, but was far more quiet and docile than her younger sister Jessie, who was, to say truth, but a sorry madcap, always in mischief, and shirking many a piece of household drudgery, which her elder sister quietly took upon herself. Yet there had been always something strange about Jean. She loved to wander about the woods and the old castle ruins, and to sit watching the mist curling up the side of the mountains, or the many-colored clouds gathered about the horizon at sunset. And what was strangest of all, she was constantly singing bits and snatches of songs that none of them had ever before heard, nor could imagine where she had picked them up. When questioned upon the subject she would color, and answer, in some embarrassment, "It's only that they come to me o' themsels." One of the most intelligent of the few neighbors, shaking his head gravely, hinted that Jean Malcomb had the gift o' poetry; but the mother had another explanation of her daughter's strange ways, and one which troubled her sorely. Jean had been born on Midsummer-eve—a time belonging, as every one in Scotland knows, peculiarly to the fairies, when they possess most power over mortals, and especially over any child born on that night. Though all possible precaution had been taken at Jean's birth, yet the two cronies who had attended on the mother had, as they declared, distinctly heard whisperings and whistlings through the key-hole of the cottage door, and the sound of small footsteps and fluttering wings about the newborn babe as it lay in its cradle. And the

child had smiled more than once—a sure sign, as we all know, of its hearing or seeing something unheard and unseen by others; so that from that day the mother had been haunted by the fear that the fairies had laid a spell on her child, and might some time come to claim it as their own. Such things used to be common in Scotland, and may be heard of even to this day, when the spread of modern ideas has made the power of the "good folk" so much less than formerly, and driven them from many a favorite haunt which they had held for ages, no one in those times daring to meddle with them.

Now it so happened that about the old castle was a legend connected with these very good folk of whom we are speaking, and which was known to all the country round. The story ran that nearly a hundred years ago Angus M'Auliffe, lord of the castle, had bathed in the Fairies' Well on his estate, thus profaning and forever polluting it, and forcing the insulted owners to seek another place for their nightly revels. And from that hour naught but ill luck had befallen the house of M'Auliffe. The chieftain's only son, a fine youth of one-and-twenty, the hope of his house, and pride of his father's heart, in passing by the profaned well one night from his hunting, had stopped to quench his thirst thereat, lingering behind his companions, and had never more been seen or heard of by his family: of course spirited away by the fairies. Some peasants, indeed, had since seen him—once at a distance, riding alone through the woods, in hunting gear, and vanishing suddenly when called to; and again, many years after, strolling by moonlight through the gardens of the deserted castle, once his proud home, by the side of a beautiful and diminutive lady with a star on her forehead, who could have been only the Queen of the Fairies. Since this last appearance people had been very careful to avoid the ruin after sunset, believing it to be a haunt of the good folk; and in special Mary Malcomb had forbidden her children—particularly Jean—ever going thither, even by day. She believed what she had been told, that the fairies had a spite against all in whose veins ran a drop of the M'Auliffe blood, and would be sure, if the opportunity offered, to work them some ill. They had already ruined the home and exterminated the name of the M'Auliffes, and the broad lands that had once been theirs, surrounding the castle, now belonged to an English nobleman—Lord Eagleston—who only about once in ten years took the trouble to come over and look at it.

One evening in the early autumn Mary Malcomb was returning from visiting a sick neighbor up in the hills. Her walk had made her hungry, and as it was already the usual supper-time, she looked forward to finding the milk and porridge on the table, and the bannocks smoking before the fire. To her disappointment and surprise, on opening the door she beheld no preparations for supper, but instead a group of the younger children hungry and crying.

"Hech, Sirs!" she exclaimed, "but yon's a sorry welcome hame. Whaur's the supper, Jockey mon? And whaur's the lassies that they be na ben?"

"Jean an' Jessie's gaun after the coo, mither," blubbered Jock, the eldest of the group; "an' it's lang syne they's been gaun, an' we starvin' wi' the hunger."

"The fashious beastie! Sure the deil himsel' maun be in her, for the trouble she gars me! An' the lassies—whilk gate hae they gaun, Jockey lad? It's late they suld be frae hame by their lane."

"They's gaun doon by the castle, mither. Me an' Sandy glowred after them, an' we seen them follow Grizzie's tracks aff the road, an' ben the hazel wood anent the castle."

"Gude guide us!" said the alarmed mother, snatching up her plaid and hastily throwing it over her head. "Keep ye quiet, like gude bairns, an' I'll be back wi' ye in ane minute. It's a' Jessie's faut, I doot me, wha maun hae gotten into mischief—"

But at that moment the door opened, and Jessie herself entered, flushed and breathless. Upon her the widow turned sharply.

"Whaur hae ye been, ye hizzy?" she exclaimed. "Loitering out i' the gloaming, this gate, an' the bairns, puir things, left their lane an' nigh perishin' wi' the hunger. An' whaur's Jean, ye gude-for-naught, that she's nae wi' ye?"

"Jean's comin', mither. She stoppit to crack a bit wi' the young callant," answered Jessie, pertly.

"What young callant, ye gowk? Gin it be Rab Sanderson that's sae bauld, I'll gar him—"

Jessie laughed saucily.

"Hech, mither, it's muckle red-headed Rab Sanderson lukes like thae braw young laird on his bonnie white horse, wi' the siller spurs an' buckles, an' the heron feather i' his cap, an' the gowd chain acrass his jerkin, an' the braw gun owre his shoulder, an'—"

"Whisht, whisht, for Gude sakes, an' dinna rin an sic a gate, like the clack o' a mill-wheel. Whaur did ye forgather wi' this callant, an' what said he till ye?"

Thus adjured, Jessie took breath, and gave a very minute and detailed account of the meeting in question, which, shorn of her many expressions of wonder and admiration, was simply as follows:

She and Jean had followed the tracks of the absconding Grizzie through the haggard and the rye field, and thence down the old deserted road leading to the castle ruins. About half a mile from the latter the tracks had led them, as Jock had described, through

a thick fir wood with an undergrowth of hazel bushes, and here they soon came in sight of Grizzie browzing upon the tender shoots of the ivy which grew luxuriantly around the ruins. Jean had then sat down upon a moss-covered rock, and looked straight before her at the picturesque ruins, its turrets lighted by the lingering sunlight, while below all was in shadow. Jessie, to whom was no charm in mouldering walls and tangled ivy, had straightway commenced threshing some hazel bushes laden with nuts, and it was while so employed that suddenly she saw emerge from the other side of the thicket a young man mounted upon a snow-white horse, the trappings of which were of blue and silver, while a silver bugle hung by his side, and a gun was strapped across his shoulder. Jessie was positive that she had not heard the slightest sound of the horse's hoofs until it stood right before her eyes, and then, in her fright, she uttered a scream, whereat the young man smiled pleasantly.

"Sic a smile, mither!" said the girl, uplifting her hands in admiration; "an' sic bonnie blue een, an' dark broon hair, like the color o' the hazel-nuts!"

"Yea, yea—Gude preserve us!" said the mother, agitatedly; "it's like the auld M'Auliffes—blue een an' broon hair. Yer feyther had the same. But get an, get an, lassie, an' for Gude's sake tell me what he said."

"Niver a word, mither, niver a word. But when I skreekit, Jean kem through the bushes, an' stood straight facin' us, an' they twa lookit at ilka ither, like they dinna kenned I waur wi' them. I wusht ye had seen 'em, mither. The young callant he glowred straight into Jean's face, like he couldna help it, an' Jean lookit up at him, an' a light kem in his eyes, an' a color kem in Jean's face, an'—hech! but she was bonnie, mither!"

"Oh," groaned the mother, "Jean, my puir bairn, I wad ye waur nae sae bonnie, gin it maun come to this! 'Twas the young M'Auliffe, Jessie lass—him that waur sto'en awa' by the gude folk long ago; an' they've sent him back agen for nae gude to us, bairn."

Jessie's eyes opened very wide.

"Gude save us, mither! to think I suld hae seen a fairy-kidnapped! An' his horse makin' nae soond! An' noo I think o' it, mither, he seemed to rise right out o' the sward anent me, close to th' auld fairy ring ye ken o'. An' oh, mither, he's sure laid a spell upon our Jean, for I seen how she blushed a' owre, an' her een fell; an' when he rode a-nigh, an' spoke to her in sic a low soft voice, doffin' the bonnet frae his head gin she had been a queen, then I saw, mither—"

"Whisht! what was't he said till her?"

"Nowt as I could hear, for he didna speak as we speak, mither. But Jean answered him back as if she kenned, an' put her hand up to pu' the hazel leaves so he might no see her face; an' he stood up in his siller stirrups an' pu'd a braw branch frae the top an' gied it her; an' I runned awa', an'—but, hech! here's Jean hersel comin'."

Jean was walking slowly toward the cottage, her eyes bright, though soft and shy-looking, her lips and cheeks glowing.

"Oh, Jean, Jean, my bairn, into what ill hae ye gotten wi' yon uncanny laird?" exclaimed the distressed mother. "Didna ye ken it wad be nane but the young M'Auliffe? an' ye hearin' o' him owre an' owre agen, as he rides on his white horse anent the woods an' the castle? Oh, Jeanie, I thought ye had muckle mair o' sense an' discretion in ye."

Jean answered, gently, yet still with downcast eyes: "It's nae ill he's brought me, mither, nor's like to bring me. An' it's nae the young laird M'Auliffe, but livin' flesh an' bluid like oursels, mither."

"An' how kem ye to ken sae muckle?"

"He gied me this"—the girl held up a small hazel branch, laden with full clusters of nuts—"an' when his hand touchit mine I could ken that it waur a livin' man, an' nae fairy changeling."

Jean colored very much as she said this, yet she spoke with maiden dignity and modesty. Jessie, however, took her up instantly:

"Hoo can ye say that, Jeanie, that it wasna a fairy changeling? The young laird M'Auliffe was a human like ither folk, an' thof he's lived in fairy-land ilka syne he waur kidnapped, yet he's a human still for a' that. An' didna I see the unco light in his een when he lookit at ye? An' when he touched her hand, mither, the light ran doon his arm, an' into Jean's hand, an' up till her face, an' it waur a' aglow wi' the brightness, an' she tremblit whaur she stood, an' lookit after me gin she wad fain hae followed, but couldna. I ken ye waur spell-bound, Jeanie lass, an' ye canna say nay."

Jean did not say nay. In truth, she said nothing more upon the subject either then or when it was afterward alluded to by her mother and sister. And this was in itself a proof of the truth of their surmises, for it is well known that a spell of silence and secrecy is laid upon every one who has been spoken to by a fairy, so that they can not, if they would, reveal aught of what has been said to them or of what they have seen.

Yet from this day Jean Malcomb was changed. She went about her daily tasks in an absent manner, and would sometimes stop in the very midst of her milking or bannock-making and fall into dreamy fits of meditation, in which the same soft light would come into her eye and bright color to her cheek that her mother had observed

on the evening of her meeting with the M'Auliffe. The hazel branch she had carefully put away behind the armory-cupboard in the corner; and here Mary Malcomb found it, and straightway threw it into the fire, fearing it might bring ill upon her child. And the girl had quietly, as Jessie reported, picked up a bit sprig which had escaped the flames and put it between the leaves of an old book of ballads of which she was fond. And after a while she would be missed suddenly from the house when the others were busy; or she would stay so long at the spring in the little dell behind the house, when she went for water, that one of the children would be sent for her; and Jock on one of these occasions reported that there was a bonnie white horse tied among the trees, but neither the rider nor Jeanie visible. And once, when Jessie herself went, she had flown breathlessly back, telling her mother that as she had crept on tiptoe among the ferns, she had seen, seated on a mossy rock just above the stream, her sister and the very rider of the white horse whom she had before met at the castle, and that the "laird" was talking very earnestly, and the girl looking sadly away toward the fairy-haunted hills of Morse.

"Oh, my puir bairn! I fear it's a' owre wi' her!" groaned the distracted mother. "An' sooth, I's been muckle to blame nae to ha' kep' her in more aneath my ain een. But I'll gang straight to the minister the morrow, an' see gin he canna do aught to tak the spell frae her."

On this resolve the mother acted, leaving home at early daybreak for a ten-mile walk to Bostiwick, whence she returned about sunset. Jessie met her at the door, but Jean was not in the house, neither about the haggard, nor at the spring. She had been missing more than an hour; nor did she appear that evening, neither on the next day, nor the following. And though all possible search and inquiry were made by the half-crazed mother and the sympathizing neighbors, no sign nor word of information reached them of Jean Malcomb. The story came to the ear of Lord Eagleston, who was just at that time with his son on one of his unfrequent visits to his M'Auliffe estate; and even he appeared greatly concerned, and before he left the country, which was soon after, he visited the cottage of Mary Malcomb, and looked very serious, and made her a handsome present, which appeared in her eyes almost a fortune in itself. And then some years glided by, and the story of the M'Auliffe and Jean Malcomb became a tradition among the peasantry of the neighborhood, though the bereaved mother never ceased to mourn the loss of her favorite child, or to blame herself for what she called her sinful carelessness in not having kept a stricter watch and guard over her, so as to have preserved her from the power of the fairies. For that they had sent the young laird purposely to entice her daughter from her, neither she nor any other person could reasonably doubt.

Three years had passed since the disappearance of Jean Malcomb from her home, and Jessie, two years younger than her sister, had grown into a fine handsome girl of seventeen, and was betrothed to the very Rob Sanderson whose red hair she had formerly laughed at. But Rob was a good fellow, and Jessie, heedless as she was, had sense enough to know it. Also he was a very devoted lover, and this had its influence with her. Few evenings passed in which the young man did not pay his betrothed a visit, coming after his daily work was over, and generally bringing some little offering of fruit or vegetables, or game killed by himself, to propitiate the mother and children; and in the still, pleasant summer evenings he would sit or stroll in the moonlight with his betrothed, talking over their plans and prospects for the future.

One evening, late, when the moon was at her full, the two walked farther than usual down the deserted road toward the castle, until they approached the little path which led through the hazel wood to the ruins. Suddenly on the silence came the sound of horses' hoofs falling rapidly and lightly on the soft sward; and then a silvery tinkling as of tiny chains and bells, and a sweet musical laugh. The next moment, as the two lovers shrank instinctively into the shadow of the bushes on one side, there appeared and passed them quickly two riders, the one a lady and the other a gentleman. Swiftly as they went past, Jessie at least, who was the nearest, had a full view of them in the clear moonlight. The lady was very small, and rode a light palfrey with flowing mane and tail. Her hair floated loose over her shoulders and down her back in long ringlets that glimmered like gold or silver, and her face in the same light was as fair as alabaster and as lovely as an angel's. She was dressed in black velvet, and there was an uncertain shimmer of jewels about it as she sped swiftly by, laughing in that clear soft tone that sounded like music. Her bridle was held lightly by her companion—in whom, the moment Jessie's eyes fell upon him, she recognized the well-remembered rider of the white horse, the fairy-kidnapped laird of M'Auliffe.

"Oh, Rab!" she exclaimed, breathlessly, "it's him—it's the M'Auliffe! An' yon—yon's no Jeanie; it's the Fairy Queen hersel—the same, nae doot, as was seen wi' him here i' the garden years syne by auld Duncan Scroop. Oh, Rab, gin we had stoppit them an' speered after our Jean!"

"'Twad hae been nae gude, Jessie lass. Dinna ye ken that ill befa's them that

speaks first to the gude folk? An' gin Jean cared to come hame, she wad come, doot ye not. Be ye quiet, my bonnie woman, an' maybe we sall hear frae Jean yet."

In this hope, waxing ever fainter and fainter, the mother and sister lived for many days; but though more than one person of their neighborhood declared that they had seen the young M'Auliffe on the white horse, no tidings came of the lost Jean. So depressed and saddened was even the gay Jessie that she refused to accompany her lover to a fair held at Bostiwick; and so they both missed seeing the grand sight of the son of Lord Eagleston leading the dance with the only daughter of the Lord of Rothsay, beyond Bostiwick—to whom, not two weeks after, he was married, and took his bride away with him to England. It was said Lord Eagleston intended pulling down the old castle ruins and building a handsome mansion upon its site as a summer residence for the young couple; and people hoped that it might be so, since it might prove a means of driving the fairies out of the neighborhood.



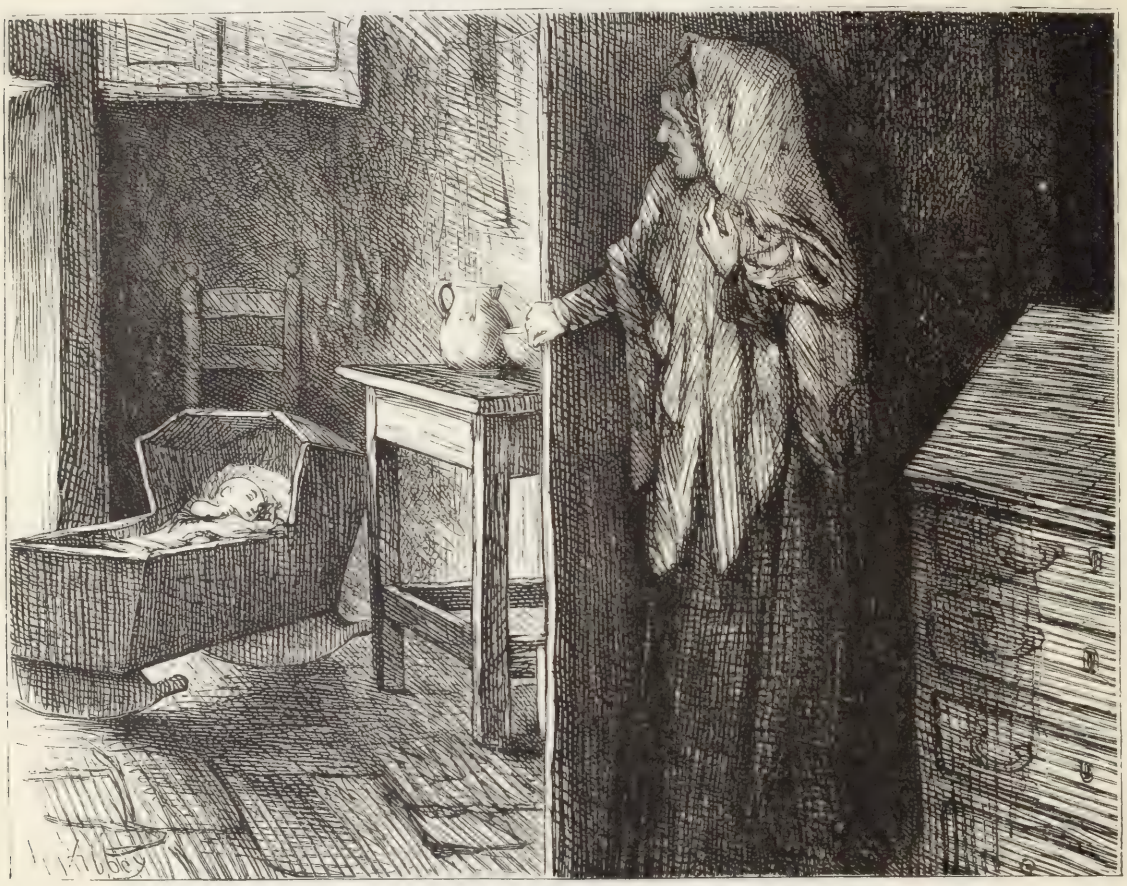
"SHE PAUSED FOR A MOMENT, FOR SHE SAW A FIGURE THERE."—[SEE PAGE 834.]

About this time, one chill evening in September, Jessie was returning from an errand to a neighbor, and as it was late, she made a short-cut through some fields into the wood back of her mother's cottage, between that and the foot of a hill which screened it from the north winds. The ground was very sloping, and the girl walked cautiously in the twilight, avoiding the roots and loose stones in her way. As she came to a level space just above the spring, she paused for a moment, for she saw a figure there—the figure of a woman seated in a weary attitude, her arms and head resting upon the rock beside which she reclined. This used to be a favorite seat of Jean's, and it was here that Jessie had once seen her with her fairy lover. Jessie now looked earnestly. The figure was slight and graceful, and it was clad in a heavy cloak, with trimmings and tassels, while a green silk gown showed beneath. The hand that lay on the bare rock was white and delicate, and had jewelled rings upon the fingers. These things were certainly not like Jean, yet the figure was hers, the wealth of gold-brown hair all tumbled about her shoulders was hers, and the face, when she slowly raised her head at the sound of Jessie's footsteps, that was also Jean's. Yet now it was pale and still and beautiful as one may imagine of a martyred saint — its former child-like beauty having given place to the full perfection of youthful womanhood. Jessie Malcomb sprang forward with a half-glad, half-frightened cry—

"Jean! Jean! is it you? Oh, Jeanie, thank God that ye hae come back agen!"

Jean made no answer. She rose slowly to her feet and stood leaning wearily against a tree trunk.

"Oh, Jeanie—darling sister—dinna ye ken me—your own little Jessie?"



"THEN TURNING AWAY, WITH ONE LINGERING LOOK."

But Jean put out her hand, and her face shone marble white in the gloaming.

"Dinna come near me," she said, in a low, inexpressibly sad voice; "dinna touch me. I'm no fit to be touched by the like o' you. Gude-by—I maun go."

"But our mither, Jean—our puir mither! Will ye gang awa' an' no see her—she that's been sair an' sad for ye a' these weary years?"

Jean threw up her arms with a low cry, so full of agony that Jessie to her dying day never forgot it.

"Oh, my mither! my puir darlin', darlin' mither!" she cried; and the next moment she was gone—or, as Jessie always avowed, sunk into the earth at her feet; and from that day Jessie never again beheld her ill-fated sister.

Another of the family, however, saw her. This was Jock, who, lying awake one night not long after this, and when all the rest of the family were fast asleep, heard the door slightly click, and looking thither, saw a

young woman resembling Jean, as he remembered her, but very white and thin, and dressed in poor clothes, come softly in, carrying something in her arms. She stood a moment quite still, looking round the room and at the beds and the faces of the sleepers. Then she advanced to a little crib in which each of the widow's children had in turn been rocked when infants, and which had never since been moved from its corner, and gently deposited therein the bundle which she carried. Jock was too much frightened to move or speak, so he lay trembling while Jean stooped and softly and passionately kissed something which he could not see; and then turning away, with one lingering look toward the beds and the cradle, passed out of the door and into the cold stormy night. And when, toward morning, Mary Malcomb was awakened by a strange cry, she found in the crib an infant of about two years old—a beautiful boy, resembling the lost Jean, yet, as Jessie always declared, with the bright blue eyes of that phantom rider of the white horse. And never again from this night was the unfortunate Jean Malcomb seen or heard of on earth.

A silence followed the close of the old Glasgow lady's story. The clergyman looked thoughtful, and the young American girl's eyes were full of tears. The old gentleman from London looked sarcastic.

"Is the story you have told us quite true, ma'am?" inquired one of the company, timidly.

"As true as any thing *can* be, ma'am," answered the old lady, sharply. "I had it from my own aunt, ma'am—Mrs. Jessie Sanderson, of Dunkirk—the Jessie Malcomb of the story." And she looked round triumphantly, as if to say, "Let any one presume to doubt it now if he can."

"Ah!" said the lady, apologetically.

"Pray, ma'am," said the old gentleman from London, "may I presume to make one inquiry?"

"Certainly, Sir," said the old lady, with dignity.

"Then, ma'am, as you incidentally mentioned that the son of Lord Eagleston was in the neighborhood both times of the appearance of the young M'Auliffe who ran off with Jean Malcomb, may I presume to inquire whether no person who had seen the two young men ever alluded to a remarkably strong personal resemblance between them? as also between the daughter of the Earl of Rothsay and the young lady—I mean the Fairy Queen, ma'am—with whom your much-respected aunt once saw the M'Auliffe riding?"

The old lady from Glasgow replied to these inquiries only by a glance of withering contempt.

"These Londoners, my dear," she muttered to the young American lady—"these stupid, matter-of-fact English! Why, if they were to see the angel Gabriel, or it might be the Evil One himself, appear in good flesh and blood before their very eyes, they would endeavor to prove that it was some chandler or green-grocer from around the corner. Bah! I have no patience with them!"

FOUR POEMS BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

A SONNET TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

"S' un casto amor, s' una pietà superna."

If a chaste love, a piety supreme,
An equal lot enjoyed by lovers twain,
Their joys and sorrows being common gain,
And one idea to move them both may seem:

If but a single soul, united in them both,
Lifts both of them on equal wings to heaven;
If the same flame to both of them is given;
If they are stirred by the same love of truth:

If each the other loves, instead of self,
Asking for love no other pay than love,
Each seeking to forestall the other's will:

If such a mutual empire is a proof
Of an eternal union, can it prove
Incompetent against an angry moment's ill?

MADRIGALS.

I.

"Se dal cor lieto divien bello il volto."

If by a happy heart the face is beautified,
And by a sad deformed,
And if my eyes have tried
To fully know in every phase
The beauty of my heavenly star,
Then she, the peerless one, is harmed
When with my heart she plays,
Saying that from my heart my ill looks are;
For if 'tis nature that ourselves we paint
In others, and our love in all our actions show,
How, when she gives me such cause of complaint,
Shall I depict her as I know?
Ah! let her calm my heart; then with no tear
Her picture'll be, and I of grief be clear.

II.

"Se, in vece del gioir, gli affanni e i pianti."

Love, since in place of joy thou choosest pain and tears,
Therefore to me thy every trait is dear;
For, between death and ills too hard to bear,
Time gives too short an interval to choose;
Hence death to wretched lovers has no fears,
But lessens all the torment of their woes.
For death I thank thee, as it ends my throes
Of pain, ending all ills, assuaging every grief
Forever, even that of life itself.

III.

"Il mio refugio, e l' ultimo mio scampo."

My refuge and last method of retreat
(What could preserve me more from being harmed?)
Is but to weep and pray; but naught can these avail.
Both love and cruelty unite for my defeat,
With pity one, with death the other armed:
The life that one would save, the other would assail.
Thus I, who would prevail,
Attempt the flight, where peace can only lie,
And often try
To reach the rest I hope will aye be mine;
But lo! meanwhile
The truth, by which I live, comes to my heart again,
So that by death dear love shall not be slain.

OLD FLEMISH MASTERS.

III.—PETER PAUL RUBENS.

THERE has been quite a warm dispute as to which Flemish city, Antwerp or Cologne, can claim Rubens as its son by being his birth-place. It is now established that he was born in neither of those cities, but at Siegen, in Germany. Rubens's paternal grandfather was a tanner, a wealthy man, who gave his son John Rubens a fine education, and sent him to travel and perfect himself in letters. John Rubens spent several years in Italy; on his return to Antwerp married Marie Pypeling; and from his mother our Rubens is said to have inherited his shrewdness, diplomacy, love of order and system, and strong physique. John Rubens was a man held in high esteem by his contemporaries, as is proved by his being one of the aldermen of Antwerp—an office in those days of dignity and trust; was a friend of the Prince de Chimay, and corresponded with him and William of Orange concerning the persecutions of Philip of Spain. He was a stanch Protestant, and when, goaded by the cruelties of Philip, the Netherlanders revolted, and the long-suppressed fury of the people found vent in the rapid destruction by the iconoclasts of the outward symbols, as manifested in churches and pictures, of the religion they abhorred, and in punishment for this sacrilege thousands were beheaded, shot down, buried alive, tortured in every conceivable manner, and the Netherlands became no longer a safe place for one tainted by heresy and known to be in sympathy with William the Silent, John Rubens fled with his family to Cologne, and there remained.



PETER PAUL RUBENS.

The destruction by the iconoclasts during their four days' reign was almost incredible. As they marched from city to city shouting, "Long live the beggars!" the country people flocked to join them. St. Omer, Ypres, Menin, Commines, Lille, all suffered, and they reached Antwerp the day of the celebration of the feast of the Assumption. They entered the cathedral, tied a cord around the neck of the statue of the Virgin, and, toppling it over, broke it in pieces; they poured on the ground and washed their muddy shoes in the sacrament-

al oil and wine; they shattered the organs, set aflame the holy candles, and ere morning seventy altars in Antwerp were in ruins. In Brabant and Flanders alone over 400 churches, with their treasures of painting and sculpture, were destroyed. Nature, which always endeavors to repair ravages, gave Flanders Rubens, destined not only to make good the loss, in numbers at least, as far as his native country was concerned, but also to enrich with his paintings every gallery and museum from one end of Europe to the other.



"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."

The family being rich, the children were well educated. Rubens was sent to the Jesuit College at Cologne, until 1589, when, peace being restored, his mother, her hús-band having died two years before, decided to return to Antwerp, and regain, if possible, their former possessions in that city. She first placed Rubens in the household of the Countess Lalain, in the position of a page, but his decided talent for painting, and superabundant energy and activity, made such an idle life insupportable to him, and at his earnest entreaties, enforced by

the advice of his uncle, she allowed the boy to enter Adam van Oort's studio, who was considered the best colorist of his day. Van Oort, though a fine artist, was a man addicted to the grossest vices, his temper was violent, and his brutality and intemperate conduct such that no pupil could remain long with him, and Rubens, though a mere lad, after four years, decided to leave him. Otto Venius, then court painter to the Archduke Albert, offered to teach him, and Rubens gladly entered his studio. Venius had received a superior education, and enjoyed rare advantages, having spent many years in travel; he not only instructed his pupil in painting, but imbued him with his own fondness for literature and love of the classics. Art was now, however, almost at a stand-still in Flanders; the painters showed no originality, but had become mere copyists of the style and technicalities of the Italian school. Floris copied Angelo; Martin de Vos, Titian; Otto Venius, Correggio; and from his master, Rubens, in matters of art, learned only skillful manipulation and a false love of allegory. Had he not possessed a strong dominant spirit he would have fallen into the prevalent error, and become a copyist, not the founder of a school.

After four years of conscientious work in Venius's studio the desire to shake free from trammels and follow the dictates of his own fancy proved too strong, and Rubens decided to travel. Venius, proud of his pupil, presented him to the Archduke and Infanta, who, charmed with his person and manners, gave him letters of recommendation to various courts. Bellori, describing him at this time, writes: "He was tall, well made, and athletic, at once fiery and gentle, noble in his bearing and elegant in his attire; he always wore around his neck a gold chain."

In May, 1600, the young artist, then twenty-three years old, started for Italy, and made Venice his first halting-place. There a Mantuan nobleman, stopping at the same inn, was so charmed by his manners and conversation that he visited the artist at his studio, and on seeing his works was impressed by the vigor of his designs and the brilliancy of his coloring, and on his return to Mantua spoke of the young Fleming in such glowing terms that the Duke Vincent de Gonzague sent and requested Rubens to pay him a visit. Duke Vincent among his pictures numbered a great many by Julio Romano, and Rubens copied several of them; and though one of his biographers, Van Hasselt, asserts that Rubens studiously imitated Romano, an examination of their works is sufficient to refute the statement. Romano, with imagination, skill, and industry, yet lacked genius; he always imitated as faithfully as he could his great master Raphael, whereas Rubens was full of fire and spirit. The excess of life, the glowing colors, the display of animal rather than spiritual beauty in his designs, the almost grossness of his men and women, as exhibited in his pictures, were not owing to a sensitive, imaginative brain, nor to an excitable temperament—for he was calculating and somewhat cold by nature—but to his superb physical development, his keen enjoyment of life, the vigor with which he prosecuted every thing he undertook; as one of his French critics says, he was "un homme de fouque"—a term which not even his most ardent admirer could apply to Romano. Excessive love for mythological subjects, designs on a large scale, are the only real points of resemblance between the two.

Rubens painted for Duke Vincent three pictures for the cathedral, besides copying many from other masters, and for his royal patrons at home three—"The Finding of the Cross," "The Crown of Thorns," "The Crucifixion." In this last he deviated from the general rule, and painted the feet of the crucified as not nailed to the cross, "in order to be better able to depict the convulsions of mortal agony."

His diplomatic talents, which were afterward so often called into requisition, were first appreciated by Duke Vincent, who sent him on a secret mission to Spain in 1605, though ostensibly he went as the bearer to the Duke of Lerma of presents from Vincent. On his return he stopped at Rome, where he was treated with great consideration, and while there studied attentively Michael Angelo's works. From Rome he went successively to Florence, Bologna, Milan, where he copied Leonardo's "Last Supper," and one of Breughel de Velours's pictures; thence to Genoa. In this last city he was overwhelmed with orders; his fame had preceded him; and all who claimed to be connoisseurs were desirous to procure a work from the pencil of *the* Flemish painter. In addition to his pictures, he drew the designs of the churches and palaces in Genoa, which he afterward published in a book at Antwerp, on the title-page of which was his device—a hen sitting on her eggs, with the line, "Noctu incubando diuque."

After eight years of work and fêting he was recalled from Italy by news of his mother's illness, in the year 1608, and though he hastened homeward, she died ere he reached Antwerp, and he, in accordance with the custom of those days, went into retirement for four months in the convent of St. Michael, where his mother had been buried. He became somewhat melancholy, pined after Italy, and talked seriously of returning there; but though strongly imbued with love for the Italian masters, always retaining traces of their influence, owing them much, and in some particulars copying from them, yet the original Flemish temperament

—calculating, energetic, money-loving—after a while asserted itself, and he decided upon his plan of life. The Archduke had chosen him for the court painter and given him a pension, and though agreeing to render service whenever called upon, Rubens stipulated that he should not be obliged to live at court, for the distractions of court life at Brussels would prevent his devoting his time and energies to his art, but could remain at Antwerp; and as the treaty of 1609 had just been signed at Antwerp and the Hague, he could securely count on some years of tranquillity.



"THE MARCH OF SILENUS."

In 1609 he married Isabella Brandt—whose robust Flemish beauty is so often portrayed in his pictures, she being the type after which he painted all his women—and buying a house in Meir Square, he began to tear it down and alter it to suit his own plans. The house was rebuilt in the Italian style, and when completed had cost 69,000 florins, and as Rubens had collected while in Italy many pictures, statues, bronzes, etc., he needed a place to worthily contain them; therefore, between the outer court and the garden, he built a circular room pierced with arched windows, surmounted with a dome resembling that of the Pantheon, in which museum he arranged his art treasures, pictures, bass-reliefs, medallions, onyxes, agates, etc., and as he always was in correspondence with Italian *virtuosi*, he constantly added to his collection. Duquesnoy the sculptor, his friend, was commissioned to secure, whenever possible, objects of art, and as, according to Sandrart, "there was no prince, no amateur, who did not desire a work of his," his fortune kept pace with his fame, and he was able to gratify his tastes.

The building of his house, singularly enough, was the cause of Rubens's great work, "The Descent from the Cross." The land adjoining his belonged to the gunsmiths' guild, and in digging the foundations for a side wall, the guild asserted, the masons had encroached on their land. They made a complaint to Rubens, who at first paid no attention to the charge; but finding the guild resolute in maintaining their demands, and making preparations to go to law to obtain compensation for their injury, he offered to compromise, and the captain of the guild, his old friend M. Rockox, persuaded the guild to accept a painting as indemnity for the supposed injury to their land. The subject chosen was a picture of St. Christopher, for their chapel, he being

the patron saint of the guild. Rubens adopted the Greek meaning of the word Christopher—"Christ-bearer"—and painted his famous triptych. In the middle panel he portrayed the "Descent," on the left wing the "Visitation," on the right the "Presentation." On the outside of the wings was the saint, according to custom, accompanied by a hermit with his lantern, and the owl, which shows the approach of night, the giant saint having all day in vain essayed to cross the river. The guild, at first seeing the interior of the picture, complained that they did not understand the allegory, but when Rubens closed the doors they acknowledged themselves more than content. The picture, shorn of its wings, is now in the Antwerp Cathedral, carefully concealed behind a curtain, and only shown to strangers on payment of a gratuity to the sacristan.

In the records of the guild are found the following statements:

On the 7th of April, 1611, was drawn up the contract for the picture between the guild and P. P. Rubens, in presence of Nocolas Rockox, ancient burgomaster and captain.

Disbursement for wine for the pupils on the occasion of the visit to Rubens's house to see the panels, 9 fl. 10.

In 1612 said picture was moved from the house of said Rubens to the room of the guild. *Item.*—Paid at different times for the transportation of the panels, the materials for the scaffolding, the moving from the studio to the vestibule and thence to the chapel, the charges of workmen, 176 fl. 14½.

Item.—On January 16, 1615, a bargain was made with P. P. Rubens and David Remeeus, gilder, concerning their work and trouble, in the presence of the deanery. Expenses then, 46 fl. 18.

Item.—Paid same day, on account, to P. P. Rubens, 1000 fl.

Item.—Paid David Remeeus for partially gilding the frames, 110 fl.

Item.—Paid during the year 1615 for 323 jugs of beer drunk by the workmen while building the wall, 40 fl. 2.

N. B.—Of this sum Rubens should have paid the half, but we will let it pass.

Item.—In the year 1615, paid for a pair of gloves to Rubens's wife, 8 fl. 10.

Item.—On the 16th of December, 1622, the dean Jean de Leese rendered his account, and gave to the assembly the receipt of P. P. Rubens, painter, by which he acknowledges having received the sum of 8000 pounds (24,000 fl.), in payment in full for the picture placed over the altar February 16, 1621.

Of this picture so much has been written and so many copies made that description is unnecessary. Yet even his most ardent admirers confess that Rubens has not given us the crucified Christ of sacred art. The figure is that of a dead Hercules, and the sorrowing women seem like the paid mourners such as attended the funerals of the Greeks and Romans. Rubens, though he called his pictures after saints, apostles, martyrs, yet invariably painted stalwart Flemish peasants, brawny workmen, etc. In form and conception there is no difference between Jupiter, Hercules, Antinous, and his Peter, Joseph, etc. In his "Flight into Egypt," Mary—an excellent representation of his women—looks as though, in case of danger, both Joseph and the Child would appeal to her for protection. A large masculine woman, there is none of the tender grace or beauty of the young Madonna; she is a strong, resolute, coarse woman, eminently capable of the toilsome journey.

Rubens was no believer in the mystic visions of the saints, and though he painted so-called sacred scenes, he had no sympathy with the religious spirit of the age as manifested in the paintings of his predecessors and contemporaries. He was essentially a pagan by nature, with no sentimentality; and the number of his pictures, the gorgeousness of his colorings, the tone of superabundant life and physical development, all show a healthy, strong nature, which preferred to deal with and portray the real, actual men and women of his daily life rather than imagine pale, devout saints, holy women, and worn, emaciated hermits and martyrs.

With years his fame increased. Many of his contemporaries became jealous of him, and slandered him in many ways. When these reports reached his ears, there being then, as now, plenty of friends willing to carry such news, he answered: "My maxim is, do well, and you will make others envious; do better, and you will master them;" and he gave effect to his saying by putting it into execution. Cornelius Schut, who accused him of poverty of invention, and was himself unable to find purchasers, was given work by Rubens, who also bought his hitherto unappreciated pictures. Rombout's criticisms were answered by an exhibition of "The Descent;" and Janssen's challenge to a trial of skill, and the assertion that Rubens had but one style, by a display of landscapes, hunting scenes, animal pictures, etc., all begun and finished by the master.

It seems well-nigh incredible that Rubens could have done so much work, kept up his immense correspondence, his reading, and acquaintance with all that went on in the world of letters and art, together with his diplomatic career, were it not that his daily life was one of extreme regularity. While painting he was always read to, that he might lose no time. He rose at four, and after mass entered his studio, where he remained all day; and believing that too generous living impaired the capacity for work, he ate frugally, and when too late to paint he took his only daily indulgence—a ride, for he was passionately fond of the exercise, and was the owner of several fine Arabian horses.

Among his correspondents in France were the De Thous, celebrated in history, the one by his literary achievements, the other by his tragic death; the famous antiquary of Provence, Peiresc, who succeeded in 1619 in obtaining for Rubens the privilege of selling his engravings in France, and who came

to Antwerp to visit the artist, and wrote thus of him, after his return home, to the recorder of Antwerp: "I saw with great pleasure the cabinet of M. Rubens. Pray make my acknowledgments to him for the kindness he showed me and the offers he made. I will serve him with all my heart in any way that I can. I can not sufficiently admire his personal appearance, nor praise his uprightness, his virtue, his erudition and wonderful knowledge of antiques, his skill and celerity of pencil, and the charm of his manner. I had with him the most enjoyable conversations that I have had for a long time."

This same year, 1619, Rubens was called from home to the court, for the thirteen years' truce was drawing to a close. Belgium desired peace; in Holland, Barneveld had paid with his life for his patriotism; and Maurice, free to carry out his schemes, desired to ally himself with Spain. Philip III., however, listening to the advice of Gondomar, his ambassador in London, believed that the Prince of Wales, afterward Charles I., was anxious to marry the Infan-



RUBENS'S SONS.

ta. On the other hand, Louis XIII., in order to counterbalance the influence of England united with that of the Huguenots, proposed to Philip an alliance together against Holland, "the hot-bed of heresy;" and among these counter-intrigues, Rubens, on behalf of the Archduke, played an important *rôle*. But while all were waiting for the decision of Philip, that sovereign suddenly died; yet, as no nation was desirous to begin hostilities, the negotiations continued, although the elevation of Richelieu in France somewhat complicated affairs.

In 1620 Marie de Medicis, becoming reconciled with her son Louis, by the advice of Baron Vicq, ambassador from France in the Low Countries, summoned Rubens to Paris, and ordered from him a series of twenty-one pictures descriptive of her life, destined for her palace of Luxembourg. Rubens sketched the pictures, returned to Antwerp, and had them painted in his studio, and the whole were finished in 1625. When the size of the pictures and the number of figures are considered, and it is remembered that this is but one of many commissions undertaken at the same time, it is evident that one pair of hands could not execute all the work, and that Rubens made use of his pupils and the artists who worked in his studio. Among his pupils were Van Dyck, Jordaens, Simon de Vos, Quellyn, Snyders, Wildens, Van Egmont, Van Uden. And the master, after sketching his subject, had Snyders paint flowers, fruit, animals, Van Uden landscapes, Van Egmont figures—these three are mentioned because of their specialty; and then Rubens finished the picture. To be sure, this manner of proceeding was greatly objected to by some of his patrons; but were it not for this help Rubens could never have painted or "finished" the eighteen hundred pictures bearing his imprint. At the time he undertook Marie de Medicis's order he was also under contract to furnish the Society of Jesuits at Antwerp with thirty-nine pictures for their church, which he did during a space of a few years; and these were some of his finest works, according to contemporary criticism. But the church was destroyed by fire in 1718, and the pictures perished.

About this time, also, the prior of the cathedral of Malines ordered a "Marriage in Cana." Rubens accepted the order, made his design, and sent Van Egmont to Malines to begin the work. The prior, thinking he was merely to get materials in order for his master, received him urbanely, but when days passed on and Van Egmont continued to paint, and no Rubens appeared, the prior, growing irate, wrote a curt letter to the artist, in which he stated: "'Tis a work of *your* hand I want, not that of an apprentice. Either come yourself and execute the picture, or recall your Van Egmont, and bid him carry with him the picture, which I will not accept, and which you can keep in payment." Rubens answered: "I always do this, make the design, let my pupils carry it out, then I retouch and finish. I will be in Malines in a few days. You need not be alarmed." The prior was obliged to be satisfied, and though Rubens did retouch and finish, competent judges declare the picture on careful examination shows traces of the different hands.

The "miles of canvas" painted for Marie de Medicis display both the faults and merits of Rubens's style. The coloring is superb, the designs of the pictures fantastic to the last degree. It is no real life, but an allegory, wherein divine personages, pagans, gods, goddesses, French history, Christian symbols, the elements, personifications of abstract ideas, portraits of living characters, are mixed together in wild confusion. Here are Jupiter and Juno assisting at the marriage of Henri and Marie; there the city of Lyons sends a deputation to receive the sovereigns, seated in a chariot drawn by lions guided by Cupids; and Henri and Marie are represented as Jupiter and Juno, he on the back of an eagle holding a thunder-bolt, she in a car drawn by peacocks. The best of them all is the one where Henri confides to Marie the care of the kingdom, in which the portraits are admirable. In 1625 Rubens went with his works to Paris to arrange them in the gallery, and there painted the last two, "The Meeting of Marie and her Son," "The Triumph of Truth." The pictures are now in the Louvre, and a few years ago were copied in the Gobelin tapestry.

At Paris, on this second visit, Rubens met Buckingham, Charles I.'s favorite, and an intimacy sprang up between the courtier and artist, and Buckingham went to Antwerp to visit the painter, and accompanied him on one of his journeys to his country-seat at Stein. Buckingham desired to purchase of Rubens his gallery, collected principally in Italy, and after his return to England sent his agent, Le Blond, to drive a bargain with the artist. Rubens consented to sell, with but few exceptions, his pictures for 100,000 Brabant florins, according to Michel, 100,000 Dutch florins, according to Houbraken, and 100,000 pounds sterling, according to Walpole. There were 100 pictures, among them nineteen by Titian, twelve by Bassanio, thirteen by Veronese, eight by Palma, seventeen by Tintoretto, three by Leonardo, three by Raphael, the rest by Rubens. Sandrart and Houbraken in their lives complain of the enormous price asked, the former saying that Rubens "would gain money by any means;" the latter, that "he is not considered very generous, and holds with a tight grip his crowns." Rubens did love money, and complained frequently that he

did not receive sufficient remuneration for his works; he valued his pictures by the number of days spent on them, and a day's work at 100 florins. The rapidity with which his pictures were executed can be judged of from the fact that the receipt shows "The Draught of Fishes" at Notre Dame, Malines, took ten days. Many complaining letters to Peiresc are found, concerning the delay in paying him for the Luxembourg pictures, and contrasting the tardy recompense of royalty with the prompt payment of Buckingham. An alchemist, who believed he had discovered the philosopher's stone, applied for a slight advance, in order to construct a suitable furnace, in return for which he would share the profits, but Rubens answered, "You have come twenty years too late. I have found the philosopher's stone in my palette."

Through his agents abroad and his own industry the vacancy in his gallery was soon filled up, and the collection was fully as valuable as the one sold. In July, 1626, his wife died, and, answering a letter of condolence from his friend Valves, he wrote: "Yes, I have lost a dear companion; one could, nay, one should, cherish her with reason, for she had none of the faults of her sex." The slanderous statement of Houbraken, that Isabella Brandt loved Van Dyck, and that Rubens had cause to be jealous of his pupil, has no confirmation in actual facts, the only proof he alleges, that Rubens, in order to avenge himself on her, in his picture of the "Last Judgment" represented the devil as seizing her in his grasp, being hardly enough; and against this is the letter above quoted. According to Rubens's own statement, he felt her loss keenly, and, in order to change the tenor of his thoughts, gladly accepted another diplomatic mission.

Holland had again declared war, that now raging in Germany aiding her by diverting the attention of some of her foes; Richelieu was compelled to abandon hopes of an alliance with Spain, where Philip IV. was eager to ally himself with England. Rubens fully appreciated the importance of gaining for Spain an auxiliary able to aid her in resisting the encroachments of Richelieu, and with this end in view he went to Holland, ostensibly to visit some brother artists, but in reality to meet Gerbier, an English resident at the Hague. After the meeting Philip summoned him to Madrid, and thither Rubens went in August, 1626. From his letters at this time one gets a clear view of the immorality of the Spanish court, the insolence of the nobles, and the gradual but certain decay of the power of the Spanish throne. He painted many pictures for Philip, and copied several Titians, the originals being destined as part of the dowry of the Infanta on the occasion of her marriage with Charles I.; but as that monarch married Henrietta of France, the originals remained in Spain. Rubens also, at the request of Olivarez, decorated the chapel of the Carmelites, and painted five portraits of Philip and Elizabeth.

Jean of Braganza, afterward King of Portugal, invited him to his hunting lodge at Villavioca, and Rubens, with the Flemings who had accompanied him to Spain, and several Spanish courtiers, started; but the prince hearing there was such a retinue, and desirous of avoiding the entertaining so many people, sent word when they were a few miles off that pressing business recalled him to Lisbon, but that he begged Rubens to accept fifty pistoles as indemnity for his trouble and to cover necessary expenses. Rubens expressed fitting regret at not being able to meet his Highness, but returned the money with the remark that he had provided himself with a thousand pistoles ere he started on the trip, and therefore needed no royal gratuity. Night overtaking them, the cavalcade halted at a convent on the road, and in the morning, after mass, Rubens, glancing round the walls of the chapel, was struck by seeing among the pictures one which seemed as though it must be his own work. Several of the monks whom he questioned as to who might be the artist answered evasively the inquisitive stranger, for he had not announced his name, and finally the prior said, "We can not tell you who painted that picture."

"It is the painter Rubens who begs of you this knowledge."

At this the monk turned pale, and falteringly answered, "He who painted that picture is dead to the world; he is a monk."

"A monk!" cried Rubens. "Shame, to hide such talents! My father, tell me his name, and that of the convent which shelters him. He must come forth. God has given him genius in order that he should shine before all men."

He did not know that his words and admiration awoke anew the struggle between the real and the assumed nature; but so it was, and, faint with contending feelings, the prior fell heavily to the ground. His excitement proved fatal to a constitution weakened by fasting and penances, and he died in a few hours. The prior and the painter were the same—Xavier Collantes.

Rubens was by Philip appointed private secretary, with the privilege of transmitting the title to his son Albert—in after-years the author of a work on *The Costumes of Antiquity*—and having been charged with commissions at the English court, and, as money was scarce in Spain, with an order "on our good Belgian provinces, which have the well-known reputation of never allowing the bills of their sovereigns to be protested," he turned his face homeward. He stopped at Paris and Brussels, and reached England in

the spring; was kindly received by Charles I., who appointed Lord Carlisle to entertain the painter and Don Carlos Colonna, the Spanish ambassador. Rubens successfully accomplished his mission, and returned to art, and from his visit dates the beginning of the collections now so famous. Under Charles I. the price of pictures and artistic works trebled in value on the Continent, for he was a generous patron, and for him Ru-



"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT."

Antwerp, but was again in London in order to assist at the signing of the treaty between England and Spain. Charles rewarded him for his services with the decoration of knighthood, a superb diamond ring, and a jewelled sword.

Rubens's advent into England gave an impulse to the already developing taste for bens bought pictures in Holland, and the collection of the Duke of Mantua, which cost 20,000 pounds sterling, and included among its fine work Andrea Mantegna's famous "Triumph of Cæsar," consisting of nine cartoons in distemper on paper fastened on cloth. Owing to their fragility and age, being nearly four hundred years old, they are

faded and discolored, but next to Raphael's cartoons, also purchased by Charles, are the most valuable art treasure in England.

Rubens, besides acting as Charles's agent, was commissioned by the king to adorn the dining-room at Whitehall, and designed the nine paintings in that room, and had Jordaens at work on them for six years, when he retouched and finished them. For these he was paid 3000 pounds. In 1780, the pictures having been injured, Cipriani was appointed to repair the damages. One of the courtiers, thinking to compliment Rubens, said, on finding him at his easel on the occasion of a visit,

"Ah! his Majesty's ambassador occasionally amuses himself with painting."

Rubens, who always held his art in high esteem, answered, "On the contrary, the painter occasionally amuses himself by trying to be a courtier."

In spite of all the pains taken, the alliance between England and Spain was not to be; Richelieu with a liberal hand dispensed money, promises, flatteries, insinuations, and excited the deputies of the Netherlands against Rubens to such a degree that they remonstrated against the extraordinary powers conferred on a plebeian. One of the most influential, the Duke d'Arschot, demanded of him the relinquishment of his diplomatic notes, passports, and orders, and Rubens, with a humility and tameness unworthy of him, complied, and to his letter accompanying the papers the noble replied with the insolence shown in those days by a superior to an inferior:

"I might well abstain from doing you the honor to reply to you, in consequence of your failing in your duty of coming to me in person, instead of writing a letter, which is only allowable between persons of my rank. I have been at the hotel from eleven to half past twelve, and shall return there shortly, and you have abundant leisure to seek me out. I hope you will learn from this how hereafter to those of my rank people of your condition should write."

Richelieu's policy proved successful; Rubens was recalled, and he willingly returned from mixing in political intrigues to devote himself to his art, and the death of Isabella soon after freed him from court duty.

In December, 1630, he married Helene Forment, a Flemish beauty of only sixteen, while he was fifty-three; and Wyerman, speaking of the painter a short time afterward, says, "He soon found out that court life, a beautiful young wife, and the villainous gout are three blessings which an old man can well afford to dispense with." All other biographers agree in stating that this second marriage was a very happy one, and Wyerman's cynical remark is perhaps hardly entitled to credit.

In 1635 Rubens painted his last great work, "The Martyrdom of St. Peter," for the Cologne cathedral. His disease, the gout, gained upon him, and on April 17, 1640, he wrote to his old friend Duquesnoy, whose statue of St. Andrew had just been placed in St. Peter's at Rome: "Your glory and renown are reflected upon the whole nation. If my age, and a painful sickness which torments and keeps me stationary, did not prevent, I should start at once, so as to admire with my own eyes a work so worthy of praise. Since I am unable to have that satisfaction, I will cherish the hope of seeing you once more among us; and I do not doubt that our beloved country will one day rejoice in works of art with which you will enrich it. Would to Heaven that day could come before death shall have closed my eyes, and so forever deprived me of the inexpressible pleasure of seeing those marvellous works executed by your skillful hand, which I salute with a reverence from the bottom of my heart!"

Alas! Rubens's fears proved too true; this letter had barely reached Duquesnoy ere the great painter died, May 30, 1640, at the age of sixty-three. The entire city attended his funeral, the ceremonies of which were held in the chapel of St. Jacques, and three days afterward a solemn service was held with great pomp in his honor. He left behind him considerable wealth. In his gallery were three hundred and nineteen pictures, ninety-three by himself, among these the famous "Straw Hat," with which, though often offered large sums, he would never part, and which always went with him on his travels. Rumor declares it to be the likeness of a lost lady-love; but whether a portrait or fancy sketch is not known, though it is acknowledged to be the most beautiful female head Rubens ever painted. The gallery was also enriched with sculptures in ivory, agate, carnelian; antique and modern medallions; there, too, were the rich chains and jewels given him by different sovereigns, and the diamond hat-band, a present from Charles I., valued at 10,000 crowns, the entire collection selling for half a million florins.

His wife hid away three of his unframed pictures, disapproving of the subjects and treatment; but the executors, one of whom was her brother-in-law, insisted on her producing them spite her protestations, and of two of them a record is left, viz., "Diana at the Bath," for which Richelieu gave 300,000 florins and a watch set with diamonds, and "The Three Graces," for which Charles I. gave 280,000 florins.

Rubens was not only a painter and a diplomate, but to a slight extent also an author. With Peiresc he continually interchanged manuscripts, inscriptions on antiques, dissertations on the discovery of perpetual mo-

tion, discoveries in chemistry, and speculations as to the unity of worlds, etc. His treatise on "Color" is more intelligible, and among other directions to students he gives the following: "Begin by painting your shadows lightly, being careful that no white enters into them; it is the poison of a picture except in the lights. If you once taint your shadows with it, you can never after render your tones warm and transparent; they will be heavy and leady. The lights may be loaded with color if you keep the tones pure, place each tint in its place, and afterward, by a judicious blending with the brush, you can fuse them one in the other without disturbing them, and during this blending give the decided touches, which are always those which distinguish the work of a great master."

The excess of life, the glaring brilliancy, of Rubens's pictures excite varied praise and blame; there is never any repose, the mind and eye are alike fatigued, and hence Byron's petulant criticism: "Never in my life have I been so disgusted as in Flanders by Rubens, with his eternal women and his infernal blaze of colors." And a novelist and artist says, "To copy a head of his (Rubens), the colors on your palette must be different from those required for any other master. The flesh-tints are all mixed with vermilion, which gives a wonderful and almost unnatural freshness. Time fades, or perhaps changes, some colors and darkens others, while the vermilion remains bright and glaring."

THE ITALIAN POET IN EXILE.

I.

Out of the dusky ambush of the brain
What flower-sweet recollections flow!
They spirit me amain
To that far land, forever dear,
Floating on Mediterranean waters clear,
Wherein I wandered long ago.
The twilight sweetness of its mountain places
Gathers around my exile here;
Again the convent shadows fall anear,
With slanting angles pencilling the green;
The ilex waves; the nightingale
Sings even as though I heard him in his vale;
And tenderly incarnadine,
Upon the far horizon faintly clear,
The delicate limner, Memory, traces
The glowing marbles of thy towers,
Flushing at sunset hours.
'Tis thither turns my heart—to thee,
O blessed Italy!

II.

Soft-wafted down the dusty ways
Of this far land breathe pleasaunces
From thy dear memory:
Reverberations of the days
Whereon I clomb the upland leas
Of Argua, or the Piedmont valleys trod,
Or marked the autumn sunbeams fleck the sod
On high Siena's mountains, touching them
With wandering gold, a chilly diadem,
Or watched the Arno flow
Throughout its village-beaded valley slow;
Or when from cool Verona's mountain height
I gazed at dusk, the olive shadows
Graying below me as the darkness fell
More deeply still; down came the liquid night,
Pouring along the undulating meadows,
And all the vales of Montebel
Gloomed in their solemn beauty; in the west
The moon lay like a fallen soul;
And as I took my rest
A sweet, a trembling bird-song spouted
From the close thicket of the ilexes,
A liquid fountain springing in the dusk,
And murmuring soft-throated ecstasies.
All sorrow that clear singer flouted:
'Twas his to sail upon the musk
And balm breathed tropic air, or in the wind
To wheel o'er northern forests vast and still.
Pain knows he not, or exile, he whose goal
Is the deep air, whose pinions winnow him
To Thessaly or Tadmor at his will.
He springeth there at dawn, and in the dim
Sweet twilight singeth on this hill.
From uttermost horizons he can find
The arrow's glancing pathway; not, like me,
Withheld from homing to my Italy.
I turn to thee, and fall upon my face
As doth the pilgrim to a sacred place,
And count my days of banishment from thee,
Beloved Italy!

III.

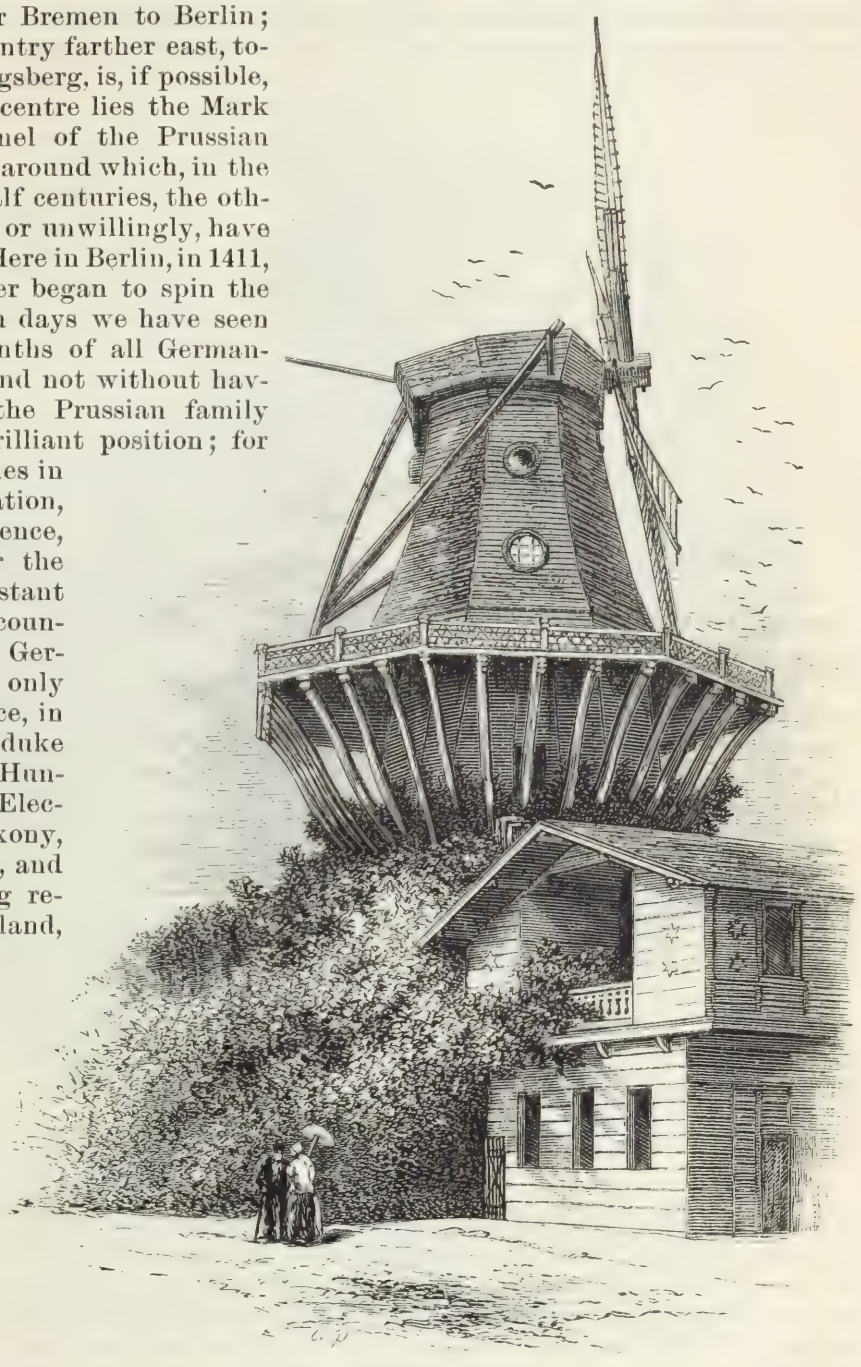
But though these longings make the exile feel
Afresh his suffering, and the pain
Of long remoteness, and reveal
The wastes of howling waters wide
That still between him and his home divide,
The mighty, ghastly, sundering sea,
That closes round my Italy,
I keep my meditation not in vain.
When holden from abiding with our love,
Still live we in the tender thought thereof,
Still cherish we the faithful hope thereof;
And such a day my thoughts divine
As that for which long parted lovers pine,
Musing what features they shall gaze upon,
And what dear words they shall breathe forth anon,
And what caresses they shall yearn upon,
And how the strangeness of first greeting
After long time, the trace in brow or mien
Of separation, shall dissolve at meeting—
An evanescent nimbus, blown away
And scattered by love's breath serene;
Longing for such a day,
I seem to gain the dear one's side
And fall into her arms, and quench in tears
Of joy the sorrows of the banished years.

IV.

Then suddenly my heart, which drooped before,
Brake out a-blooming newly like the rose;
And as when sullen, blinding rain is passing
Beneath the sunlight's lances, whose keen blows
Scatter the stormy cohorts of the cloud,
And the day beam, exultant, fair,
Beats down and quells the mighty heaven's uproar,
Swift on the dun gloom break the bolts harassing
Of golden Jove, and in the pure wet air
The clouds move gorgeous, like great conquerors,
Monarchs of purple sunset proud,
Vested in azure, vermeil, violet,
And every chord of hue in heaven set
In the strong rainbow glows,
While the bright lark sings loud,
Shakes off the rain, and glinting rises,
And rapturous his song outpours,
Flinging it down in wild surprises,
Even so my thoughts began to sing
Within themselves, and pinioning
On stronger impulses to mount and soar
In the wind, to breast its utmost might.
And now by faith no more
My exile endless seemed; but yonder, bright
And tremulous in the southern light,
Beyond a smiling and untrembling sea,
I saw my love, my life, my Italy!

ALONG THE HAVEL.

FEW regions equal in sterility and absence of all natural beauty the great plain between the German Ocean and the Baltic, which the traveller traverses on his way from Hamburg or Bremen to Berlin; and the stretch of country farther east, toward Danzig and Königsberg, is, if possible, still drearier. In the centre lies the Mark Brandenburg, the kernel of the Prussian monarchy, the nucleus around which, in the course of four and a half centuries, the other provinces, willingly or unwillingly, have grouped themselves. Here in Berlin, in 1411, the Hohenzollern spider began to spin the web which in our own days we have seen extended over nine-tenths of all German-speaking territory. And not without having deserved it has the Prussian family reached its present brilliant position; for during the long centuries in which the German nation, as such, had no existence, and its territories for the most part formed distant provinces of other countries, to whose rulers German interests were only of secondary importance, in times when the Archduke of Austria was King of Hungary and Bohemia, the Electors of Hanover and Saxony, the Landgraf of Hesse, and the Duke of Schleswig respectively kings of England, Poland, Sweden, and Denmark, while the Duke of Holstein was Emperor of Russia, and countless bishoprics obeyed the Pope, the Hohenzollerns remained simple German princes, and their family interests almost always coincided with those of the fatherland. Even the unfavorable situation of their possessions, the fact that they must not only fight hard for every bit of land they gained, but also be ever prepared to repel attacks from the hostile neighbors who surrounded them on all sides, have no doubt materially contributed to their success, while the knowledge that their soil was fruitful only in men, and that the latter needed the most careful guidance and watchful aid in order to win a living, has done its part in bringing about the same result. But these considerations have laid upon them the necessity of being economical and saving as well as valiant and shrewd, and the poverty of the land is reflected in the often pitiful structures which serve as palaces, and the absence of picturesque gardens or pleasure places in the old provinces of the land.



MILL AT SANS SOUCI.

Berlin lies on the Spree—a stream of some breadth above the city, but within it divided into several canals, which serve at once as sewers and water highways for the conveyance of bricks, out of which the town is entirely built. Some ten miles below the city it flows into the Havel—a lake-like river, ever expanding and contracting over the sandy plain, till it finally reaches the Elbe.

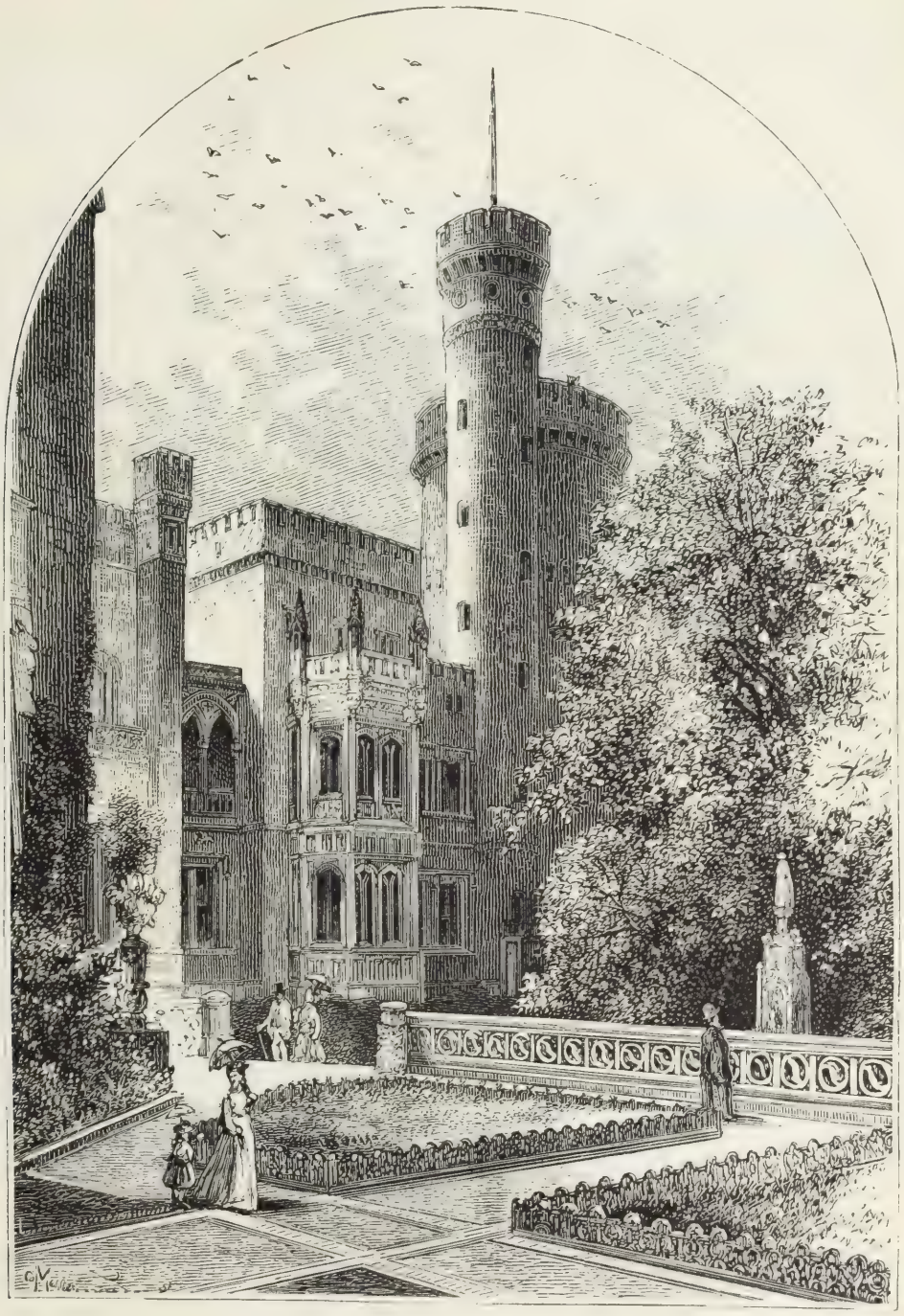
At its junction with the Spree lies the town and fortress of Spandau, the residence of the earlier electors. The town is surrounded on all sides by fortifications, and within it the narrow streets and mediæval towers interest the stranger, but the fortress proper lies in the middle of the Havel. It is one of those fortresses which have never been taken by storm or cannonade, but for the rather singular reason that its commanders have invariably had in mind the wise saying that discretion is the better part of valor, and have surrendered at the first challenge. Here is kept the famous Prussian treasure (now called the Imperial treasure), which used so to exercise the imagination of the last century, now amounting to 40,000,000 thalers in gold. It is probably more to keep up the traditional policy of the state than because of the practical value of such an amount of ready money in our days of easy national loans and syndicates that the government continues this highly anti-politico-economical institution; perhaps, too, because the Prussian sovereigns, ready as they are to shed their blood for their people's benefit, still look shy at said people in parliament assembled, and look forward to a repetition of the days of 1861–65, when the representatives of the people, session after session, refused the grant desired by the crown, until, as the story goes, Bismarck, losing patience, threatened, if they did not come to terms, to lay his bold hands upon the treasure and get along with the old taxes, but without a parliament, unconstitutional as such a performance would have been. In those days the now almost idolized Kaiser Wilhelm used to drive the whole length of Unter den Linden without a single non-uniform hat being raised in his honor, and he is said really to have taken his unpopularity to heart. Now, however, he is as happy-looking an old man as one would wish to see, and has just had the pleasure (January, 1877) of celebrating the coming of age of his grandson and eventual heir, Friedrich Wilhelm.



BABELSBERG.

It was in Spandau that the adventure occurred which won Carl Schurz his knight's spurs—if one may use a mediæval figure in this unknightly age. But the whole adventure is thoroughly romantic. Before the troubles of 1848, Schurz was studying medicine at Bonn, and there became intimate with the poet and professor Gottfried Kin-

kel. This Kinkel was a wild, visionary writer, but seems to have possessed that personal magnetism which secures the truest and most self-sacrificing friends. Both he and Schurz took part in the so-called Baden revolution in 1849—a campaign which, so far as the revolutionists were concerned, resembled more closely a Fenian invasion of Canada than any other military event with which I am acquainted. At the break-up those patriots who were able crossed the frontier into France or Switzerland, Schurz reaching the latter country; but Kinkel was caught, and locked up in the penitentiary at Spandau, where he spent the most of his time in spinning yarn for the government's benefit. His friends, however, were not going to let him pine away at this useful but uncongenial employment without making an effort to release him from it. His wife—a woman of great energy of character—wrote to Schurz, asking if he were ready to help, and he came at once to Bonn to see her. From there he went with letters to some trustworthy persons in Berlin, notably to a certain physician there; and these two, with the assistance of a country gentleman living in the neighborhood of Spandau, arranged and carried out the daring attempt. They succeeded in bribing a turnkey, who, between eleven and twelve at night, having provided himself with the duplicate key to Kinkel's cell which hung in the prison office, and a rope, let the latter out, and got



THE TOWER, BABELSBERG.

him on to the roof of the building, whence he was let down to the street, where Schurz and the physician were waiting. They conducted him with all possible haste to a neighboring inn, where a suit of plain clothes was awaiting him, the doctor taking in exchange his prison gear, which he intended, and, to his sorrow, actually did, preserve as a relic, though implored by his friends to destroy so dangerous a possession. For not long afterward, he being suspected of having had a hand in Kinkel's flight, his house was searched, and the clothes being found, he was sentenced to a long term in prison, and died there. This, however, is a digression. After the change of dress was effected, the before-mentioned country gentleman appeared with a carriage and a span of fine horses, himself on the box, and, after Schurz and Kinkel had got in, started for the Mecklenburg boundary. They reached in safety the port of Rostock, being every where helped on by trustworthy friends, and from there the two sailed for Scotland in a vessel dispatched by its generous owner solely to convey them. Mr. Schurz was at this time (November, 1850) but twenty-two years old.

Parties are often rowed from Spandau to Potsdam, a distance of some fifteen miles, but one has the stream in one's favor, and the boats are flat-bottomed and rigged out with a sort of sail, so that it does not take so long as might be supposed. You can also go, once a day, in a rickety old steamer, in the company of crowds of market-women with their baskets, and in the ugly peasant dress of Northern Germany. All this ground is historical, redolent of a long-forgotten time, for here was the last halting-place of Wends, the Sclavic advance-guard, who for five centuries occupied the territory between the Elbe and the Oder. They followed, about 500, the advancing Semnones (remembered by readers of Cæsar), when the latter started for the green fields and pastures new of the Roman Empire. Their fate reminds one somewhat of that of our own Indians: they were heathen, and being in possession, were in the way of a stronger and more enterprising Christian race. Their former possession of the soil is still attested by the numerous Wendish names of villages, etc. An almost pure Wendish stock, moreover, is said to have maintained itself to this day in the Spree-Wald, where the "annexed" and oppressed "nationality" has lately excited the interest and compassion of the clever and entertaining, but not strictly trustworthy, M. Victor Tissot, and he has written a book in their favor.

But we must return to the Havel. The first piece of land properly belonging to Potsdam that we see is Peacock Island—a pretty place, with what looks, from the distance, like the ruins of a castle. Countess Lichtenau (an amusing lady, whose history is told at length in Carlyle's *Friedrich*) had seen somewhere in Italy the ruins of a castle consisting of two towers, connected above by a bridge with a great arch beneath, and she induced her friend "the chivalrous" Friedrich Wilhelm II. to build an imitation of it here. His successor often occupied the villa, and there are many mementos here of Queen Louise; but the island's great day was July 15, 1852, when Rachel played alone, in the open air, before the king and his brother-in-law the Emperor Nicholas, who, with his wife, was in Potsdam for a few days on a visit. As soon as the king heard of her arrival in Berlin he sent a chamberlain to engage her to play in Potsdam. She assented, expecting, of course, to play in the theatre of the New Palace or the town theatre, and when the chamberlain told her at the station what she was really expected to do, she refused up and down, and insisted upon returning at once to town. The chamberlain, however, was able to appease the irate actress by showing that the apparent discourtesy really denoted the most absolute faith in her unequalled powers, since it assumed that she needed neither support nor accessories—not even a stage—to make her genius felt. A perhaps stronger reason for her yielding than even this tribute was the consideration that she might not improbably thereby win Nicholas's permission to return to St. Petersburg.

In 1848 Rachel had taken occasion, as Goddess of Freedom, to sing the "Marseillaise" on the stage, and since then this city had been closed to her. Her hopes were not deceived. The Russian lost no time, after the performance was over, in saying, "I hope to see you at St. Petersburg."

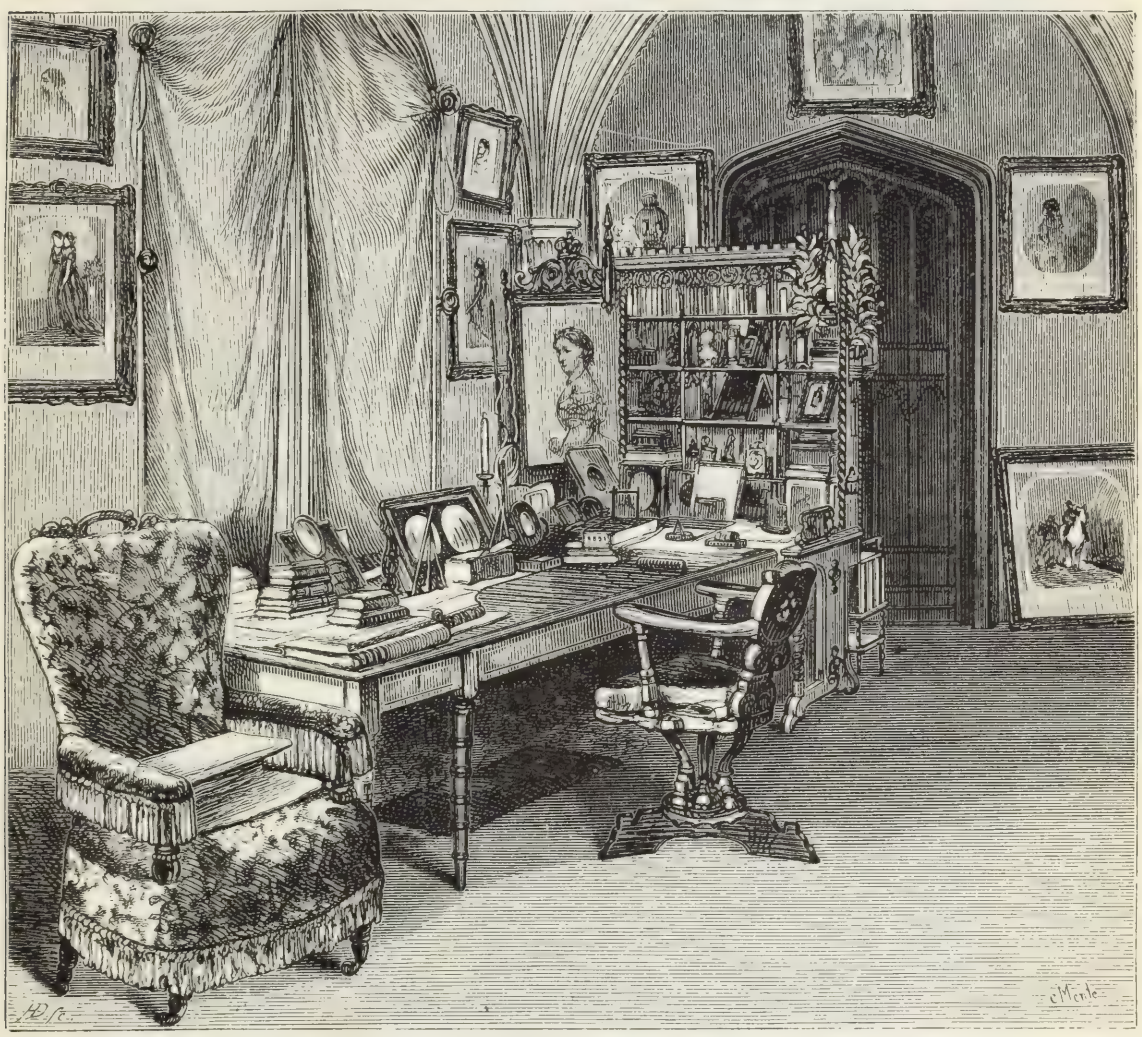
Anchored off the Pfaueninsel, one is likely to see the Crown Prince's yacht *Victoria*, whether named for his wife or his English mamma I do not know. The vessel has not the appearance of a river or lake steamer, looks, in fact, as if it could cross the Atlantic with ease. A yacht had always been an institution of Potsdam, its chief use being to convey the "highnesses" (hohen Herrschaften) to some one of the dozen pretty towers or châteaux lying on the water, for a "family tea." King Friedrich I., whose F. R. adorns the breast of the Prussian eagle, set the fashion by having a memorable ship built in Holland for the purpose. This was so magnificently fitted up that the silver and gold utensils used on board were alone worth 100,000 thalers. In 1709 King Frederic IV. of Denmark and the "Polish Majesty" Friedrich August of Saxony came to Berlin to discuss a mutual treaty against the French, and one of the chief fêtes with which their host entertained his royal visitors was an expedition on

this vessel. During the visit a child was born in the royal family, and a poet, with commendable tact and readiness, compared the new-comer with another Child, who was born in Bethlehem in Judæa, and also saw three kings by His cradle. King Friedrich was so pleased by this effort that he gave the lucky poet 10,000 thalers.

The Havel is not merely an ornamental water. As we go along we see dozens of long, awkward canal-boats, usually sailing, but sometimes towed, either on their way to Berlin with their loads of bricks, or returning empty thither. It is curious to see them when they have left the broad stream and have got into some one of the innumerable canals, for these have no tow-paths as with us, and the boats can only be propelled by man-power, the machinery consisting of long stout poles, one end of which the men (or women) place against the shoulder, and then walk the whole length of the boat, slowly pushing.

Another feature of the Havel is the swans. They flourish here naturally, are now reckoned at two thousand in number, and are constantly increasing. They had a hard time of it during the French occupation (1807–12), the officers, having nothing better to shoot at, using them for game or targets, but since then they have been well cared for.

The charm of Potsdam consists in the combination of hills and dales and wooded shores, with the lake-like Havel. The hills are, to be sure, but gentle elevations—the country would elsewhere be called simply undulating; but to the Berliner mind they seem mountains, and to the official mind also, it would seem, for as you walk along the road by the water-side, placards at every turn become evident, to the effect that "the ascent of this mountain is not permitted." After leaving the Pfaueninsel, the steamer (we are now on one of the Potsdam excursion steamers) proceeds slowly a mile or so, when, after passing through a narrow channel, the Havel again expands, and straight ahead, though at some distance, one sees the city, with the Sans Souci palaces on the right. But on our left, meanwhile, is the park of Glinike (a Wendish name, by-the-bye, denoting tile or brick yard), and the large, comfortable-looking country house of Prince Carl, the Emperor's brother. Carl has never done any thing



EMPEROR'S CABINET, BABELSBERG.



SANS SOUCI, POTSDAM.

remarkable in the world, and the house has no historical associations. Across the way is the country residence of his daughter-in-law, the Princess Friedrich Carl, and her children: her lord the field-marshal is not of a domestic nature, though very fond of country life, and spends the greater part of the year, when there is no fighting going on, in a little hunting-box not very far from Potsdam, where he often stays weeks at a time without once coming to town, even when the rest of the world has removed to winter-quarters. He busies himself with shooting and planting trees—in 1871 he employed a large number of French prisoners in this work—and he is said to spend his evenings right merrily, something in the style of Falstaff. Next comes what, both as regards situation and architecture, is the most charming place in Potsdam, or, indeed, in Northern Germany, Castle Babelsberg, the residence of the present Emperor, built by himself, then simply Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, in 1835. The castle lies on a gentle elevation, with lawns and woods sloping down to the water, and presents a rather imposing as well as attractive appearance, being built in the charming English Gothic of Queen Elizabeth's time. Yet it is difficult to avoid a feeling of disappointment when one comes nearer and finds that this stately structure is not built of granite or some similar stone, as one naturally supposes, but simply of bricks painted gray. The interior arrangement and furniture are also strictly English: indeed, the Emperor seems to have a great fondness for English—we won't say institutions, but domestic arrangements. In 1848 he spent some time in England, having driven out of Berlin in the night, *à la* Louis XVI., with his chamberlain as coachman. Luckily he was stopped at no Varennes, and presumably enjoyed his visit.

All the apartments of the castle are delightful, and some, the dining hall, for example, exceedingly handsome and befitting a royal host, yet without being oppressively grand. On his way to the Emperor's own apartments the visitor is led through the suite which were fitted up for the reception of the Crown Princess when she came from England, a seventeen-year-old bride, in 1858. The furniture with its plaid chintz covering, the walls and ornaments, are precisely like those of the rooms she occupied in Windsor—simplicity itself. Bonaparte not only had the private apartments of Marie Louise prepared for her in this manner, but even took the pains to have her pet dog brought from Vienna, and she found him lying before the fire on her arrival. Perhaps the Princess Victoria had no pets, for we hear of nothing of this sort occurring in Babelsberg.

Late years Kaiser Wilhelm has lived but very little in Potsdam, sometimes spending only a couple of nights there the year through. He travels a good deal round his empire, holding reviews and receiving ovations in Würtemberg and Saxony, and the remainder of the pleasant season he usually spends, with his wife, in Baden-Baden, in the society of his daughter and her husband. Yet every thing is kept in Babelsberg as were its master expected every moment. On his writing-table, along with photographs of his family, pieces of shell from König-

grätz and other battle-fields, lie ever spread out stationery with the imperial monogram, and telegraph envelopes adorned with, "By his Majesty's command," in golden letters. The adjoining bed-chamber is simply furnished, without a carpet, and only a rug before the brazen bedstead. At the window is a little mirror, by aid of which the first imperial Hohenzollern shaves himself.

From the Babelsberg landing we can take a boat, rowed most likely by a hulking peasant woman, direct to the town, and so from the newest to the oldest of the royal châteaux. As it passes through the city the Havel again becomes a narrow stream, here fringed with tumble-down houses and beer gardens built on piles. The Stadtschloss looks like any town palace, and when one standing in the square beside it looks around, there is nothing to show that he is not in the midst of a town as large as Berlin. The building was erected by the Great Elector, and in his time its upper windows probably had a fair view of the water on either side, but now the situation is quite devoid of attraction. Our old friend "F. R." followed, and spent large sums here, as every where, being succeeded by his son Friedrich Wilhelm I., who enlarged one of the halls for his Tobacco Parliament—perhaps with the money which Czar Peter gave him for his father's yacht. This is the sovereign who was so fond of parades and tall soldiers, and so economical in his habits. He thought it proper that the garrison church should also exhibit a military character, and so adorned the chancel with statues of Minerva and Mars; but his grandson failed to see the fitness of these deities in such a place, and removed them to the foot of the grand staircase in the Stadtschloss, where they still remain. October 24, 1806, arrived Napoleon, the king and Queen Louise having departed in such a hurry that they left the most valuable state papers lying round for the French to pick up. An hour later Bonaparte took lunch, and astonished the chamberlains by his bad table manners, not hesitating to stick his fingers in the dishes, and tear a duck in pieces with his hands, while he spilled the gravy all over the table-cloth.



THE EMPEROR'S GRENADIERS.

The name of Potsdam in Wendish denotes "under the oaks;" but as we drive through this town of 43,000 inhabitants (5000 soldiers), we see neither oaks nor other trees—nothing expressive either of natural or of artificial beauty. It is not unlikely that our eye will be caught by an odd uniform here and there in the streets, for one of the regiments of the Great Friedrich's guard has kept the same uniform it had in his day. These favored grenadiers are famous in all the region round about, and the engraving given on page 853 (the original picture was the occasion of much criticism and praise at the last Berlin Exhibition) will show some of the reasons therefor.



THE NEW PALACE.

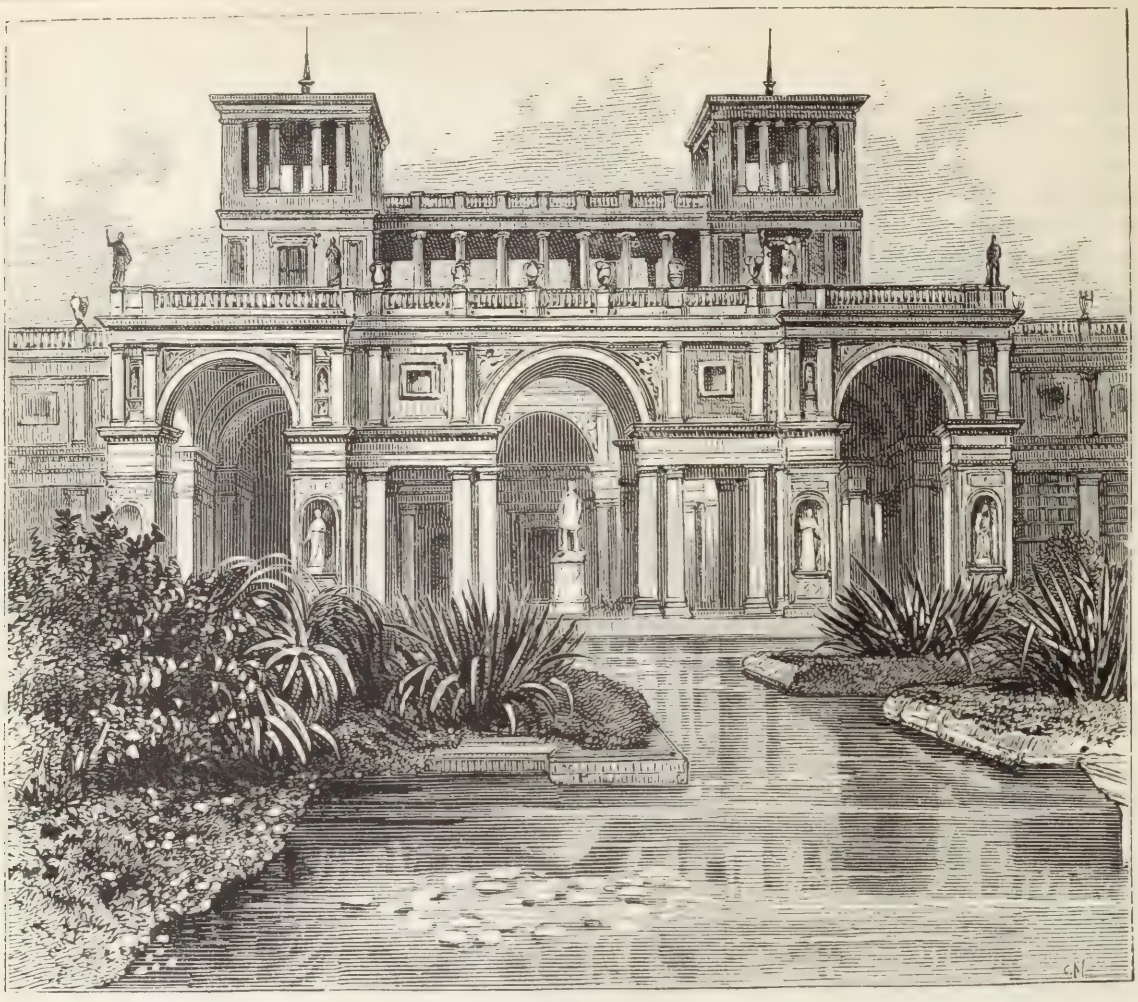
At last, however, we are clear of the town, past the villa of the left-handed wife of Friedrich Wilhelm III., and have now before us the château Charlottenhof, belonging to the park of Sans Souci, and built by the late King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. This prince, known as sovereign as the Throned Romanticist, reminds one in many particulars of his life and character of Louis XVI., and it was due rather to good luck than to any ability or force of character on his part that he got out of his difficulties so well as he did. In '48, while his brother Wilhelm was driving out of town by night without having his departure announced beforehand in the newspapers, the king was busy making speeches to the mob from his palace balcony, and entertaining them with wine from his own cellar. After this experience he was not fond of Berlin, and Potsdam had more reason to call itself a "capital" town than ever before. He was a man of fine taste and considerable knowledge in many ways, but his favorite pursuits were landscape-gardening and castle-building (of a more substantial description than most people's castles), to which he devoted himself with very great success. Charlottenhof dates from his Crown Prince period, and is an unpretentious house enough. Hither he brought his bride—a Bavarian princess—and here he spent the happiest days of his life, free from care and business and revolutionary storms. From here we could go afoot direct to Sans Souci, or, were we "hoffähig," in our carriage; but the road for ordinary mortals makes a detour, so that we must reach Sans Souci *via* the "New Palace." This is the famous building erected by Frederick the Great, after the close of the Seven Years' War, to show the world that he still had plenty of money in his pocket. Friedrich was a great soldier, an able and prudent statesman, a man of high culture, and a fair musician, but an architect he certainly was not. In spite of the great sums lavished upon it, it would be hard to imagine an uglier building, either within or without, than this rococo edifice. Purists call rococo a bastard style, anyway, but it

is not necessarily ugly; indeed, the Zwinger, in Dresden, is one of the most pleasing and harmonious structures in Europe. This building cost the king 3,000,000 thalers, and his admirers say that his real motive in building it was less the reason given by himself than the wish to furnish employment to thousands of dismissed soldiers. The most interesting apartments are the Marble Hall, where the walls as well as the floor are of white and red marble, and the Shell Hall, in which shells are worked into every imaginable variety of ornament. Other rooms are filled with all sorts of curiosities,



HALL OF SHELLS, NEW PALACE.

and the general effect of that portion of the palace which the visitor is allowed to see is rather that of a museum than a palace. The right wing is occupied six months in the year by the Crown Prince and his family, the elders finding the freedom from the restraints of etiquette so agreeable that they remain long after the cold autumn winds have begun to blow, and that the children enjoy the great park and their own gardens goes without saying. Here the two young princes, Friedrich Wilhelm the heir and Heinrich, spent their childhood, growing strong and healthy as well as wise, even their amusement having a method in it, as the gardens still show. For here in the earth-works, built on the most scientific principles, they played at war surely with a more practical end in view than most boys who amuse themselves in the same way. The younger brother, who is to be a sailor, had for his benefit a full-rigged ship's mast erected, on which he both theoretically and practically learned the ropes. Two years



ORANGERIE.

ago the boys were sent to the charming little city of Cassel to finish their "gymnasial" or school instruction, where, although they still had their special instructors, they went to the same school with the sons of the towns-people. A few months ago the eldest passed his final gymnasial examination (corresponding to the examination for admission to college with us), and in public, along with other pupils of his standing in the school—something which no Prussian prince has ever before done. This was just in time for his eighteenth birthday, on which he legally became of age. The next two years he will spend at the universities in Bonn and—to the delight, no doubt, of his grandfather's new subjects—in Strasburg.

The next building of note, after leaving the New Palace, is the Orangerie, an enormous greenhouse combined with a handsome picture-gallery and several suites of apartments. The gallery contains careful copies of the forty-five best pictures of Raphael, the only place where the painter can be seen *en masse*, and the rooms adjoining are used as lodgings for visitors, the last having been the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, in 1872. Close by, on the other side of the way, is the most famous of all Potsdam buildings, Sans Souci. For the historical scenes which it calls to mind we have now no space. The Great Frederick built it, and it was his favorite residence. Here the king, as the Germans say, *lebte und webte*, here he worked and played, talked and wrote, and here he died. Close by is the famous windmill, whose history every one who has ever heard of Friedrich knows by heart, now royal property.

On the highest of the hills in the neighborhood, the Pfingstberg, is a fine pavilion looking toward the west, and with its back to the Havel. It is a most beautiful spot from which to see the sunset, and Friedrich Wilhelm IV. intended to build a magnificent palace here. But, like most of his schemes, it only half reached completion; but the towers are to be seen far and wide, and form a pretty feature of the Potsdam horizon. Down on the flat ground by the shore is the "Marble Palace," built of red brick trimmed with marble, which the foolish successor of Friedrich II. erected, and where he died.

Few visitors have time to visit all that is remarkable or beautiful in Potsdam; and even had we had time to visit the Roman baths and artificial ruins, and the Japanese and Chinese houses, and the various churches, we should have no room to describe them here. And as we are now at a steamboat landing, we will bid the reader adieu.



PURPLE MARTINS.

SONG BIRDS OF THE WEST.

WRITERS have divided the passerine birds into two sections, distinguished by the presence or absence of a "musical apparatus," consisting of one or more distinct pairs of syringeal muscles, the group possessing this apparatus being denominated the *Oscines*, or Singers, and those without it the *Clamatores*, or Screamers. This division, while answering a purpose in systematic classification, can not be considered a natural one, however, so far as the above distinctions of voice are concerned, since, as is well known, many of the *Oscines* are not singers, the cedar-bird (*Ampelis cedrorum*), several swallows, most of the crow family (*Corvidæ*), and many titmice (*Paridæ*) being among the notable exceptions. On the other hand, not all the birds distinguished

for melody or other qualities of voice are *Oscines*, for we have among the *Clamatores* several species which merit more or less the distinction of being called "songsters," of which we may mention the yellow-bellied fly-catcher (*Empidonax flaviventris*), said by Dr. Brewer and other trustworthy authorities to possess a protracted and very sweet song; the "flicker" (*Colaptes auratus*) among the woodpeckers, with his scythe-whetting tune; the two species of cuckoo (*Coccyzus*), and the members of the genus *Antrostomus* among the goat-suckers (*Caprimulgidæ*). We may even go beyond the order *Passeres*, and include in the same category the mourning-dove (*Zenaidura carolinensis*), whose sweet and mournful cooing song, heard throughout the summer days, is familiar to every one; and the red-shouldered hawk (*Buteo lineatus*), who makes the forest ring with his plaintive and not unmusical, though clamorous, cry of *kee', ohe—kee', ohe—kee', ohe*, uttered in a continuous strain for as much as several minutes without intermission.

The birds which we are about to notice here are those of our Western country which most excel in the qualities of their voice, whatever may be their place in the systems of classification, and it may be seen from the list we give that the wild western portion of our country is as well supplied with feathered songsters as the more civilized eastern section, and that in secluded dell or on dreary desert, where seldom heard by human ear, they nevertheless sing as gayly and with as much enthusiasm as if solely for the entertainment of us vain beings, who, in our conceit, are apt to imagine that all that is beautiful in nature was created simply for our amusement.

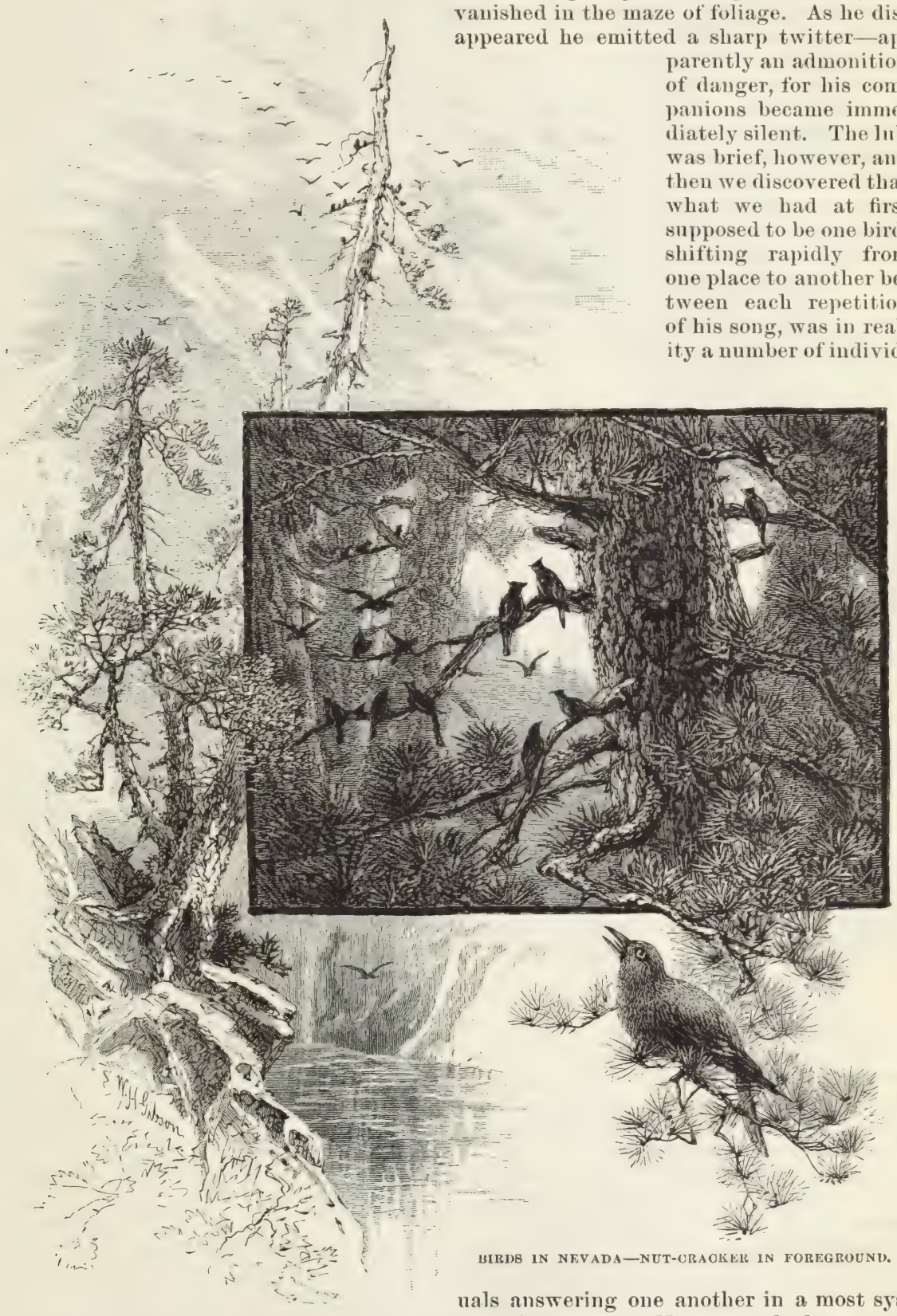
The principal songsters of the West are not in all cases those of any particular locality, for the mountain forests, the desert valleys, and the rocky cañons have alike their own characteristic species, and it is difficult to decide in which those most entitled to the first rank are found. The more fertile valleys ring with the loud, clear song of the Western lark and the passionate trills of the lark-sparrow; the dreary sage-brush wastes are rendered less inhospitable by the tender, soothing chants of several sparrows; among the cottonwoods in the river valleys are heard the mellow warbling of the black-headed grosbeak, the meandering chant of the house-finch, and the merry gabble of the wood-wren; while on the mountains the pine forests and the varied shrubbery of the cañons resound with the lively ditty of the Louisiana tanager and the silvery harmony of the thrushes. Of the latter, most of the species, except those of the southern border, are common also to the East; but as they are nevertheless conspicuous among Western songsters by reason of the melody of their notes, they deserve a prominent place in this dissertation on the songsters of the western half of the United States.

Beginning with the true thrushes, our acquaintance with them in their native haunts extends to all but one of the seven species found in the Rocky Mountains or westward, they being the russet-backed or Oregon thrush (*Turdus ustulatus*), the olive-backed or Swainson's thrush (*T. swainsoni*), the tawny or Wilson's thrush (*T. fuscescens*), the dwarf thrush (*T. nanus*), Audubon's thrush (*T. auduboni*), and the common robin (*T. migratorius*). The remaining one is the Oregon robin, or varied thrush (*T. nævius*), a species belonging to the Northwestern coast region, visiting California in winter.

It was the first of the above-named species which we chanced to meet with soonest during our Western rambles, and this we heard singing under circumstances calculated to impress us with the sweetness of its notes. It was in July, 1867, that we were crossing the Sierra Nevada from California eastward, and had halted for a day or so in the heart of the great pine forest of the western slope, at an altitude of about 5000 feet above the Sacramento Valley. Our camp was by the road-side, beneath gigantic arbor vitæ, pines, and spruces, and with beds of most beautiful flowers glowing along the borders of the rills which rippled over the banks.

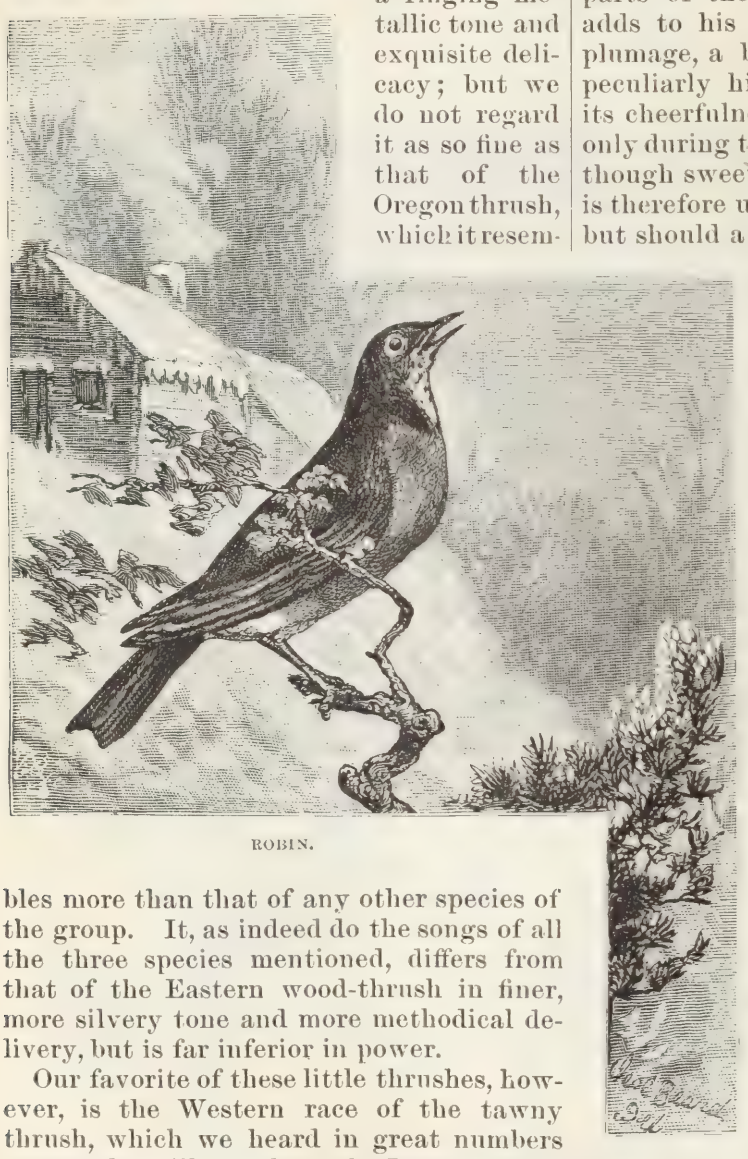
The dense forest of mighty trees surrounded us on every hand, obstructing a distant view in any direction, and on this account would have been gloomy, its many minor beauties notwithstanding, had it not been for the abundance of the birds, of which numerous species were sporting or singing all around us—an unusual circumstance in a forest so dense and primitive. The dusky mountain-jays (*Cyanura frontalis*) squawked and chattered, and the nut-crackers (*Picicorvus columbianus*) screeched or piped an accompaniment, as they hopped among the branches or sat concealed in the dense foliage of the pines. The rare white-headed woodpeckers twittered shrilly as they sported about the tops of the dead trees, two hundred feet or more aloft. Now and then a water-ousel (*Cinclus mexicanus*) would fly rapidly along the brook, chattering as it went. But these sounds were harsh and rude in comparison with the ethereal warblings of a mysterious bird which lived among the tangled and almost impenetrable under-growth in the depths of the ravine away down below us. To these seductive carols we listened all day long, for they never ceased from daylight until dark, when at last a curiosity to know the author of these sweet notes impelled us in their direction. Our efforts, however, seemed of no avail, though with eager perseverance we pushed our way through the resisting laurel-brake, guided by the song of the bird we were so

anxious to discover. There seemed to be not a solitary bird in the gloomy depths of this dark ravine, where scarcely a direct ray of sunlight penetrated through the tree-tops to the under-growth; but when we stopped and listened, the mysterious song was again heard, now behind, now before us, now up the hill-side, and then from a spot directly opposite, as if the voice of a capricious spirit —the fairy of the glen. It was no spirit-bird, however, for while musing on the character of our entertainer, we caught a brief glimpse of a little brown bird as it fluttered silently across an open space among the bushes, and vanished in the maze of foliage. As he disappeared he emitted a sharp twitter—apparently an admonition of danger, for his companions became immediately silent. The lull was brief, however, and then we discovered that what we had at first supposed to be one bird, shifting rapidly from one place to another between each repetition of his song, was in reality a number of individuals answering one another in a most systematic manner. No sooner had one performer finished than the song was taken up by another, from far and near, this side and that, until their silvery carols echoed and re-echoed through the shaded jungle, each seeming to vie with the others in their efforts to disperse the gloom of their forest home.



BIRDS IN NEVADA—NUT-CRACKER IN FOREGROUND.

In the Rocky Mountain ranges, five hundred miles or more to the eastward of the Sierra Nevada, the species just mentioned is represented by a very near relative, the olive-backed thrush; but the latter species does not there inhabit the pine forest, leaving to that region the *T. auduboni*, or Rocky Mountain hermit-thrush—a species whose song we have not heard—while in the lower valleys it is replaced by the tawny thrush (*T. fuscescens*). The favorite resort of the olive-backed thrush in the region mentioned is the brush-wood along the cañon streams, particularly in those meadow-like "parks" for which the Rocky Mountains are so famous. Its song is a sweet silvery carol, of a ringing metallic tone and exquisite delicacy; but we do not regard it as so fine as that of the Oregon thrush, which it resem-



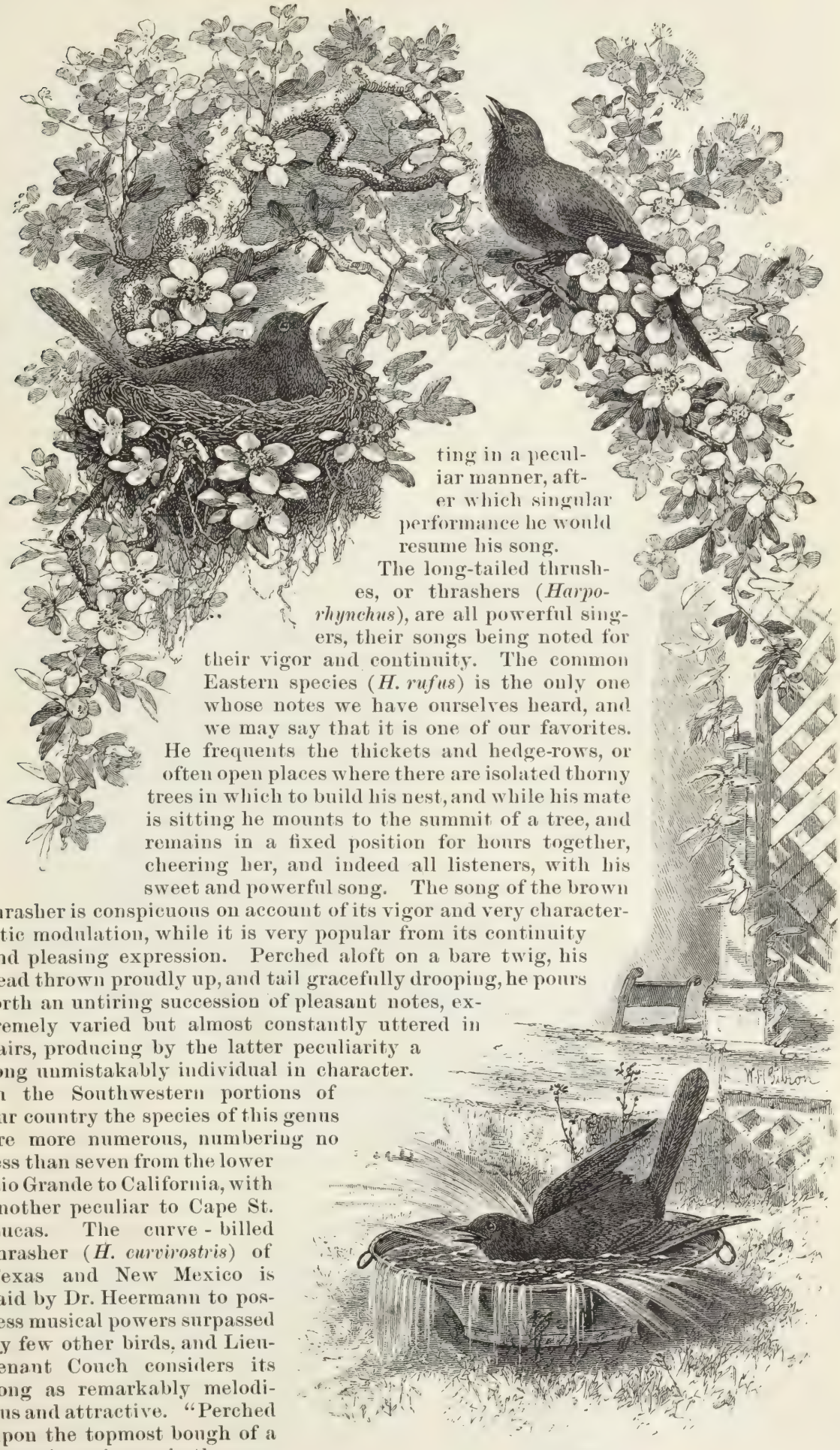
ROBIN.

bles more than that of any other species of the group. It, as indeed do the songs of all the three species mentioned, differs from that of the Eastern wood-thrush in finer, more silvery tone and more methodical delivery, but is far inferior in power.

Our favorite of these little thrushes, however, is the Western race of the tawny thrush, which we heard in great numbers among the willows along the Provo or Timpanogos River, in Utah, in the month of July, 1869. Singing birds of various kinds were common there, the cat-bird, yellow-breasted chat, and song-sparrow being plentiful and in full song; but the songs of these thrushes were the only ones conspicuous for their melody. These shy birds were entirely concealed in the dense and extensive thickets of small willows which formed the prevailing growth in the valley, but their songs were heard on every hand, and throughout the day. Even at noon numbers were heard simultaneously, and it was indeed a pleasure to listen to their inspiring music. Their carol consisted of an inexpressibly delicate metallic utterance of the syllables *ta-weel'ah, ta-weel'ah — twil'ah, twil'ah*, varied by an exquisite golden trill, the last two notes being softer and more subdued, producing thereby an echo, as it were, of the first part, the effect being most truly seductive.

The familiar robin, another of the thrushes, is a general favorite, and well worthy is he of the love bestowed on him. Ever present in our groves and orchards in all parts of the country which suit him, he adds to his familiarity a gay but modest plumage, a blithe spirit, a grace of motion peculiarly his own, and a song noted for its cheerfulness and sweet melody. Heard only during the middle of the day, his voice, though sweet, seems to lack continuity, and is therefore unsatisfactory from its brevity; but should a person visit early in the morning, while the dew is yet upon the leaves and lawns, some grove or orchard favored by his presence, his song is heard in all its perfection of joyful sweetness, smooth, even delivery, and untiring energy; and the eager contest between rival throats forms a chorus which renders our summer mornings a very heaven of music. Not only Eastward in the orchards, parks, and fields of a civilized country is the robin abundant, for he is equally numerous among the mountains of the far West, where his chirp and warble sound familiar to the ear of the Eastern traveller.

The varied thrush, or Oregon robin (*T. nævius*), is a bird whose habits are but little known. Its song has been described by several writers, but their descriptions do not convey an idea of any particular excellence in its notes. Nuttall and Townsend state that its notes are louder, sharper, and more rapidly uttered than those of the common robin, and that in the spring they have a very sweet warble. Dr. Cooper describes its song as consisting of five or six notes in a minor key, and in a scale regularly descending. Mr. W. H. Dall observed a male singing on the banks of a stream in Alaska, and relates that his song was now and then interrupted by his running up and down the prostrate log upon which he perched, strut-



ting in a peculiar manner, after which singular performance he would resume his song.

The long-tailed thrushes, or thrashers (*Harporhynchus*), are all powerful singers, their songs being noted for their vigor and continuity. The common Eastern species (*H. rufus*) is the only one whose notes we have ourselves heard, and we may say that it is one of our favorites. He frequents the thickets and hedge-rows, or often open places where there are isolated thorny trees in which to build his nest, and while his mate is sitting he mounts to the summit of a tree, and remains in a fixed position for hours together, cheering her, and indeed all listeners, with his sweet and powerful song. The song of the brown thrasher is conspicuous on account of its vigor and very characteristic modulation, while it is very popular from its continuity and pleasing expression. Perched aloft on a bare twig, his head thrown proudly up, and tail gracefully drooping, he pours forth an untiring succession of pleasant notes, extremely varied but almost constantly uttered in pairs, producing by the latter peculiarity a song unmistakably individual in character. In the Southwestern portions of our country the species of this genus are more numerous, numbering no less than seven from the lower Rio Grande to California, with another peculiar to Cape St. Lucas. The curve-billed thrasher (*H. curvirostris*) of Texas and New Mexico is said by Dr. Heermann to possess musical powers surpassed by few other birds, and Lieutenant Couch considers its song as remarkably melodious and attractive. "Perched upon the topmost bough of a flowering mimosa, in the pres-

OAT-BIRD.

ence of his consort," the male would "pour forth a volume of most enchanting music." Regarding the other species of this interesting genus we unfortunately find notes on but two. One of them is the California thrasher (*H. redivivus*), of whose vocal powers numerous writers attest their high opinion. Dr. Heermann says that its song is a flood of melody equalled only by that of the mocking-bird, while Colonel M'Call ranks it far above that of every other thrush, its notes having a liquid mellowness of tone and volubility of utterance that can not be surpassed, "placing it almost beyond rivalry among the countless songsters that enliven the woods of America." The red-vented thrasher (*H. crissalis*) of Arizona is described by Dr. Cooper as having a close resemblance to those of the species just mentioned.

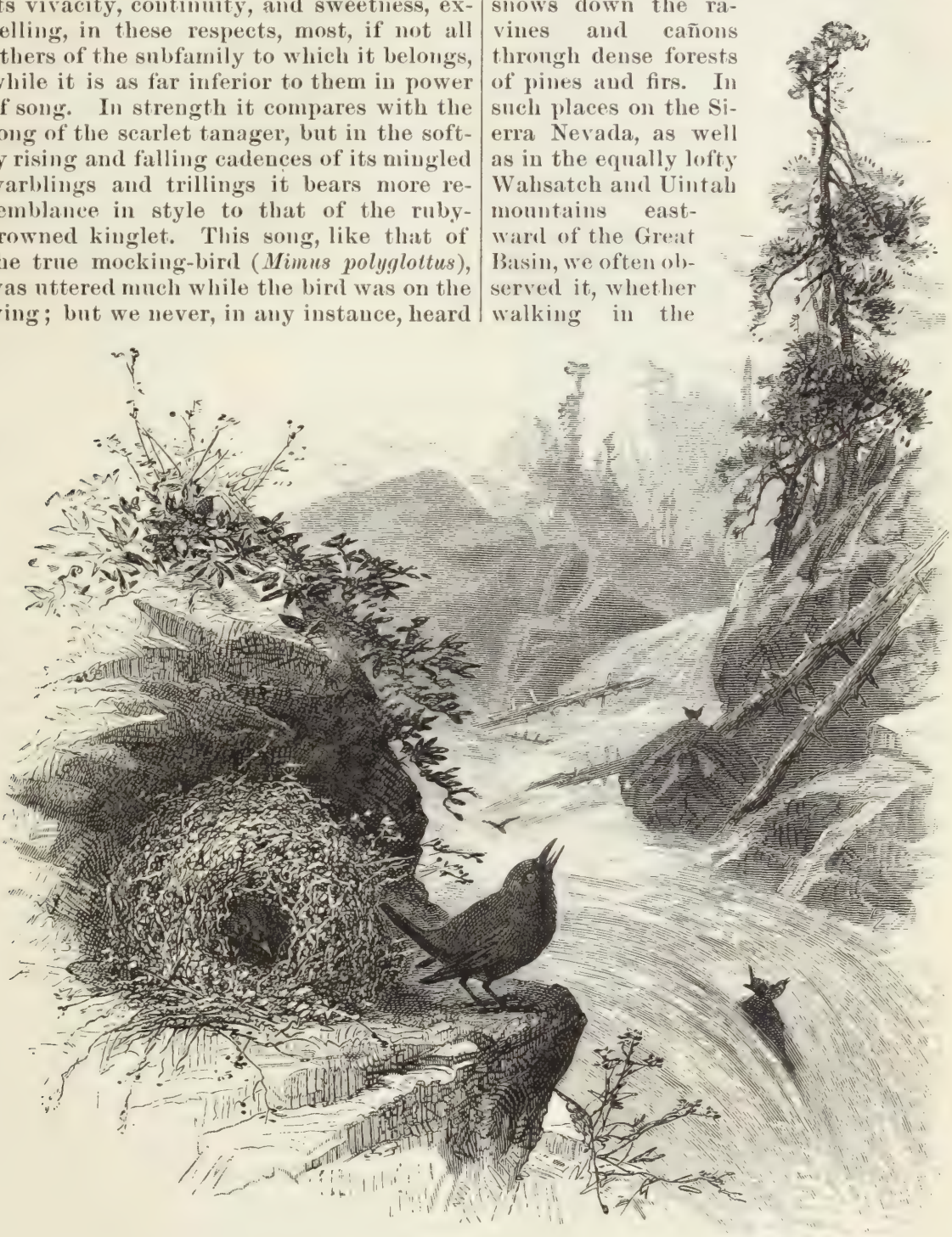
One of our most familiar birds, and one which should rank in our affections along with the bluebird and robin, is the cat-bird. But unfortunately he is the subject of very general prejudice, not merely on account of his undeniable propensity to steal cherries, but also because many persons dislike the cat-like notes which he utters on certain occasions. But if he is to be condemned to persecution on account of these failings, we must also consider that he is worse than the robin and mocking-bird only from his greater abundance; and when we enlist our thoughts in his favor, and consider his confident familiarity with us, his graceful form, playful manners, and interesting song, we may readily forgive all his short-comings. Though distinguished by his song, which, notwithstanding its frequent interruption by imitations, is eminently original in style, it is, however, his manners which commend him most to our notice. There is scarcely an orchard in the land, from the Atlantic coast to the western base of the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the British Provinces, which is not enlivened by the presence of one or more pairs of cat-birds; and very incomplete an American orchard would seem without them. At all hours of the day his cheerful song may be heard from among the green boughs of an apple-tree; and when the heat of the mid-day sun tells him that a bath would be refreshing, he comes and splashes in the wash-basin at the back-door in the most perfect civilized style. And then when we return his familiarity, and, uninvited, intrude upon his own household, we can not but admire the courage with which he remonstrates and defends his home. And then, too, his trim, graceful form, plain but neat dress, and bright, easy manner still further tend to win our esteem.

The song of the cat-bird is one which, though vigorous and pleasing, we can not ourselves admire, though we admit our liability to error of judgment, as of other things, and may through bad taste do him injustice. But in our assumed office of critic it is our duty to speak truthfully and plainly, and disclaiming any intention of disparaging the qualities or cultivation of his voice, we will proceed in the performance of our task. His song has sufficient vigor, for he is untiring in his efforts to please us; and it has strength enough, for he is ever ambitious to make his voice conspicuous in the morning chorus; and we occasionally catch snatches of soft and sweet notes, or he even now and then manages to execute some very brilliant passage. But should the latter be the case, he seems himself astonished, though evidently well pleased, for he pauses as if waiting for and expecting applause. In his performance there is too much deliberation, and the general effect is that he is merely practicing, during which he at times gets tired of his own voice, and substitutes other sounds which he has heard. These he imitates with tolerable success, but we must say that the squeal of a young pig, the squeaking of a hinge, or the squall of a cat—sounds which he affects more than the notes of songsters—are a harsh interruption to a song which might otherwise be pleasing.

The so-called "mountain mocking-bird" (*Oreoscoptes montanus*) is a bird of this family, peculiar to the artemisia wastes between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, where it is one of the most characteristic birds of the valleys and lower slopes of the mountains, as well as the intervening *mesas*. During the season of incubation, and throughout the succeeding summer and autumn, this is one of the most silent of birds, and would be entirely unnoticed, on account of its shy, skulking habits, but for an occasional glimpse of an individual surprised while off his guard. When they return in spring from the South they announce their arrival by a subdued warbling, but they are yet so wary and suspicious that they will not allow a near approach, and seem afraid to give their voice its full power. At a distance, however, one may be seen perched on the summit of a "sage" bush, turning his head from side to side in a watchful manner, as he practices in faint notes; but upon being approached he will dart downward, apparently into the bush upon which he had perched, but after a close search he is again heard warbling a hundred yards or more in the direction by which you had made your approach, having completely circumvented you by making a circuitous flight while concealed by the thick growth of low bushes. As the season advances, or early in April, they begin to pair, and then the males lose all their shyness, while their songs become greatly improved in sweetness and volume. As an eager male courts his mate, he follows her

from bush to bush with a peculiar fluttering flight, and then when he alights raises his wings to a nearly vertical position, while they vibrate from the emotion which thrills the singer. On such occasions the song of this bird may be considered of a fine quality, being extremely pleasing from its vivacity, continuity, and sweetness, excelling, in these respects, most, if not all others of the subfamily to which it belongs, while it is as far inferior to them in power of song. In strength it compares with the song of the scarlet tanager, but in the softly rising and falling cadences of its mingled warblings and trillings it bears more resemblance in style to that of the ruby-crowned kinglet. This song, like that of the true mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*), was uttered much while the bird was on the wing; but we never, in any instance, heard the slightest attempt at imitation of the notes of other species, and must protest against the term "mountain mocking-bird," since it is doubly a misnomer.

The curious water-ousel, or "dipper" (*Cinclus mexicanus*), is a remarkable bird, which, Dr. Cooper says, "combines the form of a sandpiper, the song of a canary, and the aquatic habits of a duck." It is not a thrush, but is a near relative of the members of that family, the genus *Cinclus*, being the sole member of the family to which it belongs. It is a species peculiar to the mountainous regions of the western half of our continent, where it dwells along the rushing streams which flow from the perpetual snows down the ravines and cañons through dense forests of pines and firs. In such places on the Sierra Nevada, as well as in the equally lofty Wahsatch and Uintah mountains eastward of the Great Basin, we often observed it, whether walking in the shallow bed of a stream, standing upon a stone protruding from the water, or following the course of a brook with a rapid, whirring flight, chattering as it flew; and when walking or standing continually tilting its body up and down. We heard its song but once, which was in October, when it was doubtless more subdued than in the breeding season; it was neither loud nor



WATER-OUSEL.

protracted, but was varied and warbling, and impressed us with its sweetness.

Some of our sweetest or most remarkable singers are found among the wrens—those little birds which creep shyly among the brush heaps or fences, dodging in and out in their search for spiders or other noxious insects, which constitute the main portion of their food. Probably the best singer within this family, so far as the United States are concerned, is the so-called Carolina wren (*Thryothorus ludovicianus*), whose rich, clear whistlings are very similar to those of the cardinal-grosbeak, or crested redbird, and more powerful even than those of the famed mocking-bird. It sings, moreover, on the coldest days of winter as well as in summer. But as this species is exclusively Eastern, we shall pass it by without further description. The Carolina wren has a near relative in the species which Mr. Audubon named after his friend Mr. Bewick, a well-known English ornithologist, of high rank in his day, and a pleasant writer on birds. This species, called Bewick's wren in books, but known familiarly as the house-wren, or, in the few localities where both this and the true house-wren (*Troglodytes aëdon*) are found together, distinguished from the latter species by the title of "long-tailed house-wren," is found the whole breadth of the continent, from New Jersey and the Carolinas to Oregon and California, while it is still more common in Mexico. In the Eastern States, however, its distribution is so very irregular and local, or at least so little understood, compared to what is known of its range in the western half of the country, that we include it in our list of the Western songsters.



HOUSE-WREN.

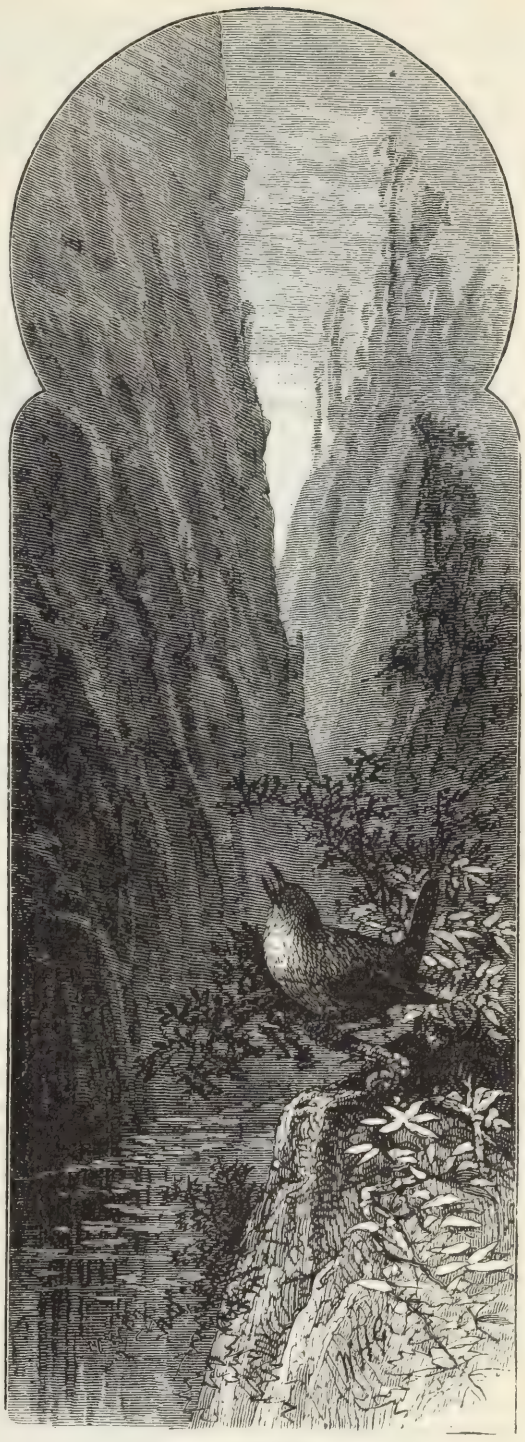
We are at a loss to know why this prevalent ignorance regarding the habits and distribution of this species should be, since it is probably the most widely distributed of all the species, and was originally discovered in one of the very oldest settled States —Virginia. It occurs abundantly throughout the southern half of the United States, from ocean to ocean, with perhaps the exception of the Atlantic coast, though we have recently read, upon good authority, of its common occurrence in New Jersey. In the Mississippi Valley we find it entirely replacing, and, indeed, well representing, the common house-wren (*Troglodytes aëdon*) as far north as latitude 38° 20′ in Southern Illinois, and its occurrence recorded from as far northward as Minnesota. Professor Baird also obtained it at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where it was breeding. Why is it, then, that, with such a wide range, it should be so little known? We are entirely at a loss to offer a plausible theory. Our observations upon this bird were made chiefly in Southern Illinois, where it was the only "house" wren, and was also very abundant and resident. It was so exclusively attached to the vicinity of dwellings, especially in the towns, and was so exceedingly familiar in its habits, that it was for years mistaken for the house-wren (*T. aëdon*), which error became evident only after a subsequent acquaintance with the latter species in the Atlantic States. It frequented at all times of the year the out-buildings, making its bulky nest of sticks and cobwebs, cozily lined with soft feathers, in mortise holes or other nooks and crannies in the stables and sheds. One nest was found in the bottom of the "funnel" part of a quail net hung up in a buggy shed; another was placed in a horizontal piece of stove-pipe in the garret of a smoke-house; another under the board top of an ash-hopper in the back-yard; and a fourth behind the loosened weather-boarding of an ice-house. Being so familiar in its habits, the song of *Thryomanes bewicki* is often heard, and there are few birds whose song is more welcome to the ear. Perched upon the apex of the stable roof, upon a fence post, or other prominent place, the sprightly singer sits, with body erect, head thrown back, and long tail drooping, and cheers his sitting mate for full half the day with repetitions of his sweet song every five minutes or so. Like his near relative the Carolina wren, he is generous with his gift

of voice, and favors us with his chants both winter and summer. His song (it is a real *song*, nothing like the muddled ditty of the house-wren) is clear and sweet, reminding one somewhat of the song-sparrow's chant, but sweeter, more pleasing, and superior in power.

Perhaps the most remarkable songster among our wrens is the white-throated species peculiar to the Western cañons, otherwise known as the cañon-wren (*Catherpes mexicanus*). In the dark recesses among cliffs or cañon gorges he makes his home, and there we have heard the dark gloomy walls resound with the echoes of his ringing notes. The song of this wren is an indescribably curious chant, consisting of a series of detached whistles, louder and richer than those of the cardinal, and more silvery in tone, commencing at the very top of the highest octave, and descending to the bottom of the scale. This odd song resounds among the massive cañon walls, and when thus suddenly awakening the deep solitude of these gloomy regions, leaves an impression on the listener always to be remembered.

The common rock-wren (*Salpinctes obsoletus*) possesses a wonderful variety of notes, but none of them are particularly musical. The spring song of the male is a simple trill, almost exactly like that of the snow-birds (*Junco*), and is uttered as the bird perches upon a rock or the stump of a tree. The usual note is a guttural *tur-ee'*, with which he is sure to scold an intruder in a saucy manner, or, if in good humor, he changes it to a pleasant salute, sounding like *tur-r-r-r*, uttered as a simple trill.

The little house-wren (*Troglodytes aëdon*) is a bird of wide distribution, but we know him best in the woods of the far West, whether in the cottonwoods of the river valleys, or the aspens just below the timber line on the lofty mountains. He is every where the same quick, saucy little fellow, and in the spring and summer an incessant and voluble singer. We have never heard him to greater advantage than once upon a time when, under a burning sun, we had crossed an arid desert in the western part of Nevada. After a day's tedious march over sands shimmering with heat, and without a vestige of verdure in sight for long weary hours, we came suddenly to the green valley of the Truckee River, and were soon reclining on the velvety sward beneath the refreshing shade of a grove of grand old cottonwoods. The songs of birds greeted us on every hand, for almost the entire feathered population of the country were attracted to the narrow valley of the river by the cool, shady retreats afforded them; and of all the voices we heard, the merry and incessant gabbling of the little wrens pleased us most. The little singers were ever busy



CAÑON-WREN.

creeping about the huge rough lower branches; now peeking into a knot-hole, now pecking a spider from a crevice in the bark, and every few minutes halting in a large fork, where, with head raised and throat swelled and vibrating, they poured forth a sprightly, gabbling warble. The song of this wren is pleasing chiefly from its cheerfulness and volubility, and the amusingly dictatorial manner in which it is delivered.

Another very entertaining singer belonging to this family is the long-billed marsh-wren (*Telmatodytes palustris*), whose song, though somewhat like that of the house-wren in style, is harsher, and often sounds like a sputtering, scolding harangue.



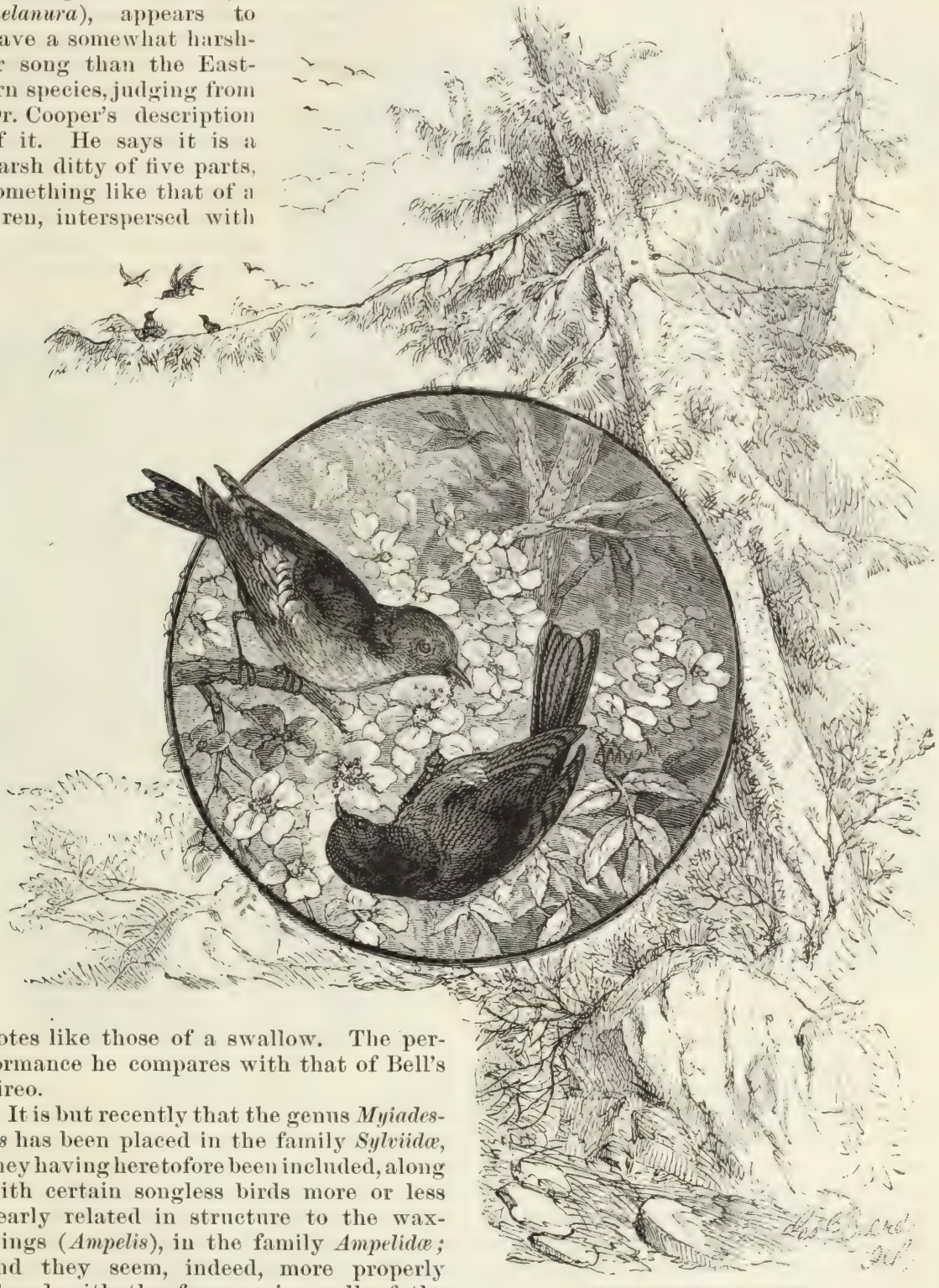
ROCK-WREN.

The family of true warblers (*Sylviidæ*), among which several of the best singers of Europe belong, the famed nightingale (*Luscinia philomela*) being a familiar example, is but poorly represented in America, where the best singers belonging to the family belong to a genus peculiar to the New World. Well-known examples of the true warblers in the United States are the little kinglets (*Reguli*) and gnat-catchers (*Polioptili*), all of which are at best but aberrant members of the family to which they have been assigned, and which forms so extensive a part of the fauna of the temperate portions of the Eastern hemisphere. One of the most diminutive of all our singers is the ruby-crowned kinglet (*Regulus calendula*), and while he is one of our very smallest birds, he also ranks among the sweetest singers of the country. The song of this bird is wonderfully powerful for one so small, but it is remarkable for its softness and sweet expression more than for other qualities. It consists of an inexpressibly delicate and musical warble, astonishingly protracted at times, and most beautifully varied by softly rising and falling cadences, and the most tender whistlings imaginable. Dr. Brewer says that its notes are "clear, resonant, and high, and constitute a prolonged series, varying from the lowest tones to the highest, and terminating with the latter. It may be heard at quite a distance, and in some respects bears more resemblance to the song of the English sky-lark than to that of the canary, to which Mr. Audubon compares it." We have never heard the sky-lark sing; but there is certainly no resemblance between the notes of the ruby-crowned wren and those of the canary, the latter being as inferior in tenderness and softness as they excel in loudness.

The golden-crest (*R. satrapa*) is said also to have a song, which, however, is greatly inferior to that of the ruby-crown.

The gnat-catchers (*Polioptili*) are also very diminutive birds, living exclusively on the tree-tops, where they construct most exquisite nests of delicate silky fibre, bedecked with a uniform exterior coating of bits of green and silvery lichens, than which there are few more elegant specimens of bird architecture. The species partake somewhat of the character of both the wrens and the titmice in their habits, and are among the most active and restless of birds in their movements. All the species, so far as known, are more or less distinguished for a protracted and varied song, which, though weak, is nevertheless loud in comparison with the size of the bird, and, withal, exceedingly pleasing from its vigor and variety. The single Eastern species, *Polioptila cærulea*, or blue-gray gnat-catcher, is found chiefly in the more southern parts of the Union, and we have seen as yet no description which does justice to his vocal powers. We have not space to describe his song here, though strongly tempted to say a word for the lit-

tle fellow. The same species is also found along our southern border to California, in portions of which State it appears to be as common as in the East. There he has two near relatives, one of which, the black-tailed gnat-catcher (*P. melanura*), appears to have a somewhat harsher song than the Eastern species, judging from Dr. Cooper's description of it. He says it is a harsh ditty of five parts, something like that of a wren, interspersed with notes like those of a swallow. The performance he compares with that of Bell's vireo.



RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET.

It is but recently that the genus *Myiadestes* has been placed in the family *Sylviidæ*, they having heretofore been included, along with certain songless birds more or less nearly related in structure to the waxwings (*Ampelis*), in the family *Ampelidæ;* and they seem, indeed, more properly placed with the former, since all of the species, so far as known, are pre-eminent as songsters. Indeed, they are among the finest singers of the mountainous portions of tropical America—a country in which, contrary to a prevalent idea, some of the most beautiful singers of the world are found, the true thrushes abounding in species to a greater extent than any where else, while the mocking thrushes, numerous wrens, and species of *Vireonidæ*, with the birds under consideration, are added to the host of songsters. The *Myiadesteæ* are birds of very retiring habits and shy disposition, inhabiting chiefly the secluded glens in the mountains, where, themselves unseen, they pour forth a flood of richest music. A Jamaican species, the *M. genibarbus*, is beautifully described by Mr. Gosse in his history of the birds of that island, who states that it is there popularly known as the "mountain witch," from the fact that, although its song is familiar to the people,

the bird itself is unknown to them. The single North American species—the *M. townsendi*—is confined to the wooded mountains of the far West, where it extends northward nearly to the British Provinces. Few observers have had an opportunity to hear its song, but those who have attest its superior excellence. Dr. Newberry, of Lieutenant Williamson's expedition, met with these birds in great abundance in Southern Oregon. That accurate observer and distinguished naturalist describes their song as not particularly varied, but consisting of notes especially clear and sweet, and strains of pure gushing melody at once spontaneous and inspiring. They began their songs with the first dawn of day, and at sunrise the valley was perfectly vocal with their music. Dr. Cooper also extols the qualities of their song, which, he says, can not be compared with that of any other bird he has ever heard in the United States, adding that it excels that of the mocking-bird in sweetness, besides being entirely original. It would seem that this bird sings in winter also, for Mr. J. K. Lord, an English naturalist, found them numerous in the latter part of November at Fort Colville, Washington Territory; and notwithstanding all the leaves had fallen, and the ground was deeply covered with snow, his attention was first attracted to them by hearing a low, sweet song, something like that of the song-thrush of Europe.

One of the most extensive families in the North American ornis, and the one which most nearly represents the *Sylviidæ* of Europe, is that of the wood warblers (*Sylvicolidæ*). But while this family is distinguished by the beautiful plumage of most of its exceedingly numerous members, of which nearly sixty very distinct species are known in the United States, few of them are remarkable for their voice, although most of them have songs of more or less pleasing character. There are, however, several exceptions to this rule, the most notable being those of the yellow-breasted chat (*Icteria virens*) and the water "thrushes" (*Seiurus*) of the Eastern States. The first of these species is equally common in the West and in the East, and although presenting slight modifications of proportions and color in the two regions, the habits and notes remain quite the same. The song of this remarkable bird is, as is well known, distinguished for its extreme oddity and ventriloquial power, and in the valleys of the Great Basin, where it is common, we have often been awakened from sleep by the midnight song of one or more of these birds. It is, indeed, equally prone to these nocturnal exercises of its voice as the mocking-bird or the nightingale.

Of the true wood warblers, perhaps the most familiarly known is the little summer yellow-bird, or yellow warbler (*Dendroica æstiva*), more popularly known as the "wild canary," notwithstanding the entire want of resemblance to the canary-bird, except in color, in which respect the similarity is at most but distant. This extremely handsome little bird, with a yellow plumage of a most exquisite mellow gamboge tint, darkened with orange-chestnut streaks on the breast, is a common inhabitant of our orchards and shade trees, and is becoming one of our most familiar birds. It abounds throughout the country, no North American bird except the robin having so extensive a distribution, its range embracing in summer the entire continent to the borders of the Arctic Ocean, and in winter the tropics as far at least as Trinidad and Ecuador. Its plumage and familiar habits are not the



TOWNSEND SOLITAIRE.

only attributes which commend this charming little bird to our hospitality, however, for it possesses a very pleasing song, which, though brief, is very clear and pretty.

The Maryland yellow-throat (*Geothlypis trichas*) is known to many only by his lively but somewhat monotonous repetition of the syllables *witchity, witchity, witchity*, for the little songster is generally hidden in a clump of briers or patch of weeds while he sings. His simple song is very pleasant from its cheerfulness and vivacity.

Another Western species of this family worthy of mention in this connection is the mountain warbler (*Helminthophaga virginiæ*), whose song quite closely resembles that of the summer yellow-bird.

The tanagers comprise a large family, and one exclusively American, most of the species living in tropical regions. They are chiefly celebrated for the beauty of their plumage, which in some species is the most beautiful to be found among the passerine birds. The extensive genus *Calliste* (meaning *most beautiful*) is an example of the extent and beauty of these birds. The *C. yeni* of the Upper Amazon is about the most beautiful member of the genus, which contains nearly sixty distinct species, so far as known. This family is far from numerously represented in the United States, but the five species which we have are all more or less gifted with a beautiful plumage and pleasing song. The well-known black-winged redbird, or scarlet tanager (*Pyranga rubra*), is a familiar example of our tanagers, and is, perhaps, the most brilliant of all our birds. His song is very pretty, being a robin-like ditty of considerable sweetness, though rather too hurried to be all one could wish it. The handsome summer redbird, or vermilion tanager, is a somewhat plainer but yet lovely-plumaged species, gifted with a far better song, which in quality ranks along with that of the black-headed grosbeaks (*Hedymeles*), being even more protracted and vigorous.

The song of the Western representative of these species, the *P. ludoviciana*—misnamed the "Louisiana" tanager—first attracted our attention among the beautiful pine forests of the Sierra Nevada in the month of July. It is a silvery, meandering ditty, much like that of the *P. rubra*, but perhaps finer in tone, and more protracted, though the difference is very slight. A Central American and Mexican species of this genus, the lovely little blue-headed tanager



YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.

(*Euphonia elegantissima*), is said to occur within our borders, just across the Rio Grande, in Texas. It is said to be a beautiful songster, and a favorite cage bird in the countries of which it is native.

The swallows, as a family, are not considered singers in the true sense of the word, yet several of our North American species are gifted with notes of considerable sweetness, while one of them is a real songster, and one of great merit. The ordinary notes themselves of the common purple martin (*Progne subis*), the species to which we refer, are very agreeable, to say the least; and during the breeding season the male has a continued and varied song of great beauty and considerable power, and it is as much on account of the sweetness of their notes as for their familiarity that these birds are such

general favorites. I have observed that in the wild woods, where these handsome birds have not yet had opportunity to avail themselves of man's hospitality, they are as lively and musical as when semi-domesticated in our door-yards, and in all respects exactly the same birds. In the wild pine region of the lofty Wahsatch Mountains of Utah, there was not a bird to whose song I listened with more pleasure than I did to that of the present one. The soft ethereal carols of the thrushes (*Turdus swainsoni*) in the ravines below, enchanted by the air of mystery that surrounded the unseen singer, and with which his notes so well accorded, the soft warblings of the vireos (*V. gilvus*), the meandering ditty of the purple finches (*Carpodacus cassini*), the plaintive chant of the white-crowned sparrow (*Zonotrichia leucophrys*), and the bold rich songs of the slate-colored and Lincoln's sparrows (*Passerella schistacea* and *Melospiza lincolni*), were each pleasing in its own way, but it was with more delight that we listened to the songs of the purple martins than to any of these. These birds were very abundant in the aspen woods just below the pines and at the heads of the cañons, for they were breeding in the deserted excavations of the red-naped woodpecker (*Sphyrapicus nuchalis*) in the living trees, which they shared with the steel-blue and violet-green white-bellied swallows (*Tachycineta bicolor* and *T. thalassina*). Seating myself on the grass beneath these trees, in a beautiful grove, one day, with several inhabited nests close by, I lounged and listened for an hour or more to a very voluble male which protruded his shining purple head from his hole, his throat swelling and vibrating as he uttered a continued flow of rich and varied warblings, in rising and falling cadences, eying me from time to time by sidelong glances, as if conscious that I enjoyed the entertainment he was giving me.

We have no bird in the United States answering fully to the sky-lark (*Alauda arvensis*) of Europe, our single representative of the true larks being a species which, though it has the same habit of singing while on the wing, does not possess a song of sufficient sweetness or power to be particularly pleasing. A bird belonging to a different family, however, is said to be a fair representative of the sky-lark in its habits and song. This bird is the Missouri sky-lark (*Neocorys spraguei*), a member of the titlark family (*Motacillidæ*), an inhabitant of the central plains between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains, a very extensive treeless region, characterized, among other peculiarities, by quite a large number of birds found nowhere else; and it is a noteworthy fact that nearly all the songsters of this region, whether slender-billed or conirostral, have the habit of the sky-lark in singing on the wing. The present bird, the common "shore" lark (*Eremophila alpestris*), the chestnut-collared, M'Cown's, and the lark-buntings (*Plectrophanes ornatus, P. maccowni*, and *Calamospiza bicolor*), and Cassin's sparrow (*Peucæa cassini*) are the most conspicuous examples; and all these birds, except the second, are singers of great excellence. The Missouri sky-lark has not been very fully described as regards its notes, ex-



THE YELLOW WARBLER, OR SUMMER YELLOW-BIRD.

cept that it is allowed by all observers to have a very fine song, uttered while the bird floats in the air at a great height, leaving much to be desired in a description of its style, tone, and general character. Of the other species we have named we shall treat in their appropriate places, they all belonging to one family, the *Fringillidæ*, or finches, among which are some of the very finest singers of our country, certain ones fairly rivalling the small thrushes in the delicate silvery harmony of their notes, while others excel almost all other birds in the strength or vigor of their song. The famed cardinal-grosbeak (*Cardinalis virginianus*), a species conspicuous for the brilliancy of its plumage and the elegance of its form, is no less renowned for the richness of its song, which has been compared by European writers with that of the nightingale, to which it seems to be inferior only from a lack of equal variety. Others of our native species equal the best singing canaries in the vigor and sprightliness of their song, while they are far superior in sweetness. Others, again, in the modulation of their liquid mellow notes, uttered in a continued sprightly strain, strongly recall the song of the English blackbird and others of the larger thrushes, with decided improvements. Indeed, by far the larger number of our best singers belong to this justly celebrated family, of which the bullfinch is perhaps the most renowned among the European species, while the canary-finch is the most familiar of all exotic species.



LOUISIANA TANAGER.

The purple finches (*Carpodacus*) are all fine singers, and perhaps the best of them is that mountain-loving species of the West, *C. cassini*. The notes of this species greatly resemble those of the Eastern and Northern *C. purpureus*, but are even more pleasing, many passages of their song calling to mind the rich, sweet warblings which render the songs of some greenlets (notably *Vireo flavifrons* and *V. olivacea*) so attractive. The song is also much varied, and at times quite protracted. The house-finch, or, as he is more familiarly known, the "red-head linnet" (*C. frontalis*), is one of the most familiar of all the birds of the valleys of California and our southwestern border. In many cities and towns it is a common and favorite cage bird, being highly prized both on account of its superb song and beautiful plumage. It sings well in the cage, and its notes, while being exceedingly similar to those of the canary, are sweeter, and lack the shrillness which often renders the song of the latter bird too harsh or piercing. It is a very familiar bird in its habits, delighting in the company of man to such an extent that the shade trees along the streets and odd nooks and crannies about houses are its favorite resting-places.

The white-crowned sparrows (*Zonotrichia*) are all remarkable for the striking character of their song. This is very much the same in all the species, and is a simple, plaintive chant, not loud, but of very sweet expression. That of the white-throated sparrow (*Z. albicollis*), an exclusively Eastern species, is thus described by Dr. Brewer: "Notwithstanding the slighting manner in which the song of this bird has been spoken of by some writers, in certain parts of the country its clear, prolonged, and peculiar whistle has given it quite a local fame and popularity. Among the White Mountains, where it breeds abundantly, it is known as the Peabody bird, and its clear whistle resounds in all their glens and secluded recesses. Its

song consists of twelve distinct notes, which are not unfrequently interpreted into various ludicrous travesties." It may be very nearly imitated by whistling in a very high

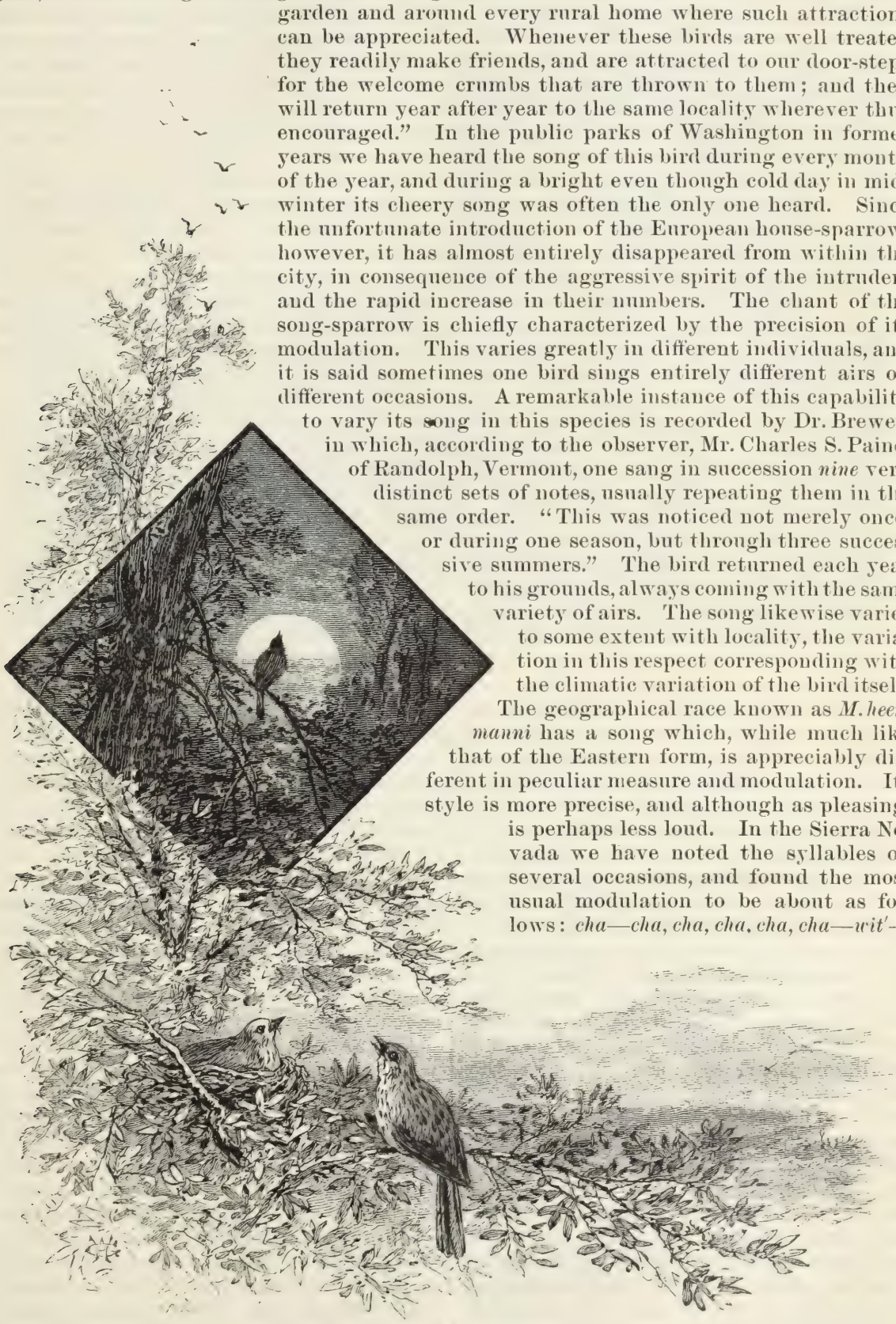


CARDINAL-GROSBEAK.

key the words *pe'-pe'-pe'-pe'body*, *pe'body*, *pe'-body*, without the slightest change in the inflection from beginning to end; and notwithstanding its monotony, it produces a very pleasing effect on account of its extreme clearness and delicate sweetness. The mourning-sparrow (*Z. querula*), of the Missouri River country, is said to have a song much like that of the white-throated sparrow, Nuttall describing it as "a long, drawling, solemn, and monotonous succession of notes resembling *tē-dē-dē-dē*." Another species of this genus, the proper "white-crowned" sparrow (*Z. leucophrys*), we have heard sweetly chanting in the spring in certain of the Eastern States just before its departure for the North, and again have listened to it with pleasure among the elevated garden-like "parks" of the Rocky Mountains. At one of our camps in Utah, in such a locality, with the wild blue lupines and larkspurs blooming all around us, these birds were particularly numerous, and had their nests artfully concealed on every hand. Each morning we were awakened by their sweet carols, and they were thus held in great favor by all, and shortly after our arrival among them they became very sociable, one individual visiting the mess tent regularly to pick up the crumbs which had fallen from the table. Farther westward the nearly related *Z. intermedia* was also met with by our party at one of our camps near the summit of the Sierra Nevada. There they were extremely abundant, no less than twenty-seven nests being found in the adjacent meadow, while the male of nearly every pair sat upon a bush near his nest, chanting happily the whole evening. One was not even interrupted by the operation of blowing the eggs belonging to a nest within ten feet of him. Mr. B. R. Ross, who for many years studied the birds of Arctic America, furnishes the following pleasing account of the song of this species: "Through the spring and summer its melodious song, which strongly calls to mind the first notes of the old air, 'Oh dear, what can the matter be?' may be heard from every thicket both night and day." When encamped in the woods he was often awakened by several of these birds singing near him, answering each other throughout the short night, when all other birds were silent, and were it not for the richness and sweetness of its song, would have thus made itself quite a nuisance. According to Mr. Ross, the Cree Indians call this sparrow *wah-si-pis-chau*, because they think this name resembles its notes, the last of which are supposed to imitate the sound of running water.

Perhaps the most widely distributed of all our sparrows, if we except the omnipresent familiar little "chippy" (*Spizella socialis*), is the song-sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*). The song of this sparrow, although sufficiently fine to attract attention, is by no means equal to that of many other species of its family. But this bird is so abundant and so familiar in its habits that it is better known than most others; it is also very liberal with the supply of music it gives us; and these facts taken together undoubt-

edly have more to do with its popularity than has the quality of its song. Dr. Brewer, however, considers it "one of our most noted and conspicuous singers," which is undoubtedly true of that section of the country with the birds of which that accurate observer is most familiar—the New England States—and his very perfect description of its song certainly does that performance full justice. "It is at once our earliest and our latest, as also our most constant, musician. Its song is somewhat brief, but is repeated at short intervals almost throughout the days of spring and early summer. It somewhat resembles the opening notes of the canary, and though less resonant and powerful, much surpasses them in sweetness and expression. Plain and homely as this bird is in its outward garb, its sweet song and its gentle confiding manners render it a welcome visitor to every garden and around every rural home where such attractions can be appreciated. Whenever these birds are well treated they readily make friends, and are attracted to our door-steps for the welcome crumbs that are thrown to them; and they will return year after year to the same locality wherever thus encouraged." In the public parks of Washington in former years we have heard the song of this bird during every month of the year, and during a bright even though cold day in mid-winter its cheery song was often the only one heard. Since the unfortunate introduction of the European house-sparrow, however, it has almost entirely disappeared from within the city, in consequence of the aggressive spirit of the intruders and the rapid increase in their numbers. The chant of the song-sparrow is chiefly characterized by the precision of its modulation. This varies greatly in different individuals, and it is said sometimes one bird sings entirely different airs on different occasions. A remarkable instance of this capability to vary its song in this species is recorded by Dr. Brewer, in which, according to the observer, Mr. Charles S. Paine, of Randolph, Vermont, one sang in succession *nine* very distinct sets of notes, usually repeating them in the same order. "This was noticed not merely once, or during one season, but through three successive summers." The bird returned each year to his grounds, always coming with the same variety of airs. The song likewise varies to some extent with locality, the variation in this respect corresponding with the climatic variation of the bird itself. The geographical race known as *M. heermanni* has a song which, while much like that of the Eastern form, is appreciably different in peculiar measure and modulation. Its style is more precise, and although as pleasing, is perhaps less loud. In the Sierra Nevada we have noted the syllables on several occasions, and found the most usual modulation to be about as follows: *cha—cha, cha, cha, cha, cha—wit'—*



VESPER-SPARROW.

tur-r-r-r-r-r-r—tut'. The first six syllables are alike in accent, but there is a considerable pause between the first and those which follow; but the "wit" is pitched in a high key, and is both preceded and followed by a pause; the "tur-r-r" is a liquid trill in a low key, while, after another pause, the song is very abruptly terminated by a somewhat metallic note uttered in a very different key from the others. The song of the race known as *M. guttata*, or the rusty song sparrow, is described by Dr. Suckley as being "singularly sweet and melodious, surpassing that of the meadow-lark in melody and tone, though not in force." Mr. Nuttall also pronounces it much superior to that of the Eastern song-sparrow.

While the characteristic song-sparrow of the country between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic coast is the common *Melospiza melodia*, which, even as far south as Virginia, is the most abundant of the sparrows which remain to breed in summer and cheer us with their song, this species is entirely unknown during the summer months in the Mississippi Valley in corresponding latitudes, it being there merely a winter sojourner, mingling with the hosts of kindred species, which find in the sheltered swamp thickets a cozy home. But there its absence is more than compensated for by the presence of better singers to take its place. In the meadows of the mountain portions of Virginia, Maryland, Ohio, etc., the vesper-sparrow (*Poocætes gramineus*) is the characteristic songster, and it continues to be so until the prairies of Indiana and Illinois are reached, when the observer will notice a bird much like the last in general appearance, but at once distinguished by its strongly marked plumage: head striped with black, white, and chestnut, and the tail broadly tipped with white—features not found in any other species. This is the lark-sparrow (*Chondestes grammaca*), the best songster of the family, and a superior of the canary and other celebrated cage birds in many qualities of song.

This handsomely marked bunting (for it is not a true sparrow, nor a finch) is found abundantly in all suitable localities, from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific coast, its favorite resort being fertile prairies and meadows adjoining strips or groves of timber, for it is partially arboreal in its habits. In Illinois it evinces a special fondness for corn fields, in which it builds its nest at the foot of the stalks, while the male sings from the fence or the top of a small tree by the road-side. In the Sacramento Valley it is also very abundant, and at Sacramento city we found it very highly prized, under the name of the "Mexican lark," young birds just from the nest selling readily for four dollars per pair. There it was decidedly arboreal, only one of dozens of nests which we found being on the ground, the remainder being in the oak-trees in the groves of the outskirts of the city. It was also found in the cottonwood and willow copses, as well as the weedy fields. Throughout the Great Basin it was also met with, but it was only in cultivated districts that it was abundant, it being more numerous in the Salt Lake Valley than elsewhere. At Salt Lake City it was the most numerous species of the family, inhabiting the "sage-brush" around the outskirts of the city, in company with Brewer's and the black-throated sparrows. It was there well known to the Utah boys as the "snake-bird;" but why this appellation should be given it we are unable to explain, unless suggested by the distinctly striped head.

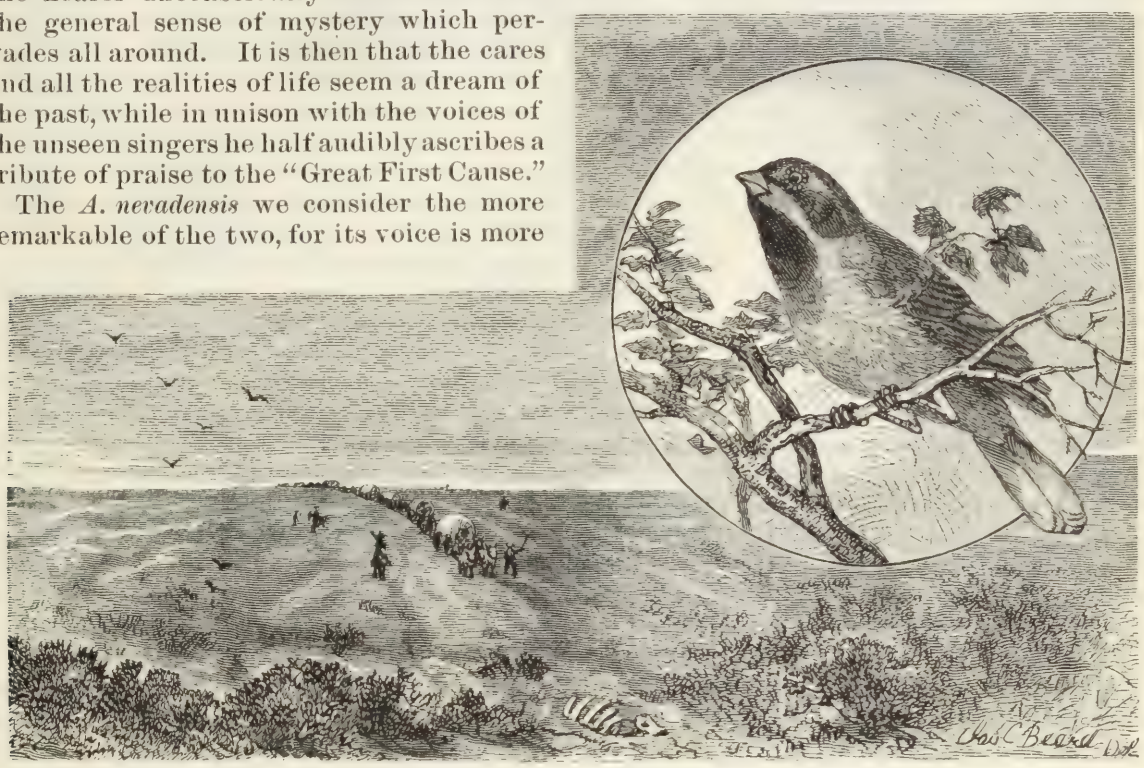
It has been a matter of great surprise to us that writers who have described the habits of Western birds have not mentioned the vocal capabilities of this bird, which we can safely say has no rival among the North American *Fringillidæ*. Words entirely fail us when we attempt to describe its song, which, among the oak groves of California, as well as on the prairies of Illinois, is pre-eminent for its unsurpassed sprightliness, exquisite beauty, and superior strength. As the bird perches upon the summit of a small tree, a fence post, or a telegraph wire, his notes may be heard throughout the day—in the morning before those of any other, and late in the evening when all else but this unweary songster are silent; indeed, often have we been awakened at midnight by a sudden outburst of silvery warblings from one of this species. This song is composed of a series of chants, each syllable rich, loud, and clear, interspersed with emotional trills. At the beginning the hearer is reminded somewhat of the song of the indigo-bird (*Cyanospiza cyanea*), but the notes are louder and more metallic, and their delivery more vigorous. Though seemingly hurried, it is one continued gush of sprightly music—now gay, now melodious, and then tender beyond description, the very expression of emotion. At intervals the singer falters, as if exhausted by exertion, and his voice becomes scarcely audible; but suddenly reviving in his joy, it is resumed in all its vivacity, until he appears to be really overcome by the effort.

Among our Western sparrows are two very remarkable species, which have no representatives in the Eastern States, being, however, somewhat closely related to certain forms found in Mexico and South America. They are the artemisia and black-throated sparrows (*Amphispiza nevadensis* and *A. bilineata*). They are peculiar to the arid "sage-brush" wastes of the great interior plateau, and are, except the sage-thrasher (*Oreoscoptes*), the most characteristic birds of that desert region. Apart from the peculiarity of their distribution,

they share one distinctive feature which renders them especially worthy of mention in the present connection, for their songs are sure to produce a peculiar effect upon one who chances to hear them. The surroundings may have much to do with this, but certain it is that when these songs strike the appreciative ear they seem so plaintive and mournful, although unassuming and simple, that, surrounded by the dreariest of barren wastes, the feelings of the hearer unconsciously harmonize with the general sense of mystery which pervades all around. It is then that the cares and all the realities of life seem a dream of the past, while in unison with the voices of the unseen singers he half audibly ascribes a tribute of praise to the "Great First Cause."

The *A. nevadensis* we consider the more remarkable of the two, for its voice is more solemn, while it is often uttered in a sort of ventriloquial manner, whereby one may be entirely deceived as to its direction and distance. Upon first listening to it we imagined it to be the tremulous, almost successful, attempt of a far-off female of the Western lark to give vent in the notes of her mate to her joy at the return of the spring. Again, we have heard the profound silence of the desert broken by a feeble, mournful lay, seemingly so far distant that its direction could not be ascertained; and have then discovered the author of these notes singing scarcely a rod distant. This pensive lay, so tremulous and sorrowful in tone, accords most beautifully with the sublime solitude of the surrounding expanse of desert landscape, while it seems that reverence for the profound silence which reigns around restrains the voice of the solitary bird to that feeble, half-timid utterance so characteristic of its song.

The other species of this genus is equally interesting from the combined simplicity and sweetness of its song, which, though quite different in its modulation and in other respects, still possesses the dreamy character. It is a simple, delicate chant, modulated somewhat like the syllables *wut'*, *wut'*, *zeeeeeeeeeee*, the first two syllables having a rich metallic tone, while the succeeding portion is a prolonged trill in a lower key, and of the most liquid and tremulous character imaginable. This simple chant is repeated every few seconds, as the singer is perched upon the summit of a "sage" or grease-wood bush, while at every second or third repetition of the song the accent of the two parts is reversed, producing by this remarkable variation a very curious effect.



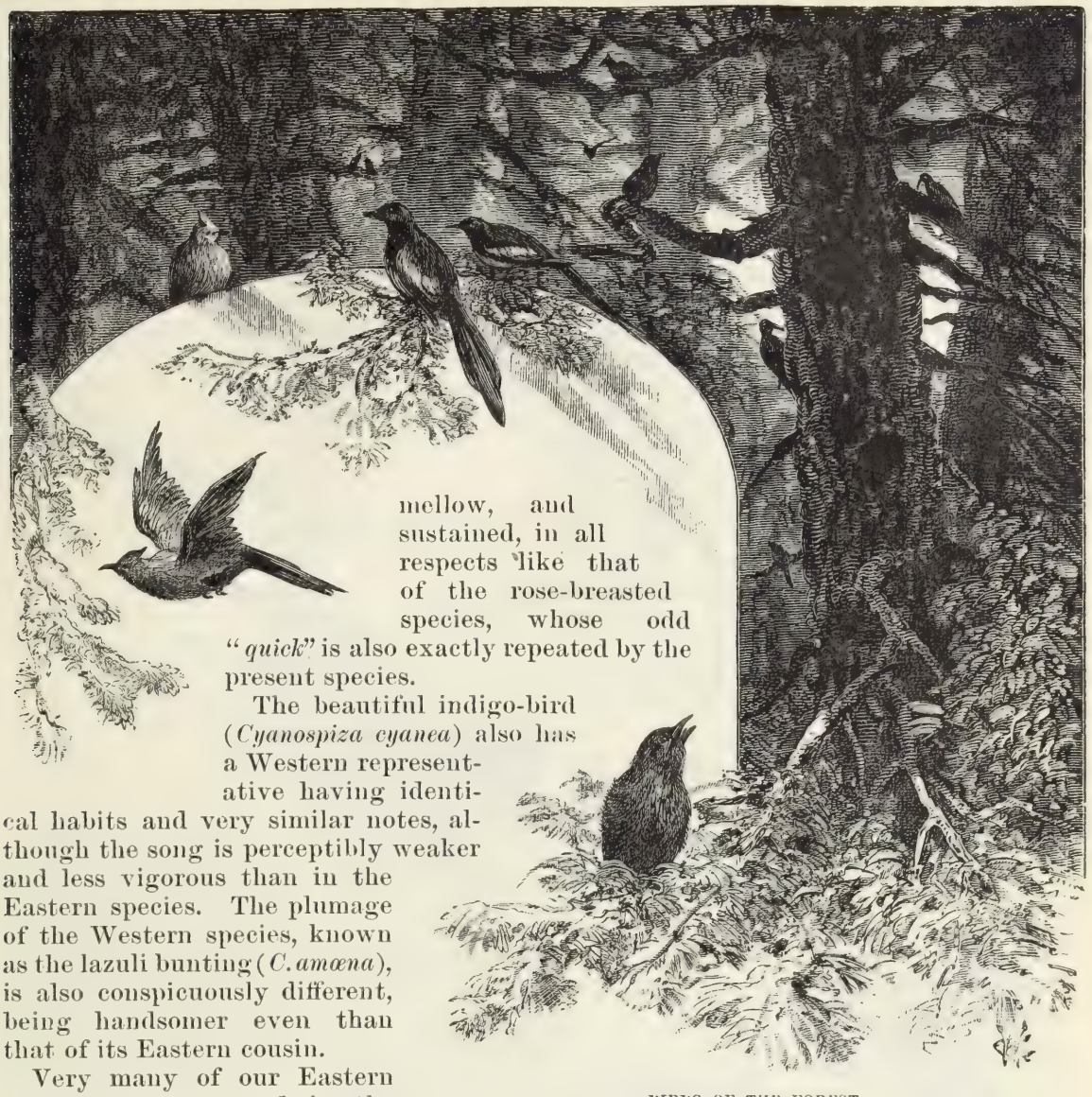
BLACK-THROATED SPARROW.

Most observers of birds are familiar with the little field-sparrow, and have listened during the hot summer days to its simple but very sweet chant, so characteristic in every respect. This bird is represented, so far as its general appearance and predilection for bushy localities are concerned, in the West by another small species, often an inhabitant of the "sage-brush" along with the two species just mentioned, or frequently an associate of the lark-sparrow (*Chondestes*) in the fields of the more fertile districts. This is Brewer's sparrow (*Spizella breweri*), a plain little fellow in appearance, all streaked with dull shades of gray and dusky, but a very sweet singer. Its song possesses much of that plaintiveness so characteristic of the field-sparrow's more simple chant, while it combines with this desirable quality a sprightliness and continuity fully equalling that of the best singing canary, while the variety of its notes is as great.

Somewhat resembling the song-sparrow

in habits, but even more terrestrial, since they live chiefly on the ground in thickets, is a group of sparrows constituting the genus *Passerella*. The single Eastern species, the large and very handsome fox-colored sparrow (*P. iliaca*), which, though seldom heard in the United States, except in the spring, when on their way back to their Northern homes, Dr. Brewer says is one of our sweetest and most remarkable singers. "His voice is loud, clear, and melodious; his notes full, rich, and varied, and his song is unequalled by any of this family that I have ever heard." In the mountainous portions of the West this species is replaced in distinct districts by three other species—Townsend's sparrow (*P. townsendāi*) in the Northern Coast Range, the slate-colored sparrow (*P. schistacea*) in the Rocky Mountains, and the thick-billed sparrow (*P. megarhynchus*) in the Sierra Nevada. The first of these we have not seen in life, and no observers, to our knowledge, have described its song. But the other two we have had familiar acquaintance with in their native mountains, and have often been cheered by their notes. The slate-colored sparrow is a very ordinary songster, its notes closely resembling those of the common song-sparrow, to that extent that we often found them difficult to distinguish when both were singing together. But the thick-billed sparrow is one of the most remarkable songsters we have heard, rivalling if not excelling its Eastern relative in the richness and volume of its notes, though it is but justice to the latter to say that we have heard it only when merely practicing in early spring. The thick-billed species, however, we have heard under circumstances calculated to impress one with its beauty, and again when its qualities could be judged more fairly. We first met with this remarkable species in Western Nevada, at the eastern base of the Washoe Mountains. Our search for birds had led us across the beautiful Washoe Valley to the base of the mountains, which there rise abruptly from the gently sloping edge of the valley up to the bare rocky summits clad with perpetual snow, their lower slopes clad with a dense forest of lofty pines and firs. At the lower portion of the steep mountain-side the pines encroached upon the valley, upon whose nearly level surface they formed open groves of grand and beautiful trees, with a clean sward beneath them. These open groves were alive with birds, the most conspicuous species being the robin, magpie, crested mountain jay (*Cyanura stelleri*), and ring-necked woodpecker. But we were bound for the darker recesses of the pine forest, in hopes of finding there species we had not met before. Our search was soon rewarded, for while in the midst of an alder swamp we were suddenly startled, though delighted, by one of the most exquisitely rich songs we had ever heard, and inducing us at its commencement to believe we had found the large-billed water-thrush (*Seiurus ludovicianus*) in that far Western locality. We presently saw the singer close by, however, and soon determined his identity. These birds were abundant in that locality, and were found up the ravine as far as the lower limit of the snow beds. The song of this sparrow presents a general resemblance to that of the bird above mentioned in the tone and style of its song, but there was a richness and volume to its notes which might almost be said to be peculiar to this species. Certain it is that if the lark-bunting (*Chondestes*) is allowed the fame of pre-eminence for sprightliness and continuity, or emotional character, and the black-headed grosbeak for mellowness, the thick-billed sparrow must be considered without a peer for richness and power of voice.

We come now to a somewhat distinct group of sparrows, peculiarly American, and distinguished, except from the true finches (*Coccothraustinæ*), by the bright colors of their plumage, which in some species rivals that of the tanagers. The cardinal-grosbeak, the indigo-bird, and the rose-breasted grosbeak are well-known Eastern examples of this group or "subfamily" (the *Spizinæ*), and all of these have Western representatives. Most remarkable of these for its song, and also striking in its plumage, is the black-headed grosbeak (*Hedymeles melanocephalus*), which is so perfect a counterpart of the last of the above-named species that we have been unable to detect the slightest difference in its notes or habits, though its colors are so very dissimilar. Its song, however, is conceded by most observers to be superior to that of the rose-breasted species, but we have been at a loss to appreciate the slightest difference in any of its notes. Dr. Cooper says that in the coast mountains of California its music is delightful, the males vying with each other from the tops of the trees, and making the hills fairly ring with their melody. Dr. Coues describes its song as superb—a powerful, melodious succession of clear, rich, rolling notes, reminding him somewhat of the flute-like notes of the Baltimore oriole. That beautiful describer of the notes of birds, the accuracy of whose observation equals the poetry of his pen, describes it as a "most delightful finch," which cheered him during his wanderings in the "forest primeval," which echoed and re-echoed with its powerful song and inimitable voice; they were heard from the break of dawn till far into the night. He describes this song as loud, varied, high-toned, and melodious, rising and falling with the sweetest cadence, and fascinating the listener with sensations of a pleasing sadness. It has always seemed to us as a robin-like melody, rich, pure,



BIRDS OF THE FOREST.

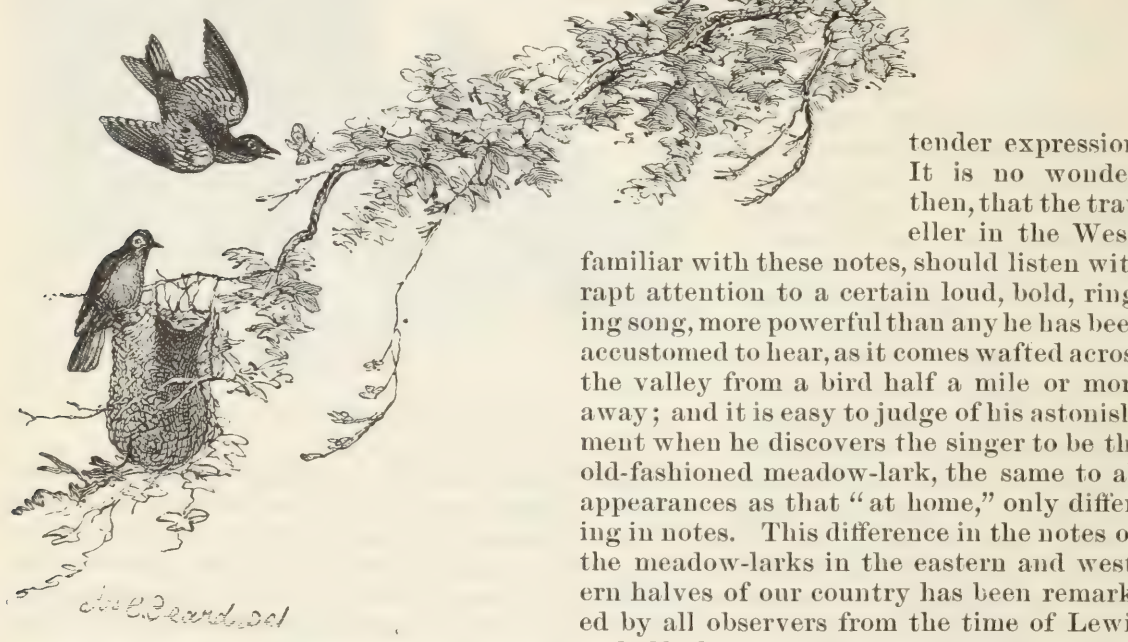
mellow, and sustained, in all respects like that of the rose-breasted species, whose odd "*quick*" is also exactly repeated by the present species.

The beautiful indigo-bird (*Cyanospiza cyanea*) also has a Western representative having identical habits and very similar notes, although the song is perceptibly weaker and less vigorous than in the Eastern species. The plumage of the Western species, known as the lazuli bunting (*C. amœna*), is also conspicuously different, being handsomer even than that of its Eastern cousin.

Very many of our Eastern birds are represented in the West by more or less nearly related species, and it is a curious fact, and one worthy of mention in the present connection, that in cases where the resemblance between these representatives is closest in plumage, the difference in their notes is correspondingly great, and *vice versa*. We have just given two instances of almost if not quite identical notes combined with wide and conspicuous difference in plumage; and to these may be added the exactly similar case of the yellow-shafted flicker (*Colaptes auratus*) of the East and the Western red-shafted species (*C. mexicanus*). Of the opposite class, in which the birds scarcely differ appreciably, or at most not conspicuously, in plumage, while their notes are widely different, we know of no more remarkable case than that of the meadow-larks, to be noticed further on. The chewinks (*Pipilo*) furnish another example, for while our Eastern species is one of our most renowned birds from the peculiarity of its notes, its Western representatives, which in plumage present only slight differences in markings, do not bear the least resemblance in their notes, this being conspicuously the case with the race known as *P. oregonus*. There are several other Western species of this genus, however, unique in their appearance, and at least one of them worthy of mention as songsters. The green-tailed bunting (*P. chlorura*) is a songster of high merit, and, besides, possesses ordinary notes of peculiar sweetness. There is nothing particularly characteristic about the song itself, for it closely resembles that of several other birds, notably the vesper-sparrow (*Poocætes*), than which, however, it is louder and more varied. In strength and variety it approaches very closely to that of the lark-bunting (*Chondestes*), but it is possessed of far less fixed characteristics of tone and style. Sometimes we have imagined a resemblance of certain passages to portions of the song of the long-tailed house-wren (*T. bewicki*), while other parts as closely resembled notes of *Cyanospiza* and *Chondestes*. The usual utterance of this species is, however, one of the most peculiar notes we have ever heard, and is remarkable for its sweetness. As nearly as can be described, it is an affectionate, laughing pronunciation of the syllables

keek-keek', somewhat like the *tweet* of a canary in tone, but much sweeter. This note is uttered when any thing unusual attracts the attention of the bird, or upon the approach of an intruder, when it hops familiarly and unsuspiciously about, elevating its green tail and its red cap, as if glad to make his acquaintance.

The hang-nests, or *Icteridæ*, are peculiar to America, and constitute an exceedingly numerous family, whose members show great variety in form and colors. They have no near relatives in the Old World, but are represented by several families—the starlings (*Sturnidæ*) somewhat resembling the meadow-larks (*Sturnella*), the orioles (*Oriolus*) resembling our golden hang-nests (genus *Icterus*) to such an extent that the latter are known by the same vernacular, while the boat-tailed blackbirds (*Quiscali*) are somewhat similar to the grackles (*Graculidæ*) of the Indian region. The *Icteridæ* are chiefly distinguished for the richness of their plumage, in which yellow and black in various



BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

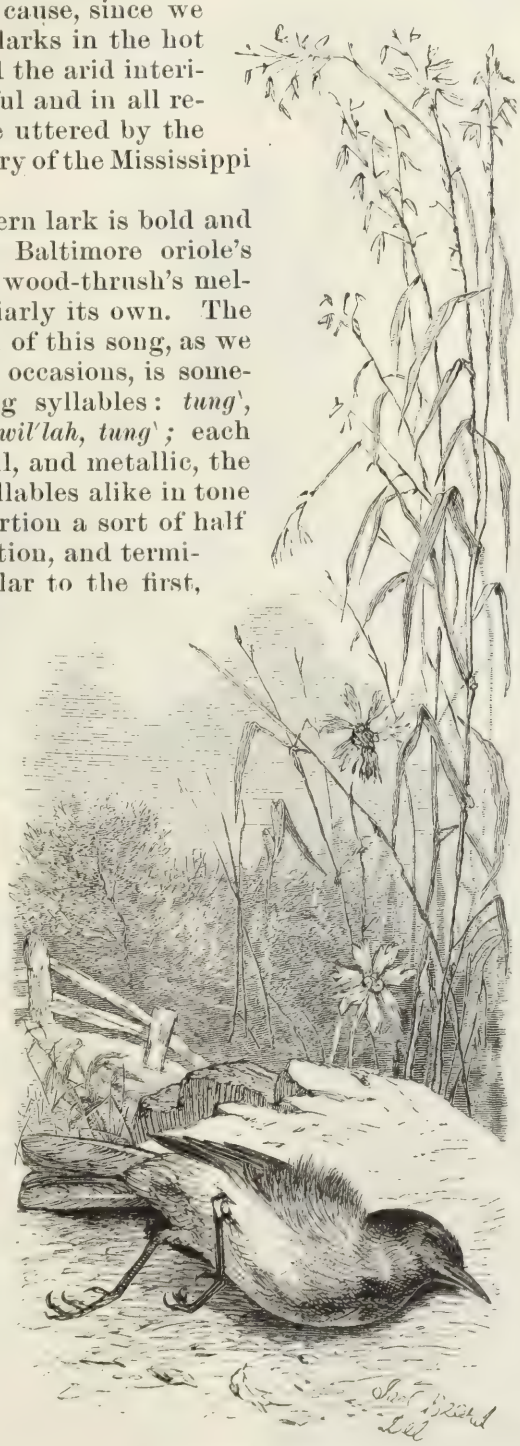
combinations are the predominating colors, the orange tints of some species surpassing in mellowness and intensity those of any other birds. Our so-called "orioles" are familiar and beautiful examples of the true hang-nests, while the meadow-larks, red-winged starlings, the bobolink, and the purple grackles are representatives of other groups of the family. The *Icteridæ* are also birds of song to a greater or less degree, for while in some species the notes are characteristically rude and squeaky, and uttered with such great apparent exertion that the bird swells and strains with the exertion, many of the species are gifted with notes peculiarly rich and mellow, and some of them with varied and powerful songs. Of our United States species the Western lark (*Sturnella neglecta*) is by far the best singer, its notes possessing a power equalled by few if any of our birds, and excelled by none. Every inhabitant of the rural districts of the East is familiar with the characteristically sweet but weak and plaintive notes of the Eastern species, the common field-lark or meadow-lark (*S. magna*), whose delicate warbling is variously interpreted as, "*Peek—you don't see' me*," or, "*Laziness will kill' you*," according to the fancy of the listener. These notes are uttered in a subdued, half-timid manner, and are conspicuous only for their tender expression. It is no wonder, then, that the traveller in the West, familiar with these notes, should listen with rapt attention to a certain loud, bold, ringing song, more powerful than any he has been accustomed to hear, as it comes wafted across the valley from a bird half a mile or more away; and it is easy to judge of his astonishment when he discovers the singer to be the old-fashioned meadow-lark, the same to all appearances as that "at home," only differing in notes. This difference in the notes of the meadow-larks in the eastern and western halves of our country has been remarked by all observers from the time of Lewis and Clarke to the present; and even the most conservative of our modern writers fully acknowledges this difference, while at the same time denying the specific distinctness of the two birds. The well-known naturalist to whom we have reference thus describes, in his usual impartial manner and characteristically pleasant style, these differences in the notes of the larks in the Eastern and Western States as they impressed him:* "Its song was so new to me I did not at first have the slightest suspicion that its author was the Western meadow-lark, as I found it to be, the time being between daylight and sunrise, and the individual in question singing from the top of the court-house. It differs from that of the meadow-lark in

* J. A. Allen, in *Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History*, Vol. I., Part I., 1869.

the Eastern States in the notes being louder and wilder, and at the same time more liquid, mellower, and far sweeter. They have a pensiveness and general character remarkably in harmony with the half-dreary wilderness of the primitive prairie, as though the bird had received from its surroundings their peculiar impress, *while, if less loud, their songs would hardly reach their mates above the strong winds that almost constantly sweep over the prairies in the hot months.*"

While agreeing in every respect with the views quoted regarding the differences noted, we can not concur, however, in the explanation offered as to their cause, since we found the songs of the larks in the hot valleys of California and the arid interior basin to be as powerful and in all respects the same as those uttered by the birds of the prairie country of the Mississippi Valley.

The song of the Western lark is bold and ringing, combining the Baltimore oriole's flute-like tones and the wood-thrush's melody with a power peculiarly its own. The most perfect modulation of this song, as we have noted it on many occasions, is somewhat like the following syllables: *tung'*, *tung'*, *tung'ah—twil'lah, twil'lah, tung'*; each note deliberate, powerful, and metallic, the first part composed of syllables alike in tone and accent, the other portion a sort of half trill, with a rising inflection, and terminating with a note similar to the first, but more subdued. It is very remarkable that with such wide differences in their notes these two species should differ so slightly in other respects, for their colors and markings are so similar that none but experts could distinguish the two if lying side by side. Indeed, we know of no more remarkable instance of close resemblance between two species which differ totally in notes, unless it be the case of the wood-pewees, in which, however, neither of these peculiarities is so striking, the notes of both Eastern and Western representatives being comparatively weak and brief, while the sombre plumage characteristic of the genus, and to a great measure of the family (*Tyrannidæ*), admits less chance of conspicuous differences in coloring. These cases are, however, not more remarkable than those of the opposite nature, in which congeneric species of widely different plumage possess nothing distinctive in their notes, several of which instances we have before alluded to in this paper.



BULLOCK'S ORIOLE.

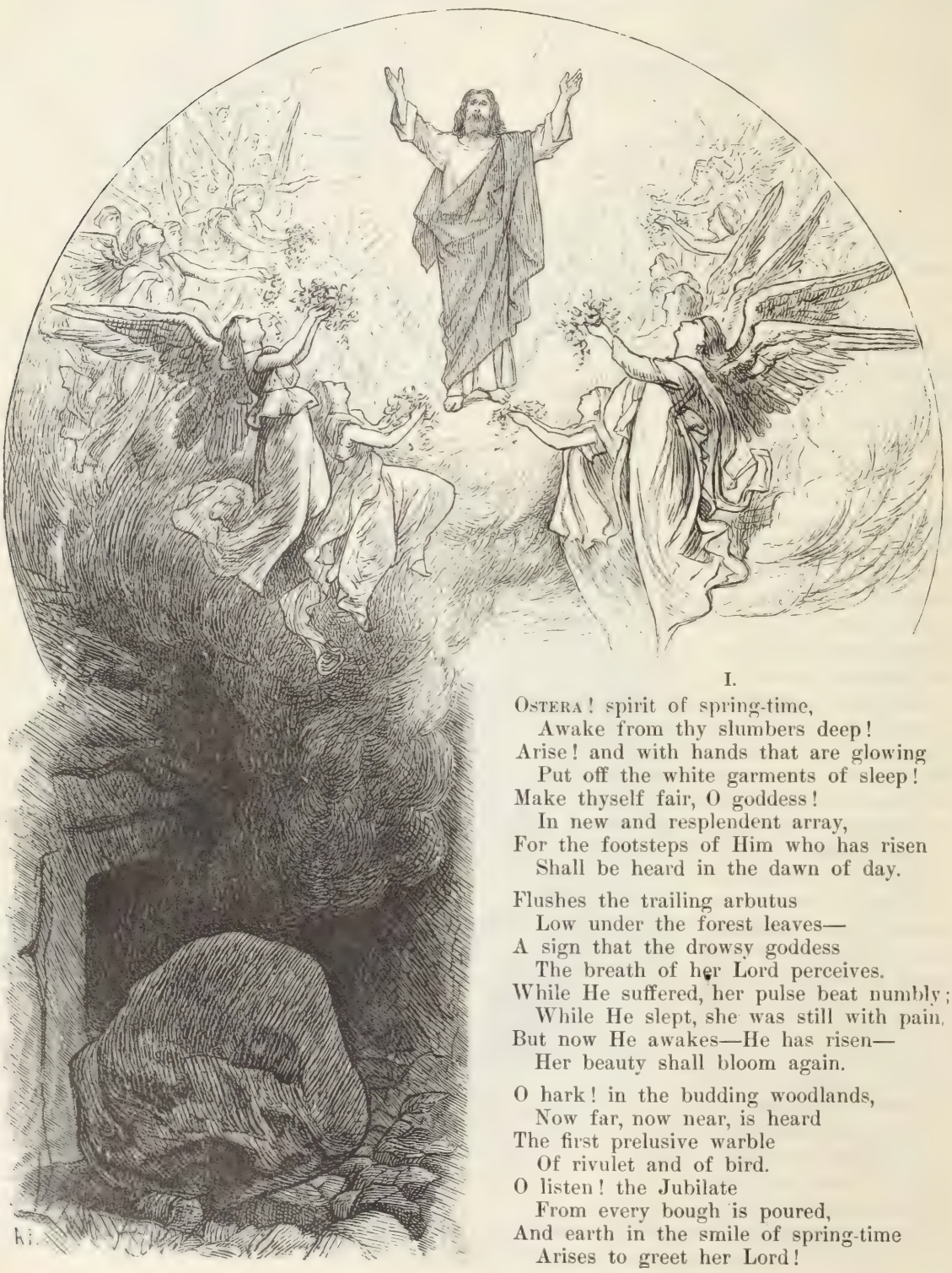
Of our Eastern orioles the smaller species, known as the orchard oriole (*Icterus spurious*), distinguished by the black and chestnut plumage of the male, is the better singer of the two, on account of his song being more protracted and vigorous. But the lovely Baltimore golden robin, "marigold," or fire-bird, is better known, partly from his wider distribution, but mainly from the conspicuousness to which his brilliant plumage subjects him. The latter bird is gifted with rich, mellow, and varied notes as well as a magnificent plumage; and while his utterances hardly merit the distinction of being called a song, in the proper sense of that term, few if any species have sweeter or more attractive notes. Every one is familiar with his peculiarly mellow, flute-like notes, uttered usually in detached, pensive whistlings, but sometimes repeated rapidly, as if an attempt at a song. The Western representative of the Baltimore, Bullock's oriole (*I. bullocki*), is an equally beautiful species, its colors being also intensest orange and velvety black; but its notes are far inferior, being both weaker and less mellow, while the rolling chatter common to nearly all these birds often ends rather disagreeably with a sharp *chow*, somewhat like the mewing note of the yellow-breasted chat (*Icteria virens*).

Before closing our account of the Western *Oscines* we will mention one more bird of this family, noted more for the harshness of its notes than for their melody. This spe-

cies is the yellow-headed blackbird, which rejoices in the pleasing book name of *Xanthocephalus icterocephalus*, so that it is no wonder his notes are not melodious. This bird combines the habits and manners of the cow-bird (*Molothrus pecoris*) and the red-wings (*Agelaius phœniceus* and *A. tricolor*), inhabiting marshes or meadows with the latter, and associating in colonies which attach their nests to the rushes in ponds or sloughs.

In the notes of this species are exaggerated the harshness and guttural character so characteristic of the American "blackbirds." The most common note is a deep-toned *cluck*, similar to that of the boat-tails (*Quiscalus*), only louder. But during the breeding season the males were observed to make ludicrous attempts at a song, straining their throats and swelling their bodies; but the effect compared to the effort was as a mole-hill to a mountain—a squeaky, guttural, rasping chuckle, which Mr. Nuttall compares to the syllables *ko-kuk kie-ait.*

EASTER MORNING.



I.

Ostera! spirit of spring-time,
Awake from thy slumbers deep!
Arise! and with hands that are glowing
Put off the white garments of sleep!
Make thyself fair, O goddess!
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
Low under the forest leaves—
A sign that the drowsy goddess
The breath of her Lord perceives.
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;
While He slept, she was still with pain.
But now He awakes—He has risen—
Her beauty shall bloom again.

O hark! in the budding woodlands,
Now far, now near, is heard
The first prelusive warble
Of rivulet and of bird.
O listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of spring-time
Arises to greet her Lord!

II.

Radiant goddess Aurora!
  Open the chambers of dawn;
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
  Enrich the chariot of morn.
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
  The god of the sunbeam and lyre;
The pride of his empire is ended,
  And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
  Light flows, from the Temple above,
And the mists of old legends are scattered
  In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,
  For day in full splendor make room—
For a triumph that lost not its glory
  As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.

She comes! the bright goddess of morning,
  In crimson and purple array;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
  The first golden lilies of day.
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,
  O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till earth is all rosy and radiant
  For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple;
  Spread branches of palm and of bay;
Let not the spirits of nature
  Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death sleep arises
  And joyous His presence awaits,
While Morning's smile lights up the heavens,
  Open the Beautiful Gates!

He is here! The long watches are over,
  The stone from the grave rolled away.
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight;
  "We shall rise!" is the song of to-day.
O Music! no longer lamenting,
  On pinions of tremulous flame
Go soaring to meet the Beloved,
  And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
  The font is a vase of perfume,
On pillar and chancel are twining
  Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter,
  And far up the infinite height
Archangels the pæan re-echo,
  And crown Him with Lilies of Light!

MACLEOD OF DARE.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITE HEATHER.

AND now behold! the red flag flying from the summit of Castle Dare—a spot of brilliant color in this world of whirling mist and flashing sunlight. For there is half a gale blowing in from the Atlantic, and gusty clouds come sweeping over the islands, so that now the Dutchman, and now Fladda, and now Ulva disappears from sight, and then emerges into the sunlight again, dripping and shining after the bath, while ever and anon the huge promontory of Ru-Treshanish shows a gloomy purple far in the north. But the wind and the weather may do what they like to-day; for has not the word just come down from the hill that the smoke of the steamer has been made out in the south? and old Hamish is flying this way and that, fairly at his wits' end with excitement; and Janet Macleod has cast a last look at the decorations of heather and juniper in the great hall; while Lady Macleod, dressed in the most stately fashion, has declared that she is as able as the youngest of them to walk down to the point to welcome home her son.

"Ay, your leddyship, it is very bad," complains the distracted Hamish, "that it will be so rough a day this day, and Sir Keith not to come ashore in his own gig, but in a fishing boat, and to come ashore at the fishing quay, too; but it is his own men will go out for him, and not the fishermen at all, though I am sure they will hef a dram whatever when Sir Keith comes ashore. And will you not tek the pony, your leddyship? for it is a long road to the quay."

"No, I will not take the pony, Hamish," said the tall, white-haired dame, "and it is not of much consequence what boat Sir Keith has, so long as he comes back to us. And now I think you had better go down to the quay yourself, and see that the cart is waiting and the boat ready."

But how could old Hamish go down to the quay? He was in his own person skipper, head keeper, steward, butler, and general major-domo, and ought on such a day as this to have been in half a dozen places at once. From the earliest morning he had been hurrying hither and thither, in his impatience making use of much voluble Gaelic. He had seen the yacht's crew in their new jerseys. He had been round the kennels. He had got out a couple of bottles of the best claret that Castle Dare could afford. He had his master's letters arranged on the library table, and had given a final rub to the guns and rifles on the rack. He had even been down to the quay, swearing at the salmon-fishers for having so much lumber lying about the place where Sir Keith Macleod was to land. And if he was to go down to the quay now, how could he be sure that the ancient Christina, who was mistress of the kitchen as far as her husband Hamish would allow her to be, would remember all his instructions? And then the little granddaughter Christina—would she remember her part in the ceremony?

However, as Hamish could not be in six places at once, he decided to obey his mis-

tress's directions, and went hurriedly off to the quay, overtaking on his way Donald the piper lad, who was apparelled in all his professional finery.

"And if ever you put wind in your pipes, you will put wind in your pipes this day, Donald," said he to the red-haired lad. "And I will tell you now what you will play when you come ashore from the steamer: it is the 'Farewell to Chubraltar' you will play."

"The 'Farewell to Gibraltar!'" said Donald, peevishly, for he was bound in honor to let no man interfere with his proper business. "It is a better march than that I will play, Hamish. It is the 'Heights of Alma,' that was made by Mr. Ross, the Queen's own piper; and will you tell me that the 'Heights of Alma' is not a better march than the 'Farewell to Gibraltar?'"

Hamish pretended to pay no heed to this impertinent boy. His eye was fixed on a distant black speck that was becoming more and more pronounced out there amid the grays and greens of the windy and sun-lit sea. Occasionally it disappeared altogether, as a cloud of rain swept across toward the giant cliffs of Mull, and then again it would appear, sharper and blacker than ever, while the masts and funnel were now visible as well as the hull. When Donald and his companion got down to the quay, they found the men already in the big boat, getting ready to hoist the huge brown lug-sail; and there was a good deal of laughing and talking going on, perhaps in anticipation of the dram they were sure to get when their master returned to Castle Dare. Donald jumped down on the rude stone ballast, and made his way up to the bow; Hamish, who remained on shore, helped to shove her off; then the heavy lug-sail was quickly hoisted, the sheet hauled tight; and presently the broad-beamed boat was ploughing its way through the rushing seas, with an occasional cloud of spray coming right over her from stem to stern. "Fhir a bhata," the men sung, until Donald struck in with his pipes, and the wild skirl of "The Barren Rocks of Aden" was a fitter sort of music to go with these sweeping winds and plunging seas.

And now we will board the steamer, where Keith Macleod is up on the bridge, occasionally using a glass, and again talking to the captain, who is beside him. First of all on board he had caught sight of the red flag floating over Castle Dare; and his heart had leaped up at that sign of welcome. Then he could make out the dark figures on the quay, and the hoisting of the lug-sail, and the putting off of the boat. It was not a good day for observing things; for heavy clouds were quickly passing over, followed by bewildering gleams of a sort of watery sunlight; but as it happened one of these sudden flashes chanced to light up a small plateau on the side of the hill above the quay, just as the glass was directed on that point. Surely—surely—these two figures?

"Why, it is the mother—and Janet!" he cried.

He hastily gave the glass to his companion.

"Look!" said he. "Don't you think that is Lady Macleod and my cousin? What could have tempted the old lady to come away down there on such a squally day?"

"Oh yes, I think it is the ladies," said the captain; and then he added, with a friendly smile, "and I think it is to see you all the sooner, Sir Keith, that they have come down to the shore."

"Then," said he, "I must go down and get my gillie, and show him his future home."

He went below the hurricane deck to a corner in which Oscar was chained up. Beside the dog, sitting on a camp-stool, and wrapped round with a tartan plaid, was the person whom Macleod had doubtless referred to as his gillie. He was not a distinguished-looking attendant to be travelling with a Highland chieftain.

"Johnny, my man, come on deck now, and I will show you where you are going to live. You're all right now, aren't you? And you will be on the solid land again in about ten minutes."

Macleod's gillie rose—or rather, got down—from the camp-stool, and showed himself to be a miserable, emaciated child of ten or eleven, with a perfectly colorless face, frightened gray eyes, and starved white hands. The contrast between the bronzed and bearded sailors—who were now hurrying about to receive the boat from Dare—and this pallid and shrunken scrap of humanity was striking; and when Macleod took his hand, and half led and half carried him up on deck, the look of terror that he directed on the plunging waters all around showed that he had not had much experience of the sea. Involuntarily he had grasped hold of Macleod's coat as if for protection.

"Now, Johnny, look right ahead. Do you see the big house on the cliffs over yonder?"

The child, still clinging on to his protector, looked all round with the dull, pale eyes, and at length said,

"No."

"Can't you see that house, poor chap? Well, do you see that boat over there? You must be able to see that."

"Yes, Sir."

"That boat is to take you ashore. You needn't be afraid. If you don't like to look at the sea, get down into the bottom of the boat, and take Oscar with you, and you'll see nothing until you are ashore. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Come along, then."

For now the wild skirl of Donald's pipes was plainly audible; and the various packages—the new rifle, the wooden case containing the wonderful dresses for Lady Macleod and her niece, and what not—were all ranged ready; to say nothing of some loaves of white bread that the steward was sending ashore at Hamish's request. And then the heaving boat came close to, her sail hauled down; and a rope was thrown and caught; and then there was a hazardous scrambling down the dripping iron steps, and a notable spring on the part of Oscar, who had escaped from the hands of the sailors. As for the new gillie, he resembled nothing so much as a limp bunch of clothes, as Macleod's men, wondering not a little, caught him up and passed him astern. Then the rope was thrown off, the steamer steamed slowly ahead, the lug-sail was run up again, and away the boat plunged for the shore, with Donald playing the "Heights of Alma" as though he would rend the skies.

"Hold your noise, Donald!" his master called to him. "You will have plenty of time to play the pipes in the evening."

For he was greatly delighted to be among his own people again; and he was eager in his questions of the men as to all that had happened in his absence; and it was no small thing to them that Sir Keith Macleod should remember their affairs, too, and ask after their families and friends. Donald's loyalty was stronger than his professional pride. He was not offended that he had been silenced; he only bottled up his musical fervor all the more; and at length, as he neared the land, and knew that Lady Macleod and Miss Macleod were within hearing, he took it that he knew better than any one else what was proper to the occasion, and once more the proud and stirring march strove with the sound of the hurrying waves. Nor was that all. The piper lad was doing his best. Never before had he put such fire into his work; but as they got close inshore the joy in his heart got altogether the mastery of him, and away he broke into the mad delight of "Lady Mary Ramsay's Reel." Hamish on the quay heard, and he strutted about as if he were himself playing, and that before the Queen. And then he heard another sound—that of Macleod's voice.



"THEN THE HEAVING BOAT CAME CLOSE TO."

"*Stand by, lads! . . . Down with her!*"—and the flapping sail, with its swinging gaff, rattled down into the boat. At the same moment Oscar made a clean spring into the water, gained the landing-steps, and dashed upward—dripping as he was—to two ladies who were standing on the quay above. And Janet Macleod so far forgot what was due to her best gown that she caught his head in her arms, as he pawed and whined with delight.

That was a glad enough party that started off and up the hill-side for Castle Dare.

Janet Macleod did not care to conceal that she had been crying a little bit; and there were proud tears in the eyes of the stately old dame who walked with her; but the most excited of all was Hamish, who could by no means be got to understand that his master did not all at once want to hear about the trial of the young setters, and the price of the sheep sold the week before at Tobermory, and the stag that was chased by the Carsaig men on Tuesday.

"Confound it! Hamish," Macleod said, laughing, "leave all those things till after dinner."

"Oh ay, oh ay, Sir Keith, we will hef plenty of time after dinner," said Hamish, just as if he were one of the party, but very nervously working with the ends of his thumbs all the time, "and I will tell you of the fine big stag that has been coming down every night—every night, as I am a living man—to Mrs. Murdoch's corn; and I wass saying to her, 'Just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch'—that wass what I will say to her—'just hold your tongue, Mrs. Murdoch, and be a civil woman, for a day or two days, and when Sir Keith comes home it iss no more at all the stag will trouble you—oh no, no more at all; there will be no more trouble about the stag when Sir Keith comes home.'"

And old Hamish laughed at his own wit, but it was in a sort of excited way.

"Look here, Hamish, I want you to do this for me," Macleod said; and instantly the face of the old man—it was a fine face, too, with its aquiline nose, and grizzled hair, and keen hawk-like eyes—was full of an eager attention. "Go back and fetch that little boy I left with Donald. You had better look after him yourself. I don't think any water came over him; but give him dry clothes if he is wet at all. And feed him up: the little beggar will take a lot of fattening without any harm."

"Where is he to go to?" said Hamish, doubtfully.

"You are to make a keeper of him. When you have fattened him up a bit, teach him to feed the dogs. When he gets bigger, he can clean the guns."

"I will let no man or boy clean the guns for you but myself, Sir Keith," the old man said, quite simply, and without a shadow of disrespect. "I will hef no risk of the kind."

"Very well, then; but go and get the boy, and make him at home as much as you can. Feed him up."

"Who is it, Keith," his cousin said, "that you are speaking of as if he was a sheep or a calf?"

"Faith," said he, laughing, "if the philanthropists heard of it, they would prosecute me for slave-stealing. I bought the boy—for a sovereign."

"I think you have made a bad bargain, Keith," his mother said; but she was quite prepared to hear of some absurd whim of his.

"Well," said he, "I was going into Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery of pictures is, mother, and there is a cab stand in the street, and there was a cabman standing there, munching at a lump of dry bread that he cut with a jackknife. I never saw a cabman do that before; I should have been less surprised if he had been having a chicken and a bottle of port. However, in front of this big cabman this little chap I have brought with me was standing; quite in rags; no shoes on his feet, no cap on his wild hair; and he was looking fixedly at the big lump of bread. I never saw any animal look so starved and so hungry; his eyes were quite glazed with the fascination of seeing the man ploughing away at this lump of loaf. And I never saw any child so thin. His hands were like the claws of a bird; and his trousers were short and torn so that you could see his legs were like two pipe-stems. At last the cabman saw him. 'Get out o' the way,' says he. The little chap slunk off, frightened, I suppose. Then the man changed his mind. 'Come here,' says he. But the little chap was frightened, and wouldn't come back; so he went after him, and thrust the loaf into his hand, and bade him be off. I can tell you the way he went into that loaf was very fine to see. It was like a weasel at the neck of a rabbit. It was like an otter at the back of a salmon. And that was how I made his acquaintance," Macleod added, carelessly.

"But you have not told us why you brought him up here," his mother said.

"Oh," said he, with a sort of laugh, "I was looking at him, and I wondered whether Highland mutton and Highland air would make any difference in the wretched little skeleton; and so I made his acquaintance. I went home with him to a fearful place—I have got the address, but I did not know there were such quarters in London—and I saw his mother. The poor woman was very ill, and she had a lot of children; and she seemed quite glad when I offered to take this one and make a herd or a gamekeeper of him. I promised he should go to visit her once a year, that she might see whether there was any difference. And I gave her a sovereign."

"You were quite right, Keith," his cousin said, gravely; "you run a great risk. Do they hang slavers?"

"Mother," said he, for by this time the ladies were standing still, so that Hamish and the new gillie should overtake them, "you mustn't laugh at the little chap when you see him with the plaid taken off. The fact is, I took him to a shop in the neighbor-

hood to get some clothes for him, but I couldn't get any thing small enough. He *does* look ridiculous; but you mustn't laugh at him, for he is like a girl for sensitiveness. But when he has been fed up a bit, and got some Highland air into his lungs, his own mother won't know him. And you will get him some other clothes, Janet—some kilts, maybe—when his legs get stronger."

Whatever Keith Macleod did was sure to be right in his mother's eyes; and she only said, with a laugh,

"Well, Keith, you are not like your brothers. When they brought me home presents, it was pretty things; but all your curiosities, wherever you go, are the halt and the lame and the blind, so that the people laugh at you, and say that Castle Dare is becoming the hospital of Mull."

"Mother, I don't care what the people say."

"And indeed I know that," she answered.

Their waiting had allowed Hamish and the new gillie to overtake them, and certainly the latter—deprived of his plaid—presented a sufficiently ridiculous appearance in the trousers and jacket that were obviously too big for him. But neither Lady Macleod nor Janet laughed at all when they saw this starved London waif before them.



MACLEOD'S WELCOME TO CASTLE DARE.

"Johnny," said Macleod, "here are two ladies who will be very kind to you, so you needn't be afraid to live here."

But Johnny did look mortally afraid, and instinctively once more took hold of Macleod's coat. Then he seemed to have some notion of his duty. He drew back one foot, and made a sort of courtesy. Probably he had seen girls do this, in mock-heroic fashion, in some London court.

"And are you very tired?" said Janet Macleod, in that soft voice of hers that all children loved.

"Yes," said the child.

"Kott bless me!" cried Hamish, "I did not know that!"—and therewith the old man caught up Johnny Wickes as if he had been a bit of ribbon, and flung him on to his shoulder, and marched off to Castle Dare.

Then the three Macleods continued on their way—through the damp-smelling fir wood; over the bridge that spanned the brawling brook; again through the fir wood; until they reached the open space surrounding the big stone house. They stood for a minute there—high over the great plain of the sea, that was beautiful with a thousand tints of light. And there was the green island of Ulva, and there the darker rocks of Colonsay, and further out, amid the windy vapor and sunlight, Lunga, and Fladda, and the Dutchman's Cap, changing in their hue every minute as the clouds came driving over the sea.

"Mother," said he, "I have not tasted fresh air since I left. I am not sorry to get back to Dare."

"And I don't think we are sorry to see you back, Keith," his cousin said, modestly.

And yet the manner of his welcome was not imposing; they are not very good at grand ceremonies on the western shores of Mull. It is true that Donald, relieved of the care of Johnny Wickes, had sped by a short-cut through the fir wood, and was now standing in the gravelled space outside the house, playing the "Heights of Alma" with a spirit worthy of all the MacCruimins that ever lived. But as for the ceremony of welcome, this was all there was of it: When Keith Macleod went up to the hall door, he found a small girl of five or six standing quite by herself at the open entrance. This was Christina, the granddaughter of Hamish, a pretty little girl with wide blue eyes and yellow hair.

"Hallo, Christina," said Macleod, "won't you let me into the house?"

"This is for you, Sir Keith," said she, in the Gaelic, and she presented him with a beautiful bunch of white heather. Now white heather, in that part of the country, is known to bring great good fortune to the possessor of it.

"And it is a good omen," said he, lightly, as he took the child up and kissed her. And that was the manner of his welcome to Castle Dare.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HOME.

THE two women-folk, with whom he was most nearly brought into contact, were quite convinced that his stay in London had in no wise altered the buoyant humor and brisk activity of Keith Macleod. Castle Dare awoke into a new life on his return. He was all about and over the place, accompanied by the faithful Hamish; and he had a friendly word and smile for every one he met. He was a good master: perhaps he was none the less liked because it was pretty well understood that he meant to be master. His good-nature had nothing of weakness in it. "If you love me, I love you," says the Gaelic proverb; "*otherwise do not come near me.*" There was not a man or lad about the place who would not have adventured his life for Macleod; but all the same they were well aware that the handsome young master, who seemed to go through life with a merry laugh on his face, was not one to be trifled with. This John Fraser, an Aberdeen man, discovered on the second night after Macleod's return to Castle Dare.

Macleod had the salmon-fishing on this part of the coast, and had a boat's crew of four men engaged in the work. One of these having fallen sick, Hamish had to hire a new hand, an Aberdeenshire man, who joined the crew just before Macleod's departure from London. This Fraser turned out to be a "dour" man; and his discontent and grumbling seemed to be affecting the others, so that the domestic peace of Dare was threatened. On the night in question old Hamish came into Macleod's conjoint library and gun-room.

"The fishermen hef been asking me again, Sir," observed Hamish, with his cap in his hand. "What will I say to them?"

"Oh, about the wages?" Macleod said, turning round.

"Ay, Sir."

"Well, Hamish, I don't object. Tell them that what they say is right. This year has been a very good year; we have made some money; I will give them the two shillings a week more if they like. But then, look here, Hamish. If they have their wages raised in a good year, they must have them lowered in a bad year. They can not expect to share the profit without sharing the loss too. Do you understand that, Hamish?"

"Yes, Sir Keith, I think I do."

"Do you think you could put it into good Gaelic for them?"

"Oh ay."

"Then tell them to choose for themselves. But make it clear."

"Ay, Sir Keith," said Hamish. "And if it was not for that —— man, John Fraser, there would be no word of this thing. And there is another thing I will hef to speak to you about, Sir Keith; and it is John Fraser, too, who is at the bottom of this, I will know that fine. It is more than two or three times that you will warn the men not to bathe in the bay below the castle; and not for many a day will any one do that, for the Cave bay it is not more as half a mile away. And when you were in London, Sir Keith, it was this man John Fraser he would bathe in the bay below the castle in the morning, and he got one or two of the others to join him; and when I bade him go away, he will say that the sea belongs to no man. And this morning, too—"

"This morning!" Macleod said, jumping to his feet. There was an angry flash in his eyes.

"Ay, Sir, this very morning I saw two of them myself—and John Fraser he was one of them—and I went down and said to them, 'It will be a bad day for you,' says I to them, 'if Sir Keith will find you in this bay.'"

"Are they down at the quay now?" Macleod said.

"Ay, they will be in the house now."

"Come along with me, Hamish. I think we will put this right."

He lifted his cap and went out into the cool night air, followed by Hamish. They passed through the dark fir wood until they came in sight of the Atlantic again, which was smooth enough to show the troubled reflection of the bigger stars. They went down the hill-side until they were close to the shore, and then they followed the rough path to the quay. The door of the square stone building was open; the men were seated on rude stools or on spare coils of rope, smoking. Macleod called them out, and they came to the door.

"Now look here, boys," said he, "you know I will not allow any man to bathe in the bay before the house. I told you before; I tell you now for the last time. They that want to bathe can go along to the Cave bay; and the end of it is this—and there will be no more words about it—that the first man I catch in the bay before the house I will take a horsewhip to him, and he will have as good a run as ever he had in his life."

With that he was turning away, when he heard one of the men mutter, "*I would like to see you do it.*" He wheeled round instantly—and if some ot his London friends could have seen the look of his face at this moment, they might have altered their opinion about the obliteration of certain qualities from the temperament of the Highlanders of our own day.

"Who said that?" he exclaimed.

There was no answer.

"Come out here, you four men!" he said. "Stand in a line there. Now let the man who said that step out and face me. I will show him who is to be master here. If he thinks he can master me, well; but it is one or the other of us who will be master!"

There was not a sound or a motion; but Macleod suddenly sprang forward, caught the man Fraser by the throat, and shook him thrice—as he might have shaken a reed.

"You scoundrel!" he said. "You coward! Are you afraid to own it was you? There has been nothing but bad feeling since ever you brought your ugly face among us—well, we've had enough of you!"

He flung him back.

"Hamish," said he, "you will pay this man his month's wages to-night. Pack him off with the Gometra men in the morning; they will take him out to the *Pioneer*. And look you here, Sir," he added, turning to Fraser, "it will be a bad day for you the day that I see your face again any where about Castle Dare."

He walked off and up to the house again, followed by the reluctant Hamish. Hamish had spoken of this matter only that Macleod should give the men a renewed warning; he had no notion that this act of vengeance would be the result. And where were they to get a man to put in Fraser's place?

It was about an hour later that Hamish again came into the room.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he, "but the men are outside."

"I can not see them."

"They are ferry sorry, Sir, about the whole matter, and there will be no more bathing in the front of the house, and the man Fraser they hef brought him up to say he is ferry sorry too."

"They have brought him up?"

"Ay, Sir," said Hamish, with a grave smile. "It was for fighting him they were one after the other because he will make a bad speech to you; and he could not fight three men one after the other; and so they hef made him come up to say he is ferry sorry too; and will you let him stay on to the end of the season?"

"No. Tell the men that if they will behave themselves, we can go on as we did before, in peace and friendliness; but I mean to be master in this place. And I will not have a sulky fellow like this Fraser stirring up quarrels. He must pack and be off."

"It will not be easy to get another man, Sir Keith," old Hamish ventured to say.

"Get Sandy over from the *Umpire*."

"But surely you will want the yacht, Sir, when Mr. Ogilvie comes to Dare?"

"I tell you, Hamish, that I will not have that fellow about the place. That is an end of it. Did you think it was only a threat

that I meant? And have you not heard the old saying that 'one does not apply plaster to a threat?' You will send him to Gometra in the morning in time for the boat."

And so the sentence of banishment was confirmed; and Hamish got a young fellow from Ulva to take the place of Fraser; and from that time to the end of the fishing season perfect peace and harmony prevailed between master and men.

But if Lady Macleod and Janet saw no change whatever in Macleod's manner after his return from the South, Hamish, who was more alone with the young man, did. Why this strange indifference to the very occupations that used to be the chief interest of his life? He would not go out after the deer: the velvet would be on their horns yet. He would not go out after the grouse: what was the use of disturbing them before Mr. Ogilvie came up?

"I am in no hurry," he said, almost petulantly. "Shall I not have to be here the whole winter for the shooting?"—and Hamish was amazed to hear him talk of the winter shooting as some compulsory duty, whereas in these parts it far exceeded in variety and interest the very limited low-ground shooting of the autumn. Until young Ogilvie came up, Macleod never had a gun in his hand. He had gone fishing two or three days; but had generally ended by surrendering his rod to Hamish, and going for a walk up the glen, alone. The only thing he seemed to care about, in the way of out-of-door occupation, was the procuring of otter-skins; and every man and boy in his service was ordered to keep a sharp look-out on that stormy coast for the prince of fur-bearing animals. Years before he had got enough skins together for a jacket for his cousin Janet; and that garment of beautiful thick black fur—dyed black, of course—was as silken and rich as when it was made. Why should he forget his own theory of letting all animals have a chance in urging a war of extermination against the otter?

This preoccupation of mind, of which Hamish was alone observant, was nearly inflicting a cruel injury on Hamish himself. On the morning of the day on which Ogilvie was expected to arrive, Hamish went in to his master's library. Macleod had been reading a book, but he had pushed it aside, and now both his elbows were on the table, and he was leaning his head on his hands, apparently in deep meditation of some kind or other.

"Will I tek the bandage off Nell's foot now, Sir?"

"Oh yes, if you like. You know as much as I do about it."

"Oh, I am quite sure," said Hamish, brightly, "that she will do ferry well to-morrow. I will tek her whatever; and I can send her home if it is too much for her."

Macleod took up his book again.

"Very well, Hamish. But you have plenty to do about the house. Duncan and Sandy can go with us to-morrow."

The old man started, and looked at his master for a second. Then he said, "Ferry well, Sir," in a low voice, and left the room.

But for the hurt and the wounded and the sorrowful there was always one refuge of consolation in Castle Dare. Hamish went straight to Janet Macleod; and she was astonished to see the emotion of which the keen, hard, handsome face of the old man was capable. Who before had ever seen tears in the eyes of Hamish MacIntyre?

"And perhaps it is so," said Hamish, with his head hanging down, "and perhaps it is that I am an old man now, and not able any more to go up to the hills; but if I am not able for that, I am not able for any thing; and I will not ask Sir Keith to keep me about the house, or about the yacht. It is younger men will do better as me; and I can go away to Greenock; and if it is an old man I am, maybe I will find a place in a smack, for all that—"

"Oh, nonsense, Hamish," Janet Macleod said, with her kindly eyes bent on him. "You may be sure Sir Keith did not mean any thing like that—"

"Ay, mem," said the old man, proudly, "and who wass it that first put a gun into his hand; and who wass it skinned the ferry first seal that he shot in Loch Scridain; and who wass it told him the name of every spar and sheet of the *Umpire*, and showed him how to hold a tiller? And if there is any man knows more as me about the birds and the deer, that is right—let him go out; but it is the first day I hef not been out with Sir Keith since ever I wass at Castle Dare; and now it is time that I am going away; for I am an old man; and the younger men they will be better on the hills, and in the yacht too. But I can make my living whatever."

"Hamish, you are speaking like a foolish man," said Janet Macleod to him. "You will wait here now till I go to Sir Keith."

She went to him.

"Keith," said she, "do you know that you have nearly broken old Hamish's heart?"

"What is the matter?" said he, looking up in wonder.

"He says you have told him he is not to go out to the shooting with you to-morrow; and that is the first time he has been superseded; and he takes it that you think he is an old man; and he talks of going away to Greenock to join a smack."

"Oh, nonsense," Macleod said. "I was not thinking when I told him. He may come with us if he likes. At the same time, Janet, I should think Norman Ogilvie will laugh at seeing the butler come out as a keeper."

"You know quite well, Keith," said his cousin, "that Hamish is no more a butler

than he is captain of the *Umpire* or clerk of the accounts. Hamish is simply every body and every thing at Castle Dare. And if you speak of Norman Ogilvie—well, I think it would be more like yourself, Keith, to consult the feelings of an old man rather than the opinions of a young one."

"You are always on the right side, Janet. Tell Hamish I am very sorry. I meant him no disrespect. And he may call me at one in the morning if he likes. He never looked on me but as a bit of his various machinery for killing things."

"That is not fair of you, Keith. Old Hamish would give his right hand to save you the scratch of a thorn."

She went off to cheer the old man, and he turned to his book. But it was not to read it; it was only to stare at the outside of it in an absent sort of way. The fact is, he had found in it the story of a young aide-de-camp who was intrusted with a message to a distant part of the field while a battle was going forward, and who in mere bravado rode across a part of the ground open to the enemy's fire. He came back laughing. He had been hit, he confessed, but he had escaped; and he carelessly shook a drop or two of blood from a flesh wound on his hand. Suddenly, however, he turned pale, wavered a little, and then fell forward on his horse's neck, a corpse.

Macleod was thinking about this story rather gloomily. But at last he got up with a more cheerful air, and seized his cap.

"And if it is my death-wound I have got," he was thinking to himself, as he set out for the boat that was waiting for him at the shore, "I will not cry out too soon."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND.

His death-wound! There was but little suggestion of any death-wound about the manner or speech of this light-hearted and frank-spoken fellow who now welcomed his old friend Ogilvie ashore. He swung the gun case into the cart as if it had been a bit of thread. He himself would carry Ogilvie's top-coat over his arm.

"And why have you not come in your hunting tartan?" said he, observing the very precise and correct shooting costume of the young man.

"Not likely," said Mr. Ogilvie, laughing. "I don't like walking through clouds with bare knees, with a chance of sitting down on an adder or two. And I'll tell you what it is, Macleod; if the morning is wet, I will not go out stalking, if all the stags in Christendom were there. I know what it is; I have had enough of it in my younger days."

"My dear fellow," Macleod said, seriously, "you must not talk here as if you could do what you liked. It is not what you wish to do, or what you don't wish to do; it is what Hamish orders to have done. Do you think I would dare to tell Hamish what we must do to-morrow?"

"Very well, then, I will see Hamish myself; I dare say he remembers me."

And he did see Hamish that evening, and it was arranged between them that if the morning looked threatening, they would leave the deer alone, and would merely take the lower-lying moors in the immediate neighborhood of Castle Dare. And Hamish took great care to impress on the young man that Macleod had not yet taken a gun in his hand, merely that there should be a decent bit of shooting when his guest arrived.

"And he will say to me, only yesterday," observed Hamish, confidentially—"it wass yesterday itself he wass saying to me, 'Hamish, when Mr. Ogilvie comes here, it will only be six days or seven days he will be able to stop, and you will try to get him two or three stags. And, Hamish'—this is what he will say to me—'you will pay no heed to me, for I hef plenty of the shooting whatever, from the one year's end to the other year's end, and it is Mr. Ogilvie you will look after.' And you do not mind the rain, Sir? It is fine warm clothes you have got on—fine woolen clothes you have, and what harm will a shower do?"

"Oh, I don't mind the rain, so long as I can keep moving—that's the fact, Hamish," replied Mr. Ogilvie; "but I don't like lying in wet heather for an hour at a stretch. And I don't care how few birds there are, there will be plenty to keep us walking. So you remember me after all, Hamish?"

"Oh ay, Sir," said Hamish, with a demure twinkle in his eye. "I mind fine the time you will fall into the water off the rock in Loch na Keal."

"There, now," exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie. "That is precisely what I don't see the fun of doing, now that I have got to man's estate, and have a wholesome fear of killing myself. Do you think I would lie down now on wet sea-weed, and get slowly soaked through with the rain for a whole hour, on the chance of a seal coming on the other side of the rock? Of course when I tried to get up I was as stiff as a stone. I could not have lifted the rifle if a hundred seals had been there. And it was no wonder at all I slipped down into the water."

"But the sea-water," said Hamish, gravely; "there will no harm come to you of the sea-water."

"I want to have as little as possible of either sea-water or rain-water," said Mr. Ogilvie, with decision. "I believe Macleod is half an otter himself."

Hamish did not like this, but he only said, respectfully,

"I do not think Sir Keith is afraid of a shower of rain whatever."

These gloomy anticipations were surely uncalled for; for during the whole of the past week the Western Isles had basked in uninterrupted sunlight, with blue skies over the fair blue seas, and a resinous warmth exhaling from the lonely moors. But all the same, next morning broke as if Mr. Ogilvie's forebodings were only too likely to be realized. The sea was leaden-hued and apparently still, though the booming of the Atlantic swell into the great caverns could be heard; Staffa and Lunga and the Dutchman were of a dismal black; the brighter colors of Ulva and Colonsay seemed coldly gray and green; and heavy banks of cloud lay along the land, running out to Ru-Treshanish. The noise of the stream rushing down through the fir wood close to the castle seemed louder than usual, as if rain had fallen during the night. It was rather cold, too: all that Lady Macleod and Janet could say failed to raise the spirits of their guest.

But when Macleod—dressed in his homespun tartan of yellow and black—came round from the kennels with the dogs, and Hamish, and the tall red-headed lad Sandy, it appeared that they considered this to be rather a fine day than otherwise, and were eager to be off.

"Come along, Ogilvie," Macleod cried, as he gave his friend's gun to Sandy, but shouldered his own. "Sorry we haven't a dog-cart to drive you to the moor, but it is not far off."

"I think a cigar in the library would be the best thing for a morning like this," said Ogilvie, rather gloomily, as he put up the collar of his shooting jacket, for a drop or two of rain had fallen.

"Nonsense, man; the first bird you kill will cheer you up."

Macleod was right; they had just passed through the wood of young larches close to Castle Dare, and were ascending a rough stone road that led by the side of a deep glen, when a sudden whir close by them startled the silence of this gloomy morning. In an instant Macleod had whipped his gun from his shoulder and thrust it into Ogilvie's hands. By the time the young man had full-cocked the right barrel and taken a quick aim, the bird was half-way across the valley; but all the same he fired. For another second the bird continued its flight, but in a slightly irregular fashion; then down it went like a stone into the heather on the opposite side of the chasm.

"Well done, Sir!" cried old Hamish.

"Bravo!" called out Macleod.

"It was a grand long shot!" said Sandy, as he unslipped the sagacious old retriever, and sent her down into the glen.

They had scarcely spoken when another dark object, looking to the startled eye as if it were the size of a house, sprang from the heather close by, and went off like an arrow, uttering a succession of sharp crowings. Why did not he fire? Then they saw him in wild despair whip down the gun, full-cock the left barrel, and put it up again. The bird was just disappearing over a crest of rising ground, and as Ogilvie fired he disappeared altogether.

"He's down, Sir!" cried Hamish, in great excitement.

"I don't think so," Ogilvie answered, with a doubtful air on his face, but with a bright gladness in his eyes all the same.

"He's down, Sir," Hamish re-asserted. "Come, away, Sandy, with the dog!" he shouted to the red-headed lad, who had gone down into the glen to help Nell in her researches. By this time they saw that Sandy was recrossing the burn with the grouse in his hand, Nell following him contentedly. They whistled, and again whistled; but Nell considered that her task had been accomplished, and alternately looked at them and up at her immediate master. However, the tall lad, probably considering that the whistling was meant as much for him as for the retriever, sprang up the side of the glen in a miraculous fashion, catching here and there by a bunch of heather or the stump of a young larch, and presently he had rejoined the party.

"Take time, Sir," said he. "Take time. Maybe there is more of them about here. And the other one, I marked him down from the other side. We will get him ferry well."

They found nothing, however, until they had got to the other side of the hill, where Nell speedily made herself mistress of the other bird—a fine young cock grouse, plump, and in splendid plumage.

"And what do you think of the morning now, Ogilvie?" Macleod asked.

"Oh, I dare say it will clear," said he, shyly; and he endeavored to make light of Hamish's assertions that they were "ferry pretty shots—ferry good shots; and it was always a right thing to put cartridges in the barrels at the door of a house, for no one could tell what might be close to the house; and he was sure that Mr. Ogilvie had not forgotten the use of a gun since he went away from the hills to live in England."

"But look here, Macleod," Mr. Ogilvie said; "why did not you fire yourself?"—he was very properly surprised; for the most generous and self-denying of men are apt to claim their rights when a grouse gets up to their side.

"Oh," said Macleod, simply, "I wanted you to have a shot."

And indeed all through the day he was obviously far more concerned about Ogilvie's shooting than his own. He took all the hardest work on himself—taking the

outside beat, for example, if there was a bit of unpromising ground to be got over. When one or other of the dogs suddenly showed by its uplifted fore-paw, its rigid tail, and its slow, cautious, timid look round for help and encouragement, that there was something ahead of more importance than a lark, Macleod would run all the risks of waiting to give Ogilvie time to come up. If a hare ran across with any chance of coming within shot of Ogilvie, Macleod let her go by unscathed. And the young gentleman from the South knew enough about shooting to understand how he was being favored both by his host and—what was a more unlikely thing—by Hamish.

He was shooting very well, too; and his spirits rose and rose until the lowering day was forgotten altogether.

"We are in for a soaker this time," he cried, quite cheerfully, looking around at one moment.

All this lonely world of olive greens and browns had grown strangely dark. Even the hum of the flies—the only sound audible in these high solitudes away from the sea—seemed stilled; and a cold wind began to blow over from Ben-an-Sloich. The plain of the valley in front of them began to fade from view; then they found themselves enveloped in a clammy fog that settled on their clothes and hung about their eyelids and beard; while water began to run down the barrels of their guns. The wind blew harder and harder; presently they seemed to spring out of the darkness; and, turning, they found that the cloud had swept onward toward the sea, leaving the rocks on the nearest hill-side all glittering wet in the brief burst of sunlight. It was but a glimmer. Heavier clouds came sweeping over; downright rain began to pour. But Ogilvie kept manfully to his work. He climbed over the stone walls, gripping on with his wet hands. He splashed through the boggy land, paying no attention to his footsteps. And at last he got to following Macleod's plan of crossing a burn, which was merely to wade through the foaming brown water instead of looking out for big stones. By this time the letters in his breast pocket were a mass of pulp.

"Look here, Macleod," said he, with the rain running down his face. "I can't tell the difference between one bird and another. If I shoot a partridge it isn't my fault."

"All right," said Macleod. "If a partridge is fool enough to be up here, it deserves it."

Just at this moment Mr. Ogilvie suddenly threw up his hands and his gun, as if to protect his face. An extraordinary object—a winged object, apparently without a tail, a whirring bunch of loose gray feathers, a creature resembling no known fowl—had been put up by one of the dogs, and it had flown direct at Ogilvie's head. It passed him at about half a yard's distance.

"What in all the world is that?" he cried, jumping round to have a look at it.

"Why," said Macleod, who was roaring with laughter, "it is a baby blackcock, just out of the shell, I should think."

A sudden noise behind him caused him to wheel round, and instinctively he put up his gun. He took it down again.

"That is the old hen," said he; "we'll leave her to look after her chicks. Hamish, get in the dogs, or they'll be for eating some of those young ones. And you, Sandy, where was it you left the basket? We will go for our splendid banquet now, Ogilvie."

That was an odd-looking party that by-and-by might have been seen crouching under the lee of a stone wall, with a small brook running by their feet. They had taken down wet stones for seats; and these were somewhat insecurely fixed on the steep bank. But neither the rain, nor the gloom, nor the loneliness of the silent moors seemed to have damped their spirits much.

"It really is awfully kind of you, Ogilvie," Macleod said, as he threw half a sandwich to the old black retriever, "to take pity on a solitary fellow like myself. You can't tell how glad I was to see you on the bridge of the steamer. And now that you have taken all the trouble to come to this place, and have taken your chance of our poor shooting, this is the sort of day you get!"

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Ogilvie, who did not refuse to have his tumbler replenished by the attentive Hamish, "it is quite the other way. I consider myself precious lucky. I consider the shooting first-rate; and it isn't every fellow would deliberately hand the whole thing over to his friend, as you have been doing all day. And I suppose bad weather is as bad elsewhere as it is here?"

Macleod was carelessly filling his pipe, and obviously thinking of something very different.

"Man, Ogilvie," he said, in a burst of confidence, "I never knew before how fearfully lonely a life we lead here. If we were out on one of the Treshanish Islands, with nothing round us but skarts and gulls, we could scarcely be lonelier. And I have been thinking all the morning what this must look like to you."

He glanced round—at the sombre browns and greens of the solitary moorland, at the black rocks jutting out here and there from the scant grass, at the silent and gloomy hills and the overhanging clouds.

"I have been thinking of the beautiful places we saw in London, and the crowds of people—the constant change, and amusement, and life. And I shouldn't wonder if you packed up your traps to-morrow morning, and fled."

"My dear boy," observed Mr. Ogilvie, confidentially, "you are giving me credit for a vast amount of sentiment. I haven't got it. I don't know what it is. But I know when I am jolly well off. I know when I am in good quarters, with good shooting, and with a good sort of chap to go about with. As for London—bah! I rather think you got your eyes dazzled for a minute, Macleod. You weren't long enough there to find it out. And wouldn't you get precious tired of big dinners, and garden parties, and all that stuff, after a time? Macleod, do you mean to tell me you ever saw any thing at Lady Beauregard's as fine as *that?*"

And he pointed to a goodly show of birds, with a hare or two, that Sandy had taken out of the bag, so as to count them.

"Of course," said this wise young man, "there is one case in which that London life is all very well. If a man is awful spoons on a girl, then, of course, he can trot after her from house to house, and walk his feet off in the Park. I remember a fellow saying a very clever thing about the reasons that took a man into society. What was it, now? Let me see. It was either to look out for a wife, or—or—"

Mr. Ogilvie was trying to recollect the epigram and to light a wax match at the same time, and he failed in both.

"Well," said he, "I won't spoil it; but don't you believe that any one you met in London wouldn't be precious glad to change places with us at this moment."

Any one? What was the situation? Pouring rain, leaden skies, the gloomy solitude of the high moors, the sound of roaring waters. And here they were crouching under a stone wall, with their dripping fingers lighting match after match for their damp pipes, with not a few midges in the moist and clammy air, and with a faint halo of steam plainly arising from the leather of their boots. When Fionaghal the Fair Stranger came from over the blue seas to her new home, was this the picture of Highland life that was presented to her?

"Lady Beauregard, for example?" said Macleod.

"Oh, I am not talking about women," observed the sagacious boy; "I never could make out a woman's notions about any thing. I dare say they like London life well enough, for they can show off their shoulders and their diamonds."

"Ogilvie," Macleod said, with a sudden earnestness, "I am fretting my heart out here—that is the fact. If it were not for the poor old mother—and Janet—but I will tell you another time."

He got up on his feet, and took his gun from Sandy. His companion—wondering not a little, but saying nothing—did likewise. Was this the man who had always seemed rather proud of his hard life on the hills? who had regarded the idleness and effeminacy of town life with something of an unexpressed scorn? A young fellow in robust health and splendid spirits—an eager sportsman and an accurate shot—out for his first shooting day of the year: was it intelligible that he should be visited by vague sentimental regrets for London drawing-rooms and vapid talk? The getting up of a snipe interrupted these speculations; Ogilvie blazed away, missing with both barrels; Macleod, who had been patiently waiting to see the effect of the shots, then put up his gun, and presently the bird came tumbling down, some fifty yards off.

"You haven't warmed to it yet," Macleod said, charitably. "The first half hour after luncheon a man always shoots badly."

"Especially when his clothes are glued to his skin from head to foot," said Ogilvie.

"You will soon walk some heat into yourself."

And again they went on, Macleod pursuing the same tactics, so that his companion had the cream of the shooting. Despite the continued soaking rain, Ogilvie's spirits seemed to become more and more buoyant. He was shooting capitally; one very long shot he made, bringing down an old blackcock with a thump on the heather, causing Hamish to exclaim,

"Well done, Sir! It is a glass of whiskey you will deserve for that shot."

Whereupon Mr. Ogilvie stopped and modestly hinted that he would accept of at least a moiety of the proffered reward.

"Do you know, Hamish," said he, "that it is the greatest comfort in the world to get wet right through, for you know you can't be worse, and it gives you no trouble."

"And a whole glass will do you no harm, Sir," shrewdly observed Hamish.

"Not in the clouds."

"The what, Sir?"

"The clouds. Don't you consider we are going shooting through clouds?"

"There will be a snipe or two down here, Sir," said Hamish, moving on; for he could not understand conundrums, especially conundrums in English.

The day remained of this moist character to the end; but they had plenty of sport, and they had a heavy bag on their return to Castle Dare. Macleod was rather silent on the way home. Ogilvie was still at a loss to know why his friend should have taken this sudden dislike to living in a place he had lived in all his life. Nor could he understand why Macleod should have deliberately surrendered to him the chance of bagging the brace of grouse that got up by the side of the road. It was scarcely, he considered, within the possibilities of human nature.

CHAPTER XV.

A CONFESSION.

And once again the big dining hall of Castle Dare was ablaze with candles; and Janet was there, gravely listening to the garrulous talk of the boy-officer; and Keith Macleod, in his dress tartan; and the noble-looking old lady at the head of the table, who more than once expressed to her guest, in that sweetly modulated and gracious voice of hers, how sorry she was he had encountered so bad a day for the first day of his visit.

"It is different with Keith," said she, "for he is used to be out in all weathers. He has been brought up to live out-of-doors."

"But you know, auntie," said Janet Macleod, "a soldier is much of the same thing. Did you ever hear of a soldier with an umbrella?"

"All I know is," remarked Mr. Ogilvie—who, in his smart evening dress, and with his face flushed into a rosy warmth after the cold and the wet, did not look particularly miserable—"that I don't remember ever enjoying myself so much in one day. But the fact is, Lady Macleod, your son gave me all the shooting; and Hamish was sounding my praises all day long, so that I almost got to think I could shoot the birds without putting up the gun at all; and when I made a frightful bad miss, every body declared the bird was dead round the other side of the hill."

"And indeed you were not making many misses," Macleod said. "But we will try your nerve, Ogilvie, with a stag or two, I hope."

"I am on for any thing. What with Hamish's flattery and the luck I had to-day, I begin to believe I could bag a brace of tigers if they were coming at me fifty miles an hour."

Dinner over, and Donald having played his best (no doubt he had learned that the stranger was an officer in the Ninety-third), the ladies left the dining hall, and presently Macleod proposed to his friend that they should go into the library and have a smoke. Ogilvie was nothing loath. They went into the odd little room, with its guns and rods and stuffed birds, and, lying prominently on the writing-table, a valuable little heap of dressed otter-skins. Although the night was scarcely cold enough to demand it, there was a log of wood burning in the fire-place; there were two easy-chairs, low and roomy; and on the mantel-piece were some glasses, and a big black broad-bottomed bottle, such as used to carry the still vintages of Champagne even into the remote wilds of the Highlands, before the art of making sparkling wines had been discovered. Mr. Ogilvie lit a cigar, stretched out his feet toward the blazing log, and rubbed his hands, which were not as white as usual.

"You are a lucky fellow, Macleod," said he, "and you don't know it. You have every thing about you here to make life enjoyable."

"And I feel like a slave tied to a galley oar," said he, quickly. "I try to hide it from the mother—for it would break her heart—and from Janet too; but every morning I rise the dismalness of being alone here—of being caged up alone—eats more and more into my heart. When I look at you, Ogilvie—to-morrow morning you could go spinning off to any quarter you liked, to see any one you wanted to see—"

"Macleod," said his companion, looking up, and yet speaking rather slowly and timidly, "if I were to say what would naturally occur to any one—you won't be offended? What you have been telling me is absurd, unnatural, impossible, unless there is a woman in the case."

"And what then?" Macleod said, quickly, as he regarded his friend with a watchful look. "You have guessed?"

"Yes," said the other: "Gertrude White."

Macleod was silent for a second or two. Then he sat down.

"I scarcely care who knows it now," said he, absently, "so long as I can't fight it out of my own mind. I tried not to know it. I tried not to believe it. I argued with myself, laughed at myself, invented a hundred explanations of this cruel thing that was gnawing away at my heart and giving me no peace night or day. Why, man, Ogilvie, I have read *Pendennis!* Would you think it possible that any one who has read *Pendennis* could ever fall in love with an actress?"

He jumped to his feet again, walked up and down for a second or two, twisting the while a bit of casting-line round his finger so that it threatened to cut into the flesh.

"But I will tell you now, Ogilvie—now that I am speaking to any one about it," said he—and he spoke in a rapid, deep, earnest voice, obviously not caring much what his companion might think, so that he could relieve his overburdened mind—"that it was not any actress I fell in love with. I never saw her in a theatre but that once. I hated the theatre whenever I thought of her in it. I dared scarcely open a newspaper, lest I should see her name. I turned away from the posters in the streets: when I happened by some accident to see her publicly paraded that way, I shuddered all through—with shame, I think; and I got to look on her father as a sort of devil that had been allowed to drive about that beautiful creature in vile chains. Oh! I can not tell you. When I have heard him talking away in that infernal, cold, precise way about her duties to her art, and insisting that she should have no sentiments or feelings of her own, and that she should simply use every emotion as a bit of something to im-

pose on the public—a bit of her trade, an exposure of her own feelings to make people clap their hands—I have sat still and wondered at myself that I did not jump up and catch him by the throat and shake the life out of his miserable body."

"You have cut your hand, Macleod."

He shook a drop or two of blood off.

"Why, Ogilvie, when I saw you on the bridge of the steamer, I nearly went mad with delight. I said to myself, 'Here is some one who has seen her and spoken to her, who will know when I tell him.' And now that I am telling you of it, Ogilvie, you will see—you will understand—that it is not any actress I have fallen in love with—it was not the fascination of an actress at all, but the fascination of the woman herself; the fascination of her voice, and her sweet ways, and the very way she walked, too, and the tenderness of her heart. There was a sort of wonder about her; whatever she did or said was so beautiful, and simple, and sweet! And day after day I said to myself that my interest in this beautiful woman was nothing. Some one told me there had been rumors: I laughed. Could any one suppose I was going to play Pendennis over again? And then as the time came for me to leave, I was glad, and I was miserable at the same time. I despised myself for being miserable. And then I said to myself, 'This stupid misery is only the fancy of a boy. Wait till you get back to Castle Dare, and the rough seas, and the hard work of the stalking. There is no sickness and sentiment on the side of Ben-an-Sloich.' And so I was glad to come to Castle Dare, and to see the old mother, and Janet, and Hamish; and the sound of the pipes, Ogilvie, when I heard them away in the steamer, that brought tears to my eyes; and I said to myself, 'Now you are at home again, and there will be no more nonsense of idle thinking.' And what has it come to? I would give every thing I possess in the world to see her face once more—ay, to be in the same town where she is. I read the papers, trying to find out where she is. Morning and night it is the same—a fire, burning and burning, of impatience, and misery, and a craving just to see her face and hear her speak."

Ogilvie did not know what to say. There was something in this passionate confession—in the cry wrung from a strong man, and in the rude eloquence that here and there burst from him—that altogether drove ordinary words of counsel or consolation out of the young man's mind.

"You have been hard hit, Macleod," he said, with some earnestness.

"That is just it," Macleod said, almost bitterly. "You fire at a bird. You think you have missed him. He sails away as if there was nothing the matter, and the rest of the covey no doubt think he is as well as any one of them. But suddenly you see there is something wrong. He gets apart from the others; he towers; then down he comes, as dead as a stone. You did not guess any thing of this in London?"

"Well," said Ogilvie, rather inclined to beat about the bush, "I thought you were paying her a good deal of attention. But then—she is very popular, you know, and receives a good deal of attention; and—and the fact is, she is an uncommonly pretty girl, and I thought you were flirting a bit with her, but nothing more than that. I had no idea it was something more serious than that."

"Ay," Macleod said, "if I myself had only known! If it was a plunge—as people talk about falling in love with a woman—why, the next morning I would have shaken myself free of it, as a Newfoundland dog shakes himself free of the water. But a fever, a madness, that slowly gains on you—and you look around and say it is nothing, but day after day it burns more and more. And it is no longer something that you can look at apart from yourself—it is your very self; and sometimes, Ogilvie, I wonder whether it is all true, or whether it is mad I am altogether. Newcastle—do you know Newcastle?"

"I have passed through it, of course," his companion said, more and more amazed at the vehemence of his speech.

"It is there she is now—I have seen it in the papers; and it is Newcastle—Newcastle—Newcastle—I am thinking of from morning till night, and if I could only see one of the streets of it I should be glad. They say it is smoky and grimy; I should be breathing sunlight if I lived in the most squalid of all its houses. And they say she is going to Liverpool, and to Manchester, and to Leeds; and it is as if my very life were being drawn away from me. I try to think what people may be around her; I try to imagine what she is doing at a particular hour of the day; and I feel as if I were shut away in an island in the middle of the Atlantic, with nothing but the sound of the waves around my ears. Ogilvie, it is enough to drive a man out of his senses."

"But look here, Macleod," said Ogilvie, pulling himself together; for it was hard to resist the influence of this vehement and uncontrollable passion—"look here, man; why don't you think of it in cold blood? Do you expect me to sympathize with you as a friend? Or would you like to know what any ordinary man of the world would think of the whole case?"

"Don't give me your advice, Ogilvie," said he, untwining and throwing away the bit of casting-line that had cut into his finger. "It is far beyond that. Let me talk to you—that is all. I should have gone mad in another week, if I had had no one to

speak to; and as it is, what better am I than mad? It is not any thing to be analyzed and cured: it is my very self; and what have I become?"

"But look here, Macleod—I want to ask you a question: would you marry her?"

The common-sense of the younger man was re-asserting itself. This was what any one—looking at the whole situation from the Aldershot point of view—would at the outset demand? But if Macleod had known all that was implied in the question, it is probable that a friendship that had existed from boyhood would then and there have been severed. He took it that Ogilvie was merely referring to the thousand and one obstacles that lay between him and that obvious and natural goal.

"Marry her!" he exclaimed. "Yes, you are right to look at it in that way—to think of what it will all lead to. When I look forward, I see nothing but a maze of impossibilities and trouble. One might as well have fallen in love with one of the Roman maidens in the Temple of Vesta. She is a white slave. She is a sacrifice to the monstrous theories of that bloodless old pagan, her father. And then she is courted and flattered on all sides; she lives in a smoke of incense: do you think, even supposing that all other difficulties were removed—that she cared for no one else, that she were to care for me, that the influence of her father was gone—do you think she would surrender all the admiration she provokes and the excitement of the life she leads, to come and live in a dungeon in the Highlands? A single day like to-day would kill her—she is so fine and delicate—like a rose leaf, I have often thought. No, no, Ogilvie, I have thought of it every way. It is like a riddle that you twist and twist about to try and get the answer; and I can get no answer at all, unless wishing that I had never been born. And perhaps that would have been better."

"You take too gloomy a view of it, Macleod," said Ogilvie. "For one thing, look at the common-sense of the matter. Suppose that she is very ambitious to succeed in her profession, that is all very well; but mind you, it is a very hard life. And if you put before her the chance of being styled Lady Macleod—well, I may be wrong, but I should say that would count for something. I haven't known many actresses myself—"

"That is idle talk," Macleod said; and then he added, proudly, "You do not know this woman as I know her."

He put aside his pipe; but in truth he had never lit it.

"Come," said he, with a tired look, "I have bored you enough. You won't mind, Ogilvie? The whole of the day I was saying to myself that I would keep all this thing to myself, if my heart burst over it; but you see I could not do it, and I have made you the victim after all. And we will go into the drawing-room now; and we will have a song. And that was a very good song you sung one night in London, Ogilvie—it was about 'Death's black wine'—and do you think you could sing us that song to-night?"

Ogilvie looked at him.

"I don't know what you mean by the way you are talking, Macleod," said he.

"Oh," said he, with a laugh that did not sound quite natural, "have you forgotten it? Well, then, Janet will sing us another song—that is, 'Farewell, Manchester.' And we will go to bed soon to-night, for I have not been having much sleep lately. But it is a good song—it is a song you do not easily forget—that about 'Death's black wine.'"

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

BOOK SECOND.

The cause that no persuasion or strategy could advance is unconsciously helped on, in a social sense, by the accident of the stranger's arrival; this event, by giving a new bias to emotions in one quarter, precipitates affairs in another with unexpected rapidity.

CHAPTER I.

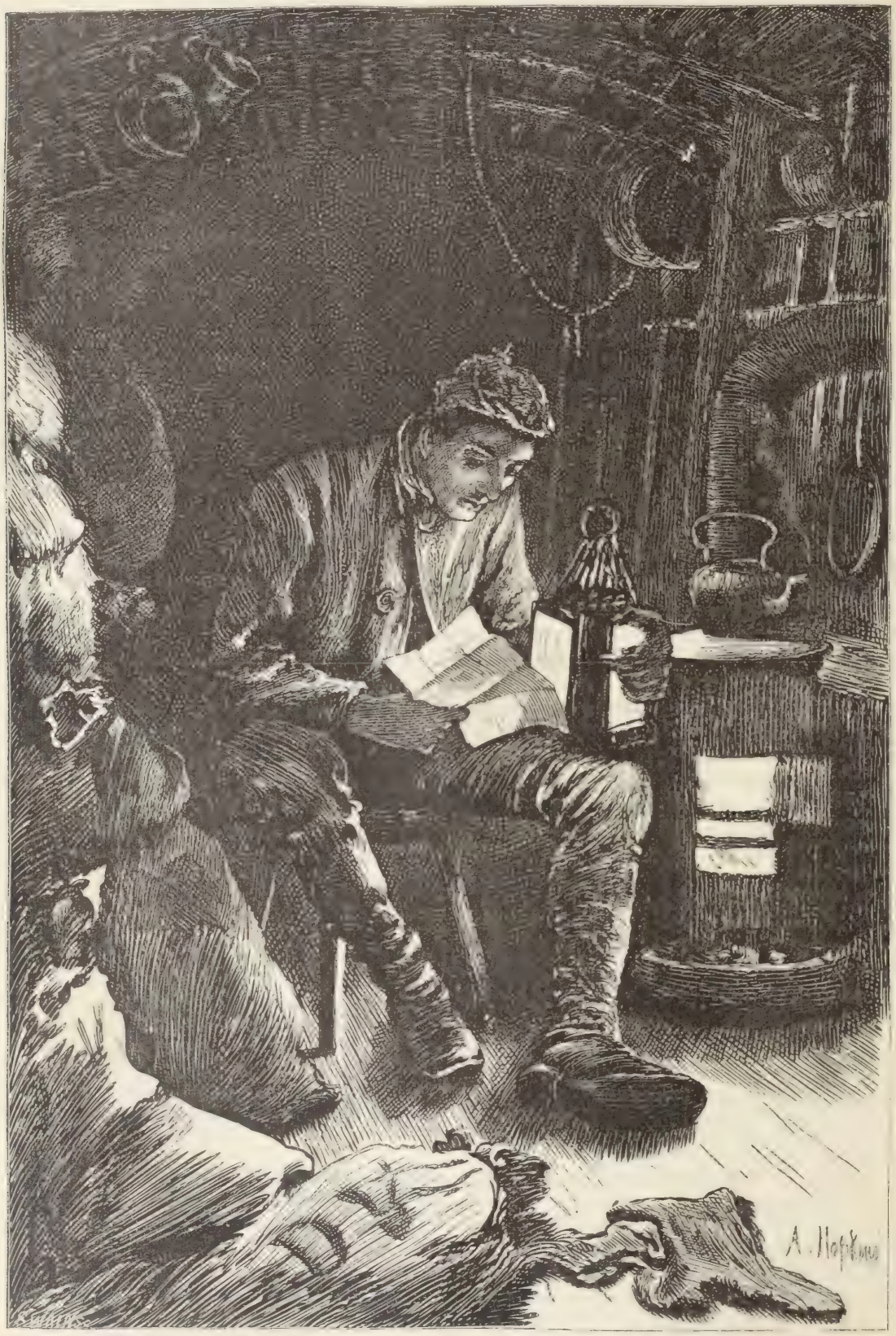
TIDINGS OF THE COMER.

ON fine days at this time of the year, and earlier, certain ephemeral operations were apt to disturb, in their trifling way, the majestic calm of Egdon Heath. They were activities which, beside those of a town, a village, or even a farm, would have appeared as the ferment of stagnation merely, a creeping of the flesh of immobility. But here, away from comparisons, shut in by the stable hills, among which mere walking had the novelty of pageantry, and where any man could imagine himself to be Adam without the least difficulty, they attracted the attention of every bird within eye-shot, every reptile not yet asleep, and set the surrounding rabbits curiously watching from hillocks at a safe distance.

The performance was that of bringing together and building into a stack the furze fagots which Humphrey had been cutting for the captain's use during the foregoing fine days. The stack was at the end of the dwelling, and the men engaged in building

it were Humphrey and Sam, the old man looking on.

It was a fine and quiet afternoon about three o'clock, but the winter solstice having stealthily come on, the lowness of the sun caused the hour to seem later than it actually was, there being little here to remind an inhabitant that he must unlearn his summer experience of the sky as a dial. In the course of many days and weeks sunrise had advanced its quarters from northeast to southeast, sunset had receded from northwest to southwest; but Egdon had hardly heeded the change.



"HE TOOK THENCE AN OLD LETTER, AND SPREAD IT OPEN."—[SEE PAGE 739, APRIL NUMBER.]

Eustacia was in-doors in the dining-room, which was really more like a kitchen, having a stone floor and a gaping chimney-corner. The air was still, and while she lin-

gered a moment here alone, sounds of voices in conversation came to her ears directly down the chimney. She entered the recess, and listening, looked up the old irregular shaft, with its cavernous hollows, where the smoke blundered about on its way to the square bit of sky at the top, from which the daylight struck down with a pallid glare upon the tatters of soot draping the flue as sea-weed drapes a rocky fissure.

She remembered: the furze stack was not far from the chimney, and the voices were those of the workers.

Her grandfather joined in the conversation. "That lad ought never to have left home. His father's occupation would have suited him best, and the boy should have followed on. I don't believe in these new moves in families. My father was a sailor, so was I, and so should my son have been if I had had one."

"The place he's been living at is Paris," said Humphrey, "and they tell me 'tis where the king's head was cut off years ago. My poor mother used to tell me about that business. 'Hummy,' she used to say, 'I was a young girl then, and as I was at home ironing mother's caps one afternoon the parson came in and said, "They've cut the king's head off, Jane; and what 'twill be next God knows."'"

"A good many of us knew as well as He before long," said the captain, chuckling. "I lived seven years under water on account of it in my boyhood, in that d——d surgery of the *Triumph*, seeing men brought down to the cockpit with their legs and arms blown to Jericho. And so the young man has settled in Paris. A jeweller's assistant, or some such thing, is he not?"

"Yes, Sir, that's it. 'Tis a blazing great shop that he belongs to, so I've heard his mother say. Like a king's palace as far as diments go. Ear-drops and rings by hatfuls: gold platters: chains enough to hold an ox, all washed in gold."

"I can well mind when he left home," said Sam.

"'Tis a good thing for the feller," said Humphrey. "A sight of times better to be selling diments than nobbling about here."

"It must cost a good few shillings to deal at such a shop."

"A good few indeed, my man," replied the captain. "Yes, you may make away with a deal of money, and be neither drunkard nor glutton."

"They say, too, that Clym Yeobright is become a real perusing man, with the strangest notions about things. There, that's because he went to school early, such as the school was."

"Strange notions, has he?" said the old man. "Ah, there's too much of that sending to school in these days. It only does harm. Every gate post and barn's door you come to is sure to have some bad word or other chalked upon it by the young rascals: a woman can hardly pass for shame sometimes. If they'd never been taught how to write, they wouldn't have been able to scribble such villainy. Their fathers couldn't do it, and the country was all the better for it."

"Now I should think, cap'n, that Miss Eustacia had about as much in her head that comes from books as any body about here."

"Perhaps if Miss Eustacia, too, had less romantic nonsense in her head, it would be better for her," said the captain, shortly; after which he walked away.

"I say, Sam," observed Humphrey, when the old man was gone, "she and Clym Yeobright would make a very pretty pigeon pair—hey? If they wouldn't I'll be dazed! Both of one mind about niceties, for certain, and learned in print, and always thinking about high doctrine—there couldn't be a better couple if they were made o' purpose. Clym's family is as good as hers. His father was a farmer, that's true; but his mother was a sort of lady, as we know. Nothing would please me better than to see them two man and wife."

"They'd look very natty, arm-in-crook together, and their best clothes on, whether or no, if he's at all the well-favored fellow he used to be."

"They would, Humphrey. Well, I should like to see the chap terrible much after so many years. If I knew for certain when he was coming, I'd stroll out three or four miles to meet him and help carry any thing for'n; though I suppose he's altered from the boy he was. They say he can talk French as fast as a maid can eat blackberries; and if so, depend upon it we who have staid at home shall seem no more than scroff in his eyes."

"Coming across the water to Budmouth by steamer, isn't he?"

"Yes: but how he's coming from Budmouth I don't know."

"That's a bad trouble about his cousin Thomasin. I wonder a nice-notioned fellow like Clym likes to come home into it. Be dazed if I should like a relation of mine to have been made such a fool of by a man. It makes the family look small."

"Yes. Poor maid, her heart has ached enough about it. Her health is suffering from it, I hear, for she will bide entirely indoors. We never see her out now, scampering over the furze with a face as red as a rose, as she used to do."

"I've heard she wouldn't have Wildeve now if he asked her."

"You have? 'Tis news to me."

While the furze-gatherers had desultorily conversed thus, Eustacia's face had gradually bent to the hearth in a profound reverie, her toe unconsciously tapping the dry turf which lay burning at her feet.

The subject of their discourse had been keenly interesting to her. A young and clever man was coming into that lonely heath from, of all contrasting places in the world, Paris. It was like a man coming from heaven. More singular still, the heathmen had instinctively coupled her and this man together in their minds as a pair born for each other.

That five minutes of overhearing furnished Eustacia with visions enough to fill the whole blank afternoon. Such sudden annihilations of mental vacuity do sometimes occur thus quietly. She could never have believed in the morning that her colorless inner world would before night become as animated as water under a microscope, and that without the arrival of a single visitor. The words of Sam and Humphrey on the consonancy between the unknown and herself had on her mind the effect of the invading Bard's prelude in the "Castle of Indolence," at which myriads of imprisoned shapes arose where had previously appeared the stillness of a void.

Involved in these imaginings, she knew nothing of time. When she became conscious of externals, behold, it was dusk. The furze rick was finished; the men had gone home. Eustacia went up stairs, thinking that she would take a walk at this her usual time; and she determined that her walk should be in the direction of Blooms End, the birth-place of young Yeobright and the present home of his mother. She had no reason for walking elsewhither, and why should she not go that way? The scene of a day-dream is sufficient for a pilgrimage at nineteen. To look at the palings before the Yeobrights' house had the dignity of a necessary performance. Strange that such a piece of idling should have seemed an important errand.

She put on her bonnet, and, leaving the house, descended the hill on the side toward Blooms End, where she walked slowly along the valley for a distance of a mile and a half. This brought her to a spot in which the green bottom of the dale began to widen, the furze bushes to recede yet further from the path on each side, till they were diminished to an isolated one here and there by the increasing fertility of the soil. Beyond the irregular carpet of grass was a row of white palings, which marked the verge of the heath in this latitude. They showed upon the dusky scene that they bordered as distinctly as white lace on velvet. Behind the white palings was a little garden; behind the garden an old, irregular, thatched house, facing the heath, and commanding a full view of the valley. This was the obscure, removed spot to which was about to return a man whose latter life had been passed in the French capital—the centre of the fashionable world.

CHAPTER II.

THE PEOPLE AT BLOOMS END MAKE READY.

All that afternoon the expected arrival of the subject of Eustacia's ruminations created a bustle of preparation at Blooms End. Thomasin had been persuaded by her aunt, and by an instinctive impulse of loyalty toward her cousin Clym, to bestir herself on his account with an alacrity unusual in her during these most sorrowful days of her life. At the time that Eustacia was listening to the rick-makers' conversation on Clym's return, Thomasin was climbing into a loft over her aunt's fuel-house, where the store apples were kept, to search out the best and largest of them for the coming holiday time.

The loft was lighted by a semicircular hole, through which the pigeons crept to their lodgings in the same high quarters of the premises; and from this hole the sun shone in a bright yellow patch upon the figure of the maiden as she knelt and plunged her naked arms into the soft brown fern, which, from its abundance, was used on Egdon in packing away stores of all kinds. The pigeons were flying about her head with the greatest unconcern, and the face of her aunt was just visible above the floor of the loft, lit by a few stray motes of light, as she stood half-way up the ladder, looking at a spot into which she was not climber enough to venture.

"Now a few russets, Tamsin. He used to like them almost as well as ribstones."

Thomasin turned and rolled aside the fern from another nook, where more mellow fruit greeted her with its ripe smell. Before picking them out she stopped a moment.

"Dear Clym, I wonder how your face looks now," she said, gazing abstractedly at the pigeon-hole, which admitted the sunlight so directly upon her brown hair and transparent tissues that it almost seemed to shine through her.

"If he could have been dear to you in another way," said Mrs. Yeobright from the ladder, "this might have been a happy meeting."

"Is there any use in saying what can do no good, aunt?"

"Yes," said her aunt, with some warmth. "To thoroughly fill the air with the past misfortune, so that other girls may take warning and keep clear of it."

Thomasin lowered her face to the apples again. "I am a warning to others, just as thieves and drunkards and gamblers are," she said, in a low voice. "What a class to belong to! Do I really belong to them? 'Tis absurd. Yet why, aunt, does every body keep on making me think that I do, by the way they behave toward me? Why don't people judge me by my acts? Now look at me as I kneel here picking up these apples —do I look like a lost woman? . . . . I wish

all good women were as good as I!" she added, vehemently.

"Strangers don't see you as I do," said Mrs. Yeobright; "they judge from false reports. Well, it is a silly job, and I am partly to blame."

"How quickly a rash thing can be done!" Her lips were quivering, and tears so crowded themselves into her eyes that she could hardly distinguish apples from fern as she continued industriously searching to hide her weakness.



"THE FACE OF HER AUNT WAS JUST VISIBLE ABOVE THE FLOOR OF THE LOFT."

"As soon as you have finished getting the apples," her aunt said, descending the ladder, "come down, and we'll go for the holly. There is nobody on the heath this after-

noon, and you need not fear being stared at. We must get some berries, or Clym will never believe in our preparations."

Thomasin came down when the apples were collected, and together they went through the white palings to the heath beyond. The open hills were airy and clear, and the remote atmosphere appeared, as it often appears on a fine winter day, in distinct planes of illumination independently toned, the rays which lit the nearer tracts of landscape streaming visibly across those further off: a stratum of ensaffroned light was imposed on a stratum of deep blue, and behind these lay still remoter scenes wrapped in frigid gray.

They reached the place where the hollies grew, which was in a conical pit, so that the tops of the trees were not much above the general level of the ground. Thomasin stepped up into a fork of one of the bushes, as she had done under happier circumstances on many similar occasions, and with a small chopper they had brought began to lop off the heavily berried boughs.

"Don't scratch your face," said her aunt, who stood at the edge of the pit, regarding the girl as she held on amid the glistening green and scarlet masses of the tree. "Will you walk with me to meet him this evening?"

"I should like to. Else it would seem as if I had forgotten him," said Thomasin, tossing out a bough. "Not that that would matter much: I belong to one man; nothing can alter that. And that man I must marry, for my pride's sake."

"I am afraid—" began Mrs. Yeobright.

"Ah, you think, 'That weak girl—how is she going to get a man to marry her when she chooses?' But let me tell you one thing, aunt—Mr. Wildeve is not a profligate man any more than I am an improper woman. He has an unfortunate manner, and doesn't try to make people like him if they don't wish to do it of their own accord."

"Thomasin," said Mrs. Yeobright, quietly, fixing her eye upon her niece, "do you think you deceive me in your defense of Mr. Wildeve?"

"How do you mean?"

"I have long had a suspicion that your love for him has changed its color since you have found him not to be the saint you thought him, and that you act a part to me."

"He wished to marry me, and I wish to marry him."

"Now I put it to you: Would you at this present moment agree to be his wife if that had not happened to entangle you with him?"

Thomasin looked into the tree and appeared much disturbed. "Aunt," she said, presently, "I have, I think, a right to refuse to answer that question."

"Yes, you have."

"You may think what you choose. I have never implied to you by word or deed that I have grown to think otherwise of him, and I never will. And I shall marry him."

"Well, wait till he repeats his offer. I think he may do it now that he knows—something I told him. I don't for a moment dispute that it is the most proper thing for you to marry him. Much as I have objected to him in by-gone days, I agree with you now, you may be sure. It is the only way out of a false position, and a very galling one."

"What did you tell him?"

"That he was standing in the way of another lover of yours."

"Aunt," said Thomasin, with round eyes, "what *do* you mean?"

"Don't be alarmed; it was my duty. I can say no more about it now, but when it is over I will tell you exactly what I said, and why I said it."

Thomasin was perforce content.

"And you will keep the secret of my would-be marriage from Clym for the present?" she next asked.

"I have given my word to. But what is the use of it? He must soon know what has happened. A mere look at your face will show him that something is wrong."

Thomasin turned and regarded her aunt from the tree. "Now hearken to me," she said, her delicate voice expanding into firmness by a force which was other than physical. "Tell him nothing. If he finds out that I am not worthy to be his cousin, let him. But, since he loved me once, we will not pain him by telling him my trouble too soon. The air is full of the story, I know; but gossips will not dare to speak of it to him for the first few days. His closeness to me is the very thing that will hinder the tale from reaching him early. If I am not made safe from sneers in a week or two, I will tell him myself."

The earnestness with which Thomasin spoke prevented further objections. Her aunt simply said, "Very well. He should by rights have been told at the time that the wedding was going to be. He will never forgive you for your secrecy."

"Yes, he will, when he knows it was because I wished to spare him, and that I did not expect him home so soon. And you must not let me stand in the way of your Christmas party. Putting it off would only make matters worse."

"Of course I shall not. I don't wish to show myself beaten before all Egdon as the sport of a man like Wildeve. We have enough berries now, I think, and we had better take them home. By the time we have decked the house with this, and hung up the mistletoe, we must think of starting to meet him."

Thomasin came out of the tree, shook from her hair and dress the loose berries which had fallen thereon, and went down the hill with her aunt, each woman bearing half the gathered boughs. It was now nearly four o'clock, and the sunlight was leaving the vales. When the west grew red the two relatives came again from the house, and plunged into the heath in a different direction from the first, toward a point in the distant highway along which the expected man was to return.

CHAPTER III.

HOW A LITTLE SOUND PRODUCED A GREAT DREAM.

EUSTACIA stood just within the heath, straining her eyes in the direction of Mrs. Yeobright's house and premises. No light, sound, or movement was perceptible there. The evening was chilly; the spot was dark and lonely. She inferred that the guest had not yet come; and after lingering ten or fifteen minutes she turned again toward home.

She had not far retraced her steps when sounds in front of her betokened the approach of persons in conversation along the same path. Soon their heads became visible against the sky. They were walking slowly, and though it was too dark for much discovery of character from aspect, the gait of them showed that they were not workers on the heath. Eustacia stepped a little out of the foot-track to let them pass. They were two women and a man; and the voices of the women were those of Mrs. Yeobright and Thomasin.

They went by her, and at the moment of passing appeared to discern her dusky form. There came to her ears, in a masculine voice, "Good-night."

She murmured a reply, glided by them, and then turned round. She could not, for a moment, believe that chance, unimplored, had brought into her presence the soul of the house she had gone to inspect, the man without whom her inspection would not have been thought of.

She strained her eyes to see them, but was unable. Such was her intentness, however, that it seemed as if her ears were performing the functions of seeing as well as hearing. This extension of power can almost be believed in at such moments. The deaf Dr. Kitto was probably under the influence of a parallel fancy when he described his body as having become, by long endeavor, so sensitive to vibrations that he had gained the power of perceiving by it as by ears.

She could follow every word that the ramblers uttered. They were talking no secrets. They were merely indulging in the ordinary vivacious chat of relatives who have long been parted in person though not in soul. But it was not to the words that Eustacia listened; she could not even have recalled, a few minutes later, what the words were. It was to the alternating voice that gave out about one-tenth of them —the voice that had wished her good-night. Sometimes this throat uttered Yes, sometimes it uttered No; sometimes it made inquiries about a time-worn denizen of the place. Once it surprised her notions by remarking upon the friendliness and geniality written in the faces of the hills around.

The three voices passed on, and decayed and died out upon her ear. Thus much had been granted her, and all besides withheld. Yet herein lay the savor of the event.

Such an emanation from another nature would have awakened her curiosity had it come unattended. But during the greater part of the afternoon she had been entrancing herself with ideas of the rare fascination which must attend a being coming direct from beautiful Paris—laden with its atmosphere, familiar with its charms; and had felt what interest this man would have for her in particular, seeing that the heathmen had instinctively looked upon him as her born fellow.

With the departure of the figures the profuse articulations of the females wasted away from her memory, but the accents of the other staid on. Was there any thing in the voice of Mrs. Yeobright's son—for Clym it was—phenomenal as a sound? No: it was simply comprehensive. All emotional things were possible to the speaker of that good-night. Eustacia's imagination supplied the rest—except the solution to one riddle: what could the tastes of that man be who saw friendliness and geniality in these shaggy hills?

On such occasions as this a thousand ideas pass through a highly charged woman's head, and they indicate themselves on her face; but the changes, though actual, are minute. Eustacia's features went through a rhythmical succession of them. She glowed; remembering the mendacity of the imagination, she flagged; then she freshened; then she fired; then she cooled again. It was a cycle of aspects, produced by a cycle of visions.

Eustacia entered her own house: she was excited. Her grandfather was enjoying himself over the fire, raking about the ashes and exposing the red-hot surface of the turves, so that their lurid glare irradiated the chimney-corner with the hues of a furnace.

"Why is it that we are never friendly with the Yeobrights?" she said, coming forward and stretching her little hands over the warmth. "I wish we were. They seem to be very nice people."

"Be hanged if I know why," said the captain. "I liked the old man well enough, though he was as rough as a hedge. But you would never have cared to go there, even if you might have, I am well sure."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Your town tastes would find them far too countrified. They sit in the kitchen, drink mead and elder wine, and sand the floor to keep it clean. A sensible way of life; but how would you like it?"

"I thought Mrs. Yeobright was a lady-like woman?"

"Yes; but she was obliged to live as her husband did; and I suppose she has taken kindly to it by this time.—Ah, I recollect that I once accidentally offended her, and I have never seen her since."

That night was an eventful one to Eustacia's brain, and one which she hardly ever forgot. She dreamed a dream; and few human beings, from Nebuchadnezzar to the Swaffham tinker, ever dreamed a more remarkable one. Such an elaborately developed, perplexing, exciting dream was certainly never dreamed by a girl in Eustacia's situation before. It had as many ramifications as the Cretan labyrinth, as many fluctuations as the Northern Lights, as much color as a parterre in June, was as crowded with figures as a coronation. To Queen Scheherezade the dream might have seemed not far removed from commonplace. To a girl just returned from all the courts of Europe it might have seemed not more than interesting. But amid the circumstances of Eustacia's life it was as wonderful as a dream could be.

It was full of scenes, which delighted her in their sequence, differing from those of a theatre by melting into each other without hitch or delay. But it is unnecessary to give a detailed description of all of them, amounting as they did to nothing more than a dream after all.

There was, however, gradually evolved a less extravagant episode, in which the heath dimly appeared behind the general brilliancy of the action. She was dancing to wondrous music, and her partner was a man in silver armor, the visor of his helmet being closed. The mazes of the dance were ecstatic, and differed from ordinary movements in that each dancer flew along a few feet high in the air, like swallows over a mead. Soft whispering came into her ear from under the radiant helmet, and she felt like a woman in paradise. Suddenly, without stopping or breaking the curves of their motion in any way, these two wheeled out from the mass of dancers, dived into one of the pools of the heath, and came out somewhere beneath into an iridescent hollow, arched with rainbows, scented, warm, flowery, and transparent as a greenhouse. "It must be here," said the voice by her side, and blushingly looking up she saw him removing his casque to kiss her. At that moment there was a cracking noise, and his figure fell into fragments like a pack of cards.

She cried aloud, "O that I had seen his face!"

Eustacia awoke. The cracking had been that of the window-shutter down stairs, which the maid-servant was opening to let in the day, now slowly increasing to Nature's meagre allowance at this sickly time of the year. "O that I had seen his face!" she said again. "'Twas meant for Mr. Yeobright."

When she became cooler she perceived that many of the phases of the dream had naturally arisen out of the images and fancies of the day before. But this detracted little from its interest, which lay in the excellent fuel it provided for newly kindled fervor. She was at the modulating point between indifference and love, at the stage called having a fancy for. It always occurs once in the history of the most gigantic passions and appetites, and it is a period when they are in the hands of the weakest will. The irresistible monster has been the easily crushed atomy at some time or other. Ascapart, Orgoglio, Morgante, Margutte, Grim, Slaygood, whatever their names and character, all were once mere boneless embryos.

The perfervid woman was by this time half in love with a vision. The fantastic nature of her passion, which lowered her as an intellect, raised her as a soul. If she had had a little more self-control, she would have attenuated the emotion to nothing by sheer reasoning, and so have killed it off. If she had had a little less pride, she might have gone and circumambulated the Yeobrights' premises at Blooms End at any maidenly sacrifice until she had seen him. But Eustacia did neither of these things. She acted as the most exemplary might have acted, being so influenced: she took an airing twice or thrice a day upon the Egdon hills, and kept her eyes employed.

The first occasion passed, and he did not come that way.

She promenaded a second time, and was again the sole wanderer there.

The third time there was a dense fog: she looked around, but without much hope. Even if he had been walking within twenty yards of her, she could not have seen him.

At the fourth attempt to encounter him it began to rain in torrents, and she turned back.

The fifth sally was in the afternoon: it was fine, and she remained out long, walking to the very top of the valley in which Blooms End lay. She saw the white paling about half a mile off; but he did not appear. It was almost with heart-sickness that she came home, and with a sense of

shame at her weakness. She resolved to look for the man from Paris no more.

But Providence is nothing if not coquettish; and no sooner had Eustacia formed this resolve than the opportunity came, which, while sought, had been entirely withholden.

CHAPTER IV.

EUSTACIA IS LED ON TO AN ADVENTURE.

In the evening of this last day of expectation, which was the twenty-third of December, Eustacia was at home alone. She had passed the recent hour in lamenting over a rumor newly come to her ears—that Yeobright's visit to his mother was to be of short duration, and would end some time the next week. "Naturally," she said to herself. A man in the full swing of his activities in a great city could not afford to linger long on Egdon Heath. That she would behold face to face the owner of the awakening voice within the limits of such a holiday was most unlikely, unless she were to haunt the environs of his mother's house like a robin, to do which was difficult and unseemly.

The customary expedient of provincial girls and men under such circumstances is church-going. In an ordinary village or country town one can safely calculate that, either on Christmas-day or the Sunday contiguous, any native home for the holidays, who has not through age or ennui lost the appetite for seeing and being seen, will turn up in some pew or other, shining with hope, self-consciousness, and new clothes. Thus the congregation on Christmas morning is mostly a Tussaud collection of celebrities who have been born in the neighborhood. Hither the mistress, left neglected at home all the year, can steal and observe the development of the returned lover who has forgotten her, and think as she watches him over her prayer-book that he may throb with a renewed fidelity when novelties have lost their charm. And hither a comparatively recent settler like Eustacia may betake herself to scrutinize the person of a native son who left home before her advent upon the scene, and consider if the friendship of his parents be worth cultivating during his next absence in order to secure a knowledge of him on his next return.

But these tender schemes were not feasible among the scattered inhabitants of Egdon Heath. In name they were parishioners, but virtually they belonged to no parish at all. People who came to these few isolated houses to keep Christmas with their friends remained in their friends' chimney-corners drinking mead and other comforting liquors till they left again for good and all. Rain, snow, ice, mud, every where around, they did not care to trudge two or three miles to sit wet-footed and splashed to the nape of their necks among those who, though in some measure neighbors, lived close to the church, and entered it clean and dry. Eustacia knew it was ten to one that Clym Yeobright would go to no church at all during his few days of leave, and that it would be a waste of labor for her to go driving the pony and gig over a bad road in hope to see him there.

It was dusk, and she was sitting by the fire in the dining-room or hall, which they occupied at this time of the year in preference to the parlor because of its large hearth, constructed for turf fires—a fuel the captain was partial to in the winter season. The only visible articles in the room were those on the window-sill, which showed their shapes against the low sky: the middle article being the old hour-glass, and the other two a pair of ancient British urns which had been dug from a barrow near, and were used as flower-pots for two razor-leaved cactuses. Somebody knocked at the door. The servant was out; so was her grandfather. The person, after waiting a minute, came in and tapped at the door of the room.

"Who's there?" said Eustacia.

"Please, Cap'n Drew, will you let us—"

Eustacia arose and went to the door. "I can not allow you to come in so boldly. You should have waited."

"The cap'n said I might come in without any fuss," was answered in a lad's pleasant voice.

"Oh, did he?" said Eustacia, more gently. "What do you want, Charley?"

"Please will your grandfather lend us his fuel-house, to try over our parts in, to-night at seven o'clock?"

"What, are you one of the Egdon mummers for this year?"

"Yes, miss. The cap'n used to let the old mummers practice here."

"I know it. Yes, you may use the fuel-house if you like," said Eustacia, languidly.

The choice of Captain Drew's fuel-house as the scene of rehearsal was dictated by the fact that his dwelling was nearly in the centre of the heath. The fuel-house was as roomy as a barn, and was a most desirable place for such a purpose. The lads who formed the company of players lived at different scattered points around, and by meeting in this spot the distances to be traversed by all the comers would be about equally proportioned.

Of mummers and mumming Eustacia had the greatest contempt. The mummers themselves were not afflicted with any such feeling for their art, though at the same time they were not enthusiastic. A traditional

pastime is to be distinguished from a mere revival in no more striking feature than in this, that while in the revival all is excitement and fervor, the survival is carried on with a stolidity and absence of stir which set one wondering why a thing that is done so perfunctorily should be kept up at all. Like Balaam and other unwilling prophets, the agents seem moved by an inner compulsion to say and do their allotted parts whether they will or no. This unweeting manner of performance is the true ring by which, in this refurbishing age, a fossilized survival may be known from a spurious reproduction.

The piece was the well-known play of *Saint George*, and all who were behind the scenes assisted in the preparations, including the females of each household. Without the co-operations of sisters and sweethearts the dresses were likely to be a failure; but on the other hand, this class of assistance was not without its drawbacks. The females could never be brought to respect tradition in designing and decorating the armor: they insisted on attaching loops and bows of silk and velvet in any situation pleasing to their taste. Gorget, gusset, basinet, cuirass, gauntlet, sleeve, all alike in the view of these feminine eyes were practicable spaces whereon to sew scraps of fluttering color.

It might be that Joe, who fought on the side of Christendom, had a sweetheart, and that Jim, who fought on the side of the Moslem, had one likewise. During the making of the costume it would come to the knowledge of Joe's sweetheart that Jim's was putting brilliant silk scallops at the bottom of her lover's surcoat, in addition to the ribbons of the visor, the bars of which, being invariably formed of colored strips about half an inch wide hanging before the face, were mostly of that material. Joe's sweetheart straightway placed brilliant silk on the scallops of the hem in question, and, going a little further, added ribbon tufts to the shoulder-pieces. Jim's, not to be outdone, would affix bows and rosettes every where.

The result was that in the end the Valiant Soldier of the Christian army was distinguished by no peculiarity of accoutrement from the Turkish Knight; and what was worse, on a casual view Saint George himself might be mistaken for his deadly enemy the Saracen. The guisers themselves, though inwardly regretting this confusion of persons, could not afford to offend those by whose assistance they so largely profited, and the innovations were allowed to stand.

There was, it is true, a limit to this tendency to uniformity. The Leech or Doctor preserved his character intact: his darker habiliments, peculiar hat, and the bottle of physic slung under his arm could never be mistaken. And the same might be said of the conventional figure of Father Christmas, with his gigantic club, who accompanied the band as general protector in the long night journeys from parish to parish, and was bearer of the purse.

Seven o'clock, the hour of rehearsal, came round, and in a short time Eustacia could hear voices in the fuel-house. To dissipate in some trifling measure her abiding sense of the murkiness of human life, she went to the "linhay," or lean-to shed, which formed the root store of their dwelling, and abutted on the fuel-house. Here was a small rough hole in the mud wall, originally made for pigeons, through which the interior of the next shed could be viewed. A light came from it now, and Eustacia stepped upon a stool to look in upon the scene.

On a ledge in the fuel-house stood three tall rush-lights, and by the light of them seven or eight lads were marching about, haranguing, and confusing each other in endeavors to perfect themselves in the play. Humphrey and Sam, the furze and turf cutters, were there looking on, so also was Timothy Fairway, who leaned against the wall and prompted the boys from memory, interspersing among the set words remarks and anecdotes of the superior days when he and others were the Egdon mummers elect that these lads were now.

"Well, ye be as well up to it as ever ye will be," he said. "Not that such mumming would have passed in our time. Harry as the Saracen should strut a bit more, and John needn't holler his inside out. Beyond that, perhaps you'll do. Have you got all your clothes ready?"

"We shall by Monday."

"Your first outing will be Monday night, I suppose?"

"Yes. At Mrs. Yeobright's."

"Oh, Mrs. Yeobright's. What makes her want to see ye? I should think a middle-aged woman was tired of mumming."

"She's got up a bit of a party, because 'tis the first Christmas that her son Clym has been home for a long time."

"To be sure, to be sure—her party! I am going myself. I almost forgot it, upon my life."

Eustacia's face flagged. There was to be a party at the Yeobrights'; she, naturally, had nothing to do with it. She was a stranger to all such homely gatherings, and had always held them as scarcely appertaining to her sphere. But had she been going, what an opportunity would have been afforded her of seeing the man whose influence was penetrating her like summer sun! To increase that influence was coveted excitement; to cast it off might be to recover serenity; to leave it as it stood was tantalizing.

The lads and men prepared to leave the premises, and Eustacia returned to her fireside. She was immersed in thought, but not for long. In a few minutes the lad Charley, who had come to ask permission to use the place, returned with the key to the kitchen. Eustacia heard him, and opening the door into the passage, said, "Charley, come here."

The lad was surprised. He entered the front-room, not without blushing; for he, like many, had felt the power of this girl's face and form.

She pointed to a seat by the fire, and entered the other side of the chimney-corner herself. It could be seen in her face that whatever motive she might have had in asking the youth in-doors would soon appear.

"Which part do you play, Charley—the Turkish Knight, do you not?" inquired the beauty, looking across the smoke of the fire to him on the other side.

"Yes, miss, the Turkish Knight," he replied, diffidently.

"Is yours a long part?"

"Nine speeches, about."

"Can you repeat them to me? If so, I should like to hear them."

The lad smiled into the glowing turf, and began:

> "Here come I, a Turkish Knight,
> Who learned in Turkish land to fight,"

continuing the discourse throughout the scenes to the concluding catastrophe of his fall by the hand of Saint George.

Eustacia had heard the part recited many times before. When the lad ended, she began, precisely in the same words, and ranted on without hitch or divergence till she too reached the end. It was the same thing, yet how different. Like in form, it had the added softness and finish of a Raffaelle after Perugino, which, while faithfully reproducing the original subject, entirely distances the original art.

Charley's eyes rounded with surprise. "Well, you be a clever lady!" he said, in admiration. "I've been three weeks learning mine."

"I have heard it before," she quietly observed. "Now would you do any thing to please me, Charley?"

"I'd do a good deal, miss."

"Would you let me play your part for one night?"

"Oh, miss! But your woman's gown—you couldn't."

"I can get boy's clothes—at least all that would be wanted besides the mumming dress. What should I have to give you to lend me your things, to let me take your place for an hour or two on Monday night, and on no account to say a word about who or what I am? You would, of course, have to excuse yourself from playing that night, and to say that somebody—a cousin of Miss Vye's—would act for you. The other mummers have never spoken to me in their lives, so that it would be safe enough; and if it were not, I should not mind. Now what must I give you to agree to this? Half a crown?"

The youth shook his head.

"Five shillings?"

He shook his head again. "Money won't do it," he said, brushing the iron head of the fire-dog with the hollow of his hand.

"What will, then, Charley?" said Eustacia, in a disappointed tone.

"You know what you forbade me at the maypoling, miss," murmured the lad, without looking at her, and still stroking the fire-dog's head.

"Yes," said Eustacia, with a little more hauteur. "You wanted to join hands with me in the ring, if I recollect."

"Half an hour of that, and I'll agree, miss."

Eustacia regarded the youth steadfastly. He was three years younger than herself, but apparently not backward for his age. "Half an hour of what?" she said, though she guessed what.

"Holding your hand in mine."

She was silent. "Make it a quarter of an hour," she said.

"Yes, Miss Eustacia—I will. A quarter of an hour. And I'll swear to do the best I can to let you take my place without any body knowing. Don't you think somebody might know your tongue?"

"It is possible. But I will put a pebble in my mouth to make it less likely. Very well: you shall be allowed to hold my hand as soon as you bring the dress, and your sword and staff. I don't want you any longer now."

Charley departed, and Eustacia felt more and more interest in life. Here was something to do: here was some one to see, and a charmingly adventurous way to see him. "Ah," she said to herself. "Want of an object to live for—that's all is the matter with me!"

Eustacia's manner was as a rule of a slumberous sort, her passions being of the massive rather than the vivacious kind. But when aroused she would make a dash which, just for the time, was not unlike the move of a naturally lively person.

On the question of recognition she was somewhat indifferent. By the acting lads themselves she was not likely to be known. With the guests who might be assembled she was hardly so secure. Yet detection, after all, would be no such dreadful thing. The fact only could be detected, her true motive never. It would be instantly set down as the passing freak of a girl whose ways were already considered singular. That she was doing for an earnest reason

what would most naturally be done in jest was at any rate a safe secret.

The next evening Eustacia stood punctually at the fuel-house door, waiting for the dusk which was to bring Charley with the trappings. Her grandfather was at home to-night, and she would be unable to ask her confederate in-doors.

He appeared on the dark ridge of heathland, like a fly on a negro, bearing the articles with him; and came up breathless with his walk.

"Here are the things," he whispered, placing them upon the threshold. "And now, Miss Eustacia—"

"The payment? It is quite ready. I am as good as my word."

She leaned against the door-post, and gave him her hand. Charley took it in both his own with a tenderness beyond description, unless it was like that of a child holding a captured sparrow.

"Why, there's a glove on it!" he said, in a deprecating way.

"I have been walking," she observed.

"But, miss!"

"Well—it is hardly fair." She pulled off the glove, and gave him her bare hand.

They stood together without further speech, each looking at the blackening scene, and each thinking his and her own thoughts.

"I think I won't use it all up to-night," said Charley, when six or eight minutes had been passed by them hand in hand. "May I have the other few minutes another time?"

"As you like," said she, without the least emotion. "But it must be over in a week. Now there is only one thing I want you to do: to wait while I put on the dress, and then to see if I do my part properly. But let me look first in-doors."

She vanished for a minute or two, and went in. Her grandfather was safely asleep in his chair. "Now then," she said, on returning, "walk down the garden a little way, and when I am ready I'll call you."

Charley walked and waited, and presently heard a soft whistle. He returned to the fuel-house door.

"Did you whistle, Miss Vye?"

"Yes; come in," reached him in Eustacia's voice from a back quarter. "I must not strike a light till the door is shut, or it may be seen shining. Push your hat into the hole through to the wash-house, if you can feel your way across."

Charley did as commanded, and she struck the light, revealing herself to be changed in sex, brilliant in colors, and armed cap-a-pie. Perhaps she quailed a little under Charley's vigorous gaze; but whether any shyness appeared upon her countenance could not be seen by reason of the strips of ribbon which used to cover the face in mumming costumes, representing the barred visor of the mediæval helmet.

"It fits pretty well," she said, looking down at the white overalls, "except that the tunic, or whatever you call it, is long in the sleeve. The bottom of the overalls I can turn up inside. Now pay attention."

Eustacia then proceeded in her delivery, slapping the sword against the staff or lance at the minatory phrases in the orthodox mumming manner, and strutting up and down. Charley seasoned his admiration with criticism of the gentlest kind, for the touch of Eustacia's hand yet remained with him.

"And now for your excuse to the others," she said. "Where do you meet before you go to Mrs. Yeobright's?"

"We thought of meeting here, miss, if you have nothing to say against it. At eight o'clock, so as to get there by nine."

"Yes. Well, you of course must not appear. I will march in about five minutes late, ready dressed, and tell them that you can't come. I have decided that the best plan will be for you to be sent somewhere by me, to make a real thing of the excuse. Our two heath-croppers are in the habit of straying into the meads, and to-morrow evening you can go and see if they are gone there. I'll manage the rest. Now you may leave me."

"Yes, miss. But I think I'll have one minute more of what I am owed, if you don't mind?"

Eustacia gave him her hand as before.

"One minute," she said, and at about the proper interval counted on till she reached seven or eight. Hand and person she then withdrew to a distance of several feet, and recovered some of her old dignity. The contract completed, she raised between them a barrier impenetrable as a wall.

"There, 'tis all gone; and I didn't mean quite all," he said, with a sigh.

"You had good measure," said she, turning away.

"Yes, miss. Well, 'tis over, and now I'll get home-along."

CHAPTER V.

THROUGH THE MOONLIGHT TO THE OBJECT OF REGARD.

THE next evening the mummers were assembled in the same spot, awaiting the entrance of the Turkish Knight.

"Twenty minutes after eight, by the 'Quiet Woman,' and Charley not come."

"Ten minutes past, by Blooms End."

"It wants ten minutes to, by Grandfer Cantle's watch."

"And 'tis five minutes past, by the captain's clock."

On Egdon there was no absolute hour of the day. The time at any moment was a number of varying doctrines professed by the different hamlets, some of them having originally grown up from a common root, and then become divided by secession, some having been alien from the beginning. West Egdon believed in Blooms End time, East Egdon in the time of the Quiet Woman Inn. Grandfer Cantle's watch had numbered many followers in years gone by, but since he had grown older faiths were shaken. Thus, the mummers having gathered hither from scattered points, each came with his own tenets on early and late; and they waited a little longer as a compromise.

Eustacia had watched the assemblage through the hole, and seeing that now was the proper moment to enter, she went from the "linhay" and boldly pulled the bobbin of the fuel-house door. Her grandfather was safe at the "Quiet Woman."

"Here's Charley at last. How late you be, Charley!"

"'Tis not Charley," said the Turkish Knight from within his visor. "'Tis a cousin of Miss Vye's, come to take Charley's place from curiosity. He was obliged to go and look for the heath-croppers that have got into the meads, and I agreed to take his place, as he knew he couldn't come back here again to-night. I know the part as well as he."

Her flexuous gait, elegant figure, and dignified manner in general won the mummers to the opinion that they had gained by the exchange, if the new-comer were perfect in his part.

"It don't matter — if you bain't too young," said Saint George. Eustacia's voice had sounded somewhat more juvenile and fluty than Charley's.

"I know every word of it, I tell you," said Eustacia, decisively. Dash being all that was required to carry her triumphantly through, she adopted as much as was necessary. "Go ahead, lads, with the try-over. I'll challenge any of you to find a mistake in me."

The play was hastily rehearsed, whereupon the other mummers were delighted with the new knight. They extinguished the candles at half past eight, and set out upon the heath in the direction of Mrs. Yeobright's house at Blooms End.

There was a slight hoar-frost that night, and the moon, though not more than half full, threw a spirited and enticing brightness upon the fantastic figures of the mumming band, whose plumes and ribbons rustled in their walk like autumnal leaves. Their path was not over Blackbarrow now, but down a valley which left that ancient elevation far to the south. The bottom of the vale was green to a width of ten yards or thereabouts, and the shining facets of frost upon the blades of grass seemed to move on with the shadows of those they surrounded. The masses of furze and heath to the right and left were dark as ever: a mere half-moon was powerless to silver such sable features as theirs.

Half an hour of walking and talking brought them to the spot in the valley where the grass ribbon widened and led up to the front of the house. At sight of the place, Eustacia, who had felt a few passing disgusts during her walk with the youths, again was glad that the adventure had been undertaken. She had come out to see a man who might possibly have the power to deliver her soul from a most deadly oppression. What was Wildeve? Interesting, but inadequate. Perhaps she would see a sufficient hero to-night.

As they drew nearer the front of the house the mummers became aware that music and dancing were briskly flourishing within. Every now and then a long low note from the serpent, which was the chief wind instrument played at these times, advanced further into the heath than the thin treble part, and reached their ears alone; and next a more than usually loud tread from a dancer would come the same way. With nearer approach these fragmentary sounds became pieced together, and were found to be the salient points of the dance called "Nancy's Fancy."

He was there, of course. Who was she that he danced with? Perhaps some unknown woman, far beneath herself in culture, was by that most subtle of lures sealing his fate this very instant. To dance with a man is to concentrate a twelvemonth's regulation fire upon him in the fragment of an hour. To pass to courtship without acquaintance, to pass to marriage without courtship, is a skipping of terms reserved for those alone who tread this royal road. She would see how his heart lay by keen observation of them all.

The enterprising lady followed the mumming company through the gate in the white paling, and stood before the open porch. The house was incrusted with heavy thatchings, which dropped between the upper windows: the front, upon which the moonbeams directly played, had originally been white, but a huge pyracanth now darkened the greater portion.

It became at once evident that the dance was proceeding immediately within the surface of the door, no apartment intervening. The brushing of skirts and elbows, sometimes the bumping of shoulders, could be heard against the very panels. Eustacia, though living within two miles of the place, had never seen the interior of this old habitation. Between Captain Drew and the Yeobrights there had never existed much acquaintance, the former having come as

a stranger and purchased the long-empty house at Mistover Knap not long before the death of Mrs. Yeobright's husband; and with that event and the departure of her son such friendship as had grown up became quite broken off.

"Is there no passage inside the door, then?" asked Eustacia, as they stood within the porch.

"No," said the lad who played the Saracen. "The door opens right upon the front sitting-room, where the spree's going on."

"So that we can not open the door without stopping the dance."

"That's it. Here we must bide till they have done, for they always bolt the back-door after dark."

"They won't be much longer," said Father Christmas.

This assertion, however, was hardly borne out by the event. Again the instruments ended the tune; again they recommenced with as much fire and pathos as if it were the first strain. The air was now that one without any particular beginning, middle, or end, which, perhaps, among all the dances which throng an inspired fiddler's fancy, best conveys the idea of the interminable—the celebrated "Devil's Dream." The fury of personal movement that was kindled by the fury of the notes could be approximately imagined by these outsiders under the moon from the occasional kicks of toes and heels against the door whenever the whirl round had been of more than customary velocity.

The first five minutes of listening was interesting enough to the mummers. The five minutes extended to ten minutes, and these to a quarter of an hour; but no signs of ceasing were audible in the lively Dream. The bumping against the door, the laughter, the stamping, was all as vigorous as ever, and the pleasure in being outside lessened considerably.

"Why does Mrs. Yeobright give parties of this sort?" Eustacia asked, a little surprised to hear merriment so pronounced.

"It is not one of her bettermost parlor parties. She's asked the plain neighbors and work-people without drawing any lines, just to give 'em a good supper and such like. Her son and she wait upon the folks."

"I see," said Eustacia.

"'Tis the last strain, I think," said Saint George, with his ear to the panel. "A young man and woman have just swung into this corner, and he's saying to her, 'Ah, the pity! 'tis over for us this time, my own.'"

"Thank God," said the Turkish Knight, stamping, and taking from the wall the conventional staff that each of the mummers carried. Her boots being thinner than those of the young men, the hoar had damped her feet and made them cold.

"Upon my song 'tis another ten minutes for us," said the Valiant Soldier, looking through the key-hole as the tune modulated into another without stopping. "Grandfer Cantle is standing in this corner, waiting his turn."

"'Twon't be long; 'tis a six-handed reel," said the Doctor.

"Why not go in, dancing or no; they sent for us," said the Saracen.

"Certainly not," said Eustacia, authoritatively, as she paced smartly up and down from door to gate to warm herself. "We should burst into the middle of them and stop the dance, and that would be unmannerly."

"He thinks himself somebody because he has had a bit more schooling than we," said the Doctor.

"You may go to the deuce," said Eustacia.

There was a whispered conversation between three or four of them, and one turned to her.

"Will you tell us one thing?" he said, not without gentleness. "Are you Miss Vye? We think you must be."

"You may think what you like," said Eustacia, slowly. "But honorable lads don't tell tales upon a lady."

"We'll say nothing, miss. That's upon our honor."

"Thank you," she replied.

At this moment the fiddles finished off with a screech, and the serpent emitted a last note that nearly lifted the roof. When, from the comparative quiet within, the mummers judged that the dancers had taken their seats, Father Christmas advanced, lifted the latch, and put his head inside the door.

"Ah, the mummers! the mummers!" cried several guests at once. "Clear a space for the mummers."

Hump-backed Father Christmas then made a complete entry, swinging his huge club, and in a general way clearing the stage for the actors proper, while he informed the company in smart verse that he was come, welcome or welcome not; concluding his speech with,

> "Make room, make room, my gallant boys,
> And give us space to rhyme;
> We've come to show Saint George's play
> Upon this Christmas time."

The guests were now arranging themselves at one end of the room, the fiddler was mending a string, the serpent-player was emptying his mouth-piece; and the play began. First of those outside the Valiant Soldier entered, in the interest of Saint George.

> "Here come I the Valiant Soldier,
> Slasher is my name;"

and so on. This speech concluded with a challenge to the Infidel, at the end of which

it was Eustacia's duty to enter as the Turkish Knight. She, with the rest who were not yet on, had hitherto remained in the moonlight which streamed under the porch. With no apparent effort or backwardness she came in, beginning:

"Here come I, a Turkish Knight,
Who learned in Turkish land to fight:
I'll fight this man with courage bold;
If his blood's hot, I'll make it cold."

During her declamation Eustacia held her head erect, and spoke as roughly as she could, feeling pretty secure from observation. But the concentration upon her part necessary to prevent discovery, the newness of the scene, the shine of the candles, and the confusing effect upon her vision of the ribboned visor which hid her features, left her absolutely unable to perceive who were present as spectators. On the further side of a table bearing candles she could faintly discern faces, and that was all.

Meanwhile Jim Sparks as the Valiant Soldier had come forward, and with a glare upon the Turk, replied:

"If, then, thou art that Turkish Knight,
Draw out thy sword, and let us fight."

And fight they did: the issue of the combat being that the Valiant Soldier was slain by a preternaturally inadequate thrust from Eustacia, Jim, in his ardor for genuine histrionic art, coming down like a log upon the stone floor, with force enough to dislocate his shoulder. Then, after more words from the Turkish Knight, rather too faintly delivered, and nerveless statements that he'd fight Saint George and all his crew, Saint George himself magnificently entered with the well-known flourish:

"Here come I, Saint George, the valiant man,
With naked sword and spear in hand,
Who fought the dragon and brought him to the slaughter,
And by this won fair Sabra, the King of Egypt's daughter:
What mortal man would dare to stand
Before me with my sword in hand?"

This was the lad who had first recognized Eustacia; and when she now, as the Turk, replied with suitable defiance, and at once began the combat, the young fellow took especial care to use his sword as gently as possible. Being wounded, the Knight fell upon one knee, according to the direction. The Doctor now entered, restored the Knight by giving him to drink from the bottle which he carried, and the fight was again resumed, the Turk sinking by degrees until quite overcome—dying as hard in this venerable drama as he is said to do in the present day.

This gradual sinking to the earth was, in fact, one reason why Eustacia had thought that the part of the Turkish Knight, though not the shortest, would suit her best. A direct fall from upright to horizontal, which was the end of the other fighting characters, was not an elegant or decorous part for a girl. But it was easy to die like the Turk, by a dogged decline.

Eustacia was now among the number of the slain, though not completely on the floor, for she had managed to drop into a recumbent position against the clock case, so that her head was well elevated. The play proceeded between Saint George, the Saracen, the Doctor, and Father Christmas; and Eustacia, having no more to do, for the first time found leisure to observe the scene around, and to search for the form which had drawn her hither.

MY NEPHEW'S CROTCHETS.

OF course we must all be used to surprises; but when I heard of my nephew's proposed marriage, I must say I could not believe it. Indeed, I never should have believed it if I had not seen the young lady in person, his future bride. For Heinrich had sworn he never would marry an American woman, especially one who— But I may as well tell the whole story.

I need not say that we all of us were the more determined to marry Heinrich, the more fierce he was against the institution. He had always abused American women for "flirting," and so we abused him because he would not flirt, and we sought to inveigle him into the entertainment. He averred that it was monstrous that a marriage could not take place in America without a series of flirtations, as he declared, and that he should not marry here, because he was determined not to go through this established routine. Besides, he did not like the kind of women we had in America—saving the present company, he would add, with a bow to me. He hated all this woman's rights question; he disliked it even in its mildest form. He thought it ridiculous for women to educate themselves for colleges, for professions. In the old country, elderly women, to be sure, if they were left widows with a family to support, sometimes took up the trade or business of their husbands and carried it on in a respectable way. But this rush of young women to colleges and public places was simply disgusting. I suggested that in the old country I had seen young women who took up the thills of a cart and drew it along through the public highway, and to me this appeared more disgusting. Heinrich always ended the discussion by saying I knew nothing about the question.

So we told him there were plenty of girls of the other kind, and we introduced him to the "best society," where were young ladies who were as much disgusted as he at the idea of their taking up a profession, or anything that seemed like work. They even liked to have their croquet done for them,

and would let him bowl their balls through the wickets without complaint, while they gave their embroidery to their maids to finish. But somehow this set pleased him no better than the other; he found the girls "namby-pamby," and declared they had nothing to say, though they talked all the time.

"Such a mass of repetition," he broke out at last, "as their whole talk is! Last evening, at the Amberlys', we spent three good hours in wondering whether the Pringles would pass the winter in Rome, where Mr. Pringle said they were going, or in Paris, because Miss Pringle had written her friends they were to be there. It was an interesting speculation for about half an hour, as it was something we could none of us in any way decide; but we discussed it all dinner-time with our right-hand neighbor and our left, and again in open council.

"When we went back, afterward, to the drawing-room, I seated myself by two of the young ladies. I found Miss Amberly saying, 'I assure you, Hatty Pringle does have her own way; and if she has set her foot down to spend the winter in Paris, why, Paris it will be.'

"'But, Belle,' cried the other, 'you forget how determined Mr. Pringle is. If he has made up his mind for the family to stay in Rome, they will surely stay there.'

"My brain reeled," Heinrich continued. "Surely we had gone as far as we could to decide the matter half a dozen times before. Belle Amberly had whispered her views on one side, and Juliet had opposed them on the other, all dinner-time. John Shavers had said old Pringle was as immovable as a post, and Ben Amberly said you could as soon stir the north pole as Hatty Pringle. I had declared, for the fortieth time, that I had never met the Pringle family, hoping it might end the discussion. I crossed the room in despair to the piano, which under other circumstances I should have avoided; but even one of Miss Louisa's *bravuras* would have been a boon to quell the vapid flow of talk. But the subject was quite too engrossing even for this species of torture. The first words I heard were, 'Hatty Pringle has always said to me she could not endure Rome; she wished it had been destroyed in all these years, once for all, and be done with.'

"'But Mr. Pringle has declared to me, more than once, he would never allow a daughter of his to stay six months in Paris.'

"Then there was again an appeal to me. I repeated that I did not know the Pringles, and I wanted to add that I wished they were in the Red Sea, but I saw it would give too sudden a change to the conversation. One of the party began to describe the family to me, in pity for my ignorance, but Miss Louisa interrupted with, 'Well, I do wonder if they will spend the winter in Rome!' and again, 'Hatty Pringle has always said she never could endure Rome.'

"I rushed away to the other side of the room. I passed from one group to another. I had now a strange interest in seeing how long this conversation could be kept up without bringing in any new feature or coming to any decision; but by ten o'clock I could bear it no longer. I said good-night. My head was giddy, and I staggered like a beginner in the waltz. The room whirled about me as I took my leave, while even as I went I heard Belle Amberly again saying, in the same voice, 'I do wonder what they mean to do; but Hatty has always said she never would spend another winter in Rome.'"

Such was his tirade against the sex; and I must say that this was but one of Heinrich's prejudices. It was odd that he always liked to call himself an American, and insisted upon proclaiming himself an American born, and proud of his country; yet he never spared his invectives against what he called American institutions. One of these he considered to be "the boarding-house." He took the ground that all American families lived in boarding-houses. I pointed out the blocks and blocks of houses occupied as private dwellings. I tried to prove to him that there were happy homes in this country, of which his own was an example. He insisted that his was an exception, and that the reason the American women were so odious, either forward or namby-pamby, was because they had no idea of home life.

His other favorite object of attack was music in America. Indeed, he declared there was not any. There were no decent schools of music in America, no real teachers of the art. They took up the business merely to make money. The young ladies screamed when they talked and when they sang, and as for the concerts and operas, it was better to keep out of their way.

All this bitterness came out at his last visit home. This was the time when his experiences in society were such as I have described. Since then he had returned to Germany, and had been summoned back at the sudden death of his father. He came to a real grief, and, besides this, to an absorbing occupation, for by his father's death he was forced to take the head of a large and successful business. He had been early educated for this, and had been a number of years with a branch of the firm in Germany. Yet always he had been encouraged by his father to give time to the study of music, which he had pursued with ardor.

He therefore felt himself qualified to criticise the musical efforts in America, and he came back this last time more prejudiced than ever against women and boarding-houses, and especially the manner in which

music was taught here. His father's death made him disinclined to mingle in society, and in his determination to give himself to business, he declared he would give up all his old devotion to music. He would bury the old love, and not even put up a monument to her memory. He had become an American, and business should now be his mistress; he would neither think nor dream of any thing else.

Therefore I was, as I have related, overwhelmed with surprise when I learned that Heinrich was engaged to be married, and, moreover, to a young American girl, a teacher of music; besides all, he had met her at a boarding-house.

When I asked him if all this was true, he confessed it was so, and he told me the whole story.

"I had to go to Philadelphia on business matters," he said, "and a friend introduced me to a quiet boarding-house. I was disturbed, the very first day that I seated myself at dinner, to find that there was more than the usual number of apparently single ladies at the table, for opposite me sat two grim sisters, though happily I had a gentleman on each side. I did not enter much into conversation, but secretly determined to change my lodgings on the first occasion. My opposite neighbors limited themselves to passing the salt, while I was forced to discuss the affairs of the nation with my left-hand neighbor. My right-hand neighbor was already occupied with what I was disposed to call a flirtation with the lady on his right hand. I could not see her easily, for Mr. Comins—such I learned was his name—was a stout gentleman, and was so eager in conversation with his companion that he turned himself toward her constantly, concealing her face. I had not taken much notice of the conversation, though it was in a voice sufficiently loud to be joined in by those on the opposite side. I was saying to myself that here was a specimen of the manners of American young women; for by her voice, which I must confess struck me as more musical than usual, I concluded Mr. Comins's neighbor was young. None but an American girl would mingle herself so freely in table conversation. But Mr. Comins turned suddenly toward me to say, 'Is it not a mark of poor taste in Miss Milly to refuse a ticket to the opera?'

"I should naturally have agreed with her opinion, but how could I assent to a 'Miss Milly's' views? I could never commit myself to take sides with a roaring boarding-house young lady; and I was just summoning together my words to reply, when she herself took up the answer.

"'Oh, Mr. Comins, I am sorry to refuse any thing so kind; but I can not possibly go this evening.'

"'But, Miss Grafton, to hear Mandolini in the *Trovatore*—how can you resist it?' persisted Mr. Comins.

"'Only because it is not possible for me to go,' she continued. 'We have to-night a little performance of our own at our school.'

"'Your school is a humbug,' interrupted Mr. Comins. 'I always thought so, and I think so still more now. To give up Mandolini for the sake of some screaming school-girl performance! You are only ruining your voice by going to this school. How could you improve your style more than to hear Mandolini in the *Trovatore*?'

"'Mr. Comins, you know nothing about my school,' the young lady replied, with great earnestness. 'You talk as a blind man would of colors. Only ask my aunt, and she will tell you that this voice of mine, that you pretend to admire, was on its way to being ruined when I came here two years ago.'

"'If you had only had some of the best teachers,' said Mr. Comins.

"'That is precisely what my father thought he had found!' exclaimed the young lady; 'but after a year or two of their "instruction," as they called it, my voice had lost all its freshness; it was a real exertion for me to sing; I could not practice for a quarter of an hour without fatigue—'

"'Of course there is fatigue in singing,' Mr. Comins put in, 'as well as in any other exercise—'

"'Oh, not at all—not at all,' she interrupted. 'In our school we are taught how to use our voices, and how to spare them, and where they are; and I could now sing all day long without weariness.'

"'I must say I like the fatigue of singing,' said one of the grim ladies.

"'Your school pretends to too much altogether,' broke in Mr. Comins. 'What has acoustics to do with singing? If you want to sing, learn to sing. What is the use of studying where your voice is?'

"Again one of the grim ladies opposite spoke. She thought it was perfectly absurd to have pictures of the voice, such as she had heard Miss Milly describe. And the other grim lady said it would make her crawl all over to look into any body's throat, or think about her own. A gentleman opposite thought there was a great deal of humbug about the system Miss Grafton talked so much of. Indeed, the rest of the company at table seemed glad of an opportunity to attack Miss Milly Grafton and her favorite school—some of them, perhaps, for the pleasure of hearing her defend it; for it must be allowed she had a musical voice, and it was agreeable to listen to it, and I could not but admire her arguments. She continued her defense with spirit, until an inexorable clock in the corner struck the hour, when she started up, saying she should be late to her class if she did not hurry away.

"During all this time I tried in vain to get a glimpse of her face. Whenever she turned toward me, Mr. Comins managed to interpose his burly figure, and she more often directed her answers toward her aunt at the head of the table, appealing to her for support. When she left, every body began to talk about her; therefore I considered her one more specimen of the forward American girl, who makes herself the talk of a boarding-house. My displeasure was so great toward her that, out of contrariety, I took sides with Mr. Comins, who declared that to give up an opportunity to hear Mandolini in *Il Trovatore* showed a depraved musical taste, and I asked permission to take his ticket.

"But, ach! mein Freund! how I regretted my rashness by the time I was seated in the opera-house! Such a yelling, and screaming, and scratching of instruments! Verdi, to be sure, knows how to get up a musical row, if any human being calling himself a musician ever did. But even he would have fled from his own opera before the voice of Mandolini, as I did. Such a style! such distorted expressions! such discord! and what was more aggravating than all was the applause of my neighbors for such trash! I left my seat as soon as I could, and decided to forget my discomfiture in a visit to a friend.

"But I have not made that visit yet. In passing through Spruce Street on my way, I found the sidewalk blocked by a crowd. I stopped, as they did, arrested by the strains of music that came through the closed windows from a house upon the street. Ah! this was music! The chords came out upon the night like soft strains from Elysium. Yet it was not from Elysium. A pure alto voice was beginning to sing that beautiful air from Glück's *Orpheus* with which Orpheus controls the spirits of the lower world. It was admirably accompanied by the piano and the voices of a well-trained chorus. I listened with increasing pleasure, though I was shivering with cold. There was not a discord, not a single false rendering; the whole *scena* was given in a way I never could have expected in America. When the music ended, the sound of applause followed, and a murmur of voices within.

"'It is some comfort to have as pleasant sounds coming from that house,' said a gentleman standing by me, 'for generally there is such a racket all day long that a friend of mine who lived near was forced to move away. I can tell you, when the windows are open, and half a dozen pianos are each playing a different tune, and practicing and singing going on all over the house, there is a little too much of a good thing.'

"'The result is good,' said I.

"'Ah yes,' he answered; 'but I can not stay longer to hear it in the cold.'

"It was, indeed, bitter cold.

"'How much longer will the music last?' I asked.

"'My sister, who is one of the singers, was to be sent for at half past ten,' he replied.

"At this moment the moon came out from behind a cloud, and lighted up the door-plate, and I read plainly the words, 'SCHOOL OF VOCAL ART.' Now this was the name of the very school for which Miss Grafton had been pleading at the boarding-house. All at once there came from the piano the exquisite prelude that introduces the second act of the *Orpheus*. I could not longer stay outside. I sprang upon the door-steps and rang the bell. I forgot that I had not been introduced to Miss Grafton; I forgot I had not seen her face, and that I had made up my mind to condemn her severely. And when a young man opened the door directly, I boldly—ah, impertinently—asked, 'Can I see Miss Grafton?'

"'Not now,' was the reply; 'she is changing her dress as one of the Furies for that of an Angel.'

"Ah, my friend, was this prophetic for me? Was it thus that the typical young American girl who had always worn for me the features of a Fury, was to become for me now an Angel?

"Down the stairs there fluttered a dozen white-clad maidens, each with a gold band about her loosely flowing hair. They entered the large room, at one of the doors of which I found myself. A piano stood in front of a screen, which shut out what served as a stage, and in front of it about twenty ladies and gentlemen formed the audience.

"'Can any one be allowed to listen to the performance?' I asked of the young man who had opened the door for me.

"'Only the other pupils and the teachers, and a few who compose the artists' class, are permitted to be present, except occasionally some friend of the singer.'

"'Since I can not speak to Miss Grafton now, perhaps I might be allowed to wait in the audience,' I said, boldly.

"'I will ask madame,' replied the young man; and he went to meet a lady with a sweet face and gray hair and most dignified manner, who came at this moment from behind the screen.

"And here I became suddenly confused. What excuse did I have for my intrusion? How ever should I know my Miss Grafton in this band of angels that had swept by me—I who had never known her upon earth? I was like Orpheus looking for his Eurydice, only I should not know her if I found her. But the lady was very courteous. The young man had explained to her my request, and she said to me, 'If you are a friend of Miss Grafton, and will not criticise our unpretending performance too se-

verely, we shall be glad to have you listen as long as it gives you pleasure.'

"I had scarcely found a seat when the screen was removed. Eurydice came forward from some rocks made of brown paper, and a forest consisting of greenhouse plants and a few evergreens. She was accompanied by a band of spirits, and sung with clear voice, as though awakened from a dream, the lovely *aria* with chorus accompaniment. In spite of the simple surroundings, the impression was a powerful one. I had heard the *Orpheus* a year before, in Berlin, and knew by heart every note of it, and I would not have wished a particle of change in the conception or the rendering of the bell-like voice.

"A young girl by my side said to a friend, 'Do see, Lily! the rocks and plants are the same in Paradise as those in the lower world. The gas, to be sure, is brighter.'

"'You thankless creature!' said the other; 'what can you ask? In Shakspeare's time there was no stage scenery. And when the music is so perfect, one does not need any thing more.'

"While the chorus were singing, my mind was distracted by the effort to distinguish which of the Angels was my Miss Grafton. There was one lovely face that attracted me irresistibly. I fancied I detected upon it a slight blush and start of surprise when the glance met mine. But would Miss Grafton have recognized me? She might, indeed, have noticed me when I seated myself at the dining table. But what right had I to suppose that the most beautiful of all should be the 'Miss Milly' of the boarding-house? I ought rather to look for her among the ill-favored. I can't say that there were any who could be so called, yet I selected a short stout figure, with a slightly turned-up nose and of older appearance, who carried out more completely my prejudiced idea of the American girl of the period. But my prejudices were gradually melting away before the strains of exquisite music, and I was willing to consider them all a band of angels. Even my desire to discover Miss Grafton could not quite distract my attention from the charm of the music. And when the chorus were no longer singing, I could give myself wholly to the *scena* between Orpheus and Eurydice, which was given to perfection. I could not withhold my admiration.

"'These are our best singers,' said the young man who had introduced me. 'The two young ladies have been taught by Madame Seiler ever since the opening of the school.'

"The *terzetto* of Orpheus, Eurydice, and Amor was given in a wonderful manner, and the God of Love, with wings of paper, sang charmingly, while in the chorus there was not a sharp or hard tone.

"My interest and enjoyment were more and more awakened.

"'Pray who founded this school?' I asked of the young man.

"'It was established after the appearance of Madame Seiler's valuable book called *The Voice in Singing*. A gentleman of Philadelphia gave a sum of money toward the foundation of a school for singing. Madame Seiler succeeded in adding to it other contributions for a school where the voice should receive special attention.'

"'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'I am indeed glad that time and attention are at last given here to the cultivation of singing. Musical education here in America for young ladies has been limited to a little smattering knowledge of the piano.'

"'The school opened in 1875,' continued my neighbor, 'with ten pupils; it now numbers eighty-nine. All the branches necessary to a cultivated musician are taught, such as harmony, composition, and acoustics.'

"'I suppose there is some effort to teach these in some of our conservatories?' I said.

"'Madame Seiler has added to these studies,' he continued, 'that of the physiology of the voice, with the history and æsthetics of music, piano for accompaniment, the Italian language, choir and choral singing, style of expression in oratorio and opera music—'

"'Stop! stop!' I said, laughing; 'how are you going to find time for all this?'

"'The minimum length of study is four years,' he said, 'and a five years' course is required for graduation.'

"'I am glad to hear it,' I said. 'There is a feeling here that music can be taken in a season, like a sea-bath cure in summer.' I then spoke with admiration of the purity and flexibility of tone of the performers. Madame Seiler had heard my praise, and seemed pleased with my approval, and she gave me with animation a further account of the school. She showed me that its object was to attain a thorough musical education for the pupil by exciting to perseverance as well as by enthusiasm in its study.

"'One of the most striking features of the school,' she explained, 'is the giving of lessons by pupil-teachers to those less advanced.'

"'Why,' I exclaimed, 'this was the plan of the old Italian singing-schools in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the art of singing was at its height.'

"A lady near us, who had caught the word 'Italian,' exclaimed, 'But how much wiser to have our girls educated at home in this manner than to send them away to Italy! You know there are always as many as two or three hundred American students in Milan, and certainly such a life among foreigners is the last we should wish for our young girls.'

"The performance by this time was over, and the young man who had ushered me in had begun to pass round some ices. There was a flutter as of wings, and the band of Angels was approaching from the back of the stage. There was the laughter of girls and greeting of friends nodding to each other. What was I to do? Why was there not a trap-door to let me down, like the ghost in *Hamlet*? Was it the pug-nosed lady whom I must greet? Oh no; it was the loveliest of all the Angels who flitted to where Madame Seiler stood, who greeted her with outstretched hand.

"'Oh, my dear Milly,' said Madame Seiler, 'you did well to-night.'

"I stood stupidly still, glancing at her. She fixed upon me her large gray eyes, and said, quietly, 'Mr. Kaufmann, I hope you were pleased, and that you will be able to help me defend our school.'

"It was all simply done. No exclamation at my presence, no blushing embarrassment.

"She turned to Madame Seiler to say, 'Mr. Kaufmann heard an attack upon our school to-day at the table, and I am glad to have him learn to appreciate it.'

"'Miss Grafton must explain to you our system,' said Madame Seiler, as she moved away to her other guests.

"Miss Grafton pointed out to me the assistant professor who had played the piano. She went on to tell of their former performances. She wished I could have heard the *Magic Flute*.

"'Was that presented in the same way?' I asked.

"'Oh yes,' she replied. 'I wish you could have seen our Bird-catcher, Papagens.'

"'Did you dress him in feathers?' I asked.

"She laughed. 'We collected all sorts of ends of gay notions. You ought to have seen him,' she went on. 'We had fun enough over the whole thing. At first we were so awkward in our motions. In the rehearsals we had a way of plunging our arms into the air; they looked like a row of pump handles. Even our *prima donna* would come forward with her arms thrust out stiffly. Then Madame Seiler would show us how it should be done, with graceful gesticulations. Ah, if you could have seen her! And the music was so exquisite!'

"I saw that a charming spirit pervaded the school. The musical atmosphere was bracing and exhilarating, and it was an evident delight to Miss Grafton to express her enthusiasm. I did not learn till afterward that both Miss Grafton and her aunt supposed me to be a friend of Madame Seiler, as they saw me talking with her, while Madame Seiler had supposed I was introduced by Miss Grafton and her aunt; and my admiration of the school and the acquaintance of music I had betrayed had allowed them all the more easily to accept my acquaintance. I was pleased to be invited to a concert soon to take place, and walked home with my hostess and her niece with great gratification.

"I need not tell my dreams that night. I was Orpheus, and sought for my Eurydice in the lowest of Infernos—in a third-rate boarding-house. Again I saw her in the band of Angels, which suddenly changed to Furies, each wearing Miss Milly's face, distorted with a pug-nose. Nor need I tell of the bold manner in which I came out in support of the school the next morning at breakfast, quite to the discomfiture of Mr. Comins, and bringing a gleam of surprise even to the stony features of the two grim ladies opposite to me.

"My life now was mingled with that of the school. Miss Grafton puzzled me. There was a quiet dreaminess in her gray eyes, yet she was slight of figure and quick in motion, and there was a charm in her ever-varying expression. I could not call her manner coquettish, for there was a quiet simplicity in the way she greeted me that baffled me. I had been flattered that she had so soon recognized me in the audience, but she explained this very simply by saying that it had been announced some days before that a Mr. Kaufmann was to have the seat next Mr. Comins. So I was merely a Mr. Kaufmann, another of the boarders at her aunt's table—more agreeable, perhaps, than Mr. Comins, because I praised her school, but scarcely to be distinguished otherwise.

"She was very busy with her lessons, so that I could see her seldom. She spent the night twice a week in one of the suburban towns, where she was giving lessons.

"And I, who had been abusing American girls for their forwardness, found myself blaming Miss Grafton for her reticence. I had been bewailing that American girls showed no real devotion to the art of music, and now was displeased because Miss Grafton gave all her time and enthusiasm to it, and had not a word to spare for me. The rendering of *Orpheus* at Madame Seiler's school had brought all my old delight in music back to me. In America, then, I could have some of that dear pleasure once more. But now I found myself jealous even of Miss Grafton's love of music.

"I went to the concert to which I had been invited. Miss Grafton was one of the first to sing. Her hands trembled as she held her music, but she gathered courage as she went on, and sang with a rich voice and tender feeling. At first I scarcely knew whether I was most in love with her clear, exquisite voice, or with herself; but I soon found out. I found, too, that it was not by her own choice she was living in a boarding-house—even her aunt's. Her father had died two years ago, leaving his family

in poverty, when they had been brought up in luxury. Miss Milly was the oldest, and came to Philadelphia to cultivate her voice in Madame Seiler's school and to give lessons. She was singing also in a church choir, and was earning enough to bring substantial help to her mother and younger brothers and sisters. I learned that it was not merely widows who have to support families, but that single women often have to work not only for their own livelihood, but for those nearest to them. I found that many others like this young girl were giving their lives willingly for the support of others. And I found, too, that this was not a mere sacrifice of a worthless thing, but a glad consecration. For I wanted to take this young girl I loved away from the drudgery and the labor to which she had submitted herself, and to shower her with luxuries, and to give her hours of ease, like a Monte Cristo who has every thing at his command. But I found that till now her highest joy had been in her study of music, and when at last I made her study how to love me also, she would not consent to give up the work and labor, but only promised to be my wife when I promised she should continue her lessons at the School of Art."

So this was the way that Heinrich buried his "crotchets"—in marriage.

FREE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

ANY careful observer, passing along our busier thoroughfares, or happening into any country town on market-day, or any where else where men congregate, can hardly have failed to notice that while there are many strong ones and many hearty ones, there are very few who are either thoroughly erect or well-proportioned throughout. And when it is remembered that the large majority of men in this country are sons of farmers, merchants, mechanics, or laborers, it is not difficult to account for this one-sidedness of build and indifferent carriage. For, while the farmer's work is vigorous and in the open air, far the greater part of it, and especially the harder part of it, constantly uses his back, and does but little for his front, and particularly for the front of his chest. Mowing stoops him over and rounds his back; so do spading, and hoeing, and weeding, and lifting of nearly every sort. His back grows thick and strong, perhaps massive; so do some of the muscles of his arms, of his abdomen, and of his legs, until they soon so outstrip the others that his spine, getting once crooked from being so long and so firmly held in one position, never gets out of it day or night. While his whole work strengthens, it also stiffens him. He is seldom a good walker, the habit of always hitching up, though the errand is to a place hardly a mile away, contributing to this stiffness, found, as it usually is, with an inerect position as he rides, so unlike, by-the-way, that which is so common among the English stage-drivers, who elicited praise from Emerson for their dignified, grandfatherly air.

Few of the mechanic arts are any more favorable to symmetrical development and uprightness of carriage. The blacksmith, like the farmer, works some muscles tremendously; those of his hands, of one of his shoulders, and of one of his arms, for instance; but his legs are often indifferent, and his loins nothing great, while, in common with hosts of mechanics, his work is not done in the open air. Painters and plasterers have good wrists; carpenters plane and saw and drive nails well with their right hands; masons, with backs bent, lift heavy stones, which, with one of their hands, they have chiselled into shape for their purpose; shoemakers hoop their backs rather more successfully than any other trade; and the jewellers, compositors, designers, and all who do the finer, lighter work, would never, merely by their daily toil, develop into well-built, erect men if they kept at it for a thousand years. Men in mercantile life sit or stand many hours each day, are frequently burdened with important and trying work, have so many irons in the fire as to get no rest, and at the end of the day find themselves thoroughly exhausted, and in humor for any thing but vigorous muscular exertion. If their work calls them out much, it uses their legs only, leaving the arms idle, and so keeping the development but partial. The spade, the pick, and the bar of the laboring-man keep him stooped over in spite of all he can do, and he lives and dies, as Charles Reade described him in his admirable sketch of the brave blind swimmer of the Scottish firth, James Lambert—a man with a slouch in his gait.

Nor is the son of the professional man even as well off, for too often his father has scarcely one strong set of muscles about him, or any work or habit which materially aids digestion and respiration, while the years of sedentary work which were necessary to make him a skilled practitioner often silently but surely aided in rounding his shoulders and flattening his chest, and consequently actually cramping and weakening his breathing apparatus, if not impairing his digestive and other vital organs, and hollowing his face as well. But, notwithstanding these things, which would tend to warp and crook him, suppose that he has been favored with all the advantages which the best schools and universities could bestow, and so that the first third of his lifetime was all spent in fitting him to do well in the other two-thirds. Has this done any more to make him a well-proportioned,

strong, and healthy man, so erect, too, as to insure, whether on foot, sitting, or lying down, ample room for the proper working of all the organs in the human trunk? He did no regular work either at school or college to so bring him out. Oh, but he did! Well, what? Why, he used to play ball a great deal, and he skated, and swam, and took walks, and was into every thing the other boys were. And then at college he went to the gymnasium, or he belonged to the "university nine," or the foot-ball team, or the gun club, or he rowed constantly, and finally he was in the university boat. But which one of all these good things has brought him the thoroughness of proportion and development which, once obtained, are so easy to maintain, and which, when maintained, carry him through life free from so many of the ailments which abound among his neighbors, and which cost the owner so much? Playing ball uses the muscles of the legs, the loins, and of one arm, but that is about all, and, as the game goes now, for many of the players, save an occasional very short sharp run, there is really no great amount of work in it, after all. Skating takes one over longer distances, and so does more for the wind, but the legs do the work, and the arms are idle, while often there are but a few days of it in a whole year.

Swimming is excellent, but is also usually practiced but a short portion of the year, and seldom nearly long enough at a time to obtain either the physical benefit or the skill which more of it would bring, especially if done under good tutoring. Walking has many charms, but it, again, practically ignores the arms, and unless uncommon care is taken to walk with military erectness, the man carries the same slouch in his walk which is habitual with him while sitting or at rest. Nor is walking enough in itself, as Canon Kingsley had found when he said to the English clergy: "I should be ashamed of being weak. I could not do half the little good I do here if it were not for that strength and activity which some consider coarse and degrading. Many clergymen would half kill themselves if they did what I do. And though they might walk about as much, they would neglect exercise of the arms and chest, and become dyspeptic or consumptive." Going to the gymnasium is often a good thing to do, on two conditions: first, that one knows just what work will develop him where he is weak or unsymmetrical; second, that, knowing it, he will keep at it systematically and assiduously until he reaches the desired result. But how many do this? Not one in a hundred, scarcely in a thousand. He who starts able to put up a heavy dumb-bell over his head, too often devotes himself simply to putting up a heavier one, and then one heavier yet, so taking one arm, already stronger in its extensors, if not in all its muscles, than its mate, and making it still stronger, while the other is neglected, until the contrast between the two, instead of disappearing, grows more marked than ever. Or one has already abundant development of the muscles above the waist, but indifferent loins and legs, and instead of devoting his exercising hour to bringing up the latter, goes on increasing his upper works until his tadpole-like build makes him well-nigh a deformity, and gives his poor legs a heavier burden than ever. The trouble is not with the gymnasium. Our country is not without a goodly number of these institutions, often well appointed, and always with ample appliances for getting or keeping strong, if one only knows how. But the lack is of instructors who can at once see where the pupil's development has been neglected, can tell what work will bring up the weak parts, and can so impress the need of bringing them up that he will in due time effect most gratifying results. Where in the whole United States is there one such teacher? And, if he exists, where is he thus doing what he easily might do—building up weak and inefficient bodies, enabling men to do their life's work with vigor and interest, and scattering broadcast ideas which can not only not fail to do good, but which every man claiming to be intelligent ought to be familiar with? Let such a man open a gymnasium in New York city, for instance, centrally located and well fitted for his purpose; let him make the rate so low that all respectable men can afford to attend; and let him once show them that he can quickly and surely point out their physical deficiencies, and will plainly tell them of them, and then will at once set about removing them, and show by results that he is as good as his word—and how long will he take to win success in many ways most welcome, pecuniarily among the rest?

But how about the young man's rowing, and all the preparation therefor? Do not these fill the bill? Well, what has he done? Rowed, if a faithful oar, perhaps five or more miles a day for two hundred days a year, maybe for several years; pulled an equivalent on a fifty or sixty pound rowing-weight daily throughout the cold weather; run three or four miles three or four times each week in the cooler months, and has done some walking at intervals. And what have these done for him? Enlarged his chest? The foot-work has, but the rowing not one iota. It has thickened his back muscles so that close under the arms he girths more, perhaps, than before, but the whole front of the shoulders, the breast muscles, and the front upper chest, instead of filling out, have very likely, as in

the case of not a few well-known professional oarsmen, absolutely fallen in, until a *post-mortem* examination would very likely show, as it did with an English student fond of hard rowing, that the ribs actually pressed in on the lungs so hard as to indent them. The work was good so far as it went, and in bringing strong legs and loins, back and abdomen, contributed much toward giving him strength enough to hold himself erect. But, unless correspondingly difficult and continuous work was done for the front chest and arms, then he is disproportioned, thin in the upper arm, with shoulders habitually warped forward, very often enough to permanently crease his coat near where the sleeves meet the body in front. When, in later years, different associations, business cares, and long, hard headwork, accompanied as the latter usually is by only partial inflation of the lungs, get him out of the way of using these large back muscles, their very size, and the long spell of warping forward which so much rowing gave the shoulders, tend more to weigh him forward than if he had never so developed them, and instead of benefiting his throat and lungs, actually incline to cramp them. Here, then, he who has voluntarily given much time and thought and labor to the severest test of his strength and stay which has yet become at all popular among cultivated Americans, comes out of it all to begin his real race in life no better fitted, often not nearly so well fitted for it as some of his comrades who did not spare half so much time to athletics, but hit upon a sort which, instead of leaving the chest as it was, or cramping it, expanded it, enlarging the lung room, and giving the heart, stomach, and other vital organs all the freest play.

Now suppose that this spring two young men who have recently entered Harvard or Yale, and who in size, height, weight, age, condition, and spirit are as nearly matched as possible, should devote themselves, the one to becoming a rowing man, with an eye to coming out in the Junior or Senior year a powerful and skillful oar, the other to developing the front of his body as well as his mate does his back. They need not be strong at the start, but simply without organic weakness or defect—or even not that; let them come rather from the class which, a few years ago, President Eliot, of Harvard, said included a majority of those entering that university, namely, those whom he described as of "undeveloped muscles, a bad carriage, and an impaired digestion, without skill in out-of-door games, and unable to ride, row, swim, or shoot." Whatever footwork the rower does, let the other do with him, but for every hour's work of pulling that he does, let the other work those muscles of his arms with which he pushes and lifts, and at weights of such a size or work so hard that, at the end of the time set apart for it, both shall be as nearly as may be equally tired. While the rower's upper arms scarcely develop at all, the other's are, even in the first month, perceptibly gaining, and in a year he will have added an inch or even more to their girth as they hang down, while the increase as the fist is drawn to the shoulder, and the biceps set, will be more marked yet. Nor is this all growth and not development, for the change in the oarsman's arm is the better index of the growth. As they continue through the second year the contrast will become yet more striking, for, while the upper arms of the rower have had but light work, those of his mate are fit now for heavier than before, and need it to get him tired in the same time as the rower becomes so; and so the development increases, until it is almost if not quite as great as in the first year. And in the Junior and Senior years it still improves, until the arm that, at the start, measured down, say, ten and a half inches, and maybe an inch more up, girths now close on to thirteen inches down, and a clean fifteen up, while the oarsman can not show over eleven and a half or three-quarters down, and over thirteen up. That full justice is done here to the rower will appear from the fact that in the famous Oxford four which rowed Harvard in 1869 there was not an arm that appeared to measure thirteen and a half inches up, and this though they were men who trained, and averaged in weight nearly 170 pounds each; from the fact that Yale's excellent eight in 1876 could show an average of less than twelve inches down and thirteen inches up, and that many of the best oarsmen, professional or amateur, American or English, at the Centennial races on the Schuylkill were noticeably slim-armed men. Now let the two try in the parallel bars who can lift himself up and down the more times. He of the upper arm will soon reel off forty or even fifty honest dips without stopping; but if the rower can manage ten he will do well, even though the last do call for great effort. Now let them go to the striking bag. The rower may hit it fairly and even sharply, but see the other at it! Why, the heavy thud of his blow, and the way the bag flies suddenly upward, at once and most forcibly suggest that a blow from that fist would be a very ugly thing to face. But not the upper arm alone has been the gainer.

Look now at the corner and front of the shoulders of each, and especially at their breast muscles, and the position and shape of the chest itself. The oarsman's shoulders show in front no particular development, and his pectorals are light and thin, while his chest is very apt to sink down until it looks actually flat. But his friend

has beautifully turned shoulders, thick and compact; his chest is broad and round and full, while his pectoral muscles are simply magnificent. Should the two happen to stand near a statue of any ancient athlete, it would not take long, looking at their fronts, to tell which had hit nearest the best development of antiquity. Look, too, at their relative positions: the one's shoulders are well back, his head held high and erect, until it looks as if he could not hold them otherwise, so easy has it become. And indeed he is so well filled out in front that it is actually unnatural for him to be other than erect. But the oarsman will more than likely have the slouch forward of the head and neck so common in the laboring-man, and that muscle-bound look about the upper back, as if it would be impossible for him, as it often is in fact, to carry his hands out behind his shoulders until the backs of them are even within a whole foot of each other. It will not take long to decide which has the greater lung capacity, or the less reason to fear, in later years, any pulmonary disorder.

Now which is the thoroughly developed man? Neither. One's back is completely developed, and the other's front is. The rower's foot-work on land has given him equal powers of leg and loin, but his rowing, if he has used a sliding seat, has given him a decided increase of that power in the abdominal muscles and those of the front thigh and of the calf. But had the former, instead of devoting himself to front work alone, so divided his time as to develop back and front alike, if he would not have obtained quite as much power in front, he would have made his chest and whole body more comely and symmetrical, and not have much endangered his chances of having a full and handsome chest and upright port clear into old age. Only it is usually better to let the front work predominate, because most men, for the reasons already stated, tend to be more or less inerect and round-backed, or their work inclines them to become so.

But while professional men's sons and others who have had a liberal education have among them those who have devoted much time to some form of gymnastic or athletic work, the larger proportion have not, and so are not so well off as the farmer, artisan, or laborer, in having no strong muscles at all. Those that should hold them erect in sitting or standing are weak, and so in a very few minutes they slouch over, and continue so practically during their waking hours, while they sleep in even a more crooked posture. Walk through a railroad car, and nearly every man is somewhat rounded over or sagged in, so cramping the space that many of his vital organs ought to have. For a poorly built man to sit or stand straight always requires an effort, which soon becomes very difficult, while a well-built one will do so easily and unconsciously.

But while the suffering many of the muscles to go undeveloped, and the overworking of others, or the neglect of all, either in the man or his father, are largely responsible for the great number of inerect and ill-proportioned men in our land, too often the mothers also contribute to weak muscles and an indifferent carriage in the man. The Sandwich Island proverb has it:

> "If strong be the frame of the mother,
> Her sons will make laws for the people."

But is it not true that robust, vigorous women are not plenty among us, either in town or country? If the city man thinks city habits responsible for this, and looks about in the country, during his summer jaunts, for the rosy health and bloom of the ideal country girl, how frequently does he find them? Too often the farmer's daughter is but a weak imitation of her city cousin, paler even than she, less erect, less nimble of foot, while her mother is up before daylight, has too much work and too little play, and looks as if she had, and at middle age looks old and tired and wrinkled. Until a better understanding of the need of hearty and harmonious physical development obtains among our women, and until suitable and adequate work is done, especially in youth, to effect such development, their sons are always going to set out in life liable to be weak in many ways in which they might easily be strong, and had much better be, and to be often crippled and restrained from doing nearly as much or as effective work as they otherwise might. In a land where energy, and especially nervous energy, is in such demand, and opens so many fields of profitable labor, where boys too often go at once at man's work, and do as many hours of it daily, and assume responsibilities as trying as a matured man ought to encounter, it would seem unquestionable, at least if they hope to ever reach old age, certainly to come up to it in the full vigor of their powers, that every thing should be done to so nurse and train those powers as to render them uncommonly fit to endure all that they will be asked to. But is it not the fact that the majority of youths entering stores or offices, and passing in them long, close, confining days, until night finds them exhausted and wholly unequal, or at least disinclined, to any further effort, have not had, especially if city bred, any training worth mentioning which should bring them a good principal of health and strength to draw on? Through their school years, had they given even one tithe of the time nominally devoted to mental culture and discipline to care of their bodies, not the groping, desultory, aimless care

of them of the average school-boy, but a care aimed directly to do every thing to build and strengthen those bodies, and prevent any thing from weakening them, and had they had teachers qualified to bring them on in this direction, would not the results have been to them well-nigh invaluable? Where among us is there one solitary teacher, man or woman, who not simply sees, as did Arnold, the great influence on the pupil's after-life which a vigorous physical training has, but who has first found out just what work, and how much and what proportion of work and rest, will bring the boy or girl out at eighteen or twenty hale, sound, strong, and well built, knowing well the measure of his or her strength and what abuses it, and who, having earned these things, shows it in the training of each and all of his or her pupils? Here and there some light calisthenics are insisted on, or some special game, developing but a portion of the frame, is made popular. But if among each teacher's qualifications a thorough knowledge was required of the sort and amount of exercise which would bring each pupil up to a good standard of strength and vigor, and keep him up to it, which would show him what would overdo or tear down, and familiarize him with what every intelligent person ought to know of the care and development of his own body, and were the teacher further required, as in other branches, even if those other branches had to suffer, to show certain progress in this direction at the periodical examinations, would it be long before the effect would be felt, and most beneficially, throughout the land?

But how can one tell what sort and amount of work will bring up any given muscle to the size and shape it should have? There is no real difficulty in this. Emerson's rule that "in all human action those faculties will be strong which are used," could wish no better example. If one's right arm measures, either in the upper or fore arm, an inch more in circumference than his left, let him now incase it in a sling, as he would if its bones were broken, and let it lie idle for a month. Now measure the two again, and, especially if the man's occupation has been such as to give the hand in service at all heavy work, the inch will be almost the other way, while the active muscles will be and look full and firm; the passive, wizened, shrunken, and weak. What has enlarged the one? Vigorous use. What has shrivelled the other? Disuse. Very well, then, to bring up any particular muscle, use it vigorously. Use all the muscles vigorously, so often as experience proves most beneficial, with abundant nourishing food and quiet rest, and the increased bulk and power and the improved shape will surely come. "Elegance of form in the human figure," says Emerson, "marks some excellence of structure;" and, again, "any real increase of fitness to its end in any fabric or organism is an increase of beauty."

The muscles of the calf of the leg, for example, raise the heel. He who has them small and poor, inclines to walk flat-footed, does not raise his heel high enough as he steps, is not springy in his movements, and generally lacks the ability, for instance, to leap over even the seat of an ordinary chair, much more its back. Develop these muscles by raising the heels high many times daily, and with gradually increasing vigor and force, and soon they grow stronger and larger as well. The exercises which will call them into use are many and various, and of course but a few of them can be suggested in an article like this. For a development of them which shall be easy, simple, and sure, and which shall incur no risk to any one trying it, perhaps no exercise is more effective than simply standing with the heels, say, six inches apart, and then gradually raising one's self till both heels are as high off the floor as possible, and the whole weight is on the forward part of the feet. After remaining up a moment, drop slowly down, then rise again, then down. Twenty-five repetitions at a time will probably be enough daily, say, for the first week. In the second let twenty-five be tried each morning, and again each afternoon. Keep it up faithfully every day. The third week make the number at each trial fifty. Now it will be found that considerable strength has already come, and that the hundred thus accomplished in a day come no harder than the first twenty-five did. Had this hundred in all been taken at once at the first, on rising next morning there would have been very conclusive evidence of what muscles had been brought into play, by a lively ache running pretty well through each calf, all of which one avoids by this safer and more gradual way. If further proof is needed, just grasp the muscles of the calf as the exercise is proceeding, and find what an unmistakable swelling and hardening is going on. Now the fourth week make the number one hundred in the morning, and as many again in the afternoon. Do not miss any day or half day, but if you do, no matter; keep right on and get all the rest. When the first month is over, pass the tape around the calf in the largest place, measure accurately, and note the result. If a similar measure were taken at the start, now it will be found that there has been nearly or quite a quarter of an inch gain, while one can hardly fail to notice greater springiness and lightness of foot than formerly. The second month let the number be increased until the exercise is kept up continuously each morning and

afternoon for five or seven minutes. This is not long, but it may suddenly feel uncommonly so. Now to get further good out of this work, try something with which all boys are familiar—hopping on one foot. Before, both feet sustained the weight, now one has to carry it all. Hop straight ahead, say, a hundred good springs. Then return on the other foot. Repeat this daily for the first week, or nightly if day work is too conspicuous. The next week double the number, treble it the third, and quadruple it the fourth. The time taken will be very short, but to most persons the work will prove rather hard. But keep at it, and in another month a quarter of a mile can be done on one foot. There need be no more uneasiness about weak calves now. They have grown noticeably already. Without increasing the amount, continue daily the five minutes of heel-raising each morning and afternoon, and the thousand continuous hops on each foot once a day, and at the end of a year try the tape again. If there is a whole inch of gain, it need cause no surprise, and if there is a marked improvement in shape and proportion, it is only what might have been expected.

But has this used all the muscles below the knee? Nearly, those on the front of the shin-bone alone being neglected. Well, what will develop these? Stand as before. Now stoop gradually down until you can go no further. Now rise until erect. Now go down again, being very careful not to let the heels come up off the floor as you settle down. Then rise again, place the hand on the muscles in question, and they will not only be found to move, but to be hardening very perceptibly during the operation. Five or six successive stoops daily for the first week, as many each morning and afternoon the second, twice as many the third, and four times as many the fourth, and now this muscle is beginning to assert itself. If the forty stoops can be taken now each morning and afternoon the second month, and every month for the rest of the year, these muscles will be found to have made decided gain in strength and size, and nearly or quite enough to maintain their just proportion to those of the calf. Protracted fast walking also calls these muscles into vigorous play.

But three other exercises for the lower limbs were mentioned here, either of which any one can practice, and, if care is taken to begin with a small amount, and increase it very gradually, they will be found to aid materially in this particular development. The first is running on the toes, that is, without letting the heels touch the ground in any part of the step. Here, as in the hop, though not so forcibly, the whole weight is thrown on the muscles of one calf, but alternately only. Should one unused to this exercise happen to overrun, he will have most eloquent proof of this fact, on rising next morning, in the ache and pain in these particular muscles. The second is walking up hill. To show what this will do, even to muscles already magnificently large, Maclaren, Professor of Gymnastics at Oxford University, in a footnote to his admirable essay on *Training in Theory and Practice*, says that nine hours a day of Alpine walking, kept up for four months, increased his calves from sixteen to seventeen and a quarter inches in girth, and his thighs from twenty-three and a half to twenty-five inches. For these muscles, undeveloped, half an hour's daily up-hill walking at a good pace, bending the knees as little as possible, would in a year bring almost as great a gain as he made in the jaunt in question. The third exercise is in some respects the best of all. In the sand or soft earth notice the foot-prints. In most of them, whether the foot was shod or not, while the indentation is a little deeper at the sole than heel, it is only a little. Now let the walker, instead of getting the foot off the ground as easily as he can, press hard with it just as it leaves the ground. This, of course, at once deepens the forward part of the imprint; but it shoots the body upward an inch or so each step. Never mind: keep on. Before you have walked three blocks your calves will remonstrate vehemently against such unwonted effort, while, if your steps are not too long, and your shoe heels too high, your knees will knit and stiffen, and bend backward to where they ought to be in walking, but where in the flat-footed or partly flat-footed, far too common among us, they never are. Do daily the first week what can be done comfortably, twice as much the second, three times as much the third, and four times the fourth, and then continue the last number daily throughout the year. Let the pace be not great, but simply such as the person feels equal to. Perhaps no muscular exercise, certainly no foot-work, will bring more satisfactory results than this.

But the stooping above mentioned has been at work on other muscles besides those of the calf. As it is going on, place the hand any where on the upper or front thigh, and feel all the muscles harden, especially on the rise to the erect position. With simply the below-knee work already suggested, a girth of the thigh, taken in almost any part of it, at the year's end, will show a very encouraging gain. The stooping, hopping, and running have all called the front thigh into active play, and more stooping, this time with the heels off the ground, would have done more for it yet. Again, instead of stooping so low, just bend the knees a little, and straighten them again. Not so difficult as the full stoop, it can be

protracted longer, and will at once be seen—or rather felt—to exercise exactly the muscles brought into play in jumping or leaping, while, in common with every exercise recently mentioned, it contributes directly toward springiness and lightness of foot. Horseback riding also, where the foot is run into the stirrup but a little way, and so the weight thrown much on the sole, is excellent for the calves, knees, and front thighs. For bringing a great development of these muscles, long-distance walking and running, and heavy-weight lifting, as practiced on the lifting machines now in vogue, are among the speediest means.

For the under thigh there is not such a variety of work, and hence it is often found small and undeveloped, even in legs otherwise strong. The muscles in it lift the foot backward and upward, much as the biceps does the hand forward and upward. The walk above mentioned, where the pressure is forcible on the toes as they leave the ground, takes hold in this part. But to bring it into active play, lift the heel far up behind, reaching it also as far backward as possible, and simply holding it there, and now feel these muscles harden. Up-hill walking calls, especially with short step and stiff knees, also on them, perhaps as naturally as in any way. But to condense and hasten this development, tie a dumb-bell, flat-iron, or other weight snugly to the ankle with a towel or broad strap, and raise it far backward, and lower it, and repeat as long as it can be done with comfort. Then change to the other foot, and increase gradually for the first month, as in other work, and then keep it up throughout the year. Standing with the back toward, and a foot or so from, a vertical wall or fence, placing the heel against it, and pressing hard many times, will work the same results. For the actively inclined, who will take a little more time to it, one exercise in its benefit to these muscles is almost unequalled, and that is running with the heels thrown high up behind. This is simply admirable, and when done without putting the heel to the ground—as fast running always should be—probably does more for the entire leg than any other known exercise, seeming, in fact, to be, even more than walking, its natural work, certainly bringing size and development much sooner. For complaint is often made by those who walk a good deal that it does not make their legs grow, or, at most, but little. Now let them cover even half their daily distance, but with shortened step, stiff knee, and a sharp push with the toes, and there will soon be no more complaint of this sort.

But the intimate connection in many of these exercises between the muscles of the thigh and calf extends further, so that the same work brings other strength as well. Every step taken, especially every step taken while running or hopping, has necessitated the use of the muscles at the sides of the waist, their work being to help actively in holding the body erect. Whoever can, on either foot, hop half a mile at any pace without stopping, will not be troubled with a feeble or unshapely waist. Blondin, Farini, and the tight-rope walkers, from their constant vigorous efforts to maintain their equilibrium, and the Græco-Roman wrestlers of to-day, are especially strong in this region, while the carriers at the meat markets, who will take a whole side of beef on their shoulders and march off with seeming ease, grow immensely powerful in these muscles of the loins. He who is weak here, and does not get what strength he needs from long-distance hopping, will find that a very few minutes each day spent at lifting the foot far out sideways, as if to reach some one standing at arm's-length off to the right or left, will quickly bring the additional size and strength. For the muscles of the whole back of the loins, or small of the back, stooping over forward and lifting from the ground small dumb-bells, a few times daily at first, then a steady increase in number as the strength advances, the knees all the time being held as rigid as possible, will tell directly in this part, while for great power of course there must be great work, such as they who lift pigs of metal habitually or other heavy weights by-and-by come to have. But the most popular severe work for this region is rowing, not arm-rowing of the old Hamill type, but that more worthy of the name, and which is becoming general, where there is a long swing of the body forward and aft, and a pull with the weight of the body rather than the muscles of the upper back alone, the feet all the time pressing hard against the foot-board. Whoever is weak here can not have done much hard rowing.

But, as already stated, rowing taxes muscles on the front of the waist even quite as much as those of the back. For when the stroke is finished, and the body, instead of sitting bolt-upright, leans a little back, it takes a vigorous effort of the abdominal muscles at each stroke to again reach forward for a new stroke, which means, of course, some two hundred or more of such efforts, or as many as there are strokes, to every mile rowed. And most valuable muscles are these in many ways, acting directly on the respiratory and digestive work within, and, when fully developed, aiding one greatly toward the erect and manly carriage, so essential to securing for each vital organ the play-room our Maker intended for it. Let any one, the next time he bathes where the noisy surf will sufficiently drown any sound he can utter to prevent its being heard by others, try a few shouts at the top of his voice, and notice how it calls these muscles

into direct play. Every public singer knows their value. But besides rowing, or where rowing is not convenient, let any one just before rising raise his feet as high in air as he can, and then drop them to horizontal again, and repeat a few times; or, keeping his feet down, raise his shoulders and body till he sits erect, and then repeat. Such of these efforts as he can conveniently make at first (for in this or any other muscular exercise it never pays to overdo), with the gradual increase, as in other work, for the first month, and the daily keeping up the amount then accomplished throughout the year, will bring a development of these layers of muscle which will surprise any one unfamiliar with what can be done in this direction, and will impart vigor and protection to the very important organs which lie directly within them. Indeed, the benefit to the internal organs of a strong and muscular body can scarcely be overestimated. But all of the exercises named tend to contract these abdominal muscles rather than to lengthen them. One of the best things to do the latter is first standing erect, with the hands high above the head, to gradually draw the head and shoulders as far back and downward as possible. Men with their spines limbered by long practice, like the India rubber men of the circus, can take the head down away to the floor. But while there is no need of such extreme work, moderate performance in this direction directly tends to stretch and lengthen muscles usually somewhat cramped and shortened by habitual sitting, or standing, or lying with the back flat, or almost curved out, instead of hollowed in, and the consequent sinking in of chest. All work above the head, such as swinging clubs or an axe or sledge; putting up dumb-bells; swinging by the hands from rope or bar, or pulling the body up till the chin touches the hand; taking the handles of the pulley-weights in the gymnasium as high above the head as you can reach, and then, with back to the weights, and standing firm, pushing the hands far out forward; the ceiling-work of the plasterer, and the like—these all do excellent service in bringing to these important muscles the length and elasticity they ought to have, and so contributing in a very great degree to the erect carriage of the body. All kinds of pushing with the hands, such as one does in putting them against any heavy substance and trying to push it before him, in placing them against upright parallel bars or a vertical wall and pushing vigorously forward, striking outward in boxing or fencing or swimming, or with dumb-bells, are capital, while the drawing of the head and body swiftly back in boxing to avoid a blow can hardly be surpassed as an aid in this direction.

For the development of the arms and of the muscles above the waist there are almost countless exercises. The work, for instance, for nearly all of them which one can get from a pair of dumb-bells or other weights, each weighing about one-fifteenth of what the man does himself, held in the hands, is actually surprising. Standing erect, and holding them in the hands, hanging easily at the sides, now carry the hands slowly backward and upward as high as can readily be done; keep them there a moment, and then drop slowly till at start; then repeat. It will not be a minute, certainly not two minutes, before one of average strength will want to stop, the muscles on the under sides of the arms and on the broad of the back urging him to that conclusion. A few strokes of this work daily, at first with dumb-bells, or weights of such size as seem to best suit one's purpose, and then increase from week to week, as in the other exercises above mentioned, and then maintained right along evenly after the first month, will strengthen and enlarge the under or inner muscles of the upper back, arm, the large muscles of the back directly under the arms, and on and about the shoulder-blades, and especially the muscles on the back of the shoulder, until even one year's work will render them plump and shapely, while if the work is still continued, and gradually made longer or heavier, or both, powerful shoulders will ere long result. Now slowly raise the dumb-bells in front from the down position till they nearly touch the shoulder—technically, "curl" them—holding head and neck rigidly erect, tipped back even, but never forward; then lower. Repeat this till it becomes hard to do, and increase weekly as before. The well-known biceps muscles are the favored ones now, while the pectorals get a good share, and likewise the fore-arm. If no dumb-bell is at hand, place one hand in the other and bear down hard, letting the other lift up. For the front of the shoulder as well, and the upper portion of the pectorals, or that part along the collar-bones, hold the dumb-bells out at the sides at right angles with the body and level with the shoulders, and raise them slowly high over the head; then lower, and repeat, and gradually increase, as in the other work. For raising, strengthening, and enlarging the chest this is capital work, while for producing strong and handsome muscles on the front of the shoulders, and getting the shoulders into proper position, it can hardly be equalled. For the fore-arm a strong grip, and whatever brings it—driving, chopping, rowing, fencing, single-stick, pulling one's self up hand over hand on a rope, twisting the dumb-bells around when held at arm's-length, or a chair or broom handle if dumb-bells are not convenient—all these, and more of their sort, will enlarge and

strengthen it, while the fingers and entire hand will grow strong and shapely as the work goes on. While these various exercises have been going forward, the neck has shared in the growth and development; and if special work is sought to give it additional strength and a proper carriage, practice carrying weights on top of the head. Erectly you must walk, or over will go the weight, and thus soon you form the habit.

One part of the arm remains, the triceps, or back arm, and especially the outer side of it. To develop these muscles push with the hands against almost any thing you like. If they are small and weak, push the dumb-bells up over the head what you can daily till a month's work has given them a start. Now place the hands on the floor, hold the body stiff, or as stiff as you can, and push, raising the body till the arms are straight. Now lower and repeat, and so on, whatever you comfortably can. When the month is up at this, try something harder, namely, a dip between the parallel bars, or if none are convenient, then between two chairs, or a chair and window-sill, table, or bed-foot. Now lower till the chin is level with the hands, and then rise till the arms are straight, the feet and knees, of course, never resting on any thing. In the previous exercise part of the weight only rested on the hands. Now they take it all, and the triceps is in most vigorous play. Now take the month of gradual and careful progress in these dips, and maintain throughout the year. If you can do twenty then fairly and without great effort, you have strong triceps muscles, and good-sized ones as well, that is, if you have had two legs and a reasonably heavy body to lift. Most of your friends can not do five dips respectably, many scarcely one. But lest your success should induce pride, bear in mind that one gentleman in New York has accomplished 125 dips without stopping, and this though he weighs upward of 180 pounds, besides being one of the most magnificently formed men in this country, with a forty-four-inch chest. His upper arm measures thirteen and a half inches down (half an inch more than Heenan's) and sixteen up, though he is but five feet ten inches in height, while Heenan was four inches more. He says that as surely as the ability exists to make many dips, so surely will there be a large back arm, and it was hard work that brought his. Slim arms may push up heavy dumb-bells once or twice, but it takes thick ones for sustained effort at smaller though good-sized ones.

Thus in a brief way have been pointed out exercises which, while free from risk, will develop about any muscles one wishes, while all else that is needed is simply the daily endeavor and the gradual increase. The road is easy. He who wants but little strength need do but little work, but he who wants great strength must do great work. If he has not perseverance, he will not get far. If he has, he can, especially with an eager companion, in an hour's work a day, aimed especially at his weak spots, render himself a thoroughly well-built man by 1880. The rules are as simple as those of any mechanic art. No expensive tools, as will be seen above, are required. The methods are portable, as a man travelling, for instance, can work as well in a hotel room as at home, can find a floor and a pair of chairs, and in-doors he scarcely needs more, while out-of-doors there is always the road. Many moderate efforts at plain and simple work, instead of the often dangerous and generally useless pranks of fancy gymnastics, or the risk of overdoing in hard racing of any sort—these are all that are required. But a few minutes daily at any muscles is all one will want or at first should take. But he must be frank with himself, and resolutely attack the weaker muscles, letting the others rest till they catch up.

But suppose he is already too stout and fleshy, what then? A little will power and perseverance are all he needs, and fortunately in our land these abound. On the 18th of January, 1877, a gentleman who has for years filled efficiently a prominent position in one of the United States offices in New York city, a middle-aged man, found that his weight, 305 pounds, was becoming a burden to him. In six months he reduced that weight, as he stated to the writer, over ninety pounds, and every one who knows him, especially his tailor, remarks the change, while mentally—indeed, in every respect—he says he is much better for it. But how did he do it? By walking from four to six miles each evening (for he could not spare the daytime), and at a brisk pace. Some nights it stormed, or he did not feel at all like going. At such times he simply added two miles to his ordinary stint, which shows the stuff in him. Did he change his diet? Very slightly, but the work—that, he will tell you, did the business. But suppose one is old, what then? We have seen a man of sedentary habits, and long out of the way of exercising, begin on the parallel bars at nearly sixty, and in two months, though a 200-pound man, make most creditable progress. At eighty a gentleman in New York city commenced trying to walk up the stairs of the *Evening Post* building, and there are eleven flights of them, of which there are nine from the street to his office. Any of the elevator men will tell you that, when the elevator is at all full, off he will go cheerily up all the nine flights, seemingly none the worse for it. Within a year he also told the writer that he still continued dumb-bell and club work before breakfast daily, and simply because

it pays; and he is certainly still a wiry, active man, even though it is sixty-two years since he wrote "Thanatopsis." Palmerston, fox-hunting when past eighty; Vanderbilt, no youngster, without groom or companion, urging his blooded trotters over Harlem Lane at a slashing pace; Gladstone, at sixty-eight, felling Hawarden trees by the hour, and for the benefit the exercise brings—are but a few instances of what old men can do when they try. None of these are more surprising than, in an intellectual field, the learning of German by Caleb Cushing after he had passed seventy, or Thiers's activity at nearly eighty, or, in all ways, than Moses's doing the forty years' best work in his life after he had passed eighty, and yet with eye not dim nor natural force abated. If some men, by oiling their joints daily—for, as Maclaren says, "they *are* oiled every time they are put in motion, and when they are put in motion only"—can keep those joints from grating and creaking and moving stiffly, even into a ripe old age, why may not others as well? And which of these things which man can, if he will, do so readily, can not woman do as well? It needs no money, very little time, little or no present strength. One thing only it does need, and that is perseverance. One-third of the time often given to the piano will more than suffice. One less study a day of those which are to-day overtaxing so many school-girls, and in stead judicious, vigorous, out-door exercise aimed directly at the weak muscles, and taken as regularly as one's breakfast, and is there any doubt which will pay the better, and make the girl the happier, the fitter for all her duties, and the more attractive as well? We trust that the day is not far off when no boy or girl will be sent to a school where care is not taken to develop vigorous healthy bodies, and when that vigor and health will be the rule and not the exception among men and women alike, and in every walk in life.

WHY JACK WENT TO EUROPE.

I.—HOW HE WENT.

CLARA HALL and Jack Henley sat side by side on the quarter-deck of a Cunard steamer one fine afternoon in October, and watched the shore of Long Island grow indistinct on the horizon.

It was their first trip to the Old World. They had made all the regulation promises as to letters, remembrances, and errands; had said "farewell" with all the various modifications of voice which each occasion demanded; and had dutifully listened to the parting words of Mr. Hall, delivered in his most imposing manner. "Jack, I intrust every thing to you; use your best judgment and discretion until I can join you. Clara, my dear, be a good girl, and do nothing wild or foolish; above all," he added, lowering his voice to her, "do not allow yourself to form any silly fancies for these foreign counts or barons; most of them are little better than adventurers; and it could only render you and us miserable. There! good-by, good-by, and God bless you both!" With that he had kissed Clara, shaken hands with Jack, and disappeared over the side with a last wave of the hand. Then the whistle blew, the steamer moved out of the river, and Clara and Jack got over the pangs of separation as quickly as they could. At the time we first make their acquaintance they had succeeded so well in disguising their feelings that you would have been very apt to imagine at first sight they were in comparatively good spirits.

The officer of the watch smiled to himself, and confided to the compass that they were a very good-looking couple. So they were. To be sure, Clara's face was not a regularly beautiful one; but nobody with such great dark eyes and delicate transparent complexion as she had will ever have to go far for admirers. Her heavy mass of dead-lustre hair, matching her eyes in color, was another enviable feature; but her figure was her greatest attraction: it was a little below the medium size, and probably neither the Old World nor the New could produce its superior for grace and symmetry.

I have always thought, however, that much as there was in Clara to fascinate the admiration, it was her unconsciousness and simplicity which opened all hearts to her. Impulsive and passionate and romantic she was; but she was wholly free from all the paltry affectations of spoiled beauties in general. It must, indeed, be confessed that this may have been chiefly owing to the fact that she never had been in the way of being spoiled, and not to any inherent strength of character on Clara's part, for with the exception of the youth who sat beside her, she had seen but little of men and manners outside of the works of fiction which she had succeeded in purloining and feloniously perusing.

The youth in question, sitting astride of the camp-stool, his chin, cushioned by his arms, on the railing, and a superlative Cabaña in his mouth, was a very fine specimen of young America. He was tall and strong, with fair curling hair and frank blue eyes which it was a joy to behold. The reader, gifted with a profound insight into human nature, would instantly have pronounced their owner to be a straightforward, efficient, and eminently good-natured young fellow—in which opinion every body else would have coincided. He was such a good fellow, as a general thing, that we shouldn't be too hard on him if he should happen to lose his temper before the end of the story.

And now it is quite time to allay the righteous indignation which it would be our duty to feel were two young people such as have been described allowed to cross the ocean together with no other protection against the assaults of the devil than their own innocence and honor. But let us be appeased! on no such flimsy pillars does their weal depend. The necessary element was at hand, though for the moment invisible, owing to a revolt of its internal economy against the undue familiarity of Neptune. In short, the excellent Mrs. Hall was very seasick, and could not leave her state-room. We are prevented, therefore, from making her nearer acquaintance at present; but inasmuch as we don't need her just now for any purposes connected with the development of the story, and since, furthermore, she won't be of much consequence any way, except to keep up the proprieties, we will content ourselves with remarking that she was a plain, washed-out, mild-mannered, and weak-kneed old party, whom nobody disliked and every body forgot as soon as she was out of sight, and pass on. What are Clara and Jack talking about?

The officer of the watch probably thought they were making love, for he kept down at the further end of the deck, and made believe not to notice them. But I don't think they would have been much put out if he had. They had known each other all their lives, and had never had a long separation or a serious disagreement; and however much people may be in love, they are not apt to find it out under such circumstances. Clara called Jack "cousin," but it was merely a *nom de guerre;* he was not even one of those distant removes who have all the fun and none of the disadvantages of nearer relations. He was the only son of Mr. Hall's oldest friend, who, dying when Jack was three or four years old, had bequeathed him to Mr. Hall. He and Clara had grown up as brother and sister. As to their falling in love with and marrying each other, it was a matter which, at any rate, had never been considered up to this time.

"Jack," inquired Clara, as the last vestige of America became invisible in the dazzle of the retiring sun, "are all noblemen wicked adventurers?"

The intrinsic peculiarity of the question, no less than its abruptness, came very near causing the loss overboard of Jack's Cabaña. Having assured himself of its safety, he replied, with a laugh,

"Bless your heart, no! What a deuced queer question! I always supposed they were a very jolly set of fellows."

"Nice for me to be acquainted with?" pursued Clara, indifferently.

"Why, of course," affirmed the unsuspecting Jack. "Just the kind. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Clara, carelessly. "I only wanted your opinion, that's all."

A silence. Jack's Cabaña finally went out, as any cigar, suffering from persistent neglect, will.

"I say!" observed he to himself at last, "supposing she should fall in love with one of them, though! I couldn't stand that, you know, by Jove!"

"I'm glad *he* don't think they're horrid," soliloquized Clara, "because if I *should* become acquainted with a baron or something, and he were to—" The wind carried away the rest, and Clara sat staring after it with wide-open eyes.

"Do you know, Clara," said Jack, suddenly, glancing over to where the officer of the watch still continued to walk his beat with undiminished abstraction, "I believe that old fellow thinks we are in love."

"Jack!" exclaimed Clara, with dramatic intonation, "what an absurd idea! He must be an old goose, then."

Jack made no reply, but regarded his extinguished cigar for a few moments with a very dejected expression, and then threw it overboard with an air of determination.

"Fool not to have thought of it before!" muttered he; "but I'll take better care hereafter."

"I wish you'd give it up altogether, Jack," said Clara.

"What?" exclaimed he, looking round with a start.

"Smoking, of course."

"Oh!" said Jack.

Whatever may have been the meaning of his ambiguous remark, Clara's interpretation was evidently not the correct one.

II.—WHAT HE DID.

Porpoises, an iceberg, shuffle-board, a storm, a steamer on the horizon, and land at last! Every body knows, either from experience or recital, what a trip across the Atlantic amounts to.

Disembarking at dirty Liverpool, passing through cloudy England to dirtiest London, and thence across the Channel to incomparable Paris (as it then was), Jack escorted his charges in safety to the Grand Hôtel. Mrs. Hall had worn always the same mild, unmeaning, appealing smile which she had brought uninjured from America; Clara was enthusiastic and charmed with every thing; and Jack had, perhaps, been less like himself than any of the party. He had fallen into a habit of ruminating and staring silently at Clara.

One evening, soon after their arrival, he was standing on the hotel steps smoking his evening cigarette, preparatory to retiring for the night.

"Queer how stupid a fellow gets the minute he most wants to find out a thing!" soliloquized he. "I used to know Clara like

a book, and now, hang me if I can as much as tell whether she likes me or not."

Blind, faint-hearted Jack!

Clara, in her chamber, braiding and putting up her hair, thus communed with the charming reflection in the looking-glass:

"What can be the matter with Jack lately? He doesn't seem so nice to me as he used to be. I wonder what's become of that lady whom he was so polite to last week at table? Perhaps he's in love with somebody." Here the charming reflection frowned ominously, and set its little teeth. "She'd better not!" exclaimed Clara, inconsequently, and turned off the gas with a snap.

You silly, ultra-speculative little Clara!

At breakfast next morning came a letter from Mr. Hall. All the important news, all the proper questions, and, "Oh, my dears," exclaimed Mrs. Hall, with weak-backed enthusiasm, "he says he'll be able to join us soon, and wants us to appoint a rendezvous, and send him word where it is."

Jack was on the point of declaring that no place could be better than where they were, when Clara took the words out of his mouth. "Oh, let's stay here! It's such a lovely place, and one can get such heavenly things, and meet such delightful people! Don't you say so, Jack?"

But Jack—inconstant man—had changed his mind already. "Such delightful people, eh? I shouldn't wonder, now, if she'd taken a fancy to that infernal French count who picked up her handkerchief yesterday." Such were the unworthy suspicions that flitted across his foolish mind. "Oh, I'm tired of Paris," he asserted, aloud, but screening himself in his chocolate-cup. "What on earth's the use of our staying here any longer?"

The expectant light faded from Clara's eyes, and her face, and a lump of sugar which she was balancing in her spoon, fell together.

"Why, where else can we go?" she asked, disconsolately. Was she not a young lady, and, having reached Paris, was there any thing else worth travelling for?

But Jack deemed his suspicions verified by her manner. "We haven't been to Germany yet," suggested he. "Lots of nice things there, you know—and nice people too," he added, with a quick glance at Clara.

Certainly there must have been a great deal of the breath of suspicion in the air of the breakfast-room that morning. It was Clara's turn to get a whiff of it this time: woman-like, she was even more fanciful in her absurdity than Jack. "I knew it! That woman he's in love with has gone to Germany, and he's bound to follow her!" Yes, it was as clear as day. "Why, do you know any one there?" she inquired, unconcernedly.

Then, in an evil moment, Jack remembered that Fred Wilmore, his college friend, was living in Dresden with his family. "Happy thought, by Jove!" said he to himself, and plunged headlong to destruction.

"Yes," replied he, promptly. "There are some friends of mine in Dresden I want to see. And that would be a very jolly place to go, anyway. I move we leave to-morrow." Then he mentally patted himself on his back for his cleverness. "Won't do to lose any time," thought he.

As for Clara, she shut her little mouth tight, and said naughty things to herself. "Very well, Master Jack, but just wait till I get a chance, and see if I don't pay you back for all this."

Dear me, did ever any body hear of such incorrigible fools? Yes, my dear Sir, but it's a way we all have—to forget our most intimate friends when we have no further need for them.

So it was all amicably settled. And excellent Mrs. Hall wrote home, in her thin-bodied, shivering handwriting: "The dear children and I are all unanimous to go to Dresden, John dear, so you may look for us there. It is delightful to see how beautifully they get on together; they seem made to make each other happy."

And Mr. Hall, reading this, pondered a while, and thought: "Well, well, I'm glad of it; and old Tom Henley would have liked nothing better."

The poor, dear, deluded old people!

III.—THE CONSEQUENCE.

"Now, Miss Clara, you know this monopoly won't do. Half a dozen times Jack may be all very well, but when it comes to seven, it's a little too much. Let me have just one turn, old fellow, do."

"All right, Fred," replied Jack. "But look here, my boy," he added, lowering his voice, "be careful whom you introduce her to, that's all."

Fred Wilmore nodded, and whirled off with his prize. But there was a twinkle in his eye that might have made Jack uneasy if he had seen it.

"Why, Jack dear," exclaimed Mrs. Hall about half an hour later, with astounding animation, "what a very distinguished-looking young man that is with Clara! Who is he?"

"*I* don't know," replied Jack, who had for some time past been fidgeting about in his seat, and had almost gnawed his mustache off.

Whoever he was, he was undeniably an unusually fine-looking man, and, what was more, it was evident Clara thought him so. To judge by her manner, as she leaned on his arm and looked up into his face, she was completely carried away; and indeed she was excusable. There was nothing wanting either in the stranger's manner or appear-

ance calculated to charm a woman. His eyes were dark and brilliant, his forehead high and white; a black silky mustache curled gracefully over his handsome mouth. In every movement and gesture shone forth the quiet grace and perfect breeding which we associate only with noble blood. Much as Jack hated him, he was obliged to admit that he was a rival worthy of any man's jealousy.

"Confound that Fred Wilmore!" muttered he between his teeth. "This must be that Russian prince he was telling me about, who was so handsome and accomplished, and such a scoundrel. I wish I could get hold of him, and ask him what the devil he means by introducing *him* of all men to Clara." But Fred was nowhere to be found; and Jack was just considering the feasibility of presenting a revolver at the head of Clara's partner, and demanding her immediate surrender, when they both appeared, approaching the corner where Mrs. Hall and Jack were seated.

"This is my mother, Mr. D'Aumen, and this is Mr. Henley," said Clara, quite oblivious of all Jack's angry manifestations. She seemed to have no eyes but for the gallant stranger, who bowed and smiled with graceful courtesy, and addressed a few pleasant words to Mrs. Hall.

"Pardon me, venerable madame," said he, speaking English with a most fascinating accent and turn of phrase, "that I keep mademoiselle your daughter so long away. See! I bring her again all safe back," he added, turning to Clara with a gay smile. "And mademoiselle has been very kind," he continued; "she promise you all come to my house to stay so long you are here; yes, you find it more pleasant than where you are;" and then, with another comprehensive bow and smile, he turned away.

"Isn't he glorious!" sighed Clara, sinking down by Jack, and clasping her hands. There may have been the least touch of malice in the fervor she put into her tone in saying this; at any rate, it infuriated poor Jack.

"He's an impertinent—puppy, in my opinion," exclaimed he, with difficulty restraining a yet more opprobrious epithet.

Clara looked positively magnificent as she drew herself up, with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks.

"I shall know better than to ask *you* for an opinion of a gentleman another time," she said. And not vouchsafing him another word, she turned to Mrs. Hall, and launched into voluminous explanations. "Mr. Wilmore introduced us, mother dear; he said he knew I'd find him the most agreeable man in the room, and that *he*—think of it!—was dying to know me. It appears he's under a sort of *incognito*, you see, and only allows himself to be called 'Mr.;' but from what I was able to draw out of Mr. Wilmore—he evidently knew much more than he was willing to tell—he must be enormously wealthy, and of the very highest rank. Why, if you will believe it, he owns the whole city of Moscow! Yes, he does really; Mr. Wilmore told me *that*, at least, and gave me his word of honor for it. And he—the prince—told me himself that he owned the largest house in town, and gave us all a most pressing invitation to come and stay there; he says he's particularly fond of Americans, and has often had them stay with him when in town."

"Very kind of him indeed, dear," murmured Mrs. Hall; "but—ought we to accept such an invitation? Jack dear, what do you think?"

"You may go if you please," said Jack, with all the majesty of despair. "*I* certainly shall not."

At this rebuff Mrs. Hall immediately collapsed, and Clara became even more inaccessibly haughty than before. An unusual number of emotions were at work in her heart this evening. Away down at the bottom there was a soft place for Jack; but I fear this relenting was partly due to the fact that she really felt herself more than a little captivated by the dashing young nobleman. His beauty, address, winning manners, and last, but, I imagine, not quite least, his high rank, combined to render him a paragon in her eyes. And then Jack was so cross and sulky, so different from—from what he used to be!

Jack meanwhile felt that the time had come for a final explanation with Clara. He had no doubt now of his sentiments toward her, but he had the greatest—or, more correctly, very little—as regarded hers toward him. This very night it should be settled one way or the other.

"Clara," said he, in a low voice, as soon as their carriage was on its way homeward, "do you mean to accept this—man's invitation?"

"Why not?" retorted Clara, all the more boldly from a secret sense of weakness.

"You know your father left you in my charge," continued Jack, "and told me to keep you out of danger."

"And who was it," inquired Clara, demurely, "who proposed coming here?"

Jack had no parry ready for this thrust. In his confusion, he said the only other entirely wrong thing that remained to be said.

"I should have thought, at least, you would know better than to be on such terms with a foreign nobleman. You must know they are all either adventurers or scoun—"

"Please to remember," interrupted Clara, quietly, "that you yourself told me they were 'a jolly set of fellows,' and 'just the kind for me to be acquainted with.' I've only followed your advice, you see."

Poor Jack! he hadn't a leg to stand on. "I've been a selfish fool," said he; "I see it now; but try to forgive me, Clara"—his voice became a little husky—"for I care more for your safety and happiness than any thing else in this world."

Now, when he said this, he had unwittingly struck the strongest possible blow in his own behalf. Clara, though she had made out such a good case, was far from feeling blameless. She knew well enough that her conduct required forgiveness quite as much as Jack's. Indeed, her suspicions about him had entirely lacked confirmation; her imagined rival turned out imaginary, in fact. So, when Jack took this tone toward her, she could not help feeling rather mean and small, and longing to jump into his arms and kiss him. But Jack, the dolt, was far too stupid to see his advantage, much less profit by it. Instead of that, he spoiled it all by blundering out, "It isn't often I ask forgiveness, Clara."

"Really, Jack," replied Clara, brusquely, "you needn't trouble yourself to do it now. There's no use being so tragical. Of course I sha'n't do any thing papa would disapprove of. We've always been good friends; why shouldn't we remain so?"

"And this is all you have to say?" asked Jack, in a very forlorn tone.

"What more do you want?" returned she, very much provoked at having been allowed to get the better of him.

"Nothing," he replied, gloomily; and they drove the rest of the way in silence, but for the weak snores of Mrs. Hall.

On entering their hotel, the first object that met their view was Mr. Hall, as stately, imposing, and serene as ever. Upon which there were great rejoicings, and much general conversation upon all subjects, past, present, and to come. But when Mr. Hall inquired how they had enjoyed Dresden, there was an impressive silence on the part of the young people. So Mrs. Hall proceeded to fill up the gap, saying they had enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and had made some very pleasant acquaintances. "And one of them," she continued, with a weak-minded smile at Clara, "advised us to change our residence, and—"

"Ah! well," interposed Mr. Hall, "I have already attended to that. To-morrow we leave this place—I don't consider the situation healthy—and remove to the 'Stadt Moskau.' That, I understand, is the best hotel in town, and the proprietor understands English, and pays great attention to the comfort of his guests." So nothing further was advanced concerning the "princely" offer that night.

Next morning at breakfast in burst Fred Wilmore, grinning from ear to ear. At sight of Mr. Hall he sobered down somewhat, and being soon after engaged in conversation of the solidest description by that gentleman, he was temporarily preserved from the effects of Jack's wrath.

"And now," said Mr. Hall, "we will summon the landlord, settle the bill, and take a conveyance to the 'Stadt Moskau.' A very fine establishment, I understand, Mr. Wilmore."

Mr. Wilmore here behaved in a very strange manner. He appeared to be unaccountably impressed with the idea that some huge joke was under way. Could it be suppressed laughter which nearly prevented his replying? "Oh! that's where you're going! Yes, prime, by Jove! I say!" he added to Jack, "it 'll save my explaining something to you and Miss Clara."

"It will not save my demanding an explanation from you, Sir," replied Jack, with severe dignity. But Fred didn't seem at all impressed, and chuckled away in the most outrageous fashion.

The bill was settled, and the conveyance waited at the door. In they all got. Fred, saying he was "bound in that direction," mounted on the box with the driver, and they rattled off. Arrived at the entrance of the "Stadt Moskau," he appeared at the door, grinning wider than ever, and assisted them all out—except Jack, who was in no mood for frivolity.

Scarcely had Mr. Hall had time to open his mouth in censure to the driver for demanding such an exorbitant fare, when a handsome and distinguished-looking individual appeared, hastening bare-headed from the interior, bowing and smiling with the utmost grace and cordiality. But how is this? It can not be—and yet it *is*—the Russian prince of the evening before!

"Oh!" exclaimed Clara, in a tone wherein surprise, pleasure, and consternation were present in equal parts.

"Ah!" broke in accents of mingled amazement, anger, and menace from Jack.

Mr. Hall, advancing unconscious, demanded, "Are you the proprietor of this hotel?"

"Oh, papa!" began Clara, coloring.

"Sir, you mistake," interposed Jack.

"I have de honneur," replied the "prince," with a profound smirk. "Ah, mademoiselle, so glad you come! de chambers are all ready. Vill monsieur in privat chamber breakfast, or at *table d'hôte?*"

Clara turned very pale, and felt a strong desire to sit down. Jack's face was a study for Albert Dürer. There is no telling what might have happened had not Mr. Wilmore discovered at this moment that he "couldn't stand it any longer, anyhow," and forthwith burst out into a most uproarious and contagious fit of laughter. It was irresistible, and first one and then another joined in, from the sonorous bass of Mr. Hall to the cracked cackle of his wife (neither of them had the faintest idea what the joke was),

until such an uproar was created as never had been heard in the "Stadt Moskau" before.

"Jolly, pleasant fellow, old Daumen," remarked Mr. Fred Wilmore, shortly afterward, as they were all sitting round the big china stove. "Began life as a waiter in Berlin, you know, and worked up."

"I understood Clara to say that he owned St. Petersburg, or Moscow, or some such place," began Mrs. Hall, in emaciated tones.

"Oh yes, I see your mistake," explained Fred, with great ingenuousness. "I translated 'Stadt Moskau'—City of Moscow, you know—and she thought I meant the real place instead of only the hotel."

"Such a stupid idea," said Clara, biting her lip, "to call a hotel a city!"

On the whole, I think it was a pretty square thing between Clara and Jack. That gentleman, by-the-way, forgave Fred not long afterward in consideration of a very pleasant piece of information imparted to him by Clara; and though I have sometimes thought it would have served them both right if she had married Fred, it didn't turn out so. Jack has learned to look upon the little mishaps above recounted as blessings in disguise, saying that if it hadn't been for them, there would have been no use in his going to Europe.

THE ENGLISH CIVIL SERVICE.

IN an article published in the July (1877) number of this Magazine, some of the vices of our civil service were exposed, and the English service spoken of as a carefully digested system that works efficiently and to the satisfaction of the nation.

The long approach which the English civil service has made toward perfection has not been reached without great care, experience, and time to mature it. Without attempting to trace minutely the progressive stages through which the reform has passed, an endeavor will here be made to give an outline of the regulations now governing it, and the results which have followed.

The chief ends to be obtained by the adoption of reformatory measures were to free the service from all political and personal favoritism, and to secure for it an able, faithful, and self-respecting corps of officers, who *receive* and *retain* their places by *merit only*. For this purpose, in connection with other aids, they established a system of open competitive examinations, free for all who possess the requisite character, health, and preliminary education to enter and contest the prize. A certain advancement in education must be proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioners before a candidate can be accepted for the competitive examination. On proving that he is not at fault in orthography, can write a good hand, is well grounded in arithmetic and English composition, a candidate can enter for further examination on these subjects, as well as other branches of science and literature. Should he go successfully through the necessary competitive examination, he is then prepared to enter upon his probation, and into the civil service of his country, which service has been made permanent and reliable, and is in some sense a profession, in which those who enter may rely upon remaining as long as they continue faithful and competent, and when unable from age or other disability to be of further service, they are retired on pensions.

By the English regulations the competitive examinations are open to all, whatever may be their social or financial position, who have the required qualifications; and after passing successfully these examinations, they enter upon a probationary stage, through which they must also pass, with the approval of their chief, before they can be permanently received into the service.

The departments open to the competition of candidates for first-class appointments are about forty-five in number. The educational requirements in these different departments or bureaus vary according to the kind of labor demanded. In some the standard is very high. The candidate must be conversant with the higher mathematics, some of the sciences, the classical languages, and literature. In others, with jurisprudence, constitutional and international law, mental and moral philosophy, with logic, and the Latin and French languages. He must possess general intelligence, with aptness for the duty of the position he is to fill. All persons employed in subordinate situations connected with the civil service, whether male or female, from porters, messengers, letter-carriers, country post-office and telegraph clerks, up to the higher positions, must pass an examination to prove themselves qualified for the posts they are detailed to fill.

Though education and character are the chief requirements, fitness and adaptation for special positions and work have their due weight; where unusual acquirements or fitness for duties of a high character exist, the officials are not so exacting on some other points as they would otherwise be. It is taken for granted that graduates in the universities are qualified in the classical languages and literature. Any one desirous of instructing himself as to the particular branches of education in which the thousands employed in the civil service of England are examined will find the same detailed at length in the report of the Civil Service Commissioners to Parliament in 1876, and also in Johnson's *Civil Service Guide*.

Temporary writers are employed by the day for such periods of time as they may be needed, to prevent the regular staff from

getting overstocked. Vacancies are filled by promotions upon the recommendation of the Commissioners, and new appointments are made only to fill newly created offices or vacancies caused by promotion. These vacancies "happen," but they are never *created* in order that they may be filled anew upon political or personal grounds. They occur only through promotion, resignation, death, retirement upon pensions, or such misbehavior as renders the occupant a discredit to the service. No member of Parliament, or any other person, however influential, has power enough to secure by personal effort the appointment of even a clerk of the lowest grade to any position in the English civil service, and all who wish to enter therein must travel alike the one road leading into its well-guarded circle.

The compensation of these men is very moderate, and once the examination successfully over, they must enter upon rather a monotonous though peaceful existence. But that existence is a security; over the head of the English civil servant hangs no sword ready to fall at a word from a hard-pressed Executive trying to satisfy friend, relative, or flatterer, or at a demand from equally hard-pressed partisans wishing to reward their hungry followers. Knowing that he is safe so long as he remains capable and faithful, no fear of sudden and undeserved removal haunts his days or renders him indifferent to a thorough performance of the duties of his post.

Advancement is slow; though a clerk of unusual merit may chance to obtain an under-secretaryship or even a higher office, the service holds out but little or no hope of fortune, high social position, or honors, except such as grow out of duty well performed. The inducements offered to a high class of men are the very important considerations that it is a permanency, and that they are retired upon pensions when disability from old age or broken health overtakes them.

It has been said that educational qualifications chiefly, even though determined by competitive examination, may not be invariable tests of competency; that good memory united to a plodding mediocre intellect, without much diversity or faculty of adapting itself to different conditions as they rise, can pass a candidate through the examinations, to the exclusion of more valuable men who under close examination fail at the moment to command all their knowledge of the subjects under consideration, and that there may hence be danger of creating a staff of level mediocrity.

It may possibly occur at long intervals that a man of unusually retentive memory may succeed at the examination, to the exclusion of one really more valuable; but such cases must be rare, and can not form any serious objection to the system now in successful operation. Even if true to a large extent, such a civil service staff would be far more efficient than any we have had for more than forty years; probably better, indeed, than any we ever had. Objections of some little weight might be raised against the best system that could be devised, but they would prove of no comparative importance when weighed against the great advantages secured by its adoption and successful operation.

In the first place, stability is secured, and the service freed from being a mere party machine under the control of political leaders, and subject to periodical revolutions as one party goes up and another down. Civil service in England is purged from favoritism, corruption, ignorance, and extravagance as far as any system yet devised and put into practical operation can be; it has also secured a well-educated, capable, intelligent, and faithful staff of officers, obtained by care in the assignment of duties and a sufficient term of probationary service, and well adapted to the calling they follow.

Compare such a satisfactory service with our own as it has been administered since the close of John Quincy Adams's term in 1829, and the comparison will be found lamentably to our disadvantage. Nearly all appointments to our civil service during this period have been made by political influence, and the entire patronage of the government has been regarded as the property, by right of conquest, of the ruling party, to be used for its benefit, and distributed among its workers as rewards for partisan service, with little or no regard to qualification for the posts to which they were appointed.

Down to the beginning of the present administration it has been the settled common law of both the great political parties which have alternately ruled the country, that all government offices belonged to the winning faction, and to members of Congress was generally conceded the control of the patronage—or the larger proportion thereof—of their States and districts. Any inquiry hazarded concerning the fitness of the persons thus presented for appointment is crushed by the reply that they are taken into the service for the *good of the party*, and upon the responsibility of their patrons, supported, perhaps, by a few promiscuously gathered names.

But few of the many thousands appointed under such a practice could pass the examination necessary to gain admittance into the English civil service as now administered. Under our system, or rather our want of system, it is utterly impossible to have an efficient or in all respects a really respectable service composed of honorable men winning their positions by worth and ability.

The idea has been circulated that eight years' service will afford sufficient reason for displacing any official and appointing a new man in his place. This rule is inconsistent with a well-regulated and stable civil service. The practice and experience of the British government in this particular are worthy of careful attention.

England never had so competent and in all respects so faithful a civil staff as the adoption of her present system, some twenty years ago, has given her. Does any one suppose that the estimable gentleman who now represents the commercial interests of Great Britain at the port of New York is any the less faithful to his country because he has been in her service for more than forty years, *twenty* of which have been passed at the post he now holds? As evidence of the estimation in which his appreciative government holds this long service, the order of C.B. was conferred upon him in 1865, and at the close of his public life he will go on the list of retired consuls with a handsome annual pension. Forty-two English consuls were living at the beginning of the present year who were retired on pensions on account of age or ill health. The average consular service of these forty-two retired officers was over *twenty-six* years each, and their average annual pension amounts now to £488, or $2347 each. Besides these forty-two retired from age and disability, twenty others are drawing pensions, whose places were lost from their consulates being abolished. The average amount of each pension allowed to this class is £427, or $2074.

Pensions do not begin until after ten years of service, but beyond this term they are gradually increased by a fixed scale of advance for every five years of additional service up to fifty years, when the annual pension on retirement equals the yearly salary of the consul.

We see by these facts how entirely the English government finds it for the interest of the country to offer prospective rewards for men to continue in its service; while the limitation of a few years more or less would turn off a civil officer just when his services had become most valuable, and would fasten upon the country, by established rules, that same "spoils system" which the people show such an earnest desire to be rid of.

So jealous have the English now become of the least appearance of Executive encroachment upon the rights of Parliament and the people, and so carefully do they guard the country against such encroachment, that any Prime Minister is immediately called to account for the least deviation or supposed deviation from the law and established usage governing the civil service.

A few years ago when Mr. Layard, then Under Secretary of State, was appointed minister to Spain, although he had been *attaché* to the English embassy at Constantinople, was second in the Foreign Office, and was unusually well qualified for a foreign mission, some members of Parliament thought the appointment a violation of the usage and rules for promotion in the diplomatic service, and brought the question up in the House of Commons, obliging the cabinet to give a full explanation of the reasons for Mr. Layard's appointment.

There is one division of the civil service in which all ship-owners and business men connected with foreign countries and trade have a direct and special interest. This is the consular division. Consuls, exercising their functions in foreign countries, acting under the watchful eyes of foreign states and peoples, should, both in their private and official character, truly represent the honor, respectability, and integrity of their country. In their selection reference should also be had to the nature of the duties required at the various consulates to which they may be appointed. No man should be sent as consul to a maritime port, where an important and perhaps the largest part of his labor will be to perform such duties as the laws, usages, and consular regulations require of him in regard to American shipping and all who sail under its flag, who is not tolerably familiar with shipping, its laws and customs, and with commercial affairs generally. If the consulate, as is most often the case, be one from which goods are exported to the United States, he should be business man enough to see as far as practicable that the Treasury is protected against fraudulent invoices. A knowledge of the language of the country to which a consul may be sent is a *sine qua non*, as well as an amount of general information concerning the commercial affairs of that country, and of the various exports and industries of his own. The manufactures and all industrial products having any connection with his consulate should be investigated with a view to ascertaining if trade between the two countries may not be further developed.

This is a point of much interest to the whole country, and one in which our commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural industries have a claim to much more attention than it has heretofore received from our commercial representatives abroad. Thus far but little more has been required of them than the regular every-day duties practiced in all our consulates—attending to the entrance and clearance of American vessels, with observance of the laws and instructions regarding their crews, if a maritime post, verifying invoices, authenticating signatures to legal papers for use in the United States, and such merely formal duties. In fact, the official life of our consuls, even

when fitted for a larger field of usefulness, is generally so brief, and always so very uncertain, that they rarely give attention to any thing outside the routine duty. Consequently the trade and commerce of the country get but little or no substantial aid and light on the subject of extending American trade from the representatives of our commerce in foreign states. We seem to have been content to try and make our consulates self-sustaining by taxing the industry of the country to support them, instead of making such use of this important branch of our civil service as is at our command for seeking to extend and enlarge the export trade of the country.

An advantage is claimed for the financial management of our consulates over that of England, because, while ours are made self-supporting, the expense of sustaining the English system falls mainly on the English Treasury. It is true that by a longer and larger list of fees we make our consulates more than self-sustaining, while those of Great Britain only collect enough to meet about *one-fifth* of their expenses. All English consuls are paid by salary from the national treasury, while over one-third of ours have no salary, but are paid by the fees they may chance to collect. Great Britain has over 250 salaried consuls, while we count but about 140. The salaries paid the English consuls amount to over $600,000, those paid to our commercial representatives to $320,000.

But the motives governing the two countries in respect to the duty required of their consuls are quite different. The English consular service is used with special reference to studying and comprehending the productions, trade, and commerce of the countries to which its officers are sent, and for indicating any new openings that may be found in which to introduce the productions of Great Britain and extend her trade.

This course has had more or less influence in giving England so large a foreign trade, running the exports of that small island up to more than fifteen hundred million dollars per year, nearly all this the product of British manufactures, with the exception of coals and the export of foreign importations. There is hardly an island of the ocean or a spot on either continent where trade can be exchanged or an article of English manufacture sold, in which the article suitable for the place, be that place civilized or barbarous, does not appear. In some of these places England is yet without competition, as they are hardly known to the commercial world; and to the opening and extension of no small portion of this enormously extensive trade the intelligent and ever-watchful British consul pointed the way. Their reports upon questions of trade and commerce, the condition of countries and peoples, are most valuable and voluminous.

The intimate and broad connection of the British consul with the trade and commerce of his country gives him a larger, more national, and more interesting field of duty and labor. Though this connection may and does add to the expense of the consular service, the outlay is returned to the country a thousandfold. England is poor in sources of wealth indigenous to her soil. These sources, outside of coal, iron, tin, lead, and some copper, are very limited, yet she is to-day unquestionably the richest nation on the globe, and her vast wealth has been acquired almost entirely by foreign trade. Through her sagacity, energy, and far-seeing commercial policy she has brought all nations to her markets, and loan seekers to her capitalists and banking houses.

MAY-FLOWER.

Was it not you, beloved, who sang to me at midnight?
I heard a voice in dream-land at midnight, sweet and low,
As if the Spring's warm mouth was bent close over icy coldness,
And her glad song was breathing o'er wastes of trackless snow.
Oh! sweet was its soft pleading, oh! loving was its boldness!—
The snow shone ice-incrusted, its gleaming I could see;
Cold was the winter's splendor, fine was its flashing moonlight,
But finer, braver, dearer, the Spring song breathed to me.

I.

I follow thee, I follow
O'er every hill and hollow,
I look for thee, I follow,
Thou hidden, sacred sweet!
I follow, and shall find thee!
Nor ice nor snow can blind me!
Beneath them I shall find thee
Blooming in thy retreat!

II.

Ah! May-flower mine, my maiden,
I'll find thee, blossom-laden,
Coy, rose-flushed, snow-hid maiden,
All purely waiting me!
I follow thee, I follow
Thy steps through every hollow,
Beneath the snow I follow,
But surely finding thee!

Ah! was 't not you, beloved, sang to me
This song at midnight? And this breath—ah! see!—
Has melted snow, my bloom unveiled to thee!

Editor's Easy Chair.

MR. WEBSTER is reported to have said to a friend that although he knew that he had a public reputation to leave to posterity, yet if he were to live his life over again, he would, upon no consideration whatever, permit himself to enter public life. The public, he said, are ungrateful, and the man who serves them most faithfully receives no adequate reward. Do your duty, he added, as a private citizen, but let politics alone. It is probable that he said this substantially as it is reported, for there was never a more bitterly disappointed public man. Toward the end of his life there was almost a gloomy melancholy in his aspect. At the completion of the Erie Railroad, in 1851, as Secretary of State he accompanied President Fillmore and a very distinguished party of public men on an excursion along the road from New York to Dunkirk, and upon reaching Dunkirk he spoke from a plat form in the street. During the speech the Easy Chair, who was a spectator, observed that the sun was setting just behind Mr. Webster as he stood erect, his gray hair lifted by the breeze, his great head and sombre, mournful face drawn against the illuminated west. It was a significant and pathetic spectacle. A little later the National Convention of his party passed him by and nominated another candidate for the Presidency. Still a little later he died, as was generally felt, a broken-hearted man, not only, it was believed, because he had failed to receive the "adequate reward," but because of some things he had been willing to do to obtain it. On the evening of the 6th of March, 1850, the orator at Plymouth Rock in 1821 said to a friend and member of Congress, who told the Easy Chair, "To-morrow I am going to annihilate you —— abolitionists."

The remarks that we have quoted are familiar, and are but a modern form of Wolsey's piteous words to Cromwell in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* They are true also in this sense, that the man who serves the public for the hope of adequate official reward from the public will probably be disappointed. But this truth is as old as history, and no man who is able to fill a great public place adequately can be ignorant of it. The blindness of personal ambition is well illustrated by the reported words of Mr. Webster. He says, in effect, that he had served the public faithfully, and had been not only inadequately rewarded, but had been most severely censured for his least selfish actions. But what is adequate reward of great public service? For forty years Mr. Webster was almost continuously in public life, as Representative in Congress, Senator, and Secretary of State. His commanding abilities, at once recognized, placed him in general estimation at the head of the bar, and secured him an unequalled influence in politics. By common consent he was the chief of living American orators, and his mere presence as speaker gave greatness to the greatest occasions. Upon points of constitutional law he was the highest authority, so that his word alone could challenge a long-settled interpretation, not only without absurdity, but with a force that was so respected as to raise a doubt. As a diplomatist he was unrivalled among his fellow-statesmen. And, above all, there was the greatness of his reputation—a historic fame that began while he was yet living—which made him the most conspicuous of American citizens, and which might well have satisfied the most inordinate ambition of applause and personal consideration. No possible official position could have added to his renown, nor to his opportunity of great service. If his fame and his unquestionable power, the immense admiration which was universally conceded to him, and his vast authority in public affairs were not an adequate reward, it is not easy to see what would have been.

He meant, of course, that he had not been chosen President. And he would perhaps have reasoned that if he really had the power and the fame that his friends alleged, his services would have been acknowledged in the natural and logical way, as Washington's were by the whole country, and Jefferson's by his party. But there was no similarity in the cases. Webster was a partisan, and Washington was elected before national party contests in the country began. Jefferson also was a partisan, but he was by temperament and training and purpose the unrivalled chief of his party, while Webster, although the greatest man in his party, was not its chief. He had not the talent of a partisan leader. When he was at the head of Mr. Tyler's cabinet, and had all the authority of the administration to aid his personal power, Mr. Clay in the Senate led the Whig party away from him. Mr. Webster was never President, but he knew upon what uncontrollable chances a nomination depends in this country; he knew from history and human nature that in a system of government by parties what is called availability is of necessity decisive in the choice of candidates, and that availability does not necessarily depend upon length or worth of actual public service, and therefore that a nomination for office is not certainly a sign of the general esteem in which a man is held, nor even of his acknowledged influence and standing in his party. Mr. Webster had been President Harrison's Secretary of State, and General Harrison was the first Whig President. Did Mr. Webster probably suppose that General Harrison was nominated because of his conceded political eminence and masterly ability and illustrious public service? And if the answer be that, on the contrary, it is the very thing of which he complained, then it shows that Mr. Webster complained of the necessary conditions of a game in which he chose to play.

And that is the secret of his disappointment—a chagrin which has been shared by eminent party leaders whose names are familiar. They held party politics or the public service to be in a certain sense a game, and they entered upon it hoping that the rules would be neglected in their cases, and when the rules, which they perfectly well knew, were enforced, they bitterly derided the game, and died broken-hearted. If adequate reward in the sense of official promotion by the popular vote is sought by those who enter into public life, they will do well to heed Mr. Webster's words as a warning; but, truly read, they are an exhortation to patriotism—a warning that no man should interest himself in politics or enter into public life unless the service itself, like virtue, is its own reward. If Mr. Webster had thought of the service alone, and not of the adequate reward,

he would not have been tragically disappointed, and his fame would have been greater because unsullied. Counsel more fitting so great a man would have been that while it is the plain duty of every American to take part in politics, it is no less his duty to understand that the most faithful discharge of that duty will not necessarily procure official distinction.

In a recent number of the *Magazine of American History* there is a charming picture of the old Walton House, illustrating a sketch of the old New York family of that name, which contains so graceful a compliment that the Easy Chair does not hesitate to transfer it to this page, and to commend to all readers the excellent magazine, which is full every month of American historical lore, under the editorship of Mr. J. A. Stevens, who is an authority in local archæology. The old Walton House is our opposite neighbor, and Mr. Stevens says of it: "Its history is a history of New York movement. It was the first of a series of efforts made by property-owners of the east side of the city to turn the line of fashionable residence in that direction. For a time it was successful, and even after 1835 there were hopes that in spite of the attractions of bright Broadway, with its shops and bustle, it might be made the 'court end' of the town; but such hopes are forever vanished. St. George's Square, as the triangle which faced the building was originally called, has been taken possession of by the Harpers, and even its name has been changed to Franklin Square, in honor of the great master of the art which these enterprising publishers so happily direct for the benefit of mankind. What a commentary upon the progress of the century! The old aristocratic 'mansion' where fashion and power gathered in their pomp and pride is now dilapidated and decayed, and none to do it honor, while enterprise and diligence have reared in its very face a colossal building, whence instruction and intelligence radiate by a thousand channels over the length and breadth of the land."

As we look out of the window at the house over the way, and then at the stately and spacious mansion in the picture, it is as impossible to believe that they are the same as that a crumbling, shrivelled mummy from a pyramid is the superb Cleopatra. In the picture the house has a breadth of five windows in each of the three stories, all with heavy and ornamented mouldings and caps, and an elaborately decorated massive front-door. The entrance is by a "stoop" of four or five steps from the street, and there are two lanterns in front of the house, and blinds or shutters for the windows on the drawing-room floor. On the south of the house there is a high wall along the sidewalk, with a high gate and solid knocker, and over the wall clusters the mingled foliage of trees and shrubs. The grounds, of which there is but this glimpse in the picture, stretched from this wall and from the back of the house to the East River. All has an air of sylvan city retirement, of dignified ease and comfort, of days when New York was a tranquil town pleasantly reaching into the near country fields, half a century before the time when, as the late Mr. Verplanck told the Easy Chair, he used to cross upon stepping-stones the brook that flowed across what is now Broadway at what is now Canal Street, as he went fishing or gunning toward the remoter woods and waters of the island. It was only four years before the Walton House was built that Peter Kalm, the Swedish professor, was in New York, and his description harmonizes with the impression of a half-rural city as shown in the glimpse of the Walton grounds in the picture. In November, 1748, Kalm says of New York: "In the chief streets there are trees planted, which in summer give them a fine appearance, and during the excessive heat at that time afford a cooling shade. I found it extremely pleasant to walk in the town, for it seemed quite like a garden." He says that the water beech and the locust are the most common trees, but "there are likewise lime-trees and elms in these walks." It is to this idyllic time that the pretty picture of the Walton House restores us. Out of that stately door in the picture Citizen Genet handed the daughter of Governor Clinton as his bride, and those windows blazed with joyful light when the Stamp Act was repealed. The old Walton House is one of the few relics of the best old New York.

But scarcely more than the house survives. Opposite this window from which we look there is indeed a house, and the walls and the window-caps are those of the Walton House. But it is only a house front among other houses—a tenement-house, a sailor boarding-house, built up and closed in on all sides by other houses of the same kind, unobserved by the great mass of passengers as differing in any way from the range of buildings of the same kind. The elevated railway will soon be built up before its chamber windows. The huge Cyclopean piers of the Brooklyn Bridge are close by it, and the new avenue that is opening to the City Hall Park from Franklin Square will bring the curious stranger to its door. The peaceful aspect, the rural repose, of the noble mansion in the picture are overwhelmed in the mighty flood of municipal enterprise and expansion.

Meanwhile the old Walton House can be surveyed from a room more stately and unique than any which graced even that house in the day of its prime. If the old Dutch Directors and Governors, Kieft or Stuyvesant, had sought to rival with the genius of their land that of England, afterward to appear in the Walton House, they would have built such a room as that of which we speak, and would have hidden it where it could not be seen nor suspected. To those fair Walton windows they would have offered, as it were, over the way, a range of windows brilliantly and expressively stained—windows that should not reveal their own beauty to the street, and which would guard, like an Oriental lattice, the seclusion that they adorned. The lofty room they would have covered with a massive ceiling of burnished oak heavily moulded, and the pilasters would have been carved, and the high wainscot panelled in rich mahogany. Mindful of a Flemish interior, they would have raised toward a corner of the room a vast chimney within the chamber, broadening to the base, corniced and arched with rosetted brick, quaint and comely in design, and generously opening into that huge and hospitable fire-place which is seen only in old pictures, and which survives in tradition. The chimney-shelf should be niched into neat recesses, and long Dutch pipes lying upon it, and the high-back-

ed, capacious, chimney-corner chairs before the hearth, and glowing andirons of burnished brass, should suggest that Rembrandt or Gerard Dow, or some ancient burgomaster or schepen, some schryver or dominie, had just laid down the comfortable weed, and had for a moment vanished.

If then the visitor had raised his eyes, he would have supposed that he saw the tough old Stuyvesant himself stumping toward heaven on his wooden leg. For there, above his head, portrayed upon a noble frieze, the doughty Governor, smoking his afternoon pipe, marched along the parade, snuffing the salt ocean air. The guest of this Flemish room would then have seen that a continuous line of figures and of scenes ran along the frieze, picked out in color and gold, and presently his musing eye would seem to have caught a thread of fancy on which haply they were hung. For here by the side of the chimney was Hendrick Hudson's boat nearing the shore that is now New York, and the crew parleying with the Indians upon the land which from that day they called Man-a-hatta. Then comes Stuyvesant with his "martial stalk," and we are plainly moving on a line of history. For next the ancient town of New Amsterdam shines high in the morning sun; and then the battle of Golden Hill, fought almost on the spot where this quaint chamber stands, shows the next century, and the opening Revolution, and the event with which New York sometimes challenges priority with the battle of Lexington. Next are the city's arms, and the arrival of the ocean steamer *Sirius*, bridging the sea and binding the world of Faust and Gutenberg close and fast to the New World, whose strength is to be the educated intelligence which types and a free press and common schools secure. Then comes Puck laying a magnetic girdle round the earth, and linking it more closely still. Successive glimpses swiftly follow of the lightning press that indefinitely multiplies the message of Puck's tongue of lightning, and over it a huge building dedicated to the varied activity of the press—a temple of the means of knowledge humming with industry and enterprise, to spread far and wide all forms of printed wisdom and wit, of morals, science, and art—and in the adjacent panel, beyond the bird of wisdom in the corner, four brothers working hard around a press.

Then succeed scenes and figures that naturally haunt the fancy of the spectator—of those four brethren laboring at the press; monks copying and illuminating manuscript; the graceful Dutch legend of Koster learning to cut letters in wood from watching a youth carving his lady's name upon a tree; Gutenberg proudly showing proofs to princely visitors; Faust poring over an antique missal; Albert Dürer in his study cutting a drawing of his own upon the wood; Caxton printing the first English Bible; Franklin musing in his study; James Watt catching the secret of steam-power from the puffing tea-kettle; and over the high clock standing in the corner by the chimney-side, the landing of Columbus, with upraised banner and cross, closing as with a benediction the series of hints and figures and poetic association clearly and simply shadowed forth.

Dropping his eyes from that pleased survey, the guest of the Flemish interior would mark the fitting furniture in mahogany solid as the wainscoting—the table of a Dutch solidity, and worthy to have been the council table of the Stadt Huys when Governor Minuit reigned in New Netherlands; the mighty chairs that those burgomasters and schepen, returning to the room, might have pressed as they sat consulting; and the massive book-shelves, spacious shrines, built to hold the ponderous archives of a state. Indeed, in the drowsy languor of a summer afternoon, stretched upon that straight-backed, sumptuous settle opposite the windows, the musing guest might easily behold the ghost of Wouter van Twiller with grave urbanity welcoming the shade of William Walton, as king greets king, and hear them both, seating themselves in those embracing wooden chairs before the fire, and blowing a denser and more fragrant cloud of smoke than that which rose from the hospitable blaze, rejoice together that the pleasant traditions of the Dutch New Amsterdam and of the British St. George's Square, on this very spot, had been so fitly cherished and so duly honored.

In the Sassafras Club the other day, the first day, in fact, of this marvellous spring, which has been joined to the autumn with scarcely a sensible break, in which frogs sang, and bluebirds had been credibly reported, and when there was even the rumor of a robin, one of the new members declaimed warmly about the folly of surrendering to the minority. It was early in March, and the question was whether the club should take tea out-of-doors. The younger members were unanimously in favor of the proposition. The day was so beautiful, the air so delightful, the light so enchanting, that really it was ridiculous to assert that there was any question. There was plainly, they insisted, but one side to the suggestion, and that was the affirmative. In fact, there was a great deal of eloquence lavished upon the subject, and if the question of drinking tea in or out of doors may not seem to the cynical and practical a very important question, it did not in that differ from many questions which have elicited the most extraordinary eloquence in legislative and other assemblies.

When, however, some of the older members, rising slowly, and, as some of the more sprightly neophytes remarked, evidently with a lingering lumbago, gravely suggested that although the day was beautiful, the season was unquestionably damp, and that taking tea *al fresco* would probably lead to rheumatisms and fevers, there was such an explosion of wrath at fossils and dead men and hide-bound conservatism that the older members said no more, except to vote no against a jubilant majority. One of the most vivacious of the new and young members therefore remarked how preposterous it would be to permit the world to be run by old fogies; and another, as he lay at length upon the ground at sunset, balancing his tea-spoon upon his finger, insisted that what troubled him was the kind of respect that nevertheless seemed to be paid to the old fogies even by those who voted against them. "For what," said he, trying to make the tea-spoon stand upright upon his chin, "what are we coming to, if minorities are to be heeded? This is the land of majorities. Thank Heaven, the majority rules, and yet I really thought some of the middle-aged Sassafrases were inclined to yield to the minority." The next day the vivacious young member was laid up with inflammatory rheumatism, and the other showed symptoms of typhoid fever.

The elder members, at the same time, who had declined to take tea in the damp air, resigned their membership, and as their contributions were a main support of the Sassafras, that excellent club seemed also to have taken a prostrating rheumatism, and to be very low with fever.

The young gentleman who was so distrustful of minorities, and was, upon the whole, inclined to put them beyond the pale of all rights as mere nuisances and vermin, in the intervals of pain had time to reflect. This, indeed, is said to be one of the sweet uses of sickness, that many things which are evident enough when the reason is in perfect health, upon reflective inspection somewhat change their appearance. Thus a man announces with cheerfulness that nothing hurts him; he has the digestion of an ox; a cast-iron stomach and frame: so he eats at all hours, any thing, and in any way. He drinks like the celebrated Mr. Jones of Oneida, who was, according to his own statement, brought up strictly on the bottle, and who had apparently devoted his life to drinking beer, rum, ale, brandy, whiskey, cider, toddy, apple-jack, stone-wall, eye-opener, and whatsoever else was needful for his stomach's sake. The man that we are supposing smokes also, and chews, and smilingly replies to your remonstrance at the amount that he is a kind of Mithridates, and that poisons are his nutriment. Suddenly the good man whom nothing hurts falls ill. The digestion of the ox gives way, the iron stomach explodes, as it were, like a rusty old boiler, and nothing is left but the weak fragments of a stout man who ought to have lived hale and hearty for a century; and all the time that he is ill, which is the wretched remainder of his life, Mithridates reflects that there are laws of health and of life, and that they are none the less inexorable because they may be successfully defied for a longer or shorter time, and the final moral of his warning is that man can not live on poison.

In like manner the young member of the Sassafras, as he lay upon the bed of pain, reflected pointedly that great and glorious as the rule of the majority may be, a minority may sometimes be right. And indeed when the poor fellow was well-nigh helpless, and recalled the simple argument of the old fogy that lying upon the ground in early March or sipping tea in the damp air of a March evening is unadvisable, he was almost willing to confess that, despite the noise and number of voices, the truth and the wisdom of a proposed course are as likely to be found in the minority. One day, indeed, after an awful twinge, he asked himself whether this was not a general instinct. For how else, he inquired, shall we explain the fact that in the political systems of the English-speaking races, which have a genius for politics, and which have steadily enlarged and defended liberty, there is always a smaller second Chamber in the Legislature and some form of peremptory veto? What is all this but a distinct acknowledgment that the minority is probably even wiser than the majority? "I will never again," said he, as if deprecating the return of the twinge—"I will never again suppose, because in case of an unyielding difference of opinion there can be no other device so convenient as the final decision of a majority, that therefore the view of the minority may not be the true view."

The next morning he was allowed to hear a friend read the newspaper, in which it was stated that something was done at a late meeting merely to satisfy the crotchet of a minority, and the manner in which it was said plainly implied that the minority ought to have yielded when it found that it was a minority, and have been merged in the majority. The young member of the Sassafras was impatient as he listened. "Oh yes! Latimer and Ridley ought to have merged themselves in the majority. John Woolman ought to have held his tongue. And this very paper, that sneers this morning at the minority, was the organ of a minority thirty years ago, and because it insisted upon its crotchet it is now the organ of a majority."

"I think," said the older member, who had opposed tea-drinking in the damp air, and who had resigned from the club, but came in a friendly way to see the young invalid—"I am sure, as your clergyman merely hoped yesterday, that this sickness has been sanctified to you."

No doubt he thought, and he might have added, that a minority is not only quite as likely to be right as the majority, but often the minority holds the balance of power. This is plain enough in politics. Within a political party the rule of the majority is often tyrannically enforced, but at the polls the minority holds the party in its hands. That is the reason that it is to be respected in every preliminary step. Then, if the difference be real and vital, and not secondary—if it be a choice, for instance, of a party rascal against an opposition rogue—the minority proves by holding on or yielding whether it is composed of men or puppets. The minorities of the early Christians, of Columbus, of Luther, of the abolitionists, would have betrayed human progress had they yielded to the argument that appeals to every minority of every degree to-day. The Sassafras old fogy would doubtless admit with the most scornful apologist of the majority that a man is not right *because* he is in the minority, and that a man need not suppose himself to be Luther or Columbus because he foolishly persists in a needless difference. But he would see as plainly that neither do numbers make the majority right. De Tocqueville said that the danger of a democracy is that it tends to despotism unless it is carefully watched. The minority is the watchman, as much within the camp as against the enemy. It is minorities, not majorities, that need strengthening, and the member of a club or of a party, of a State or of a country, who finds himself outvoted, may profitably remember the wise answer to the zealous disputant who cried, tauntingly, "Just wait till we count noses."

"Oh yes, you'll beat us in noses. We have only heads."

The Easy Chair has received many inquiries about the authorship of *The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy*, one of the recent issues of the "Half-hour Series." The little work was first published in *Blackwood*, and has been read and criticised freely by those whom it may concern. As an editorial Easy Chair knows every thing, it must, of course, know the authorship of this sprightly sketch. But, knowing every thing, such a Chair also knows too much to tell all that it knows, so that the better plan in this instance is to leave the guessing of the mystery to the intelligent reader. The sketch itself is very enter-

taining and humorous, and it is the latest illustration of the effect which the follies of "society" produce in every age and country upon certain temperaments. Some content themselves with the satiric picture; others lash offenders with the scourge of Juvenal; others moralize pensively with Thackeray; others "fillip" the offender with the sweet humor of Addison. Some twenty-five years ago in New York there was the *Lorgnette*, through which a kindly and shrewd observer watched the "society" of the time, and touched it with a certain tenderness of correction. They were charming papers, and their circulation was largely local. They paled, however, before their brilliant successors by the same graceful hand, *The Reveries of a Bachelor*. After a long interval that hand appeared recently in tales of the old story-tellers, but it has been too long absent from our literature, and it is strange to record that the *Lorgnette* was a publication of a quarter of a century ago.

The later contribution to social satire, these tender recollections of Miss Irene, are written with felicitous ease, and they show how really unchanged the object of the satire is. The youth who read the *Lorgnette* when it appeared, and who enjoyed its refined good sense, or who has thought that in all social sketches and squibs of New York society he recognized the palpable hits, will find himself much at home in these pages. *De te fabula.* It is the same story. He has known them all—the Persimmons, the Poppinjays, the Barebones, the Van Twiller, the Van Didntoffers, Flora Temple, Harry Hardpan, Iky Bullstork: the actors are new, but the play is very old. The youth of the *Lorgnette* whose life has wandered from the primrose paths of that dalliance, who has been immersed in other duties, other cares, as he turns these pages will whisper, with amused amazement, "What! are they at it still?" In his day at the game the ideal of his friends was, "English manners," and English manners they had been told by that still earlier Mentor of the fashionable world, Philip Slingsby (how many of the Easy Chair's readers will know that that means N. P. Willis?), consisted in absolute impassibility. No gentleman was ever to be surprised, to be earnest or enthusiastic, or to care very much for any thing. Allegri's "Miserere" and the Jardin Mabille, Mont Blanc and the Thier Garten, were to be equally "jolly" in his mouth, and no more. A half-amused contempt was the only emotion becoming a gentleman. There are traces of that exquisite superciliousness still lingering, we are told, in the society which scarcely knows the *Lorgnette*. These formations and layers in the social crust are interesting. Beyond the "jolly" group are the Laurentian Vivian Grey and Pelham. They are all forms of the old red sandstone, the dandy.

All these satirical pictures of society—and it is true of those of the great master of this art in our time, Thackeray—however slight or elaborate, however humorous or sad or tragical they may be, agree in substance. Whatever the skill of the artist or the size of his canvas, the essential quality of the society depicted is vulgarity. It is more or less gilded and veiled and obscured. It is full of affectation and assumption and defiance. But it is coarse and mean and vulgar. To wander in it, to enjoy its perfumes and lights, its costliness and splendor, is to stroll on a summer evening through the casinos at Baden-Baden. The rooms are gorgeous, the company is glittering and distinguished, the grounds are enchanting. Fountains play in the moonlight, fringed with roses; music rises and falls, and the night air throbs with passionate melody. It is a scene of romance; there is a bewilderment of excitement; the imagination glows with joyful unrest. We pass from room to room, from point to point. One word describes it all. There are bright masks and blazing gems and superb toilets that we see. But they cover ghastly disease and foul sores. This casino is as brilliant a spot as you shall see in Europe. One word describes it. It is a hell.

It is one word also that describes the society that Irene Magillicuddy describes—a society so familiar that even the characters in the book are said to be recognizable. That word is vulgarity. The book describes a certain "set," which is supposed to give the tone to what is called society, and the women are plotting to catch rich husbands, and the men to flirt with other men's wives. There is an air of resemblance and probability throughout the sketch, and its general fidelity to its original can not be denied. We hope that no indignant reader will declare at this point that all young women in New York "society" are not like Irene Magillicuddy or Flora Temple or Edith Persimmon, because as yet nobody has asserted that they are. But the wisely anonymous writer of this treatise declares, of course, by the fact of writing it and by necessary implication, that some young women of that society are faithfully portrayed in his page, and that they are influential if not representative. Every body in London, every body at the court of Charles the Second, indeed, was not Mrs. Gwynn or the Duchess of Portsmouth either in manners or morals. But unquestionably those ladies gave the tone to that society. Yes, madame, who here interrupts the Easy Chair, you are quite right. We have no court in America, no social hierarchy in New York. But you will hardly deny that the society described by Miss Irene, however limited in numbers, is unlimited in influence, and that it necessarily does a great deal of mischief. You surely recall those words of Montesquieu, "Il y a des mauvais exemples qui sont pires que des crimes, et plus d'états ont péri parcequ'on a violé les mœurs, que parcequ'on a violé les lois."

If, therefore, so grave a thing as a moral could be suspected in so gay a little book, might it not be that it seeks, by holding up the mirror to nature, to show folly, selfishness, coarseness, vulgarity, their own image? Might it not be that by forcibly reminding them how they really appear, it aims to shame them into better appearance, to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees? Irene Magillicuddy writes to herself. It is she who will understand the message; so will her friends. There is a striking picture, by Rossetti, we believe, "How they met Themselves." In this book all these people will meet themselves. If the encounter does not help them, we fear that they will go to church in vain. The shrewd reader will feel that Miss Irene, or Mrs. Tompkins, has a practiced hand as well as a detective eye; and as he moves musing in the brilliant circle that she describes, he will find himself wondering if every clever woman he meets may not be Irene Magillicuddy.

Editor's Literary Record.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB, of the Naval Observatory, of Washington, has rendered a good service to the cause of popular education in his *Popular Astronomy* (Harper and Brothers). He is a recognized authority in that science. Last year by his little treatise *The Alphabet of Finance* he showed that he was more than a specialist. Yet in astronomical science no man in the country stands higher than he. The community may well congratulate itself when such a man turns aside from the study of his favorite department to communicate in plain and simple forms the elements of the knowledge which he possesses. Professor Newcomb's treatise requires thoughtful and even studious attention; but it is not made enigmatical by scientific terms, nor by an assumption of knowledge which the unscientific do not possess. He first gives in a historical sketch an account of the progress of astronomical science, treating, in three chapters, of the ancient astronomy, or the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies; the Copernican system, or the true motions of the heavenly bodies; and universal gravitation. He next gives some account of the instruments of which astronomy makes use, the telescope and its application to celestial measurements, methods of measuring distances in the heavens, the spectroscope, etc. Part third treats of the solar system in detail, and part fourth of the stellar universe. While there is throughout the book an absence of that poetical spirit which makes the writings of some of the French popular authors on scientific subjects so entertaining, there is also an entire absence of that wild hypothesis which sometimes makes them untrustworthy. The style is clear and plain, and where the result of the latest scientific explorations is uncertain, Professor Newcomb does not hesitate to say so. He does not substitute his own hypotheses for established facts or well-settled conclusions. We may almost say that there are no theories in the book; it is characteristically a history and a statement. The book contains 112 engravings and five stellar maps. For either the beginner who desires an introduction to the thoroughly scientific study of astronomy, or for the more general learner who desires only to get a bird's-eye view of the science without hoping to follow it by an acquisition of knowledge in detail, we do not know of any work which competes with this for clearness, comprehensiveness, and scientific accuracy and thoroughness.

A *Greek-English Lexicon*, compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ-Church, and ROBERT SCOTT, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Baliol College. Sixth edition, revised and augmented. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

There is one argument for maintaining the prominence of the ancient languages and their literature in education which, though not often noticed in the discussion of the question, is likely to have much practical weight for many years to come. It is the superiority of the books of instruction in this department of knowledge to those offered as substitutes. The student of Greek, for example, from his first lesson onward, finds himself walking in paths which have been trodden by acute and cultivated intellects for centuries. He is under their guidance, in communion with their thoughts, stimulated at every step to exercise an independent judgment, yet checked in every impulse to wild or hasty reasoning by their united authority. The books with which he becomes familiar are not hasty outlines of the present state of some science, likely to be superseded at any time, as the science itself may undergo a revolution by some single discovery. In most other branches of study the text-books have no literary character or finish. Year by year new sets of them are made, as knowledge is extended or methods of instruction are improved, and the old ones are forgotten. The most accomplished chemist, geologist, or physiologist in the world thirty years ago would not be able to understand a random chapter or lecture upon his own science to-day. But the great body of classical scholarship has continued, for at least ten generations, to be the common heritage of intelligent minds, steadily growing in mass, in perfection of form, in finish of detail, but by every change or new acquisition increasing the value of that already secured.

The comparative excellence of the educational apparatus in the classical languages is nowhere more prominent than in lexicography. There is no dictionary of a modern language which approaches in completeness, accuracy, and minuteness of information the great lexicons of the Greek and Latin languages. The recent French dictionary of Littré stands at the head of its class; but a vast mass of additions and corrections has, within four years after its completion, been demanded and published. The great German dictionary founded twenty-five years ago by the brothers Grimm is but half finished, though its earlier volumes already confessedly need reconstruction. There is no English dictionary in existence with any claim at once to fullness and to scientific value; and the great enterprise of the British Philological Association, from which so much was expected, seems to be sleeping, if not dead. At best, the lexicon of a living tongue can be but of temporary value—the picture of one stage in a life of rapid change. The model of lexicography which is to satisfy the artistic sense of the scholar and the inquiring trust of the student must contain the finished language of a closed literature.

The nearest approach yet made to this model is found in the lexicography of the Greek language. From the time of Henry Stephens, who published in 1572 his Greek *Thesaurus*—the first attempt to collect for reference in one work all the elementary facts of the language—until now, eminent scholars have been at work in every country contributing to its perfection. Each successive editor finds a life work in gathering the corrections and additions which his own generation of philologists and commentators prepare and scatter through the literature of the subject, and each is thus able to produce a great improvement upon the work of his predecessors. Frederic Passow, who died in 1833, had devoted his life to this task, and was for a time thought to have given the Greek Dictionary almost its final form. His German successors, Drs. Rost and Palm, with a large body of co-laborers, afterward

spent sixteen years, from 1841 to 1857, in revising it. Deans Liddell and Scott, of Oxford University, founded their first Greek-English lexicon upon Passow's work, and this was again revised and greatly improved by Professor Drisler, of New York, in its republication in America. But the Oxford deans have spent thirty years since that time in the further improvement of their successive editions; and the sixth, which is now before us, is again a marked advance upon every predecessor. Perhaps no more just distribution of the honors of authorship in the title of a book like this is practicable than that which names only the present editors, and calls the whole a compilation, since no title-page could hold the names of all who have contributed essentially to its value. But the time has long passed by when any really satisfactory work of this class could be claimed as the production of one man or of one age.

It would be impossible to criticise the new form of this book in detail without discussing matters of no interest to the general reader. The lexicon of Liddell and Scott is distinguished from the only work of its class which can be compared with it in merit—the great German dictionary of Rost and Palm—by the accuracy and scientific character of its etymology (the branch in which the German book is most deficient), by the more convenient and logical arrangement of the longer articles, and by greater fullness in its treatment of some authors, especially of the best period of Attic prose. It is inferior to it in only one general feature—in abundance of illustration by passages cited at length, and this difference grows out of the necessity of condensation, the whole work being contained in one volume, while the German book forms three. The sixth edition differs from former editions mainly in the greater fullness with which the forms of verbs are treated, in the addition of a large number of meanings and uses, especially from the later Attic prose, and in the enlargement and correction of the etymological notices. Many of the most important particles are also discussed more satisfactorily than before. The printer's duty has been done in a way to charm the scholar's eye, the page being the most beautiful we have ever seen in such a work. The book is, of course, a necessity to all who wish in the study of the most perfect of languages, or in reading the most magnificent of literatures, to have the best guidance.

Sir Thomas Erskine May's *Democracy in Europe* (W. J. Widdleton) is a book which it is a pleasure to read. The author's style is singularly clear and lucid, his sentences are both short and compact. The reader has never occasion to go back and disentangle a paragraph or a sentence, or to weave together threads which the author has left broken in the loom. The author exhibits also skill in selecting the great events, and in putting into the background or burying out of sight altogether those that are of minor importance, or for his purpose altogether insignificant. He treats of the rise and progress of liberal institutions in Europe from the beginning to the present day, and when we say "from the beginning," we mean from the early institutions of India and from the days of the Hebraic commonwealth. These are, however, only very briefly sketched in an introduction; his real history commences with the rise of European institutions in Greece. Of course a complete, detailed, and comprehensive account of democracy would be really a history of Europe itself, since the whole course of the past nineteen centuries has been the evolution of human liberty through various phases of conflict and controversy. Sir Thomas May traces only in broad outlines the history of this progress, but his foot-notes furnish the reader with suggestions of authorities such that, if he has time, inclination, and opportunity, he may pursue the investigation in particular epochs and particular countries much farther. He does not, however, essay a philosophy of democracy. He simply traces the history. The author is a conservative friend of free government.

Lubke's *History of Art* (Dodd, Mead, and Co.) is a sumptuous work in two large volumes, elaborately illustrated. It is a translation from the German, and is edited, with an introduction, by Clarence Cook. The publishers present the work to the public in an attractive form, and to the student of architecture it is invaluable—indeed, a necessity. The German original is a recognized standard abroad, and the old translation, which certainly this new one will entirely supplant, was accounted in England one of the best authorities, if not the best, upon the subject of which it treats. The whole history of architecture (for it is chiefly of architecture that the work treats) is traced from the earliest and rudest monuments down to the present time. In general orderly structure, in comprehensiveness of theme, in breadth of treatment, in variety of illustration, the book leaves nothing to be desired, and, it seems to us, must long remain the standard work on this subject.

Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, has a rare genius for the treatment of Biblical narratives, especially those of the Old Testament. He cracks the nut, gives us the meat, and throws the shell away. His *Daniel, the Beloved* (Harper and Brothers), is a companion volume to his *Elijah* and *David*. We leave it to the theological critics to pass judgment on his discussions respecting the visions and prophecies of Daniel. Without hesitation we warmly commend, especially to the young, his admirable and emphatic illustration of the practical lessons which the life of Daniel teaches to all who are engaged in business or public life.

French Poets and Novelists, by Henry James, Jun. (Macmillan and Co.), will disappoint any one who takes it up in the expectation of finding in it a comprehensive view of French romantic literature. Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, the elder and the younger Dumas, are all absent; indeed, George Sand is the only one of the really great novelists of the present age whose portrait we find here. The moral tone is not that which we should look for in an Anglo-Saxon critic. As biographies, too, these essays are imperfect, because they assume too much knowledge on the part of the reader. They might have been written for a French public with propriety, but much in them will be blind to any who are not already familiar with the characters and their careers. But he who looks in this book only for a series of clever essays on individual French authors and their works, who remembers the origin of the volume, and perceives in it simply a collection of papers previously published in periodicals, will not be disappointed with it. The author is familiar with the literature which he seeks rather to crit-

icise than to describe; he possesses a notable power of intellectual analysis, and a real insight into character; and he shows very considerable artistic skill in character painting. As critiques these essays are interesting, though neither incisive on the one hand nor profoundly true on the other.

The Historic Mansions of Philadelphia, by THOMPSON WESTCOTT (Porter and Coates), is a curious and entertaining book, especially to lovers of early history. Primarily it will appeal to Philadelphians, then to all Pennsylvanians, and finally to all who are interested in antiquarian study, colonial history, and curious and antique information respecting the men, manners, and things of our early national life. To go through this book is like going through an old museum full of antique furniture and dresses, and suggestive of ancient days. It is to a modern history what an Old Folk's Concert is to modern music. We have a picture of Washington with his cream-colored carriages, his plain black dress, and his gracious and pleasant manners; of the preaching of Whitefield and that of his contemporaries, whose "horrid harangues" and "enthusiastic ravings" were bitterly condemned by some of the conservative clergy; of William Penn, the picture of whose manners in his stately residence, and guarded by his liveried servant, is somewhat of a surprise. Indeed, these character paintings are quite as unique and curious as some of the illustrations, which have been borrowed from old prints, and look like the ghosts of a dead epoch walking boldly into a modern drawing-room. Despite some dreadful pieces of engraving, the book is, as a whole, handsome, as it certainly is both entertaining and instructive.

We have already spoken in warm commendation of the Rev. J. LUKINS's books for boys. A companion to his *Young Mechanic* is his *Boy Engineers: what they did and how they did it* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is in the form of a story, but the interest lies wholly in the practical help which it will give to young minds of a mechanical turn. It describes how some boys in a workshop of their own performed various mechanical operations, making a clock, a lathe, an organ, a steam-engine, etc. The book is handsomely printed and quite fully illustrated.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE has, more than almost any modern writer that we know of, that enthusiasm of humanity which the author of *Ecce Homo* regarded as the characteristic of Christianity. *What Career* (Roberts Brothers) is composed of addresses delivered by him in connection with college commencements or other exercises. The fundamental ideas which Mr. Hale elaborates and enforces are that character is more than career; that a broad education is a prerequisite to the truest success even in any specialty; that it is the work of educated men to furnish principles, rather than appliances and methods; that to be leaders they must be broadly furnished with principles and well equipped in character. An age which, like this, runs to specialties, and a country which, like ours, runs to what the Germans call the "bread-and-butter sciences," demand just such teaching as this unambitious volume affords. Its practical good sense and its high moral inspiration strengthen each other, and make the book as elevated as it is practically useful.

VICTOR HUGO'S *History of a Crime* is quite as dramatic as any novel that he ever wrote. It is the story of the *coup d'état* of 1851. That crime against national life and liberty has been, in some sense, expiated both by the Emperor who committed it and by the nation which submitted to it. Yet the meaning of the events which immediately succeeded the fall at Sedan can not be fully comprehended by one who does not understand how cruel and how treacherous was the act which brought France into subjection to Napoleon III., and this story, we think, has never been fully told before. Only a Frenchman could tell it, and only a Frenchman who was in the thick of the fray. It is, indeed, unfortunately true that Victor Hugo's passionate participation in the events of that remarkable historical tragedy, while it renders him its proper penman, also renders him very far from a judicial historian. He makes no attempt to conceal his passion: it is as fresh now as it was twenty years ago. He writes with a vivid recollection of the wrongs which he and his fellow-patriots suffered. His book is not a history, it is an indictment. He makes full use, too, of his dramatic power; he not only tells us what happened, but he puts into the mouths of all the principal actors their words. Of course the wise reader will recognize the fact that his memory may be at fault in some details, and that the language which he has imputed to actors may exist only in his own imagination, or may have been materially modified by it. Nevertheless, his prefatory note assures us that the work was written during the first months of the author's exile, that it was finished in May, 1852, that its publication has been since delayed by causes which he does not however explain, and that we thus have the record of a fresh and not of a worn-out memory.

Mr. ROLFE adds in his *Henry V.* (Harper's) another volume to his admirable edition of Shakspeare, of which we have already, in speaking of successive volumes, had occasion to speak. For the school or the parlor we believe there is no better edition of Shakspeare than this.—The last published of a series of books of modern history, *The Beginning of the Middle Ages*, by R. W. CHURCH (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is properly an introduction to the series, and comprises a period of about five centuries, from the breaking up of the Roman Empire in the fifth century to the destruction of the Frankish Empire at the close of the tenth. The work contains three maps, and is written in a clear style, giving broad outlines rather than minute or pictorial details.—The *Biology* of Dr. CHARLES LETOURNEAU (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is from the French, covers pretty nearly the ground of general physiology, aims to state what life is, how organized, and in what way nourished and developed, and is written for intelligent but not for scientific men, and so written that any person of ordinary intelligence and a fair amount of culture can comprehend it, and can obtain from it, not a complete idea of biology, but some general notions, at least, of this to most persons mysterious and unexplored science.

To their "Half-hour Series" Harper and Brothers add five striking and singularly different novels, each characteristic and unique. *The Bride of Landeck*, by G. P. R. JAMES, reminds us of the ingenious story of "Old Kildare and Young Kildare," which used to be told in olden time,

in which the narrator showed his skill by commencing to tell a story which he never brought to a conclusion, from the incessant interruptions in which he indulged himself, till the time or the patience of his auditors had been exhausted. The garrulity of the old man is admirably feigned, and the anecdotes which divert him from his story are sufficiently entertaining to make the reader regret when the end of the story, if it can be so called, is reached. *Brother Jacob* and *The Lifted Veil*, both by "George Eliot," give a peculiar opportunity for her remarkable analytical power, and the latter exhibits in an extraordinary manner the melancholy of her misanthropy. Her hero possesses an insight which enables him to see unerringly the interior workings of the human mind, and the sight is one from which he longs to escape in death. *Back to Back*, by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, is a parable on the problem of labor and capital. The title, as explained by the first chapter, hints at the solution of social trouble in co-operation. Mr. Hale recognizes the difficulties, but overcomes them by patience and good-will. Whether in all its details the scheme outlined by him is feasible or not, his book is full of suggestive hints, both as to methods and as to spirit. *The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy* is a delightful extravaganza—the story of an American belle who had seven proposals her first season, and knows one girl who has had one hundred and fifty-seven. It is a burlesque without the appearance of a burlesque, a humorous story told with a perfectly sober face. *The Shadow on the Threshold*, by MARY CECIL HAY, is almost the antipodes of George Eliot's stories. There is little or no analysis of character. It is full of "sweetness and light," though the shadow lingers on the threshold too long for the best artistic effect.—*Mirage*, of the "No Name Series" (Roberts Brothers), like *Kismet*, by the same author, is rather a picture of Eastern scenery in the daily life of travellers than a novel. The story is carefully told; the work in a literary point of view is better done, and the author shows more self-confidence, than in the previous story; but in both the plot is too slight and the incident too little. In revolting against the conventional novel the author has gone to an extreme.—*Bourbon Lilies*, by Mrs. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.), is an artistic story of artist life. The scene is in the village of Écouen, near Paris. The central figure is Eulalie, around whom revolve the three lovers, Russian, French, and American. The plot is well wrought; every page almost aids in its development, and the unfortunate *contretemps* which leads Eulalie's first lover to doubt her fidelity and to commit suicide is ingeniously worked out. The author shows familiarity with the stage which she has chosen for her drama, and a rare artistic sense of color and beauty in her descriptions. Both as a piece of landscape and of character painting the story is worthy of the highest commendation. It lacks only in strength of passion. It is too purely artistic to be thoroughly earnest and strong.—*The Nabob*, from the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET (Estes and Lauriat), the latest issue of the "Cobweb Series," falls not at all behind *Jack* and *Sidonie*. It is a vivid picture of the social life of Paris during the Second Empire. Perhaps, if we make sufficient allowance for the difference in nationality, Daudet deserves the *sobriquet* of the "French Dickens." Yet if France does not contain any more sunny and hopeful aspects of life or any purer and nobler manifestations of character than Daudet has given to us, the day of French regeneration must still be in the distance.—Two curiously contrasted novels are *The Last of the Haddons*, by Mrs. NEWMAN, and *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, by an unknown author, both published by Harper and Brothers. The former is a very quiet story, an idyl in prose, tender, touching, pathetic; a story of the deepest self-sacrifice—the cheerful sacrifice of a heart love. Its love is without passion, and the coronation of its heroine is with a crown of thorns. *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*, on the other hand, as is indicated by its title, is full of excitement: "an account of the mutiny of the crew and the loss of the ship when trying to make the Bermudas." The author declares his purpose at the end of his story: it is to champion the sailors, and to point out the injuries done to them by the meanness of ship-owners. It is full of dramatic power, and apparently (though of that this Literary Recorder is not a judge) true to seamen's life even in minutest detail.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—The prizes (in astronomy) of the Paris Academy of Sciences have been awarded as follows: The *Lalande* prize to Professor A. Hall, for the discovery of the satellites of Mars. The *Valliant* prize to M. L. Schulhoff, for the analytic methods and ephemerides which have led to the rediscovery of three minor planets which had been lost fifteen and a half, eight and a half, and five years respectively. The report of the Commission speaks in the highest terms of the mathematical excellence of the methods of M. Schulhoff. The *Valz* prize to the MM. Henry for their series of (17) celestial charts.

Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, has published his ninth catalogue of new double stars discovered with the 6-inch refractor. It comprises the discoveries of 1876 and the first part of 1877. It contains Nos. 453–482, *i.e.* thirty stars; of these, eighteen are closer than 2.11″.

In the journal of the Italian Spectroscopic Society for November, 1877, Professor Celoria has a paper on the general distribution of the stars in space. In this paper he combines the gauges of Herschel, the results of the *Durchmusterung* and of the *Uranometria Nova*, and of a zone examined by himself at Milan from 0° to +6° (δ), and deduces the relative distances of (1) the lucid stars; (2) the *Durchmusterung* stars of 7.5, 8.0, and 9.5 magnitude; (3) the stars of the Milan zone; and (4) those of Herschel's sweeps.

An observer of experience has been sent by the English government to India to arrange for the founding of an observatory for the purpose

of taking daily photographs of the sun. This is on account of the recent famine in India, and the supposititious connection between sun spots and famines, which the government seems to consider of sufficient interest to go to some expense in order to test it. This is in some sense a reversion to Sir William Herschel's supposed connection between sun-spot frequency and the price of wheat.

From the first report of the director of the Dudley Observatory, Professor Lewis Boss, we learn that since his appointment in 1876 the observatory has been repaired and put in order. The 13-inch equatorial is in use, but requires many alterations to bring it to a proper condition. The meridian circle was found to need some minor additions, and it is now in fair working order. The transit instrument is at present out of use, though it has been put in fair condition. The library requires additions. The observations with the meridian circle have been on the comparison stars for Mars (36 nights) and of three minor planets. Those of the equatorial comprise physical observations of Mars and Jupiter, with micrometer observations of Iris. The system of time signals is continued, and will be enlarged. The field of work for the next year will be, for the equatorial, occultations, eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, etc. For the transit circle it is proposed to undertake a zone 6° wide for the *Astronomische Gesellschaft* revision of the *Durchmusterung*, provided $6000 can be raised. It is greatly to be hoped that this suggestion can be carried out, and another zone undertaken by American observers, who have not assumed more than their share of this important task.

Lord Lindsay has published the second volume of the Annals of the Dun-Echt Observatory—a quarto volume of 212 pages. It contains the determination of the solar parallax by observations of Juno and a description (with plates) of the heliometer employed. The method employed is the determination of the diurnal parallax, and this experiment was tried to determine the advantages or disadvantages of the method. The authors (Lord Lindsay and Mr. D. Gill) think that this method has been shown to be one of the very best, and the resulting solar parallax $8.77'' \pm 0.041''$ is regarded as a close approximation, to be subsequently corrected by similar observations of Mars and asteroids which have been made by Mr. Gill at Ascension Island. The description of the heliometer and the investigation of its constants is very full, and will serve as a manual for similar investigations. It is concluded that it is possible with this instrument to determine the distance of a minor planet relative to two stars with a probable error of less than 0.1″.

Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, quotes Struve's measures of Σ 547, which are (1831) $p = 344.3°$, $s = 4.25''$, and notes measures of his own (1878)—$p = 9.7°$, $s = 2.46''$. This appears to be in rapid motion.

The *Monthly Notices*, R. A. S., for December, 1877, contains various notes on Mars, on the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, a description of a new astronomical clock (M. Boys), etc. Professor Zenger, of Prague, has a note on what he calls a "new astrophotometrical method," which consists of determining the order in which the details of a planet's disk vanish as twilight comes on. This method was applied by G. P. Bond to determine the relative brightness of various parts of *nebula Orionis*, etc. (see Annals H. Coll. Obs., v., p. 156), as early as 1859.

Meteorology.—We have to add to the number of scientific journals in the United States still another, *The Valley Naturalist*, published at St. Louis, and which by its small chapter on meteorology will, we hope, contribute to the increasing interest in that study.

The Missouri Weather Service, under the energetic exertions of Professor Nipher, is rapidly developing. Moreover, we learn that similar State organizations are talked of for Kentucky, Illinois, and Colorado. Whether such State systems especially attend to local climatology or to minute details of storms and atmospheric movements, they will equally serve the interests of science and of the State. The economic importance of an accurate knowledge of local climates is well illustrated by the action of the Central Pacific Railroad in maintaining a large number of observing stations well distributed over its extensive territories. A similar work was some years ago contemplated by the Alaska Company of San Francisco, but we do not know how thoroughly the idea has been carried out.

The abnormal character of the weather of the past winter is strikingly seen in the immense floods of the Sacramento Valley. It is probable that such floods may occur every century; the enormous erosions west of the Rocky Mountains may be due to such occasional floods quite as much as to any regular annual rain-fall.

The rain-fall of the few stations on the Pacific coast has been the subject of a series of papers by Professor G. F. Becker. He finds evidence of a well-marked periodicity of thirteen years for each place since 1849.

A cheap and serviceable self-recording anemometer, giving velocity and direction, is described by Nipher in the last volume of the Transactions of the St. Louis Academy. He also contributes a note on the discordances as to velocity as registered by anemometers only a short distance apart, which—although he does not so state—are evidently due in large part to the deflection of currents of air by the sides of the building, which deflections vary with the direction of the wind. Professor Nipher, at the last meeting of the St. Louis Academy, read a paper on the rain-fall measurements as affected by placing the gauges upon the roofs of buildings instead of on the ground—a very complicated question, and already much elucidated by the experiments at Mr. Symons's experimental stations.

An excellent address of Dr. Schreiber on "Meteorology in Medicine" has been translated by Dr. W. H. Geddings, and published in the *Richmond and Louisville Medical Journal.*

Reports of a disastrous oceanic earthquake wave along the coast of Peru have been received, and although as yet nothing has been heard of the earthquake itself, yet information is expected daily. It is possible that the central disturbance occurred far at sea, and that the coast from Iquique to Arica has this time been spared.

Mr. J. P. M'Clear communicates to *Nature*, xvii., p. 1, some observations of the spectrum of Aurora Australis observed on the *Challenger*, 1874, February 9, 21, March 3 and 6. He seems in two cases to have observed three lines frequently seen in the northern hemisphere, and on the 3d March

also observed in addition a fourth line, but the red line was not seen.

Professor M. Williams, in a letter to the London *Times* of November 7, states that "from his observations of the present condition of the disk of the sun, in connection with various atmospheric phenomena, the Madras astronomer Pogson prophesied in 1876 a recurrence of the drought and famine that occurred in 1877."

Of mechanical problems whose solution offers something of interest to meteorologists, we note the papers on vortex motion and on waves, presented to the London Mathematical Society at their meeting on the 8th November. In the former paper Professor Clifford gives a simple solution of the problem so profoundly handled by Stokes, Rankine, and Helmholtz. The paper on waves, by Lord Rayleigh, communicated these results, also published in his work on "Sound:" the phenomena attending the advance of a group of waves into still water, and those attending a group of deep-water waves, as also the formation of the system of diverging that precedes any body moving along through the water, are all explained as due to the existence and superposition of two infinite trains of waves of nearly equal wave lengths and amplitudes.

The narrative of the operations of the British North American Boundary Commission, 1872–76, is published in Vol. XXIII. of Professional Papers of the Corps of Royal Engineers, and in the same volume occurs Captain Abney's account of his recent transit-of-Venus expedition.

In *Physics*, Abbot has repeated and extended his experiments to determine the velocity of transmission of earth waves caused by explosions, in order to settle certain questions raised by Mallet. He concludes: 1st. That a high magnifying power of telescope is essential in seismometric observations. 2d. The more violent the initial shock, the higher is the velocity of transmission. 3d. This velocity diminishes as the general wave advances. 4th. The movements of the earth's crust are complex, consisting of many short waves first increasing and then decreasing in amplitude; and with a detonating explosive, the interval between the first wave and the maximum wave, at any station, is shorter than with a slow-burning explosive. The seismometer used was a dish of mercury, whose surface was watched through a telescope, by which the beginning and duration of the tremor could be determined. The velocity observed was for short distances 8500 and for long 5300 feet per second.

Jewell has described in *Nature* a new form of sinker for deep-sea sounding, in which certain objections to the sinker of Sir William Thomson are obviated. An iron casting five inches in diameter at the top and three at the bottom, and 26.5 inches long, is cast with a cylindrical cavity two inches in diameter, extending from the top to within an inch of the base. A glass tube forty-eight inches long is closed at one end and bent so as to produce a U tube twenty-four inches long. This is placed in the cavity in the sinker with the bend upward, and of course the closed end downward. The whole is supported by a swivel link at top. When immersed, the air in the tube will be compressed, and at a depth of five and a half fathoms the water will rise in the open leg to the bend; any further descent will cause it to flow over into the closed leg. By calibrating and graduating this leg, the amount of water which it contains when raised will, of course, indicate at once the depth to which it has descended. If desired for use in water shallower than five and a half fathoms, the open leg may be made shorter than the closed one.

Pictet has determined approximately the density of liquid oxygen, and finds it to be the same as that of water, thus confirming an *a priori* conclusion of Dumas. Knowing the volume of the generator, of the condensing tube, and of the potassium chlorate used, the temperature of the generator when the decomposition was complete, the pressure before and after condensation, and the variations of the manometer after two or three consecutive jets, up to the point where the limit between the liquid and gaseous states is attained, and combining these data with the density of the gas, its pressure and temperature, Pictet finds that at $-146°$, the temperature of the carbon dioxide bath, the pressure required to liquefy the oxygen is 74.26 atmospheres. The weight of liquid oxygen contained in the tube was consequently 45.467 grams, and it occupied a volume of 46.25 cubic centimeters; hence the density is not far from unity.

Stokes has described the results of some experiments made with a radiometer whose vanes were all metallic, one side of each being roughened by ruling it closely with a sharp knife. In every case it appeared that when the fly is hotter than the bulb, the rough surface is repelled, and when cooler, attracted. Results nearly the same were obtained with another radiometer, one side of each vane of which was electro-coated with finely divided silver. Hence Professor Stokes concludes that there are three conditions under which motion may be obtained in a radiometer: 1st, difference of temperature on the two faces, as in a pith radiometer, coated on one face with lamp-black; 2d, more favorable presentation of one face than the other, as in a radiometer with curved disks; and 3d, roughness of surface on one face—if this be really different from the last. These effects, it is obvious, may be variously combined so as to oppose or assist each other in producing motion.

Lecher has communicated to the Vienna Academy the important fact that the specific heat of water, hitherto supposed to be greater than that of any known substance except hydrogen, is really less than that of a mixture of water with methyl alcohol, in various proportions. This mixture, therefore, has a specific heat next to hydrogen.

Mackenzie has made some experiments in Helmholtz's laboratory in Berlin on the relation between electricity and light discovered by Kerr. A glass plate 16.1 centimeters long and 1.2 thick was covered on its opposite sides with tin-foil, the two surfaces being in connection with the secondary wire of a Ruhmkorf coil, and placed between two Nicol prisms. No perceptible increase of brightness was observed on electrification, though the high sensibility of the polariscope was fully proved. The conclusion follows that the result observed by Kerr is not produced by the electric tension itself, but is possibly an effect of heat.

Günther has described a simple method of reversing the metallic lines by means of an ordinary gas flame. Into the flame of a Bunsen burner, on the opposite side from the slit, a fine platinum wire is placed, bent at a right angle, the end being directed vertically upward. On the other side of

the flame a second wire is placed, carrying a sodium salt, for example. Looking at the flame through a prism of low dispersive power, the eye sees first the sodium line as a bright yellow band, and second, the spectrum of the glowing wire, which is continuous except where crossed by the dark D line. Other metallic lines may be shown dark in the same way.

Planté has applied electricity of high tension for the purpose of engraving upon glass. If the surface of a sheet of glass be covered with a thin layer of potassium nitrate in concentrated solution, and this layer be put in communication with one of the electrodes of a secondary battery of 50 or 60 cells by means of a wire of platinum round its edges, and the other electrode be a fine platinum wire inclosed in a glass tube, except at its extremity, and held in the hand, then wherever the glass is touched with the platinum point it is permanently engraved. However rapidly the hand is moved, the tracings are clearly engraved on the glass, while if the hand move more slowly, the tracings are more deeply engraved. Either electrode may be used for writing, but the negative requires less current to produce an equal effect. Of course currents from other sources will act in the same way.

Mills has given the name electrostriction to a curious electrical phenomenon, which may be produced as follows: The bulb of an ordinary thermometer is first coated with silver by a chemical method, and then with some other metal by electrolytic deposition. The mercury will traverse some portion of the scale, and finally take up a definite position independent of temperature. Of the metals thus far experimented with, copper, silver, iron, and nickel constrict the bulb, while zinc and cadmium distend it. The author has succeeded in determining the electrostrictive effect in atmospheres of pressure, and shows that, since the metal which has been deposited on the bulb may be removed by a chemical solvent, it is possible to measure chemical action in terms of atmospheres of pressure.

Duter has presented to the French Physical Society magnets obtained by subjecting circular steel plates to the action of an electro-magnet terminated with a conical point applied to the centre of the disk. In these magnets the neutral line is a concentric circle of the disk. To study the free magnetism distributed over them, he used a small soft iron cylinder of a few centigrams weight, fixed in the centre to the rod of an areometer floating in water. The force required to detach this was estimated by the weight of water which had to be let off from the cylindrical vessel containing the areometer before the contact was broken. The precise instant of contact and detachment was indicated by an electric signal. In this way it was proved that the quantities of free boreal and austral magnetism were equal in the two portions of contrary name in the same plate. For plates of different diameters the forces of detachment depend simply on one specific coefficient, variable with the nature of the steel and with the thickness.

Haga at Strasburg and Clark at Heidelberg have investigated the electromotive force produced by the flow of water through capillary tubes, using a quadrant electrometer to measure the difference of potential. Clark finds that the electromotive force is greater the narrower the tube, that in very narrow tubes it is independent of the length, that different electromotive forces appear if the interior of the tube be coated with different substances, that the electromotive force decreases with the time, and that the seat of the electromotive force is the limiting surface of the liquid and the solid tube wall. Haga finds that the electromotive force is proportional to the pressure, independent of the length of the tubes, dependent on the nature of the inner surface of the tube, increases with the resistance of the water, and probably also with the temperature. The two results agree closely.

In *Chemistry*, Sylvester has communicated to *Nature* a novel paper on an analogy which he has observed between the valence-conceptions of modern chemistry and the theory of modern algebraic forms, between atoms and binary quantics. The number of bonds of an atom is the analogue of the number of factors in a binary quantic, a linear form of the latter being regarded as corresponding to a monad atom, a quadratic form to a dyad, a cubic form to a triad, etc. An invariant of a system of binary quantics of various degrees is the analogue of a chemical substance composed of atoms of corresponding valences. A co-variant is the analogue of a compound radical. Every invariant and co-variant is expressible by a graph precisely with the Crum Brown diagram or chemicograph. The author believes that in this analogy a rational basis for chemical valence may be discovered.

Berthelot has discovered a new oxide and acid of sulphur, produced by the action of the silent electric discharge upon a mixture of sulphurous oxide and oxygen gases in his improved ozonizer. The oxide appears in long silky needles somewhat resembling sulphuric oxide. Its formula, determined by various methods, is S_2O_7, and hence the discoverer names it persulphuric oxide. It is soluble in concentrated sulphuric acid without decomposition, forming persulphuric acid. Its barium salt is soluble in water. The acid is also produced directly by the electrolysis of sulphuric acid, or by mixing oxygenated water with concentrated sulphuric acid. Indeed, the oxidizing substance produced in ordinary electrolysis, and hitherto supposed to be either hydrogen peroxide or ozone, is really persulphuric acid, proved both by its positive and its negative reactions.

Dumas has called the attention of the French Academy to the presence of oxygen in metallic silver, and has shown that where silver has been used in the determination of atomic weights, and, after careful purification, has been converted into minute grains after fusion in presence of borax, nitre, and air, it is liable to absorb oxygen in amounts varying from 50 to 200 cubic centimeters per kilogram. This may cause a notable error.

Smith has proposed a new and apparently very satisfactory method of decomposing chromic iron for analytical purposes by means of bromine. Fifteen centigrams of the very finely pulverized and elutriated chromite was placed in a tube of hard glass; a rather large quantity of bromine water was added, and ten or twelve drops of bromine, the tube sealed, and heated to 130° for one day, and then to 170° for two days. Upon opening the tube, the residue, after washing, drying, and igniting, was found to be wholly soluble in hydrochloric acid. The decomposition was therefore complete.

Merz and Tibirca have published a simple and easy method of producing formic acid synthetically, which consists simply in passing carbonous oxide gas over alkali heated in a tube. They find ordinary soda-lime to be the best, and state that when a rapid current of carbonous oxide is passed over soda-lime heated in a tube to 200° or 250°, it is entirely absorbed, producing sodium formate. As an example of direct synthesis it forms an exceedingly instructive lecture experiment.

A correspondent of *Nature* writes from Burton-on-Trent that explosions during the grinding of malt, due to the ignition of the fine dust in the air, are not uncommon. Any fine impalpable powder, such as flour, sugar, coal dust, wood dust, may be thus the cause of serious explosions.

Zoology.—The Royal Society of Sciences of Upsala, founded in 1710, gives evidence of its vitality by the publication of an imposing *extra ordinem* quarto volume in connection with the fourth centennial celebration of the Royal University of Upsala. It contains a large number of papers by its members. Those on zoology comprise a note by H. Thiel on some Holothurians of the seas of Nova Zembla, illustrated by a plate. Tycho Tullberg, a descendant of Linnæus, contributes an illustrated paper on the byssus-gland of the edible mussel, its structure and relations. Professor Lilljeborg gives a systematic review of the Phyllopod crustacea of Sweden. He regards the *Branchineca groenlandica* of Verrill as identical with the *B. paludosus* of Müller, which not only occurs in Greenland but also in Northern Norway, on the Dovre Field in Lapland, in Nova Zembla, Vaigatch Island, and in Northern Siberia. A new species of *Lepidurus* (*L. macrurus*) is described from Archangel, in Northern Russia, which is nearly allied to *Lepidurus couesii*, Packard, from Montana. This is an interesting discovery, as showing the analogy of the Phyllopod fauna of the central region of North America, namely, the fauna of the great plains and Rocky Mountain plateau, to that of Northeastern Asia—a relation noticed by Packard in the insects of the Rocky Mountains. A good deal of uncertainty pervades the subject of the growth and breeding season of the Phyllopod crustacea, all except *Artemia* inhabiting fresh-water. The members of the family *Branchipodidæ* (*Branchipus* and *Artemia*) are found very early in the spring, with ripe eggs, as soon as the snow melts. It now appears that *Eubranchipus vernalis*, Verrill, as stated by Dr. Packard in the *American Naturalist*, has been found near Salem, Massachusetts, of adult age, with nearly ripe eggs, in December and January, so that this species attains its growth in the autumn. Whether it lays eggs then is not known, but it is not probable that the eggs are dropped before the early spring. The young may attain their growth in one season, and probably do. While in Utah last summer Dr. Packard ascertained that the *Artemia* of Great Salt Lake probably passes the winter months in the sexually mature state, as he was told that the adults occur abundantly in early spring, hence must get their full size in the previous autumn.

Professor Pavesi contributes to the Bulletin of the Entomological Society of Italy an article on the pelagic fauna of the Italian lakes. The fauna consists chiefly of cladocerous crustacea of the genera *Daphnia*, *Bythotrephes*, *Leptodora*, and *Heterocope*.

A synopsis of the North American species of *Alpheus*, a genus of shrimps, by J. S. Kingsley, appears in the first number of the fourth volume of the Bulletin of Hayden's United States Geological Survey. The common species on the coast of Florida, *Alpheus minus*, lives in great abundance in the larger openings (oscula) of sponges. This and another common Floridian form, *Alpheus heterochelis*, Say, occurs at Panama and at Realejo, West Nicaragua. These, with *Alpheus transversodactylus*, Kings, add three more to the small list of crustacea common to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of Central America.

In this connection it is interesting to notice the discovery of *Branchipus* (or *Chirocephalus*) in a fossil state, associated with *Archæoniscus*, and with numerous insect remains, in the eocene fresh-water limestone of the Isle of Wight, by Henry Woodward. Of the *Branchipus* both sexes are beautifully preserved, the males showing their large clasping antennæ, and the females their egg-pouches, with large and very distinct disk-like bodies representing the compressed eggs. It is called *Branchipodites vectensis*.

The transformations of the locust mite, the little red mite so annoying and sometimes destructive to the Rocky Mountain locust, have been discovered by Professor Riley, and his account of it, extracted from the forth-coming report of the United States Entomological Commission, is given in the *American Naturalist* for March.

A valuable paper on the habits of the common red ant (*Formica rufa*) appears in the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy, from the pen of Rev. H. C. M'Cook. It is full of new and fresh observations regarding the architecture, guests, and winter life of this ant. It appears that within their mounds these ants are in winter not wholly torpid, but in warm winter weather in Pennsylvania do a little work in their houses. A number of interesting illustrations from photographs of their mounds accompany the text.

The sixth report of the State Entomologist of Illinois, Professor Cyrus Thomas, appears with much matter that will be useful to farmers and gardeners.

The land shells of Texas are discussed by A. G. Weatherby in the *American Naturalist*, with descriptions of a curious variety of *Helix vultuosa*, Gould, which the author calls *H. copei*. A number of notes on other species are of interest. The species had been submitted to Mr. Bland for identification.

Dr. Steindachner publishes in the Proceedings of the Academy of Science at Vienna the fifth part of his ichthyological contributions with reference to the fish fauna of Panama, Acapulco, and Mazatlan. It is illustrated with fifteen excellent plates.

An important paper, by Professor Owen, on the rank and affinities in the reptilian class of the *Mosasauridæ*, appears in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London. He rejects the idea of the ophidian relationship claimed by Cope to exist, remarking "that the fossil evidences of the Mosasaurians hitherto made known do not yield a single character peculiar to and characteristic of the ophidian order." He estimates "the Mosasaurians in the Lacertian order to be equivalent to the seals in the Ferine order." A reply by Professor Cope to his criticisms appears in Hayden's Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey.

The development of the skull in the Batrachians is discussed in an elaborate way, with many illustrations, by W. K. Parker, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London.

The reproduction of *Rhinoderma darwini*, an amphibian, is translated, in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift*, from the Spanish of X. Jimenez de la Espoda. The male has a brood cavity for the reception of the young.

A new cliff frog, called by Cope *Lithodytes latrans*, has been discovered in Southwestern Texas by Mr. G. W. Marnock. It lives in fissures in limestone cliffs. According to Marnock, the eggs hatch out in winter, and at this season the adults are very noisy, the rocks resounding in the evening with their dog-like bark.

The habits of the harpy eagle, as observed by Dr. Oswald in Western Mexico, are described in the *American Naturalist*.

A large fossil bird, according to *Nature*, has been discovered in the London clay of Sheppey. The bones indicate a new genus and species, most nearly related to the albatross.

At a late meeting of the French Academy, MM. Alix and Bouvier described a new gorilla from Congo, which seems, like the chimpanzees, to have more arboreal habits than the *Gorilla ghena*. It is called *Gorilla mayema*.

Anthropology.—The *Geographical Magazine* for February contains an autobiography of Hans Hendrik, an Esquimau who served with Kane, Hayes, Hall, and Sir George Nares.

Paul Schumacher, writing from San Francisco, reiterates his belief that the doughnut-shaped perforated stones sent by him in great numbers to the National Museum were used to give emphasis to the digging sticks used in securing the bulbs of an edible plant found in abundance in the Santa Barbara Islands.

The second part of *Anales del Museo Nacional del Mexico*, Vol. I., contains five papers on Mexican anthropological subjects.

The Smithsonian Institution has issued a "Circular in Reference to American Archæology," preliminary to the publication of an exhaustive work on American archæology, with numerous illustrations. This will be accompanied by a series of maps, exhibiting by appropriate signs and colors the localities and distinctive characteristics of all ancient constructions of which the history can be obtained.

The Hon. N. E. Dawson presented to the House of Representatives, February 5, a memorial setting forth the plan of a reformed alphabet and orthography, and suggesting measures to extend a knowledge of the same throughout the nation.

An ethnological museum opened at the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris, contains a representation of warriors of all times and peoples, civilized and uncivilized, in order to present at one view the history of the destructive implements adopted by man.

The Paris Anthropological Society has arranged for a series of "Séances plénières internationales des sciences anthropologiques," in connection with the anthropological exhibits at the Paris Exposition.

An archæological society has been organized in Japan, called Kobuzu-Kai (Society of Old Things). H. von Siebold, of the Austrian legation, a member of the society, narrates that up to the Christian era a custom prevailed of surrounding the grave of a deceased sovereign with a number of his attendants buried alive to the neck, leaving a ghastly cordon of heads above the ground. Since the period mentioned clay images have replaced the living heads. A great number of these images have been recovered from old burying-grounds.

We regret to learn that *Melusine*, the French periodical devoted to comparative mythology, has suspended publication with the twelfth number.

The first four numbers of *Das Ausland* contain papers from the pen of Professor Von Hellwald upon the Eastern problem as a culture-historical study.

The *Geographical Magazine* for February contains a paper and map by Mr. R. N. Cust upon the languages of Further India and the Indian Archipelago.

In Nos. 8 and 9 of the *Mittheilungen der Anthrop. Ges. in Wien*, Dr. Joh. Hawelka continues his description of the explorations of the Royal Archæological Commission of St. Petersburg.

In *Botany*, we have to report papers by Dr. George Engelmann in the Transactions of the Academy of Science of St. Louis, on the species of *Isoetes* of the Indian Territory, and a synopsis of the American firs. Dr. Engelmann, although considering the microscopic structure of the leaves of firs as important, does not think they should be exclusively relied on for specific characters.

In the *American Journal of Science* is a paper by Mr. Sereno Watson on the poplars of North America, of which eight species are enumerated. Mr. Watson wishes to call the attention of botanists during the coming summer to this still very imperfectly known genus.

In the Bulletin of the Bussey Institution is a paper by Mr. Francis Parkman on the hybridization of lilies. Mr. Parkman gives an account of his crossing *Lilium speciosum* with *L. auratum*, which resulted in the production of the beautiful hybrid named in his honor. Mr. Parkman concludes that lilies, when hybridized, produce offspring which show the features of the male parent very slightly, or only in exceptional cases. In the same journal is a list of the fungi found in the vicinity of Boston, with critical notes on some of the species by Professor W. G. Farlow.

In his address delivered at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, Sir J. D. Hooker refers to the flora of the United States, which seems to him to be threefold—an endemic American, a European, and an Asiatic—while that of the temperate part of the Old World is binary, Europe and Asia having many types in common, but very few representatives of the strictly American flora.

In *Flora*, Professor Dippel publishes some observations on the constituents of chlorophyll.

The *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* contains an article by F. Darwin on the contractile filaments of *Amanita muscaria* and *Dipsacus sylvestris*. The presence of such filaments in plants so different botanically as *Amanita* and *Dipsacus* would lead one to suppose that further search would show them to occur in many other plants. Mr. Darwin thinks that the occurrence of protoplasmic filaments in *Amanita* does not support the theory previously advanced by him that the filaments in *Dipsacus* act as absorbing agents.

In the *Italian Journal of Botany* is an article on *Hendersonia* by Cooke, and Zanardini describes some new species of Papuan algæ. In an article

on the sexuality of *Ascomycetes*, Borzi confirms the views of Stahl with regard to the fertilization of lichens already mentioned in this journal.

Professor Cohn, at the meeting of the botanical section of the Schlesische Gesellschaft, described some fresh-water algæ which were produced in great abundance, and mentions a *Rivularia* which formed large floating masses in the River Leba.

In *Engineering*, we may record that a fine suspension-bridge has been completed and opened for traffic across the Mississippi at Minneapolis, taking the place of an old structure that had been in service since 1855. The general dimensions of the new bridge are as follows: span, 675 feet; towers, 111 feet; roadway, 20 feet wide; platform, 40 feet above ordinary stage of water. Cost of bridge and approaches, $200,000. The Illinois River has also been spanned by a new railway bridge at Ottawa, on the line of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad.

The late report of Generals Barnard and Wright, government engineers, recommended the payment of $500,000 to Captain Eads, since he had in their judgment complied with all the legal conditions upon which the payment was to be based. We glean the following details of the report from the *Engineering News:* "The twenty-two-feet channel through the jetties is nowhere less than 200 feet wide (varying from 200 to 500 feet), and a practicable channel of twenty-two feet exists every where throughout this portion of the pass. At the head of the pass the twenty-two-feet channel is 264 feet wide, and a practicable channel of twenty feet exists." The concluding portions of the report express a favorable opinion of the permanency of the works now in progress, and which will be perfected as the work progresses.

It is announced from abroad that the original plans for the new lines to connect the railway system of Germany with those of Italy by way of the St. Gothard have been decided to be too expensive, and that they have been cut down to bring their cost within 225,000,000 francs, or about 40,000,000 in excess of the original estimates. This excess it is now proposed to divide between the governments of Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, and the St. Gothard Railway Company.

From the very trustworthy reports of our contemporary, the *Railroad Gazette*, we learn that 2199 miles of new railroad were completed in this country during the year 1877, against 2460 completed in 1876, and 1561 in 1875. This increase of railroad mileage, the *Gazette* says, is quite equal to the average increase of population. The figures show that we have now about 80,000 miles of railroad, with a population approximating to 45,800,000, which affords 575 people to support each mile of road. In Europe there are about 3310 people to each mile of railroad, or about six times as many as in this country.

The *Annales des Ponts et Chaussées*, commenting upon the "block system" of running trains, presents certain interesting statistics, showing that railroad travel is constantly becoming safer. The average loss of life in France, in travelling by diligence, was one in 355,000; on railroads, from 1835 to 1855, one in 2,000,000; from 1855 to 1872, one in 6,000,000; from 1872 to 1875, one in 45,000,000.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal* places the production of anthracite coal for the year 1877 at about 21,000,000 tons, or about 2,000,000 tons in excess of the product of 1876. The production of bituminous coal was also greater during 1877 than in 1876, though reliable figures are yet wanting. The total coal production of the United States in 1877 is estimated at about 50,000,000 gross tons.

The following figures indicate the production of the precious metals in this country during 1877: Gold, $45,300,000; silver, $46,075,000; lead, $2,900,000; copper, $975,000. Total, $95,250,000.

The last month witnessed the formal starting into operation of the works of the Consumers' Mutual Gas-light Company of Baltimore, employing the Lowe process. This event has a peculiar significance, not only because of the magnitude of the works in question, but also from the fact that the opening of the Baltimore works was almost coincident with the shutting down of those at Manayunk Station in Philadelphia by the Gas Trust of that city, for the alleged reason that, after having been thoroughly tested, the process had been found "unsatisfactory to the Trust." The action of the Philadelphia Gas Trustees has caused much dissatisfaction to the friends of the "water-gas" system; but it is to be hoped that the present opportunity of demonstrating the merits of the Lowe system in meeting the largest demands will definitely settle the question of its value. The present capacity of the Baltimore works is 1,000,000 cubic feet per day, and foundations are provided under the same roof for a full duplicate apparatus.

Two French chemists, MM. Fremy and Feil, have succeeded, it appears, in producing by artificial means crystallized alumina, closely imitating the sapphire and ruby, the crystals being of sufficient size to serve at least the purposes of the watch-maker. The process employed, according to description, consists in heating for a considerable time to a red heat a mixture of aluminate of lead and silica, from which the alumina gradually separates in crystallized form. To imitate the coloring of the ruby some bichromate of potassa is introduced into the mixture, while for the sapphire the oxide of cobalt is used. In the report of these experiments the heating of the mixture was maintained during a period of twenty days; and the products obtained were affirmed by M. Jannetaz, an eminent mineralogist, to be a complete reproduction of the natural gems as to density, hardness, brilliancy of coloring, and other physical properties.

The relative economy for illuminating purposes of the several forms of magneto-electric machines is now being tested experimentally by Mr. J. B. Knight, the secretary of the Franklin Institute.

The spontaneous and violent disintegration of laboratory vessels of hardened glass is noticed by Herr A. Lamek. Some experiments are reported in the French journals as having been made with the view of determining the adaptability of the toughened glass as a substitute for the metal composition of which printers' types are made; and if our information can be relied upon, the trials have proved to be very successful.

The proposed Australian Exhibition of 1879 promises to be of considerable importance. The Exhibition will take place in Melbourne, and the scheme has received the approval of the Legislative Assembly.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 25th of March.—The Committee on Indian Affairs reported to the House of Representatives, February 25, in favor of the transfer of the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department.

The President sent to the House, February 28, a message expressing his objections to the Silver Bill. The bill was passed by both Houses the same day, over the President's veto. The vote in the House stood 196 to 73; in the Senate, 46 to 19.

The Senate, March 6, passed the Long Bond Savings Bill, with an amendment fixing the interest at four per cent.

The Fortifications Bill, appropriating $275,000, was passed by the House March 6, and by the Senate March 18. The Naval Bill, as reported to the House, March 4, appropriates $14,048,684. The bill was passed by the House March 20. The Senate, March 13, passed the West Point Appropriation Bill, with amendments; also the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. The General Deficiency Bill, appropriating $1,386,465, was passed by the House March 20.

The Senate, March 20, passed a bill amending one of the sections of the timber cultivation laws. The amended provision is that every person who plants, protects, and keeps in a healthy growing condition for ten years ten acres of timber, the trees thereon not being more than four feet apart each way, on any quarter section of public lands, shall be entitled to a patent for a quarter section.

The nomination of Bayard Taylor as minister to Germany was confirmed by the Senate March 4. John Baker was, the same day, confirmed as minister to Venezuela, and William C. Goodloe as minister to Belgium.

William A. Howard was confirmed by the Senate as Governor of Dakota Territory March 11.

The New Hampshire State election, March 12, resulted in the re-election of Governor Prescott, the Republican candidate, by a plurality of about 1500.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana, March 18, rendered a decision in the case of General Thomas C. Anderson, of the Returning Board, setting aside the verdict of the lower court, and ordering the prisoner's release.

The New Jersey Legislature has passed a bill, which has been signed by the Governor, fixing the legal rate of interest at six per cent.

The British House of Commons, February 27, passed the Colonial Marriage Bill, which was opposed by the government, by a vote of 182 to 161. It enables the offspring of a marriage concluded under colonial laws with a deceased wife's sister to inherit property in the United Kingdom.

King Humbert opened the Italian Parliament in person March 7. In his speech from the throne, referring to the Holy See, he said: "Pope Pius IX., after governing the Church for thirty-two years, has descended to the tomb, regretted and venerated. The rites of electing his successor have been performed in perfect freedom, and without disturbing the tranquillity of the state, the peace of consciences, or the independence of the ministers of religion. By maintaining our institutions, and reconciling respect for religion with a determined defense of state laws and the principles of civilization, we prove how great are the fruits of liberty. We are confident that in our hands Italy will not fall from her exalted position."

A new Italian cabinet was formed, March 21, as follows: President of the Council (without a portfolio), Signor Cairoli; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Corti; Minister of the Interior, Signor Zanardelli; Minister of War, Signor Bruzzo; Minister of Finance, Signor Doda; Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Desanctis; Minister of Public Works, Signor Baccarini; Minister of Marine, Vice-Admiral Di Brocchetti; Minister of Justice, Signor Conforti.

The "Preliminaries of Peace" between Russia and Turkey were signed March 3. These agree with the report of them previously published, except in that the indemnity to be paid by Turkey—over and above that involved in territorial cession—is not secured by the Bulgarian or Egyptian tributes. The ratifications of the treaty were exchanged at St. Petersburg March 17. The Austrian Delegation, March 21, voted the credit of 60,000,000 florins asked for by Count Andrassy. The Hungarian Delegation had voted the credit on the 19th. The British government has demanded that the whole treaty between Russia and Turkey shall be submitted to the European Congress. Both Russia and England are making warlike preparations.

The French Senate, March 18, passed the third article of the State of Siege Bill, which provides that the President can declare a state of siege only, during a dissolution of the Chambers, in the event of a foreign war. The same day the Chamber of Deputies passed a vote of confidence in the ministry by 436 to 34.

DISASTERS.

March 2.—Terrible tornado in Casey County, Kentucky. Seven lives lost, and great destruction of property.

March 5.—Destructive fire at Hot Springs, Arkansas. One hundred and fifty buildings burned, including three of the largest hotels.

March 23.—Boiler explosion on the Hudson River steamboat *Magenta*. Five lives lost.

March 8.—Colliery explosion near Glasgow, Scotland. Seventeen lives lost.

March 9.—Wreck of the Austrian Lloyd's steamer *Sphinx*. Five hundred lives lost.

March 12.—Colliery explosion near Bolton, England. Forty-four lives lost.

March 24.—The British training ship *Eurydice* sank in a gale off the Isle of Wight. Over three hundred lives lost.

OBITUARY.

March 2.—In Jefferson, Ohio, the Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, in his seventy-eighth year.

March 15.—In Newburg, New Hampshire, Commodore John H. Graham, United States Navy, aged eighty-four years.

March 15.—In Cuba, Hon. John E. Leonard, Representative from Louisiana, in his thirty-third year.

March 7.—In Italy, Count Paole Federigo Sclopis, the Italian statesman, aged eighty years.

March 10.—In France, M. Claude Bernard, the eminent physiologist, aged sixty-three years.

Editor's Drawer.

MAY.

THUS saith divine old Spenser:

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flow'res out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on either side
Supported her, like to their soveraine Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

THE Drawer is indebted to a friend in Colorado for the following, which was related to him by a Catholic priest, Father H——, who in his mission work in Southern Colorado and New Mexico met with many extraordinary people and incidents. On one occasion he happened to hold service in a small out-of-the-way chapel, where the varied duties of janitor were discharged by a gentleman of Irish descent. During the service a child was brought forward for baptism. It may not be generally known that in the Roman Catholic ritual the priest, before touching the child with water, puts a little salt into the water in the presence of the congregation. The janitor, however, had prepared the water beforehand, according to his own idea as to the proportion of salt, when the priest, having omitted to place the salt in readiness, whispered softly to his attendant: "Pat, will you please get the salt?"

Pat responded in an audible whisper from behind his hand: "Sure an' I put it in already."

Father H——, not fully understanding, repeated his whispered request.

Again Pat replied, more audibly than before, and with slight dudgeon in his tone: "Sure an' I put it in, I tell ye."

"But the ritual demands that the *priest* should perform the ceremony before the congregation," explained Father H——, considerably annoyed at the janitor's obstinacy.

The Irishman procured the salt, and handing it to the priest, electrified him, as well as the congregation, with the remark, delivered in a surly growl: "Here ye are; bedad ye can make a *pickle* of it if ye want to!"

THE Drawer receives this from a lady correspondent in the capital of a Western State:

A prominent Western politician gave this advice to his son-in-law when for the first time nominated for office: "Lean a little toward every thing, and commit yourself to nothing. *Be round;* be perfectly round, like a junk-bottle, and just dark enough so that nobody can see what's in ye."

Somewhat like that politician in Maine, who, being interrogated as to how he stood on the liquor law, said, frankly, "I am in *favor* of the law, but *agin* its enforcement."

A CORRESPONDENT at Covington, Kentucky, sends us this anecdote of the late Chief Justice Chase:

I was conductor of passenger trains on the Little Miami Railroad, between Columbus and Cincinnati, at the time Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, and on one of these trains the Secretary was a passenger. While we were stopping at Xenia he was standing on the rear platform of the last car, making a short speech to the people. Among other things, he said *his* platform was to stand by the old flag, which, it seemed, did not suit *all* the people, for one, pointing to the notice on the car door behind Mr. Chase, repeated it: "It is dangerous to stand on the platform." "Ah, yes," said the Secretary; "but it is *much more* dangerous to have no platform to stand on," which pleased that people, and prompted a loud vocal expression to that effect.

THIS will certainly do, as it comes from New England:

A coffin-maker at D—— was asked for whom he was making a coffin, and replied, "Mr. Swift."

"Why, man," replied the other, "he is not dead yet."

"Don't trouble yourself," replied the worker in wood. "Dr. Coe told me to make his coffin, and *I guess he knows what he gave him.*"

AND so with this, which occurred recently at a public meeting in one of the oleaginous towns of Pennsylvania:

THE CHAIRMAN. "The chair will not dispute the point with Mr. Watson."

MR. WATSON. "The chair had better not, unless he takes his coat off."

The chair did not.

A FEW evenings since, a father and daughter at Wellesley, Massachusetts, were having a pleasant chat, mutually recalling incidents of the latter's childhood.

"I shall never forget," said the young lady, "how you took me out of church one Sabbath, when I was about three years old, and punished me for playing in meeting. I can remember the tingling of that peach-tree switch to this day."

"Very strange, very strange," said the father; "I don't recollect the circumstance at all."

"Ah, well, papa, you were at *the other end of the switch!*"

AT a dinner of the St. George's Society in one of the interior cities of this State, an undertaker, who is also something of a politician, was one of the guests. He arrived rather late, and was called on for a speech. In the course of his remarks he said that "on entering the room he noticed, as was usually the case, that the *physicians* had *preceded* him."

A FRENCHMAN'S idea of the *modus operandi* by which that objectionable reptile, the serpent, carried out his programme with Eve is thus pleasingly narrated in the French gentleman's broken English:

"Monsieur Adam he walked up, he sees une belle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Viola de la chance. 'Bon jour, Madame Iv.' Madame Iv she wake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put up his eyeglass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madame Iv she feel hungry. She sees appel on ze arbre. Serpent ze promene sur l'arbre, make one walk on ze tree. 'Monsieur Serpent,' says Iv, 'weel you have not ze bonte to peek me some appel, j'ai faime?' 'Cer-

tainment, madame,' say ze serpent, 'charme de vous voir.' 'Holo, mon ami, ar-r-r-eter vous,' say Adam; 'stop que songez vous faire! What madness is zees? You must not peek ze appel.' Ze snake he take one pinch of snuff; he say: 'Ah, Monsieur Adam, do you not know there is nothing prohebeet for ze ladies? Madame Iv, permeet me to offer you some of this fruit defendu.' Iv she make one courtesy. Ze snake he fill her whole parasol wiz appel."

No one, says Peter Harvey, enjoyed the incidents of shooting and fishing more than Daniel Webster. He liked to commune with plain people, living in out-of-the-way places, whom he encountered. On one occasion he went to make trial of a certain brook, and drove to the house of a Mr. Baker, whom he knew by name, and asked permission of the old man to fasten his horse for an hour or two. This was readily granted, and as he was preparing his rod and line the following conversation occurred:

WEBSTER. "I have heard that there was very good fishing in this brook, Mr. Baker."

BAKER. "Well, a good many folks have been here, and taken a good many trout out sometimes."

WEBSTER. "We must try and see what we can do this morning. Where do they usually begin to fish?"

BAKER. "Oh, I'll show you."

The old man accompanied Mr. Webster to the brook, and pointed out the spot. It was where the brook was thickly overhung with alders, and the ground was very miry. Mr. Webster sank into the mud half-way up his leg.

WEBSTER. "Rather miry here, Mr. Baker."

BAKER. "Yes; that's the worst on't."

After throwing several times, and catching his hook in the alders:

WEBSTER. "These alders are rather in the way, Mr. Baker."

BAKER. "I know it. That's the worst on't."

The mosquitoes now began to bite most annoyingly. One hand was busy all the time slapping them off the face and the other hand.

WEBSTER. "These mosquitoes are pretty thick and very hungry, Mr. Baker."

BAKER. "I know it. That's the worst on't."

Now the heat in the low ground, without a breath of air, had become intense. Mr. W. wiped his forehead and rested a moment.

WEBSTER. "It is very hot down in these bushes, Mr. Baker."

BAKER. "I know it. That's the worst on't."

Mr. Webster resumed his fishing, and after an hour's struggle with the heat, the bushes, the mire, and the mosquitoes:

WEBSTER. "There seems to be no fish here, Mr. Baker."

BAKER. "*I know it. That's the worst on't.*"

There was no resisting this. Mr. Webster put up his rod and departed; but he laughed all the way home at the "worst on't," and always took pleasure in recalling the occurrence to mind.

WHEN Mr. Webster was in England he dined on one occasion with the Archbishop (Howley, not Howell, as Mr. Harvey states it) of Canterbury. There were about twenty guests present, and after the cloth had been removed, the English custom of after-dinner speech-making, which was rather novel to Mr. Webster, was followed. It was customary, if a member of the government was present, to call him out by drinking his health, and for him to acknowledge the compliment in a speech. Much to Mr. Webster's surprise—for he did not suppose there was to be any thing of the kind—an eminent lawyer, a relative of the archbishop, but a man of whom he had never heard—rose and made some remarks, prefacing his speech by stating that they had for a guest a distinguished gentleman from America. In closing he said:

"I would propose, my lords and gentlemen, the health of Mr. Webster, a member of the Upper Senate of New York."

THE Rev. Mr. ——, of the Unitarian Church in a neighboring State, preached a sermon a few Sundays since on the importance of saying "No," and in the course of it dwelt impressively on the moral courage required to use that monosyllable at the right time. After the sermon a collection was taken for a very deserving charity. When the congregation was dismissed, a certain newspaper man waylaid the pastor in the vestibule, and seizing him by the hand, thanked him effusively for the sermon—one of the most effective he had heard. The pastor modestly replied: "I'm glad you think so, but can not see why you should."

"Why," replied he of the newspaper, "when I went into church I was fully determined to give five dollars to that charity, but your sermon impressed me so deeply that I found courage to resist the temptation, and let the plate-passer go by with an emphatic 'No!'"

A GENTLEMAN of foreign lineage, formerly occupying a high position on one of the leading journals of New York, has recently written for foreign consumption an article on American humor, in which, among others, he furnishes the following specimens:

A Kentuckian wrote the following note to his local paper:

"SIR,—I notice a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper of Wednesday last. I was born in Greenup County, not Caldwell, and my retirement from business in 1860 was not owing to ill health, but to a little trouble I had in connection with a horse. The cause of my death was not small-pox."

This is droll, but is there any thing distinctively "American" about it? The next specimen is cut from a Mississippi paper. We do not say that it is humorous, and yet there is something or other in it that must excite a smile:

"Two rough-looking men accosted Mr. Barnhurst, the editor of the Vicksburg *Times*, and wanted *that item* corrected. After the two dead bodies were removed by the coroner, Mr. Barnhurst proceeded to write up the affair in his own graphic style."

This indirect way of relating the catastrophe is also to be seen in the following example:

"A girl of this city recently ate a box of Castile soap to get rid of freckles. The mourners remarked a very peaceful expression about the mouth at the funeral, though the freckles were as numerous as ever."

Here is another instance of the same kind:

"A man was seen coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose

spread all over his face like a piece of raw beef, and one of his ears chawed off. To a policeman who interviewed him he replied: 'I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went in ter see the man who writ it. He war there, stranger.'"

Another example is from a Western paper:

"Ned Vose used to travel around Colorado with a performing bear, but a great change came one day last week, and now the bear travels about alone, thinking over old times, and occasionally leaning up against a tree as a pang shoots through his bowels. Ned is inside that bear."

"During last summer," writes a friend at Camden, New Jersey, "our little Willie took a trip with his mother to the old home in the Chenango Valley, New York. It was a long day's ride for the little fellow, but he took the greatest possible interest in the journey, particularly the bustle at the way stations, the stopping and starting of the trains, etc. Tired and dusty they reached their destination in the evening, and after tea Willie was put to bed. Kneeling down he repeated his little prayer with usual gravity; but his ideas were evidently mixed up with the impressions of the day, for, instead of closing it with the usual 'Amen,' he ended, to his mother's consternation, with a rousing 'All aboard!' and, bouncing into his bed, was soon fast asleep."

At a trial in the Court of Common Pleas in Sandusky, Ohio, in 1872, several citizens were subpœnaed to testify as to the character and habits of A—— B——, defendant. Among the number was an ex-Probate Judge of grave demeanor. The State Attorney asked this gentleman if he was acquainted with the defendant, and he replied, "Yes."

"Are you sufficiently acquainted with the defendant to know his general habits?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Are they good, or bad?"

"Fair."

"Now, Sir, do you before this Court and jury testify that you are in the habit of associating with the same kind of company as this defendant?"

"Oh yes; I associate with all grades of company, *from lawyers up.*"

The prosecuting attorney dismissed the witness with, "That's all." Quite enough.

From Chaibassa, in Bengal, India, comes the following from a correspondent who has a season of happiness once a month in the receipt and perusal of *Harper*. It illustrates the fact that the trading in "that noble animil, the hoss," as the late Colonel Yell, of Arkansas, styled him, is as much a fine art there as in the nations of the West. Witness the following extract from the Darjeeling *News:*

"A great number of Thibetan ponies have arrived in the district, and several more large batches are on the road to Darjeeling. Intending purchasers should have all their wits about them, as, for 'ways that are dark and tricks that are mean,' a Bhootea horse couper can beat even a Yorkshire tyke. For instance, false tails are not uncommon, and so well are they manufactured that even the most wary are often done. False manes and forelocks are also not unknown in the trade, and tradition says that one buyer was taken in with a false back. This latter would appear to be impossible, but, according to the story, a fine upstanding pony was bought and paid for. He was, as usual, a mass of wool and dirt, and was handed over to a syce to be washed and groomed. The pony stood the washing test without any loss of tissue, but the curry-comb brought away about two square feet of hide. The syce was naturally in a state of mind, as he thought his vigorous grooming had flayed the pony, so he ran to his master with the skin in his hand. On investigation it turned out that the pony was afflicted with an inveterate sore back, and that the skin of a defunct pony of the same color had been so cleverly fixed over the sore as to defy any but the most critical inspection."

An up-town merchant has in his employ an Irishman who is never at a loss for an answer. Last winter, when ice made the streets very slippery, a truckman endeavored to get up to the door with a heavy load. The horses, having no corks on their shoes, struggled and slipped. My man, after doing all he could to help them, said to the truckman:

"It's no use; your haarses have no *shoes* on thim—only *shlippers.*"

This from a late English literary paper:

In our recent hill warfare with the Afreedees we have been utilizing some of the native local population for subordinate duty at the hill forts. These locals love fighting; that is their chief reason for assailing us; and if they can be found employment to fight for us for money, they prefer it to fighting against us for love. An officer on duty at a fort pointed out to a sentry a particular native that had, among many others, been skulking round the fort all day, evidently with no good intent.

"I see him, Sar," said the sentry; "I had two shot at him already, but he dam hard to hit; he the hardest man to hit I know."

"Oh, you know him, then, do you?" asked the officer.

"Oh yes, Sar, I know the dam rascal well; I been trying to shoot him all the week."

"Who is he? What's his name?"

"The dam old rascal—he my father."

Mr. Sothern, the inimitable Dundreary, is not more admired by the public for his dramatic performances than he is esteemed by his professional brethren for his prompt, generous, and liberal charities. At the same time it is pretty generally understood that he has a taste and talent for practical joking that are often productive of ludicrous and amusing results. In this respect he has a very illustrious predecessor, one who would scarcely be supposed to have enjoyed any thing of that sort, and who as a wag is now first revealed to us in Mr. Frederick Crowest's *Book of Musical Anecdote*, just published in London. He is no other than Beethoven, of whom Mr. C. gives the following:

"Beethoven was very fond of playing practical jokes, nor was he at all thoughtful as to how these little diversions might end. When he was but a youth, and organist of the Electoral Chapel at Bonn, there was engaged in the chapel a coxcomb who was constantly priding himself upon his singing abilities, or upon the inability of any

accompanist to disconcert him when singing. Beethoven soon heard of this conceited fellow, and made a wager with him to the effect that he would bring him to a stand-still while he was singing. Accordingly, at one of the services in Passion-Week, while the singer was warbling in the most approved fashion, Beethoven, by a gradual and adroit modulation, suddenly landed the singer in a region from which he could not move, or do any thing but leave off singing. The failure of the singer, and his confusion too, were complete. Choking with rage, he declared he would complain to the Elector of such conduct from a mere organist. And he did so; but the Elector very wisely heard both sides of the tale, when he warmly reprimanded each of the parties to the suit, adding that if one was more to blame than another, that one was the singer, for his meanness in complaining of his antagonist after having himself been a party to the wager."

Neil Gow, the fiddler, was thoroughly Scotch in one thing—he was fond of his whiskey, and seldom went travelling either short distances or long without frequent "revivers." One morning he had an appointment with a noble patron at Dunkeld, but at the stated hour had not arrived at the castle. The duke waited till he grew tired of waiting—indeed, till he was obliged to drive off to keep another appointment. On the road he met the fiddler, staggering.

"Ah, Neil," said the patron, "it's a long road to Dunkeld this morning."

"Ah, ma laird," said the fiddler, "*it's no the length, but the breadth.*"

When Fischer, the celebrated oboe-player, who was remarkable for the oddity of his manner, played concertos at the grand concerts given fifty years ago at the Rotunda in Dublin, a noble lord, who had been enraptured with the rare talent he displayed, came up to him, and after having complimented him, gave him a pressing invitation to sup with him the following evening, adding, "You'll bring your oboe with you."

Fischer, who was a little nettled at that sort of invitation, hastily replied, "My lord, my oboe never sups."

Michael Kelly in his early days was a pupil of Mozart, but the great master's tuition only made a moderate vocalist and a third-rate composer of Kelly. He was a useful singer more than a great one, and, as a composer, prolific in quantity, but slight and "sketchy" in quality. For some years he made a good living out of his professional duties; but things began to fluctuate, so Kelly turned his eyes in another direction, and finally embarked in business as a wine-merchant. His friends joked about this step, but none more so than Sheridan, who suggested that the inscription over his door should run thus: "Michael Kelly, composer of wine and importer of music."

Handel's most faithful friend and admirer of his music was George II., who more than once advanced him sums of a thousand pounds to carry on his unfortunate undertakings.

Lord Chesterfield, in one of his pithy sayings, has presented us with the above state of things in a very few words. An old *habitué* once met his lordship coming out of Covent Garden Theatre one evening in the middle of a performance.

"What, my lord," said the *dilettante*, "is there not an oratorio?"

"Yes," replied Lord C.; "they are now performing; but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the king in his privacy."

A close-communion Baptist deacon, who was in the habit of putting forth his views by telling a dream, said to a company one day, "I had a curious dream last night; I thought I died and went into purgatory, and there I saw all denominations of Christians, excepting Baptists."

The inference to be drawn was that the latter did not need to go to purgatory, but went immediately to heaven when they died.

"Strange," said an old man present. "I had a similar dream, and made similar observations. But I had a little more curiosity than this brother. I asked the old Adversary why there were no Baptists there. 'Come with me,' he said; and taking me to a little door afar off, he opened it, and there were a dozen of them in close communion."



OH, LET ME LOOK INTO YOUR E'EN.

Oh, let me look into your e'en,
  An' see the kindly love that dwells
Deep hiding in your trusting heart
  That kythes for me, yet never tells.
Oh, let me tak' ae lang lang look
  Ere far awa I gang frae you,
An' read o' love a' for mysel'
  Deep in your e'en o' bonnie blue.

Oh, could ye think as I now think,
  An' feel as I now earnest feel,
Ye'd ken the heart that fondly beats
  Near yours will aye be true an' leal.
For tho' lang weary miles owre sune
  May ever hide you frae my view,
I'll ne'er forget the love glints o'
  Your speaking e'en o' bonnie blue.

They'll be forever in my thochts,
  An' aye an' ever in my sicht,
An' mind my waefu' heart how sad
  An' sair our parting was this nicht.
Sae let me tak' ae lang lang look,
  To see gin a' I wish be true,
An' feast my love on love that rests
  Deep in your e'en o' bonnie blue.

AN 15